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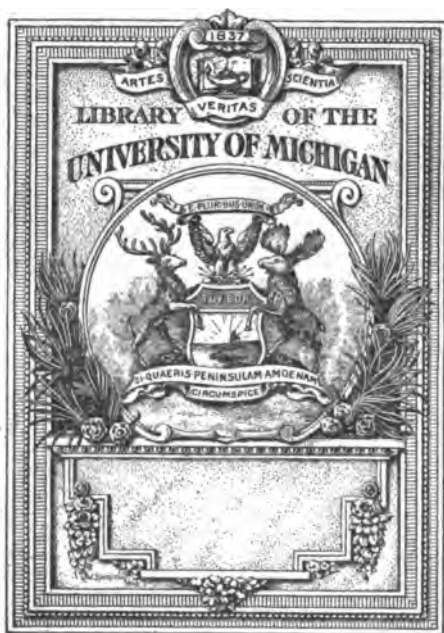
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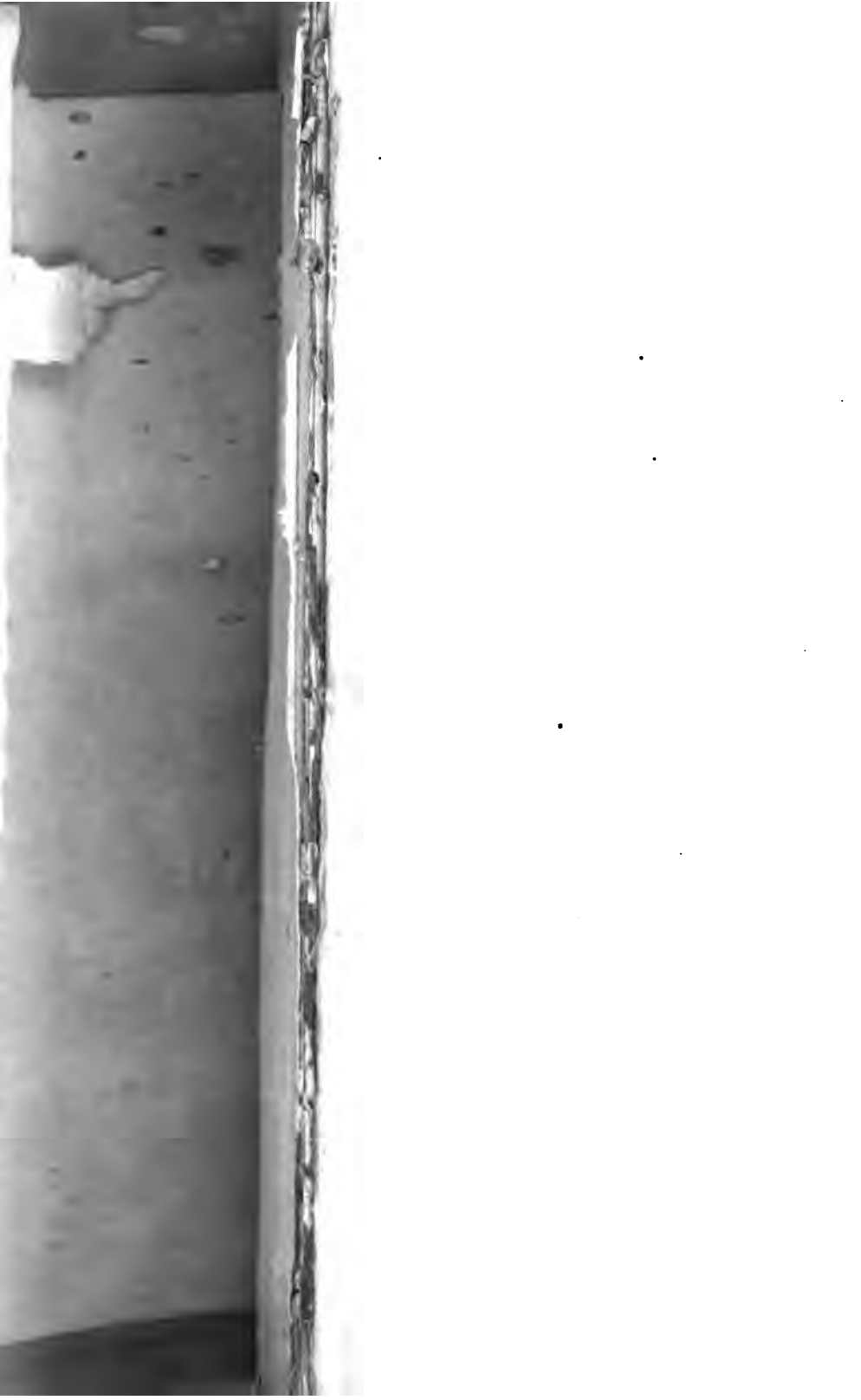
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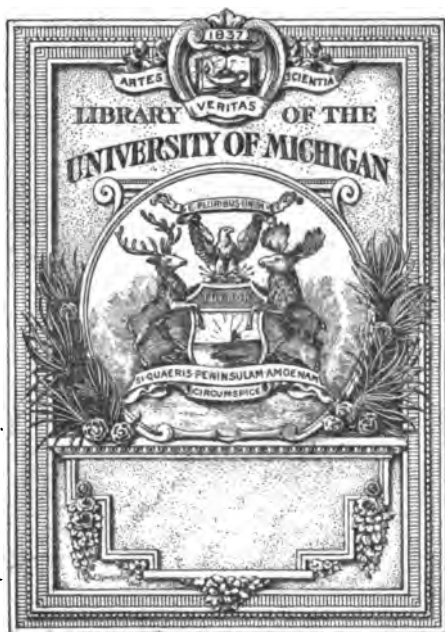
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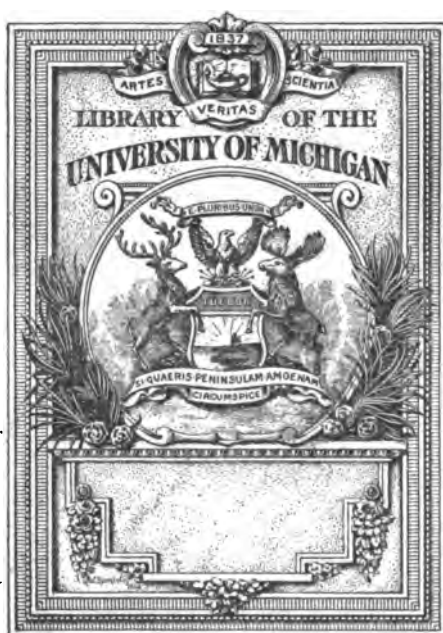


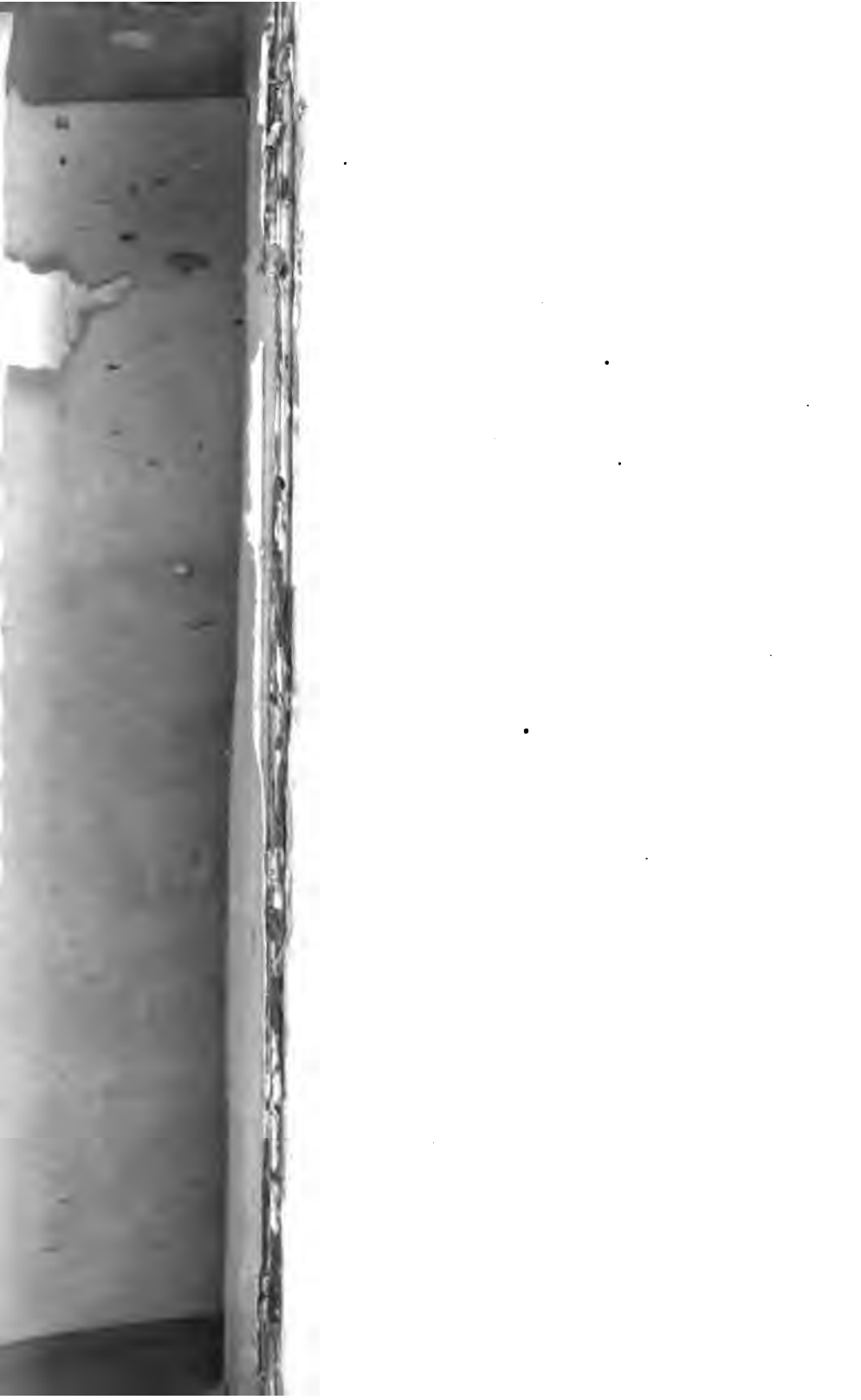




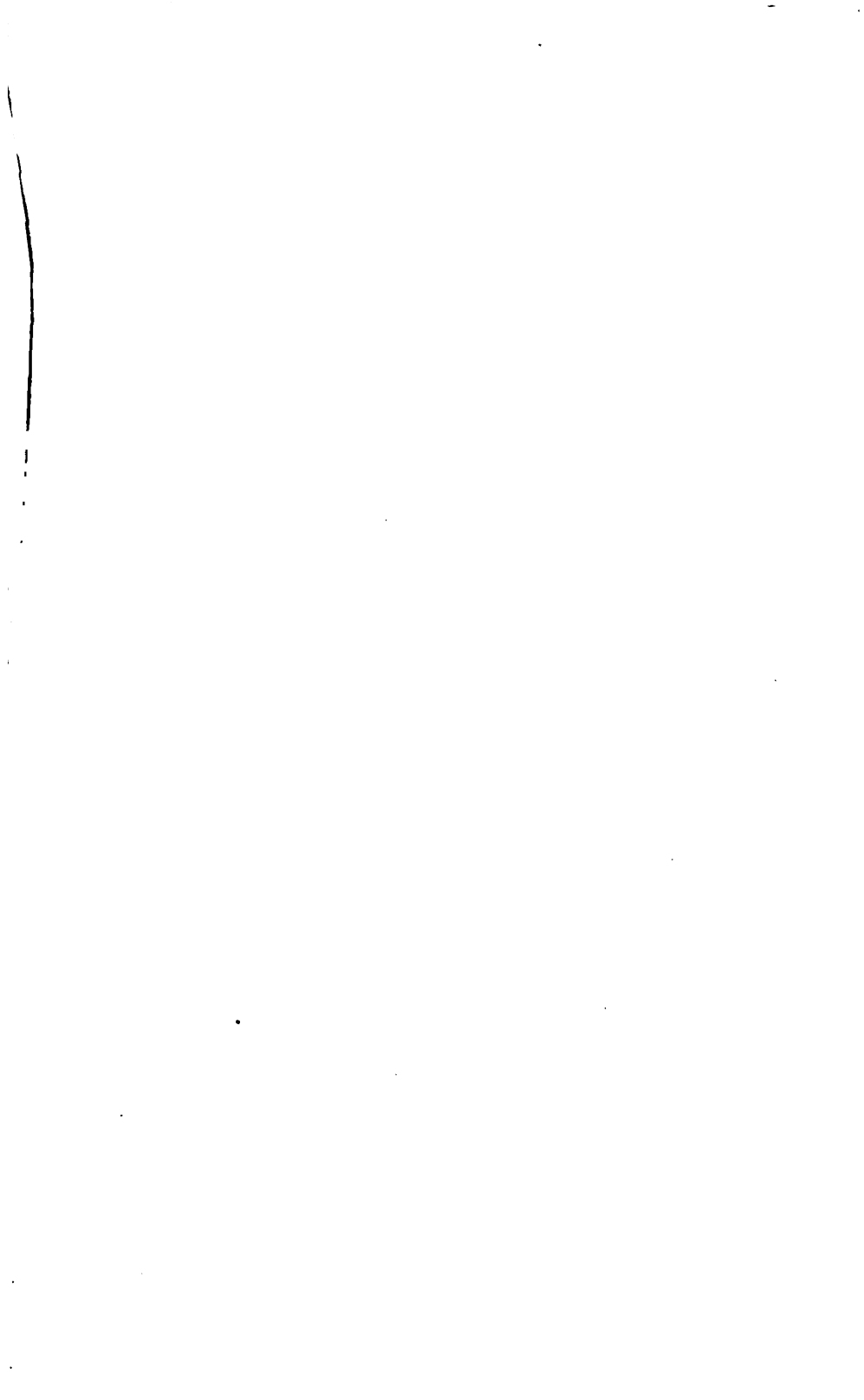
















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SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.



THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XII.

NOVELS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

1. Almacks.—2. The Exclusives.—3. Flirtation.—4. The Disinherited.—5. Godolphin.—6. Vivian Gray.—7. The Young Duke.
8. Matilda.—9. Yes and No.—10. Castleton (By the Earl of Mulgrave).
11. The Sketch-Book of Fashion.—12. Pin Money.—13. Mothers and Daughters.—14. Women as they are; or, the Manners of the Day (By the Hon. Mrs. Gore).
15. Granby.—16. Arlington (By Mr. Lister).
17. English Fashionables at Home.—18. The Ensnared.—19. Marriage in High Life.—20. Trevelyan, &c. &c.

WE have not half exhausted our list, but the preceding sample is quite long enough. Indeed most of the volumes we have already cited may perhaps reply to our summons in the words of Hela :—

"What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who is he with voice unblest
Calls us from the bed of rest?"

Yet, despite the drowsy grumblings of the Norwegian prophetess, we think it would be easy enough to shew both the justice and the expediency of a *post mortem* jurisdiction in some instances; particularly such as this. In the first place, to require us to catch such ephemeral insects as our present batch of culprits *alive*, would be condemning the hapless and bewildered critic to play at snap-dragon for his prey; and, indeed, by this rule, the self-same unlucky wight whom we had been brisk enough to whip up the very instant he had chipped the shell, might claim exemption from our knives long before we could whet them for the scarifying. Besides, in dealing with this as with any other species of noxious vermin, it should be remembered that it is only their accumulation in swarms that renders the nuisance worthy of notice; nor, on the other hand, should it be forgotten that death is far from extinguishing it—the air which they have poisoned continuing rife with the elements of their reproduction.

But having thus vindicated our
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claims to the Lord Johns and Lady Julias, whom we have summoned the chandlers and confectioners to render up to us for the occasion, we hasten to state for our own sakes, that out of the whole herd we have subpoenaed, there are but two or three whom we have thought it worth while to detain for a detailed examination. Howbeit, as we actually *have* yawned our weary way through so many dozens, we have (Mezentius-like) tacked together—living, dying, and dead indiscriminately—about a score or so as trophies of our achievements; since we cannot think it reasonable that we should be expected to hide under a hushel the flames of a martyrdom, through which nothing but the proud consciousness of the public service could possibly have supported us.

Before we proceed, however, to so unceremonious a dismissal of the innumerable patricians whose slumbers we have thus wantonly disquieted, it is but justice to acknowledge the important enlightenment we have derived from them, respecting the modern practice of an art which our antiquated notions had certainly represented to us as requiring faculties of no ordinary allotment, and attainments of no very easy acquisition. A vague recollection of the writings of Richardson, Fielding, and Scott, had impressed us with an idea that it not only demanded a long and careful study of human character, as well as some little labour and caution in its delineation, but was in fact a sort of Promethean craft, for which the

longest apprenticeship upon earth must fail to qualify him who had not inherited a patent from heaven. The reader, therefore, who is already habitually familiar with the modern steam process, can but ill appreciate the amazement with which we listened to Mr. Colburn's *proneurs* announcing the successive *debuts* of each "decidedly-best-novel-of-the-day," turned off by the hour at the great factory in New Burlington-street. Little can he understand, with what ungovernable curiosity we at length inwardly resolved to seize the opportunity of the next long vacation, to throw aside our unsolved parabolæ—pack up our musty metaphysics—and plunge once more into the airy regions through which our boyish fancies had so often followed the muse's eagle flight.

Well aware of the rust which so long a disuse must have accumulated upon our faculties, and being of opinion, moreover, that it behoved us to take the field with the increased vigour becoming our more matured age and intellects, we took some pains in preparing ourselves for the expedition. Not only did we dive into Schlegel and De Staël, but—recollecting the recondite authorities so often consulted by the learned Fielding—we considered ourselves bound to brush up even our Horace and Aristotle. Nevertheless it would be perhaps most prudent to be exceedingly brief respecting our adventures in the enterprise for which we had thus gallantly equipped ourselves. If the reader recollect the fate with which the Austrian martinet of the seven years' war encountered Napoleon in Italy, he may in some degree estimate the value of our antediluvian tactics. This is an age of reform in every thing. In every department of art or science, we have discovered the knack of cramming the work of a year into the compass of a week; but assuredly in none has the path been so miraculously macadamized as in that we are now considering. All the obstacles that formerly beset the course of the novelist—the rocks which the feeble used to split upon, and even the mighty to stumble over—all the impediments, in short, to which the hopes of the critical bloodsucker were wont to turn while preparing for his pounce—have vanished in a manner which we can compare to nothing but the disappearance of Cowper's pig amongst the Mussulmans, or the fate of that unfortunate picture which the

imprudent artist exposed to public criticism. One takes what De Foe would have called 'a short way' with the plots. A second might have felt the creation of characters a task too troublesome for the modern style of novel manufacture; but the knot which the Macedonian hero found so difficult to disentangle, was easy enough to cut—and that hint of antiquity has not been thrown away upon the present age. And while thus even the humblest canons of consistency and common sense have been driven from the field by the triumphs of the bolder innovators, the rest—finding all nobler antagonists swept from the path—have been content to hurl their gauntlets at once even at case, gender, number, and person, breathing murder to the Queen's English, and confusion to every figure of speech. Inasmuch, that it would appear, after a careful study of the latest productions in this ingenious art, that to combine at once all the improvements introduced into it by modern refinement, (and thereby attain, as it were, the very pinnacle of that temple, of which Boccaccio, Cervantes, Fielding, and Scott, can only be accounted the corner-stones,)—all that is absolutely requisite, is to be born a blockhead, and brought up a dunce.

After such wholesale retrenchments of all that one was accustomed to look for in a novel, the reader may perhaps ask in astonishment of what the modern articles called by that name actually *do* consist; and we are happy to be able to return a satisfactory answer to that question. In fact, by means of an arduous and careful analysis, we have succeeded in obtaining what algebraists call "a general expression," though if the reader will pardon us for parodying the precedent of Swift, we should prefer embodying our discovery in the more popular form of a recipe; by means of which any man may, if he wish, manufacture his own novels for the future; and which, therefore, we would 'respectfully recommend' (as the newspapers say) 'to travellers and others,' who may not find it convenient to keep up a regular correspondence with their booksellers. By a careful attention to our directions, these home-made productions may be rendered 'in every respect equal to the foreign article'; but (as we would not willingly take upon our consciences the responsibility of wantonly increasing the present awful multitude of novel writers) we must earnestly protest against the

abuse of so dangerous a specific. We offer it only for those urgent emergencies above mentioned ; and having thus written 'poison' on the label, the chemist can do no more ; it is not *his* fault if his nostrum be applied to any other than those extreme cases for which alone it was intended. To ladies and gentlemen, however, circumstanced as we have mentioned above, we beg leave to offer the following instructions "how to make a fashionable novel :"—

Take a Lord Charles, (a younger son being preferable,) and a Lady Charlotte ; and, after having stewed them over a very slow fire, (the genius of a New Burlington-street bookmaker will be safe enough), through two volumes, when they are in the third, kill an uncle, elder brother, or some other bore. Squeeze out the title and estate, and serve up the young couple along with them. N.B.—Parks and gardens are to be had, of the best description, from Mr. Geo. Robins.

Propos of cookery, we must mention that the eating and drinking appear to constitute by far the most important functions of these phantom nobles ; and, indeed, we cannot help fancying that the interest they excite in the public is chiefly that of "*le véritable Amphitryon*." We had no notion indeed, before, that John Bull would be willing to pay so high a price for these imaginary dainties. Chateau Margaux without doubt is well worth drinking, and Chambertin, as we all know, was the beverage of an Emperor, and well deserved to be so ; but we were not aware before, that even the man best able to appreciate the merits of a wine-merchant's cellar, would be capable of deriving equal amusement from the perusal of his catalogue. We recollect something of a story of the renowned Scheherazade, about the visionary bauquet at which the Barmecide entertained the hapless Schacabac ; and though the table was spread with all the luxury to be expected from one who had neither the fear of bills nor blue-devils before his eyes, yet was the munificent host visited by his hungry and unimaginative guest with a hearty thrashing, in return for his splendid but unsubstantial hospitality. Whether John Bull has acted altogether right in hitherto neglecting so completely to imitate the emphatic and appropriate *grace* of his Mussulman prototype, is a question which it may be curious to investigate ; though it would be perhaps more chivalrous

than wise to venture upon a contest with a legion, which has certainly every title to engrave upon its banners, the "*multo plures sumus*" of the Roman satirist.

But it may be asked, do these novel-mongers give us *nothing* except dinners and wines ? Much every way : *v. g.*—quotations from sundry authors of divers passages which we suspect to be peculiar to the editions of the quoters ; (and for which, at all events, we have occasionally searched *ours* in vain)—paragraphs of that ingenious lingua Franca, which boarding-schools are fond of calling *French*, and which, therefore, the tyro should be careful not to confound with the dialect on which the disciples of the academy bestow the same name—sentences of Italian, so exceedingly tough, that after a vigorous effort to construe them, we in despair felt compelled to cry out with the ingenuous Didapper, that we "did not understand Welsh"—cacophonous and grim-looking syllables, claiming to be German, and which, if they can make that claim good at Dresden, need not, we should think, at Alexandria or Demawend despair of success in similar pretensions to a Coptic or Sanscrit genealogy—to say nothing of the (*soi-disant*) English, almost equally cosmopolite in its grammatical construction. Of each and all of these we had taken the pains to cull and transcribe sundry choice specimens, but soon relinquished the task, and threw our list into the fire—partly, indeed, from the insufferable drudgery, but chiefly we would hope, from a more worthy motive. To say the truth, it is not much to our taste to break reeds that are already bruised. 'Novels of Fashionable Life,' written by 'an attorney's wife,' 'an apothecary's apprentice,' 'a dissenting minister,' &c. every body can sneer at. *We* shall endeavour to bring down game, which, though equally carrion in its nature, claims to be a little higher in its cast. The indignation of our village fashionables is no doubt hot enough, now that they have discovered *who* were the creators of those lords and ladies, whom they have been hoaxed into purchasing for their models. We cannot say, however, that we see any thing incongruous in that part of the affair ; for, if it be possible to *gine* any thing more plebeian spirit, than the unfortunate *v* that disgraceful gossip-hunger, must have given birth to these vermin, assuredly it is the *pa*

it. We confess that, until we beheld lords and ladies, honorables, M.P.'s and esquires, stepping forth (without the excuse of Laberius) to exhibit themselves and their friends at a guinea and a half a batch, *our* indignation lay altogether dormant—nor do we believe it would ever have kindled sufficiently to crackle, had it not been for the bullying attempts they have lately been making to monopolize to themselves the vineyard which was originally planted, and has been so long cultivated by their humbler competitors; in which they themselves, in fact, are but *parvenus* of the eleventh hour. This must never be allowed. The contest may be a dirty one, but “fair play is a jewel,” notwithstanding; and we cannot stand tamely by, and see the ‘attorneys’ wives,’ the ‘apothecaries’ apprentices,’ or the ‘dissenting ministers,’ swag-gered out of the market—which, whether it be a lawful one or not, is at all events of their own making—by Lord A—, Lady B—, the honorable Mr. C—, or the *dishonorable* Mr. Anybody—of the whole patrician alphabet, whose haughty spirits may condescend, forsooth, to covet their stalls. Being ourselves of opinion, that to write a good novel of either high or low life, something more is requisite than merely to be highly or lowly born; we shall proceed with as little reverence as possible to examine whether, in this species of manufacture, there be much to choose between a plebeian and a right honourable fool; and during the investigation, we must shut our eyes to their wealth, and our ears to their titles. The courts of genius take cognizance of no minor distinctions amongst the competitors; and it is part of our duty, as door-keepers of the great temple, to see that all who enter put off their coronets and ermine, for the ground whereon they are about to stand is holy.

But these titled authors may say—indeed they *do* say, and in pretty plain terms too—that they must understand their own peculiar habits and manners better than their plebeian rivals, and are therefore better fitted to describe them. With reference to this point, we shall in the first instance take an opportunity of returning good for evil; and, in place of the bitter three-volume doses which they administer, present them with a pleasant fable which we recollect to have met with in Boethius’ ‘Consolations of Philosophy.’ It is concerning the method which one

took of trying by all manner of contumely the temper of another, who had assumed the character of a philosopher, not out of a principle of virtue, but out of an itch of vain glory.’ The pseudo sage, however, being a cunning fellow, and up to the trick, managed for a considerable time to maintain ‘a counterfeit patience,’ until he had completely staggered his reviler; when at length he exultingly demanded whether he had not proved his right to that honorable appellation. ‘I had indeed well-nigh believed thee,’ smartly retorts the tempter, now triumphant in his turn, ‘hadst thou still been able to hold thy tongue.’ It strikes us that it is not merely the ethical coxcomb who might derive a useful hint from the shrewd story related by Philosophy to her votary. So long as the aristocracy were content to look down with silent contempt upon their caricaturists, there was little fear of the circulating library being able to degrade their order in the eyes of the intelligent portion of the public; and indeed we should be sorry to think that any one is even yet prepared to judge of it, either by the puppets which have so long figured as their resemblances in the pages of their plebeian libellers, or by those more recently manufactured by these titled harlequins, who at present appear to have usurped the whole trade. The ludicrous failures of the pretended exhibitors of ‘high life,’ would have been in themselves sufficient to persuade the public that there must be something indescribable and unapproachable in the freemasonry of *ton*, had not sundry specimens of the confessedly initiated, wantonly stepped forth to battle for the hitherto unquestioned inaccessibility of their mysteries. How far they have graced their cause in speaking of themselves, we shall now proceed to examine; for, since they have *not* ‘been able to hold their tongues,’ but have been pleased to put forth their superior pretensions into print,—when they still continue to assume so imperiously the necessary pre-eminence of their novels, there are some obstinate blockheads who will maintain that before we decide so absolutely what *necessarily must be*, it may not be altogether irrelevant to investigate a little what *actually is* the case. The vehemence of their claims may demand for them a *hearing*, and from the superficial, may perhaps procure them a partial one; but surely must not be allowed to obtain them a *verdict* directly

in the teeth of the evidence. Were we disposed to settle the question by an *a priori* discussion, we think it would not be difficult to produce such conclusive reasons why all novels of this species must, from their very nature, be failures, as would render all inspection in detail unnecessary; and before we close this article, we may perhaps enter into a discussion of that point—but it is as well to proceed methodically; and prove the existence of the fact, before we proceed to account for it.

Thus far, however, we must premise, by way of stating the question fairly between these ignoble bookmakers and their noble imitators, that if there *were* anything in the mere *manners* or other characteristics of any class, from which a good novel might be manufactured, it is certainly not from the members of it themselves that it could be looked for. If this assertion appear paradoxical to any one at first sight, we are sure that it is *only* at first sight it can do so. Surely common sense might teach us that it would be idle to expect any clear portrait of their own peculiarities, from those, to whom, being natural, they cannot appear peculiar. We meet, indeed, with an ingenious gentleman in Mrs. Gore's novels, who treats us with a choice metaphor as a solution of the failure of the plebeian novelists. It is to the effect that objects are necessarily distorted to the vision of those who view them from a distance. It would be too unreasonable to request so illustrious a logician, before he again ventures upon an optical illustration, to condescend to form some slight acquaintance with the principles of the science; but we would suggest to him, that if he will first look at his own nose, and then at his neighbour's, he may, by observing which view is the most distorted, form a practical though unlearned idea of the exquisite aptness of his imagery.

We shall not be suspected of any intention to protest against the well-earned sentence of damnation which the public has at length passed upon the "lackey school," (as the Westminster school so aptly denominated the authors of "Almacks," "Vivian Grey," "The Exclusives," &c.) but we confess that we are not exactly disposed to see them thus made the scapegoats for the more exalted members of this disreputable gang. We have no idea of seeing one set of rogues hanged, merely to improve the trade of another;

and if, in spite of us, the temple of Apollo *must* be turned into a den of thieves, we will, at all events, do our best to maintain 'cutter's law,' amongst them, and see a fair scramble. We have, accordingly, selected for examination two of the most illustrious of the band, and when we add, that during our scrutiny we shall keep their rank carefully out of consideration, we apprehend that it is not *they* who will have any right to complain. If the owner of the cattle upon a thousand hills were to be caught sheep-stealing, surely nothing short of insanity could induce him to produce his rent-roll in mitigation of judgment; and when a nobleman turns devil-author he should, during his sojourn in Grub-street, be anxious on his own account, to preserve his incognito strictly.

The authors we are about to examine, are the Earl of Mulgrave and the Hon. Mrs. Gore—both of them names so unexceptionable, that if a good name could make a good novel, nothing more need be desired. Lord Mulgrave we have taken simply on account of his rank; and as it will not be necessary to waste much time upon him, we shall deal with him first. For meddling with Mrs. Gore we have additional reasons.

The first is her sex—an admission which, we fear, will bring us little credit;—at least with that cockneyfied class, whose gallantry is of that precise cast which 'never contradicts a lady.' We confess, however, that we are not fond of blue stockings. "Genius is of no sex" certainly, as Madame de Staël remarked, but it is decidedly masculine, or at all events *unfeminine* in its attributes. We willingly admit, indeed, that a rule which would rid us of every *basbleu* at once, at the price of *her* exclusion, would be rather too expensive to enforce; but so long as there are extant such pages as Mrs. Gore's to evince how *very little* 'genius' is requisite to unsex a woman, we shall content ourselves with retorting the charge of a want of gallantry upon those who think that the character of a mere woman can ever be exchanged with advantage for that of a mere scribbler. In the next place—although we cannot pretend to any thing like strength of lungs sufficient to meet the expenditure of yawns, requisite to enable us to keep pace with the various competitors in this pell-mell race towards the goal of absurdity—though our view may be in

quence a little 'distorted'—yet it certainly *does* appear to us that Mrs. Gore's pre-eminence is sufficient to entitle her to a special warning. But our principal reason is, that her volumes having been puffed more vehemently than any others of the class, have (however contemptible in themselves) become, like the straw in Bacon's apothegm, the means of shewing which way the wind blows; and if the reader have patience to follow us through the impending examination, he will, we think, feel little difficulty in deciding that the breeze which puffed such productions as her's must have blown from Gotham.

We must apologise to the public, (for to the authors themselves who have inflicted such volumes as these upon us, we cannot think that any apology can be due from us for anything at all, but) to the public we should, perhaps, apologise for having taken only one novel of each as a sample. It might be argued that this is an unfair way of judging; and we admit the objection in a general way, but demur to it in the present instance, on the ground that the volumes which we have chosen are such as to sanction an analogical inference, that any thing of common sense from the same source would be morally impossible. However, for the reader's additional satisfaction, we can assure him that we have toiled through the whole wilderness, and that the *fact* is what we have stated that the *inference* might be; and should he still persist in doubting our word, to such a refractory caviller we can only say, that if in order to qualify him to judge for himself, he will submit to the performance of a similar pilgrimage, we shall esteem ourselves more than sufficiently avenged on him for the insult implied in his incredulity.

There is another circumstance which, perhaps we ought also to mention. It so happens, that we have not, as is usual when reviewing an arrear of works, selected the last specimen for dissection. This *we* esteem, indeed, a matter of little consequence; seeing that all of them are either already gone, or fast going to that bourne where there is no precedence; and also that by the time our essay shall appear, those which are now last will, in all probability, have begun to be reckoned amongst the first. Our object, therefore, being merely to stop the stream, it is of little importance

whether we begin to build the dam a little higher up, or a little lower down. We *did* intend, however, after having duly examined the whole set, to have devoted a second reading to the most recent, and actually took them in hand for that purpose; but we had not got through above a dozen pages or so on our remeasured path, when we felt violently tempted to close the volumes—and—in short—to tell the truth—there are *some* temptations which are *irresistible*. Since, therefore, there is not a pin to choose between their respective attractions, and our object is merely to present the reader with a fair portrait of the class, we have considered that it will be better answered by selecting the last *we* have read, than the last *they* have written.

The Earl of Mulgrave's last work (Castleton) was the one with which we commenced our career, and we have therefore, now only a general recollection that it is founded on the Marquis of Exeter's marriage—that the scene is laid in Cumberland—and further, that although his lordship may boast himself a scion of the glorious "north countrie," his imitations of its provincial dialect fully warrant us in congratulating him upon having still in his power the pleasure of a virgin tour to the lakes. "Yes and No" was the last that we examined, and it is with it, therefore, that we have now to deal.

The opening chapter introduces to our notice two gentlemen who are about to eat mutton chops at an inn. Instead, however, of allowing the reader to accompany them in that pleasing amusement, we intend to detain him on the threshold for a few minutes, to acquaint him with the disasters which befell us in the opening of our career, under the escort of the Earl of Mulgrave—disasters which beat those of Margaret Lindsay hollow. But in order to enable him to sympathise duly with our sorrows, we must premise a few explanatory remarks. He must doubtless be aware that the course of a novel is like that of human life in this respect—the first chapters of each we are expected to spend, not in amusement, but a sort of apprenticeship—in laying up stores, in short, for our guidance and enjoyment during the rest. As in infancy also, every circumstance, however trifling, is of importance in forming the mind; 'and as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,'—even so in the dawn of a fiction we are to consider

every incident, however trifling, as the germ of a character, and the omen of some future event. "*Ex pede Herculem*," in short, should be the motto of every one while in the first volume. The ordinary reader, however, may not know—though, we trust, upon being informed, he will easily understand the sort of feeling which actuates the critic, and makes it a point of professional honour with one who, of course, piques himself upon being 'up to trap' rather better than another, to detect Hercules not merely like the vulgar at the sight of his foot, but even from the slightest glimpse of his toe-nail, as it were—to see through the whole narrative from the very beginning of the second chapter, and instead of *following*, to tread abreast with the author to the end. We trust the reader can sufficiently enter into the delicate punctilio of our feelings upon this score, to form some estimate of the exquisitely painful wounds inflicted upon our self-esteem by the Earl of Mulgrave.

One of the gentlemen at the inn having ordered a fresh pair of wax-lights, is rebuked by his companion for his inordinate love of show. Now we, who if we had noticed this circumstance at all, should have merely concluded from it that he had a weakness in his eyes—on thus discovering the weakness to be in our own eyes, felt as the sentinel may be supposed to do when caught napping upon his post—or as the sagacious chess-player, who, after having capped a pawn, has by an unforeseen checkmate been prevented from executing his ingenious intentions—or like the gallant and accomplished cavalier, who, though he might undertake to break Bucephalus himself upon a snaffle, with ninety-nine chances out of a hundred in his favour, yet has, nevertheless (by an impromptu conspiracy between the hundredth chance and an indiscreet *capriccio* on the part of his steed) been compelled to afford the unwinged angel, before whom he had previously exhibited himself under every other aspect, an opportunity of taking also a bird's-eye view of his proportions—like, in short, any hero who has suddenly discovered himself to be not utterly invincible, or any wiseacre who finds himself upon the point of being mistaken for a fool—out of which two extensive classes we leave the reader to choose a simile for himself. Fired, however, rather with generous emulation than vindictive malice by our overthrow, we in-

wardly determined that Lord Mulgrave was a worthy competitor for a critic, and promised fairly to put us to our mettle during the race. But being determined to give him a hard breathing for the next advantage he obtained over us, and burning for an opportunity of retrieving our last error, we longed ardently for the appearance of a fresh character; prepared to be upon the *qui vive* with eye and ear for an opportunity of displaying our sagacity. We were not long kept waiting for him; and no sooner had Lord Mulgrave disclosed to us that his travelling carriage was filled with fashionable novels, than we, with inconceivable briskness, set him down of course for an absolute fool. Finding, however, that sooner than afford them travelling-room any farther, he proposed to make the landlord of the inn a present of them, we were compelled to acknowledge ourselves a little too hasty, and intimated accordingly by an intelligent wink of our 'mind's eye' at his lordship, that doubtless he would turn out to be a very decent sort of a fellow. We were mistaken again, however. He is not only a sharper, but an utter coxcomb to boot. A good deal disconcerted, and not a little nettled at finding that we were only plunging ourselves deeper in the mire, we determined to continue our course with a little more caution, and look rather longer before we made the next leap. No sooner, however, had Lord Mulgrave begun to hint to us something about early recollections of the fair daughter of the clergyman who had formerly been tutor to the extra-wax-candle gentleman—Germaine by name,—and whom he is about to visit than our imagination got the better of us again, and we could not help exclaiming, "There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave to tell us," what is coming now; and, indeed, it *was* no ghost that came, for—as if Cupid himself had been sworn to take the field against us—he finds that during his absence the lady of his heart had been thriving so violently as to be completely obliterated under her mask of fat; and, accordingly, he determines to disown her altogether. Stung to the quick at these incessant mortifications; and beginning sorely to suspect that his lordship was merely bamboozling us all the time, we resolved to take good care how we ventured to stake the little that was left of our critical credit while travelling in such

doubtful company. With a parting wish, therefore, that the lady above mentioned had added another acquirement of Jeshurun to that she already boasted of, we accompanied the elder gentleman (whose name we have forgotten) to the castle of his uncle, the Marquis of Rockingham, somewhat less anxious, since our repeated bruises, to find 'sermons in stones.' The death of the Marquis, however, (leaving this gentleman thirty thousand a-year,) flashed like the dawn upon our minds. "Thirty thousand a-year!" we exclaimed—"why this must be 'the true prince!' No wonder we have gone on a false scent so often when we have not even been after the right game. The 'instinct' even of the sagacious Sir John was only quoad 'the king's son,' and the acumen of the critic is not bound to be absolutely infallible, except where the hero is concerned." Having, however, as we imagined, at length made sure of him, we were beginning to lay the foundations of innumerable '*chateaux en Espagne*,' in all the plenitude of our renovated self-confidence, when—behold you,—as if for the mere purpose of bringing us to a deadlock,—this gentleman,—on coming into possession of thirty thousand a-year—is pleased—apropos of absolutely nothing at all—to turn hermit and misanthrope!

Utterly confounded at this crowning discomfiture, we were about to abandon the field in despair—seeing nothing for it but to conclude, either that we were no conjurors, or that his lordship's skull must be of a texture which might defy even Michael Scott himself to pry into the operations of its inhabitant. And, indeed, when we indignantly reflected upon the accumulated disasters and disgraces into which we had been inveigled by the inscrutable vagaries of our *compagnon de voyage*, incontinently we conceived a vehement longing to subject our divining wands to at least one additional test, in the investigation of a question which we had begun to consider as rather problematical—to wit, whether the Earl of Mulgrave were actually possessed of any brains at all or not. Being obliged, however to pretermit a search which—to say nothing of a conjuror—might, perhaps, have baffled the analysis of a Tipperary turf-cutter, we considered it as well to put our critical acumen in our pockets for the present, and perform the rest of our pilgrimage *incog*—conceal, while travelling by the light of

so dark a lanthorn as his lordship's intellects, to console ourselves with that profound saying of the wise Fielding, that "he is a sagacious reader who can see two chapters before him."

After sundry grouse-shooting and dinner parties, the plot begins to thicken. Our sulky friend at the castle, being crazy, as we have seen, the reader will not of course be surprised to hear that he becomes a candidate for a seat in parliament; but he doubtless *will* be amazed that in spite of so valuable a qualification he is defeated, and by his old friend, too—the knight of the supernumerary waxlights. The contest being thus between Greek and Greek, was, of course, a tough one; but to us, it may easily be guessed they were merely Trojan and Tyrian; and the only thing which induced us to take any interest in the contest, was the hope of its terminating in the catastrophe of the Kilkenny cats, which, as is well known, eat each other up. This event (no uncommon one at elections) was, in the present instance, however, prevented towards the close of the contest by a coalition between two of the three parties, who, having begun by fighting a Welsh main, had hoaxed us into the expectation that both our enemies might be swallowed up at once.

Being thus disappointed, we shall (like all other disappointed people) take the liberty of grumbling a little; and, we think, with a little better right than most of them. Our complaint is against this fresh usurpation on the part of the demon of politics. Really this is a little too bad. Is it not enough that the very stocks and stones are vocal in our path?—that the walls of the town cry aloud to the 'enlightened burghesses,' and the barn-doors of the country spare not the 'independent freeholders?' Must there be no refuge even for *us*, in our ignorance and insignificance?

"No place is sacred; not the church is free."

If we attend divine service we are edified upon the 'signs of the times.' If we seek to spend an hour less profitably in the Temple of Thespis we are entertained with the 'Lords and Commons.'—Step into a printshop—is it not littered with parliamentary pasquinades? Open a music sheet—what is it but a *Marseilles* hymn or a new arrangement of *ça ira*!/? Turn to a poem—ten to one it is upon the corn laws; and when we fly, in despair, to the pages

of a fashionable novel, we are presented with the state of the poll.

"*Ex stanti legis—et legis sedenti—
Currenti legis—et legis canenti—
In thermas fugio—sonas ad auro—
Piscinam peto ;—non licet nascere—
Ad coenam propero—tenes euntem—
Ad coenam venio—fugas sedentem,—
Lassus dormio,—suscitas jacentem," &c.*

Martial must certainly have been a prophet, and have intended these lines as the character of a politician of the nineteenth century.

About the time of the election, we should observe that Mr. Germaine, paying a canvassing visit to the clergyman mentioned above, discovers an unusual bustle in the house ; and soon finds out that it is owing to a marriage between the discarded lady of his heart and an East-Indian Captain—'a very good sort of a man,—the Captain'—which paraphrastic agnomen, as it is repeated more than once, we take to be a joke of some sort—apparently, indeed, of that ingenious sort where the point is so very—very—very fine as to be absolutely invisible.

There is another young lady, (a natural daughter of the Marquis of Rockingham,) with whom we should have concluded the elder of our heroes to be in love, had not Lord Mulgrave taught us to be exceedingly cautious how we jumped at conclusions while following his career. And we were right (for once) in being less sanguine than formerly. As she is staying on a visit at the house of his antagonist's election patron, and is, consequently, preparing to attend the ball given in honor of the successful candidate, our discomfited misanthrope arrives to inform her that her mother has been seized with a dangerous illness ; and, being enraged at finding her decked out to celebrate his disasters, he forthwith begins to abuse her in the most brutal manner, and reproaches her with subsisting at once upon his charity and the wages of her mother's shame—alluding to the circumstance of his having continued the payment of a pension (£500 a-year) allowed by Lord Rockingham to his ex-mistress. This lady dies soon after the arrival of her daughter, who (acting upon the intelligible hint she had received) resigns the annuity, and, removing to London, supports herself by making ornaments and fancy work.

The indignant reader will doubtless here exclaim, "Is this impracticable

misanthrope permitted to escape unpunished?" Heaven forbid !

"*Summa dies veniet, et ineluctabile tempus ;*"

But how? Why, even thus :—His agent informs him one morning that there is a freehold in the very centre of his demense which is to be sold, and which, accordingly, he advises him to secure by private contract. Our hero, however, having not a little of the disposition of the Irish pigs—concerning which it has been said (whether libellously or not we undertake not to decide) that the more you call them, the more they wont come—immediately suspects some scheme afloat for cheating him ; and, manfully buttoning up his pockets, is rewarded for his heroic firmness in refusing to purchase, by perceiving, a short time afterwards, (from the appearance of a snug verandah'd cottage within a word's throw of his drawing-room window), that he has acquired a neighbour—and who should this be but our old friend, that 'very good sort of a man,—the Captain.' The misanthrope, indeed, does not seem to derive quite as much pleasure from the increased proximity of this excellent gentleman, as might have been expected from the mere consideration of his estimable character. This amiable warrior, however, who is as fond of his own property as another man, and in no way discontented with the situation of his new residence, is found, upon trial, to be of a much more sociable disposition than our hero, and by no means disposed to part company with him. Take heed, therefore, ye country squires ! hearken to your agents, and buy freeholds while there is yet time ; lest brick cottages intrude upon your parks and verandahs deface your demesnes—lest the fat daughters of the clergy be not ashamed to speak with ye in your gates, and ye be constrained to set up your rest, almost cheek by jowl, with those very good sort of men—the Captains. His lordship speaks feelingly upon this point—*haud inexpertus* we suspect. We should like to examine the grounds at Mulgrave.

There is another instance of his lordship's poetical justice which we feel peculiar pleasure in recording.—The gentleman who, in the commencement of the narrative, had so strongly recommended himself to us by his contemptuous treatment of the fashionable novels, and to whom we had therefore clung, through good and evil re-

port, with a sort of presentiment that he was destined to avenge us of those enemies who had so cruelly hoaxed and befooled us by their vagaries in the course of our unfortunate career, verifies our fondest anticipations ; and, having amused himself for some time by rooking the younger of our heroes, achieves our everlasting gratitude by shooting the misanthrope, whose thirty thousand a year goes—half to the young lady mentioned above, and the other half to Mr. Germaine ; out of whom we earnestly trust that our friend manages to pick up a tolerable aftermath.

We have thus presented the reader with a skeleton of not merely the foot but the "*totum individuum*" of his lordship's Hercules—out of all which, if he be able to make either head or tail, we are free to confess that he must be nearer akin to the house of Œdipus than we ourselves, and shall, therefore, not presume to intrude upon him another word in the way of criticism.

The story opens with an intimation that a "good" marriage may be said to consist of a park in the country—a house in town—a box at the opera—a stud of horses—and (of course) a husband. Further, we are given to understand that by varying the degrees of these terms, we may attain, in succession, all the ranks of "good" marriages until we arrive at a class which may be termed "exquisite;" whereas, on the other hand, a "delicious" marriage is held to imply merely a "husband and wife." The wedding to which we are here bidden is of the second of the abovementioned classes—the hero (Lord Willersdale) having twenty thousand a year and a premiership to boot. He is wealthy, indeed, not only in lands and tenements, but also in experience; having safely doubled the cape of folly, and been given up by all the downy flatcatchers as an absolutely *unmarryable* man. Yet let no man whistle till he is out of the hollow, but think of the rash Benedict and beware. Lord Willersdale him-

self—his country park—his house in town—his opera box—his equestrian stud—his icy heart, and his forty years—surrender in the twinkling of an eye—the eye of Helen Mordaunt. This enchantress is introduced to our notice in the course of a morning's walk, during which she is represented as meditating upon her impending union to so many good things. Yet, notwithstanding Lord Willersdale's manifold perfections, she manages to produce, on an examination of her feelings, tolerably satisfactory proofs that she is not in love with him; and the inexperienced inference which she draws from this is, that she ought not to marry him. On her venturing, in consequence, to hint to her parents the possibility of such a determination on her part, this "missish" confidence (as the old gentleman terms it) is received with exemplary patience by both father and mother; who, however, (after having duly gone through the ceremony of the audit) give her to understand—politely, indeed, but unequivocally—that as her "missish" scruples are not particularly interesting to them, they will,—if it be the same to her,—waive their discussion, and drop the subject of the intended marriage until all is ready to sign, seal, and deliver.—Mamma informs her that Lord Willersdale had been a cotemporary of her papa at the court of George the Third; and after a glowing estimate of his innumerable advantages, from which it plainly appears that he is in her view an absolute model of perfection, she warmly congratulates her daughter upon her "exquisite" fortune, and cuts short all further discussion, by requesting her, with infinite nonchalance, to wash her face. We, however, well knowing that when a husband is in view, young ladies of eighteen cannot always be brought to look at papa's cotemporaries through mamma's spectacles, judiciously snuffed the candles and prepared for a little sport.

We were mistaken, as usual, during this disastrous campaign. In spite of her ablutions, Lord Willersdale discovers that she has been weeping, and gallantly informs her that he has no intention of marrying her in her own despite. In short, he gives her to understand that she has only to "speak the word" and be (as Tony Lumpkin might say) "her own woman again." Whether it were, however, that she concluded, from the tone of this intimation, that he was not a man upon

it would be safe to play off any graces,—or merely owing to her debt for his generous offer to let—she does not “speak the word,” submits to the fiat of her parents, a complaisance most estimable, less, in a daughter; but which, in heroine of a novel, is—we will not care to hint *what*—and—not to make short story long—is married off somewhere about the beginning of the second year.

On thus finding the expected game through our fingers, and all our noble anticipations at one fell swoop destroyed, we certainly looked a little shy and disconcerted for the moment; but valourously continued our course; secretly conjecturing that if she had been balked in her intention of playing the heroine before marriage, she would not fail to indemnify at once his lordship, herself and us, by playing the devil afterwards.

Things appear, indeed, to point pretty plainly to that termination.—Lord Willersdale presents her with Dresden porcelain, Ormolu musical clocks, carcanets, bracelets, &c. without end—all which, like Rose in “The Recruiting Officer,” she “takes with an air,” lest he should construe any manifestation of gratitude into an evidence of foolish vanity. The sight of the jewels, however, at once thaws her stoicism, and, being now fearful lest he should think her *ungrateful*, she bursts into a paroxysm of the most extravagant and childish delight—thus ingeniously managing to impress upon his mind at once both those opinions she was so particularly anxious to preserve him from. In plain terms, he concludes her to be a little of a fool; and she (in despite of his learning) conceives him to be a good deal of a bore; while we—could we presume to intrude anything so insignificant upon the notice of either—would beg leave to add our humble but hearty acquiescence in the opinion of each. These mistakes (*mistakes?*) Mrs. Gore ominously adds, were no slight steps towards rendering a marriage unhappy.

Sickened, as we had long been, with delayed hope, this significant hint fell upon our drooping souls like the war-trump upon the ear of the charger; and with renewed vigor we prepared to follow this happy couple to London. Lady Willersdale is there introduced to her sister-in-law, Lady Danvers, at whose house she afterwards meets with a Colonel Seymour, of the guards,

who, during her childhood, had often “condescended to make Mordaunt his hunting quarters;” and who, for reasons which the simplest reader may form a guess at, had no particular objections to make her new residence his poaching quarters. The party at Lady Danvers’ being a *fête champêtre*, Colonel S. commences operations by withdrawing the lady to a shady bower, where he proceeds in his attack upon her heart after a fashion which is certainly original; unless, indeed, he were indebted for a hint to the hero of Madame de Genlis’ tale, “*Preventions d’une Femme*,” who conceives that his conquest will be infallibly secured if he can only manage to extort from the lady a single direct insult. Colonel S., as if actuated by a similar ambition, begins by abusing, in the most violent terms, and without assigning any reason, Lady Willersdale’s favorite brother, for whose character and intellect he expresses a degree of scorn which reminded us forcibly of the renowned controversy between the pot and the kettle. As might well be expected, she replies savagely enough; upon which he again retorts in two or three languages at a time. She, however, if not quite his equal at the tongues, yet, being like most of her sex, tolerably mistress of the vernacular, manages, with the aid of that alone, to talk him fifteen to the dozen; inasmuch that we—stunned and almost deafened with “the clamour of loud reproaches and the war of words”—began to wonder, vehemently, whether Mephistopheles himself would be able to conjure any thing like the language of a love scene out of such a polyglott squabble as this.

This stormy overture, however, having gradually subsided, the recitative commences in a gentler strain. He gives her to understand that he is in love with her, and wishes that he had married her: in answer to which, she intimates that it is a great pity he did not think of it sooner—forgetting, however, to hint that it was now too late to think of it at all. To this he replies, that he was too poor to marry then, and that even now he is a mere beggarly dragoon, concerning whom it has been decided amongst his friends *nem. con.* that he is good for nothing—fit for nothing—absolutely nothing, but the ministry; and that accordingly he has begun to entertain serious thoughts of accepting a place in the cabinet. We here take occasion to observe, “*en passant*,” how in our inestimable constitution, all

things are made to work together for good, the poverty of our dragoons being thus, as it seems, rendered an abundant source to supply us with cabinet ministers. With respect to this project of our public-spirited dragoon, she appears to think that she does not see how he can do anything better. But here occurs a point pregnant with direful import. It appears that if *he* should come in Lord Willersdale will have to go out. Yet this ill-omened 'if' seems about, after all, to turn out 'a great peacemaker' like the rest of the tribe; for upon this intimation Colonel S. immediately proceeds to hint at sundry preliminary articles of a treaty of amity, whose further development is cut short by a most provokingly ill-timed interruption.

Lady Danvers, who makes her appearance to offer her sister-in-law her company into town, is in a violent fluster about her brother's expected loss of his place, and the consequent depreciation in fashionable *éclat* which she may herself expect. She makes this an opportunity of indulging in a multitude of savage sublimities upon the fickleness of society; after which she favours her sister-in-law with an extempore volley of gratuitous abuse, and a narrative of her amours, detailed with a fervor and *naïveté* which reminds us of nothing we ever read, so much as the vivid memoirs of the fiery Queen of Navarre. We shall extract this passage as a specimen of Mrs. Gore's eloquence—the more especially, as it contains a clue to a mystery which we confess we had long begun to look upon as unfathomable—namely, from what class of society the readers of such books as Mrs. Gore's could possibly be furnished.

"The road traversed by the brilliant equipage of Lady Willersdale lay between a succession of gardens such as surround the suburbs of London: the fragrance of myriads of roses was upon the air; and as the two sisters reclined themselves in luxurious indolence, it might be supposed that their mutual silence arose from the exclusive intensity of their enjoyment of the passing hour. Both were young—both were beautiful—both nobly wedded—both elevated immeasurably above the vulgar anxieties of life. The happiness of both might be supposed assured; and prosperity, whose prodigal favour had flung such golden gifts upon their path, had also enriched them with the power of conferring happiness, and of scattering

flowers upon the thorny destiny of others. Yet hear it, thou sickly mechanic! whose struggling breath labours with the noisome atmosphere of thy squalid home—hear it, thou midnight wanderer! who dost shelter thy ragged misery in some den of perilous infamy—hear it, thou meagre woman! who wouldst vainly still the feeble cries of thy famished children; hear it, and acknowledge the equal dispensation of that hand whose chastening is of mercy! Beneath the gorgeous robing of those beautiful and prosperous beings, there were hearts agonized by terror and remorse—the tears upon their cheeks were bitter tears—they saw no promise of peace in the sacred calm of the summer sky; they confessed no heavenly presence in the glorious harmony of universal nature!"

Lord Willersdale is not only turned out of the ministry, but runs a narrow chance of being turned out of the world as well—having been shot in a duel by a country squire, set at him by his successors in office—a method of preventing a counter-march on the part of the enemy in politics, the discovery of which is, we believe, due to Mrs. Gore; who has hereby afforded to the expert cabinet whipper-in a valuable hint how county members may be put to other uses than the mere utterance of "aye" or "no" upon a division. Upon this maladventure (in consequence of which Lord Willersdale is bedridden for some time) Mrs. Gore takes occasion to indite a vast deal of choice prose touching the modern practice of the duel; and as her remarks are equally unquestionable and well-intentioned, we can only say that we trust their efficiency may be proportioned rather to their truth than their novelty.

Lord Willersdale, upon his recovery, retires to his own castle in Ireland; which, of course, introduces us to a whole bevy of fresh personages—to wit, a Mrs. Mahoney (Lord Willersdale's housekeeper—an Irish character of a modern novel; that is to say, a character who says 'ould' for 'old,' 'rale' for 'real,' &c. &c., and in cast of thought, or even turn of expression, belongs quite as much to Ireland as to Kamschatka, and *vice versa*),—Lady Theodosia Mitford, who, we take it, is meant to be as wise as Mrs. Gore could make her, and her sister Isabella who appears to be witty up to the same extent; together with the husbands of those two ladies who, we presume, are intended to be anything

the reader chooses to suppose them, (Mrs. Gore having obligingly left them altogether blank for that purpose), and a multitude of other 'characters,' whom he may also paint after any fashion he pleases, without our being able either to authenticate or confute the portrait from any data supplied by Mrs. Gore's evidence.

We now, however, proceed to the mention of names not lightly to be spoken, seeing that we have to relate a long story about them. We allude to a certain Mr. Edwards and his ward, Miss Florence Dudley, who had been for some time the objects of much mystery and the subjects of infinite gossip to their whole neighbourhood. Miss Dudley being a sort of supplementary heroine (sent, as we presume, to make amends for the miserably short-lived career of her predecessor) we shall abbreviate the catalogue of her perfections by adopting the ingenious formula of the drunken pietist, who, when afraid to trust his vacillating tongue with a detailed performance of his devotions, compromised the affair by ejaculating "Ditto, as on the last occasion." By her multitudinous accomplishments, and her obliging assiduity in teaching Lady Willersdale German, she wins her heart so as to receive an invitation to London, where Lord Willersdale is about to return; having been a second time appointed prime minister, (whence it may be seen that county members, who aspire to permanent parliamentary distinction, should practise bullet slitting and keep their powder dry.) This invitation, being conveyed through Lady Theodosia Mitford to Mr. Edwards, draws from him the following account of his own life and Miss Dudley's origin:—

Mr. Edwards, then, who is a gentleman of good family in the north of England appears (as far as we can make out from his own account), to have been somewhat of a crackbrain naturally, and was therefore naturally esteemed a genius by himself and a poet by his family, schoolmasters and college-fellows. At this name he manifests an indignation which, to say the least of it, might, we think, have been mutual. Finding, it would seem, no rest for the soul of a fool in England, he sets off to Göttingen to study metaphysics, and, with the assistance of Kant, returns seven times crazier than he was before. We should have mentioned that he had fallen in love before leaving England; and the first

person he speeds to see upon his return is, of course, the lady of his heart. He finds her on a visit in Scotland amidst a large circle of acquaintances—one of the principal of whom is a certain Captain S., who, like his predecessor of the same ill-omened initial, is "a handsome man, but a gay deceiver." The company are not long in discovering Mr. Edwards to be a ninny; while he (like many an honest gentleman in the same predicament) does not feel all the gratitude that might have been desired towards those "d——d good-natured friends" who were incessantly manifesting such an affectionate anxiety to bring him to a clear understanding upon that particular point. His intended bride, especially, in rebuking his vagaries, "getteth herself hate;" and, as he suspects her of plotting with Captain S. to play him off, he takes leave of her extempore, sets off to the sea-shore to mope by himself for a year, and, we suppose,

"Write loyal cantos of contemned love,"

In the dead hour, however, one night, the sound of a carriage is heard at his door, and, hurrying to receive his nocturnal visitor, our discomfited bard is thunderstruck by the appearance of his long-lost love and a little infant, which clasps him with—

"——an unlineal hand /
No son of his;—"

but, in truth, a daughter of Capt. S.

At this part of the narrative, Lady Theodosia began to tremble for Miss Dudley's legitimacy; but Mrs. Gore settles that difficulty by an expedient which, we venture to say, few will be able to anticipate. It turns out, to Lady Theodosia's infinite relief, that our heroine is not the offspring of an intrigue, but of a rape (we should imagine it to have been the first time that ever such a discovery was made the subject of congratulation), and—mark this—in consequence of certain letters subsequently addressed by Captain S. to her mother, as his wife, for the mere purpose, as she expressly states, of deluding her family and escaping their vengeance—she is fortunately, by the law of Scotland legitimate. We have heard of a particular providence over drunkards, but who shall henceforward doubt that there is one over the amours of our aristocracy (the law of Scotland being its outward and visible sign), to keep not merely the halter from the necks of the fathers, but even the bend sinister from "shields of the children?" "Wh

thing," as old Whiston says, "is truly wonderful!"

"But is that the law?" exclaimed we, in amazement. "Aye, marry is it," replied the page before us. So we said no more, for (as O'Rourke says) "where was the use?" but we could not help thinking, with the honest gravedigger quoted above, that had it not been for the rank of the parties concerned, that particular interpretation of the statute would never have been discovered.

Miss Dudley's origin being thus settled to the satisfaction of all parties, she prepares for a journey to London in company with Lady Willersdale, who is about to turn out as good as new—and indeed, to tell the truth, very little better; for she goes on with all her former pranks, and recommences acquaintance with Col. S., who is now become Lord Forreton, and whom she courts for her friend so briskly, that her brother (the guardsman) informs her she is making herself the talk of the whole town; the public not being aware that she is merely acting as a proxy in the intrigue. It is very near being successful. Lord Forreton, on condition of obtaining Lady Willersdale as a mistress, seems willing to accept Miss Dudley (to boot) as a wife; and he proceeds in his double courtship with a full persuasion that such is Lady Willersdale's view of the affair. At length he makes his proposals, and they are transmitted to Mr. Edwards, who, instead of answering them by letter, makes his appearance upon the spot within a few days; and, on his meeting with Lord F., there ensues a discovery which the reader must have already anticipated; namely, that Capt. S., with twenty years added to his age, is no other than the Colonel S. whom we found, in the earlier part of the tale, paying such assiduous court to Lady Willersdale; and whom she has, therefore, narrowly escaped having had the pleasure of marrying to his own daughter. This delicate catastrophe is thus happily averted; and Miss Dudley is, in due time, married to a Mr. Harry Mitford, with whom, by-the-bye, we ought to have mentioned before, that we found her in love, when first introduced to our notice.

The length to which this article has already run, and the space which we must necessarily reserve for the remarks we have to add, preclude the possibility of our making many extracts. Indeed, they could answer no purpose.

No small detached portions of empty foolery or listless trash could possibly convey an idea of the oppressive and insufferable sensation excited by a pilgrimage through the dreary waste of these three volumes. As a specimen, however, of what Mrs. Gore does, when she does her very best, we extract the following passage, in which it must be supposed that she has put forth her full powers; as it is one of the very few in the whole book where there is anything in the circumstances to afford an opportunity, even to a clever writer, of manufacturing a good scene. It is the scene between Lord and Lady Willersdale, in which he discovers his mistake in supposing her to have been seduced by Lord Forreton; and we leave it to the reader to decide whether any more abortive attempts at the expression of human feelings were ever yet imposed upon the public:—

"It was some hours after this agonizing scene, that Lady Willersdale, with swollen eyes and trembling footsteps, entered her husband's library. Mr. Eliot, who had been his companion, rose respectfully as she traversed the room; but Lord Willersdale, who was busily occupied at his writing table, did not so much as raise his eyes from his employment. With a heart already overflowing, Helen could not support this evidence of his anger; throwing herself on a sofa, she concealed her face in the cushions and wept bitterly. Mr. Eliot gently approached her to whisper words of kindness and consolation; but Lord Willersdale—how different from his ordinary demeanor—his usual tenderness—remained immovable!

"The worthy Eliot, becoming gradually conscious that some misunderstanding must exist between parties whom he had been accustomed to behold united by the most intimate fervour of conjugal affection, now made a movement to withdraw; his delicacy of mind suggested that his presence must be an unwholesome restraint in such a crisis.

"'Pray, do not go,' faltered Lady Willersdale, perceiving his intention, and speaking with a determined effort. 'I could wish, sir, that you were a witness to my humiliation—that you would deign to listen to the confession I am anxious to make.'

"Lord Willersdale gave an involuntary start; yet still mechanically continued his previous occupation.

"'You,' resumed Helen, 'from whose lips I have gathered better precepts than I have allowed myself to follow; you, who have been one of my best monitors,

may still aid me by your reproof, and sustain me by your future counsel.'

"Again her tears flowed fast; and Mr. Eliot, with the paternal benevolence he had long imbibed through his affectionate vigilance over another, seated himself kindly beside her, but with an averted face that seemed to shun inquiry into the emotions of her heart.

"Console yourself, Lady Willersdale," said he, mildly—"Let us hope that you judge yourself too harshly; had your actions been of a character so blameable as these bitter tears might lead us to infer, they would not—no! they *could* not have been shed in *this* presence.—Console yourself; and remember that our true condemnation rests in the hands of a Judge, more merciful to our weakness than the opinions of our fellow-men.'

"It is not the judgment of others—it is not the opinion of the world from which I shrink," she replied, in a tone of deep humility, "it is from my own!—it is from the accusal of my secret conscience. I alone can judge how deeply I have sinned—"

"Lady Willersdale!" exclaimed her husband, dashing his pen from his hand, and starting from his chair. "Be silent! If you have become undeserving of my love, surrender your claims; if you are unworthy the shelter of my roof, leave it! Be satisfied, madam, be satisfied that you have stained the honor of my name—that you have withered my heart there where its pulse beat warmest; but spare me the recital—spare me an unavailing humiliation. I could bear much from you—*much*!—but do not let me hear how deeply—when—wherefore—by whom—I have been betrayed; or I might forget myself, and wreak that vengeance on a woman, which another shall satiate with his very heart's blood!" And he burst into a convulsion of hysteric sobs, as though the anguish of his soul were no longer controllable.

"Helen, too, rose from her seat. Her first impulse was to rush towards that bosom which she had never before beheld thus fiercely agitated; but she checked her eager steps. She saw that she had been misconceived; that her self-accusal had been severely misinterpreted; and she presumed not to seek that fond embrace whence, for the first time, she anticipated rejection.

"He wrongs me! indeed he wrongs me," she exclaimed, with her hands uplifted imploringly towards Mr. Eliot.

"I wrong you!" said Lord Willersdale, drawing up his dignified person with an air of conscious injury. "I wrong you, Helen!—and who has injured, who has betrayed, who has crushed me—my

hopes of happiness—my domestic peace—my trust—my fond, fervid trust in your seeming truth?—Oh! woman, woman! *why* did I so love you—so doat on you—so confide in you!"

"Willersdale! you deal too harshly with a penitent heart," interposed his friend, sustaining the shuddering Helen as he spoke. "Render to your wife at least the justice of hearing her exculpation."

"Of hearing? No—no!—I have been too long deceived by her plausible representations. No, no! you know not by what cunning arts she has hitherto disarmed my suspicions, and deluded me into self-security! Ask her—or rather answer me, Helen! answer your abused and miserable husband; have you not daily, hourly, deceived me into endurance of that man's accursed society—have you not beguiled me into making him my guest—my inmate—persuading me of his devotion to another, even while you knew that other to be the offspring of his own licentious youth?"

"And you can believe me capable of all this!" said Lady Willersdale, clasping her hands together. "You can believe me guilty of such horrible falsehood—such base, such deliberate wickedness!" and the sense of injury appeared to restore her falling fortitude. "Shall I need I—reply to such accusations?" she continued, appealing to Mr. Eliot.

"Be forbearing where you seem to claim forbearance," replied the Christian pastor, with earnest solemnity.

"Then have I done *none* of these things—or I have done them through a misconception equalling your own. The world's report and my own conviction long ago assured me that Lord Forrester was a libertine; and as such I ought to have shunned his society. Lady Theodosia, I knew, entertained the worst opinion of his morals; but I guessed not, I dreamed not that she had framed her judgment from her knowledge of his relationship to Florence. And what—I beseech you—what can induce you to believe that I would so perilously conceal my consciousness of that connexion?—what motive can you assign for my wilful blindness, or wilful deceit?"

"Your desire to secure at any hazard the society of your minion—of your *lover*!"

"Again Lady Willersdale appeared startled into firmer self-possession. 'I will no longer reply to charges so gross, so cruel as these,' said she, again addressing Mr. Eliot; 'but you, sir, must receive my vindication. Lord Willersdale accuses me of guile, of shamelessness, such as I trust the worst of women have

[illegible]

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 it will be answered, in whom
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 ... a by all these,
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 ...
 ... may laugh, and so may
 ... so would we, were they wise
 ... as and as ...
 ... so would not these aristocratic

And my friends, we can promise
that it is not merely a new ideal
that shall move them. They are
men whose sense of duty is
stronger than their sense of
self. They are men who will
do it with long words and
long sentences and travel to their
posts by such very royal roads
as we give the States the

[illegible]

—Este le vamos fabricando con máquinas nuevas
importadas desde Venezuela de manera que...

The jur jur jur, we confess that our evidence for antislavery falls short of the dignity requisite to qualify any jur or a jur of fashionable novels. We are not sufficiently anxious to know where the people in Grosvenor-street sit in their smoking and eat their dinner to be willing to wade through such volumes as Lord Malgrave's or Mr. Cressy's for the purpose of acquiring such valuable information; but as members however humble, of a great and glorious nation, which we desire to have seen not a little indebted to that institution, we cannot allow papers which would almost appear to have been framed for the sole purpose of bringing it into contempt, to pass altogether unnoticed; and we claim from the justice of the public, before this house, the character of the authors of many here mentioned, to place us a little more cautiously into the hands of the witnesses and the character of the evidence.

With respect to the
of these volumes, we
there any man (whose
of the standard
him for distinction
in the career of an

intrepid swearer) who would venture to insinuate that anything more utterly senseless is, we do not say producible in actual existence, but even conceivable in a dream? Were we to see men, women, or even children (out of the nursery) take a dozen wax puppets, call one Lord this, another Lady that, a third the Hon. Mr. Somebody, and a fourth Col. Somebody else, &c. &c.—knock their heads together, and call that quarrelling—set them all jogging, by way of illustrating a dance—and find sundry other ingenious pantomimic representations of the various incidents in real life, which these pages profess to depict—were we to see those unfortunate people whom we have here supposed, not content with indulging in such an amusement in their private chamber (after having carefully drawn down the blinds and bolted the door), actually insist upon exhibiting this intellectual pastime to the public, and even have the impudence to demand a guinea and a half from each of the spectators—were we, we repeat, to meet with such a scene as this, in even the pages of Gulliver or Scribnerus, should we believe our own eyes? And yet we would ask, in what respect do the authors and readers of such books as Mrs. Gore's differ from the actors and spectators of such a drama as we have been supposing, except in sinking one degree deeper into absurdity?—for theirs are not even waxen, but mere verbal existences? Why, the very children in the nursery would box the ears of any old idiot of a nurse-maid who should attempt to palm off upon them, under the name of *play*, such barefaced foolery as *this*. What (let us ask) is the source of interest in a *real* novel? Why is it that the narrative of Truth itself can never excite in us that interest which appears inseparable from the historian of Fiction? Is it not because his appeal is constantly addressed to that which is common to us all—the human heart; and then, however exalted his subject—however varied his language—we can still hear him 'every man in his own tongue'? Is it not because, while sympathizing with the imaginary joys or sorrows which he presents to our notice, we feel that we are hearing what we have ourselves experienced, or learning of what we are capable; and thus, upon his lips (to borrow the sublime language of Madame de Staël), 'the record of the past becomes the revelation of the future?' *Humani*

nihil a me alienum puto;—but are we to be interested in a mere symbol of rank or picture of wealth—in the fluctuations of a visionary cabinet or the vicissitudes of an imaginary purse?—to be willing to sympathize (at the expense of a guinea and a half) with the puppet-like actions of a fool or a coxcomb, because, forsooth! he is represented as a Lord or a Squire? 'A Lord and a Squire!' exclaimed the indignant Vicar of Wakefield—'two shillings for a Lord and a Squire!—why, I could have promised you a prince and a nabob for half the money!' What would he have said to a guinea and a half? Really, making every allowance for the alteration of the times, we think such a price rather higher than we could have been led to expect from the relative rise in other commodities.

To afford a fair illustration of Mrs. Gore's style of novels, suppose that we—who can boast of having broken our harp during the first moons of our academic freshmanship, and burnt even its very fragments long before we escaped from our teens—suppose, we say, that we—though having now come to years of discretion—should, nevertheless, condescend to genius again for five minutes, and present the reader with a fiction of our own composition—how a Mr. Thos. Williams, foreman in a grocer's shop (well to pass in the world—turning forty shillings a week, and himself turned of forty years old), is adventurous enough to marry a girl of eighteen, by name Sally Smith;—and how he takes his bride to a tea-drinking at the house of his sister (a nymph of the pavé);—and how (as he might have expected, indeed, in such company) she there meets with a sad scamp, who had near been the ruin of her;—and how this aforesaid fellow (call him Jackson) gets Mr. Williams turned out of his place, and, not content with that, sets a big bully at him, who blackens his eyes for him;—and how, upon this disaster, Mr. Williams takes leave of the town;—and how—'Shall we go on?—No,' (as Sterne says,) we suspect the reader has had enough already. We can forgive him, indeed, but it is upon condition that when he awakens from the nap to which we presume we have consigned him, he will take Mrs. Gore's work, and having, with a merciless pen, demolished castles—laid waste parks—and abrogated titles; substitute for them the humbler dwellings, the ple-

beian nomenclatures, and the ignoble avocations of our homely romance—and then honestly ask himself what real difference he can discover

“Twixt tweekledum and tweekledee,”

Locke says that it is an affront to wit to try it by the rules of reason. We may certainly, with a clear conscience, concede to Mrs. Gore's works at least a claim to *that* attribute of wit. In fact, we feel that in subjecting the motions of her characters to the ordinary cautions of criticism, we are acting a part as ‘unconstitutional’ as those who would propose to hold a court-martial upon trainband captains.

“What? hang a man for going mad?
Then farewell, British freedom!”

Nevertheless, as we *have* been at the trouble of dissecting this work, we shall (to use an anatomical phrase) ‘demonstrate’ a little upon its members. We shall even (though with many apologies to Sir Walter Scott for bringing any of *his* children into juxta-position with Mrs. Gore's) take the liberty of comparing it with some of the masterpieces of art; on the principle that the deformity of any physical *lusus naturæ* could never be so fully illustrated as by a comparison with the Belvidere Apollo. We intend, then, to exhibit not merely Mrs. Gore's incapacity to write a novel, but her utter ignorance of the very nature of one. Let us take her heroine—Miss Dudley, we mean—as a specimen. She is beautiful, of course—a novelist can supply that without troubling the fairies. She is, of course, also possessed of every imaginable accomplishment—they do not cost even the six introductory lessons for which any of our newspaper ‘professors’ will ‘guarantee’ them. She is in love, and has a lover, of course, too—(so much ‘of course,’ indeed, that Mrs. Gore barely informs us of it incidentally, and in our analysis we had very nearly forgotten to mention it at all). Moreover, she has (as the man says in the play), ‘like tar-water, all the virtues under heaven—could anybody take it.’ Now, this is precisely Miss Dudley's case. We cannot ‘take’ her, notwithstanding her innumerable incomparabilities.—‘And why not?’ Mrs. Gore may, perhaps, ask in her ignorance and astonishment. We answer, simply because we are required to ‘take’ her

upon trust. We have not seen her. In the case of one of Sir Walter Scott's heroines, we feel that we could take the pencil and trace their likeness upon the page we are reading. The beautiful Miss Dudley may be as like one Venus as another, for aught we can tell. Were we, in another world, to meet with any of *his* characters (from Lucy Ashton down to Jeannie Deans) we should walk up to them as to old acquaintances. Should we know the accomplished Miss Dudley from ‘accomplished Eve’ herself? The persons whom Sir Walter introduces to our notice may not be—indeed they never are—such absolute paragons as Mrs. Gore's, but—such as they are—are they not our own familiar friends—and, as such, must they not be far more interesting to us than all the vague and abstract perfections of the whole host of angel and archangel, cherubim and seraphim, all put together? As for Miss Dudley, she may be highborn and rich—so much the better for herself; she may be accomplished—*de mieux en mieux*, as Lord Forrester would say, but what affair of ours is it? On the other hand, she may be poor (and, for aught we care, she may go to the poorhouse); she may be ‘crazed with care or crossed in hopeless love.’

“Then let the stricken deer go weep;”

what can *we* be expected to care about the matter? She has never made *us* her confidants. We have never seen the lovers meet—we have never been allowed to listen at the keyhole; even the mysteries of the post-office have been kept sacred from us. We sympathize with Sir Walter Scott's characters, because, long before any demands are made upon us for our sympathy, they have become such intimate friends that we are no longer able to withhold it; but can we be expected to care a straw for the joys or sorrows of personages whose very existence is to us a mere *on dit*? Now, we are not at present quarrelling with Mrs. Gore for not being equal to the creation of a real character. To expect anything of the sort from her would be to come within one degree of her own stupidity; but she has not even *attempted* it. It is, perhaps, well that she has not; because, being a mere bore, she could only, like all other bores, have become still more insufferable from her more strenuous efforts to be interesting.—

For *her* to have attempted it, would have been insanity; but for any one to have *not* attempted it, and yet to *have* attempted to write a novel, is—we really know not what word to make use of, but imagine that ‘fatuity’ approaches nearer to our meaning than any other. We have adduced this instance, therefore, to prove—not (what is sufficiently self-evident) that Mrs. Gore is unequal to the task of *writing* a novel, but—that she must be utterly incapable of *understanding* one.

But this is only *one* instance, out of three volumes’ full. We shall select one more, and we select it upon the same principle as the last—because, being illustrative of an ordinary fault of all pseudo novelists, we shall be able to make a general application of it. We have, in the last case, seen that Mrs. Gore’s heroine (if we are to consider her as such) was a failure, owing to our knowing nothing about her. In the present we shall find a similar result, from our being told too much. We know not, indeed, whether to consider him the hero or not; but we presume that Lord Forrester was intended by Mrs. Gore for one of her extraordinary characters. Whatever he was intended for, however, we will tell her what he appears to be—a lazy, empty-headed, insignificant coxcomb, who has attained the age of forty and the listlessness of fifty, without having acquired the sense of thirty or laid aside the conceit of twenty.—But he appears nothing worse. Now, in a novel, as in real life, we of course judge of the characters by what we see them do or hear them say. Retrospective evidence, indeed, (though always received with *caution*, if not with absolute *distrust*) may be allowed for the purpose of throwing light on what is passing upon the stage; but what novelist, who knows what he is about, would ever think of investing it with an interest independent of that of the main story? and who (except Mrs. Gore, or somebody like her) ever dreamt of huddling up into an episode of a chapter or so, more incidents than would form plots for a dozen of her novels, apparently for the mere purpose of rendering all that she had told us before unintelligible, and everything that she intended to tell us afterwards incredible? Here we have a character, such as we have above described, suddenly denounced to us as the perpetrator of a rape some eighteen years

before. Now—supposing us to be able (at the word of command) immediately to believe a circumstance so completely at variance with all our previous conceptions of him—when we meet with this too ardent lover afterwards playing the suitor to a young lady whom we suspected about to turn out to be his own daughter, we of course put ourselves in ‘a concatenation accordingly,’ and began to pack up for a journey across the Tweed; having before our eyes the fear of a catastrophe whose delicate embarrassment would require, and, perhaps, baffle the most powerful casuistry of even the law of Scotland. Mrs. Gore, however, discreetly considering that Œdipus himself (even had he had the advantage of being a Scottish lawyer) might have found the enigma of his own family relations somewhat difficult of solution, settles the dilemma at once by informing us that Florence Dudley was too pure, too innocent, for Lord Forrester to attempt her seduction. Yet one short year ago we have seen this considerate gentleman endeavouring to corrupt a bride, (upon whose destruction, indeed, he is represented as, after the lapse of that year, still remorselessly bent); and—as if for fear lest our too merciful judgment should be willing to give credit to this solitary trait of redeeming nature in so ruthless a profligate—we are given to understand that at the early age of twenty—when his heart might have been presumed to be not yet *quite* withered, and his conscience not already *altogether* seared—he had signalled himself by—not, indeed, the *seduction*, but the *rape*, of a victim who appears to have been innocent enough and pure enough, too, for aught that we can see. She is, at least, represented so, at the commencement of the affair, and we must certainly infer as much from the *voie de fait* in which it terminates. And here, by the mouth of the same witness, the same culprit—casehardened by a twenty years’ apprenticeship to licentiousness—is represented as hanging back from the pursuit of a fresh victim, for the very cause which, of all others, would have given zest to the chase in the estimation of any libertine; but how much more so in the case of such a libertine as Lord Forrester. The libertinism, which even in youth must have had its source in a mere brutal instinct, unredeemed by one ray of sentiment, or

one spark of feeling, could scarcely be supposed to have been purified by the unscrupulous indulgence of the intervening twenty years; but, from the languid and lazy effeminacy in which Lord Forreton is represented as immersed, would more naturally be imagined to have drivelled down even from a mere intemperance of the blood into that listless wantonness which is at once the curse and the crime of a hopeless depravity of the heart. What are we to think of this evidence? Now, the full absurdity of such novels as Mrs. Gore's does not strike one at first sight. The mind carries away, respecting each of her puppet personages, merely a recollection of certain titles, family names, estates, &c. Anything of *character* which she may intend to impress upon them is of too vague and shadowy a cast to excite any definite idea of the standard to which we are to refer the various actions ascribed to them; and consequently the incongruities of the incidents, however gross, are less striking than they would have been had she had it in her power to be more graphic. But, we say again, supposing that Mrs. Gore *had* been able to infuse a sufficient degree of *vérité* into either of her conflicting portraits of Lord Forreton to enable us to form any notion of him, could we identify him with *both*? And (to come back to our former position) is not this senseless jumble sufficient to prove, not merely that Mrs. Gore is destitute of the qualifications for a novelist; but that, even had she possessed them, she would not have known how to employ them?

But we have one or two additional remarks to make upon this affair to which we have alluded. In the first place—though it may perhaps be considered silly—we confess we are squeamish enough to consider the introduction of such a revolting incident into the work of a woman a circumstance not very creditable to her *taste*, to say the very least of it. But let that pass. We are not allowing her sex as a mitigation, so it must not be brought up as an aggravation of her faults. But looking at the circumstance simply in the light of an abstract incident in a novel, we must say that we think it altogether unwarrantable, as being utterly out of keeping with the rest of the picture. The quarrel of the lovers, indeed, itself is perhaps rather a silly sort of an affair; but let *that* pass too. Though, on the

part of the numerous adherents of the Transcendental philosophy, we feel bound to protest *en passant* against the inference which Mrs. Gore would seem to inculcate here, that every disciple of Kant must necessarily be a born fool; we cheerfully grant that the philosophical megrims which we fear would be likely to prove its sole product in a brain of such texture as Mr. Edwards', may well be imagined to have impressed any young lady with that notion in his particular case; and on the lover's side again, it must be admitted that no man likes to be laughed at, particularly if he chance to be a fool. But granting all this, we still maintain, that in the catastrophe Mrs. Gore carries matters a little too far. To die an old bachelor is, surely, a hard doom, even for a Kantist; but really, to condemn a young lady to the fate of Lueretia, merely for not being up to the vagaries of our transcendently crazy swain is, we think, going a little farther than should be permitted to the wildest stretch of even poetical justice.

But our chief reason for alluding to this incident is, that we wish to point it out as an instance of a fault to which scribblers of Mrs. Gore's class are particularly prone—we mean an endeavour to swindle us out of our sympathy by presenting us with an incident, intrinsically horrible, instead of earning it honestly by the exertion of their own powers upon such as are natural and of every-day occurrence; which alone form the legitimate ground-work of fiction. These contraband efforts are invariably unsuccessful. In the present case, for instance, we have seen how an occurrence, which in the bare dry statement of a newspaper would be horrible enough, under Mrs. Gore's management (with her ludicrous shifts to save the armorial bearings of the child from blemish amidst events which broke the heart of one parent, and ought to have cost the life of the other) becomes—such is the power of weakness—absolutely ridiculous. But Mrs. Gore's failure does not result merely from her imbecile execution of her scheme; it is inherent in its very nature. And a similar fate must invariably await all who expect their subject to achieve for them that interest which it is *their* business to earn for it. As well might Atlas have elung to the globe upon his shoulders for support. Nothing is so dangerous

for a scribbler to dabble with, as a dish of hell broth. From the ridiculous to the sublime—from the raw head and bloody bones of the nursery, for instance, to the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*—there is, perhaps, only one step; but that step is on enchanted ground, where none but the initiated are privileged to pass. It is, if we may so express it, the step from darkness into light; which presents at once to our eyes, those terrors which we could laugh at while addressed merely to our ears; and teaches us to tremble *because* we believe. Thus, to exemplify our meaning by selecting an extreme case: were such an author as Sir Walter Scott even to represent one of his characters as working a miracle, we might, perhaps, be content to wonder; because, were *he* to describe it, or (in other words) were we to *see* it, how could we choose but wonder? But, let the same incident come before us merely upon hearsay; and that hearsay also be such as we have previously begun to consider as rather of a cock-and-bull cast; and, truly, we shall wonder only at the impudence of those who would attempt to play off such a barefaced hoax upon us; and tossing their volumes aside with a yawn, roundly giving them to understand while we are stretching ourselves, that we would not believe them, even (to add an Irish intensitive) 'had we nothing else to do.'

It is not, however, in appeals addressed to our imaginations that the full imprudence of exaggeration is manifested. The imagination is a fluctuating sort of faculty, varying in its excitability according to the variation of persons, periods, and circumstances: but our *feelings* are unerring, even when our fancy may be hoaxed; and he who would attempt to move the heart, has to deal, not with a blindly obedient slave, prepared to crouch beneath the rod of any one who may be disposed to play the tyrant; but with a captious and refractory vassal which, while it can with difficulty be brought under even the legitimate dominion of the mightiest masters, is prepared not merely to disown, but to resent with proportionate indignation the impotent attempts of any intruding impostor to counterfeit their authority. The very weight of the weapon by which the usurper trusts to enforce his sway, will serve only to expose his own imbecility; and the tale with whose

horrors he expected to freeze the blood or harrow up the soul, will teach him in the hour of trial that he has been tampering with a perilous and mysterious talisman, which, at the touch of the wizard himself, indeed, can wake the very dead, but in the unskilful hands of his presumptuous satellite, has power only to paralyze their grasp.

We do not, however, in general, find that it is the great masters of the art who are peculiarly prone to deal in the delineations of exaggerated character: and for obvious reasons. Such an author (confident in the true alchemy of genius) may select his materials at random; well knowing that, beneath his touch, though the adamant will mould like wax, yet even the potter's clay must turn to gold. Extravagance, as we have mentioned above, is the natural resource of innate feebleness; which finding itself unable to present us with a vigorous portrait of human nature, in either its beauty or its deformity, attempts to supply the one by a milk-and-water parody on an angel, and the other by a slip-slop caricature of a fiend. They endeavour to brighten their good characters to a degree which would dazzle us into an absolute blindness; and to darken their bad ones into an utter *blackness*, which, as it would render every feature indistinguishable, must consequently leave the whole portrait a mere blank in our imagination. The study of such novelists as Mrs. Gore again, discloses a fresh species to our view; who are not content with collecting for the same picture those tints whose gaudy and marked character, instead of being (as they suppose) in themselves sufficient to secure success, would in themselves be enough to defy even the hand of a master to blend or break them up; but (to mend the matter) they imagine the picture to be painted, when in fact the colours are but laid upon the pallet;—and thus present us with a patchwork jumble, compared to which the motley of an ordinary fool would be sobriety itself.

If there be one thing more ludicrous than another about Mrs. Gore, it is the grave candour with which she magnanimously admits,—not indeed her own failure, but that her plebeian rivals have been unsuccessful in their attempts at this species of novel-manufacture. Will it be believed, however, on our report alone, that she has the impudence to enumerate Richardson

amongst these disappointed adventurers? We will not run the risk; so we shall extract the passage:

"Oh, as to an English modern novel, with its my Lord Dukes, and Sir Harrys, and caricatures of the *beau monde*, I hold its vulgarity and bad taste as secondary only to that of the columns of your newspapers after a drawing-room;—which announce to admiring Europe, that Lady Alberville were a train of Pomona green; and that some old withered Marchioness, who has been morally defunct these twenty years, arose from the catacombs in the identical robe of crimson velvet which ought to have been covering her coffin."

"We have perhaps had more than enough of fashionable novels," replied Lord Willersdale: "but as the amber which serves to preserve the ephemeral modes and caprices of the passing day, they have their value. They will prove to a following generation what the comedies of Congreve, and Cibber, and Farquhar, have proved to ourselves. It is from the ashes of our long extinguished high-life comedy, that this swarm of triflers has arisen; but it was the bent of public taste which originally called it into existence."

"The worst fault of such productions," observed the bland and smiling Mr. Vyvyan, "is the distortion of their portraiture: the writers or painters generally move in so base a sphere, that their upturned and wondering eyes necessarily disfigure the objects of their art. Were it not for Lady Mary Wortley's contemporary letters, we should accept Richardson's *Lovelace* as the *beau idéal* of the fine gentleman of his day; whereas we learn that the whole M. family were regarded at the time as a vulgar outrage upon fashionable life. And lately, the *Memoirs of Richelieu*, and others of the court of Louis XV. have assured us that the heroes of Marmontel, airy and graceful as they are, have not the slightest affinity with the originals they were intended to delineate."

"That Richardson from his shop, and Marmontel from his *mansarde*, may have viewed the world of fashion in a disproportionate light, I can well conceive. But ours is the age of aristocratic literature; and such novels as Tremaine, Granby, Pelham—"

"Tremaine!—that moralizing driveller!" interrupted Lady Isabella.

"A driveller of *aqua fortis*!" replied Lord Willersdale.

"And Pelham!—with its sparkling conceits, that blind one, as though the pages were dried with diamond dust!"

"You did not conclude your obser-

vation," said Mr. Edwards to Lord Willersdale, perceiving that Florence had been an attentive listener.

"Such novels, and many others, form a mere reflexion of the scenes hourly passing around their writers; and are a valuable addition to our lighter literature. Were the author of *Anastasius* to favor us with a modern novel, for instance—its truth would necessarily equal its miraculous graphic force. A novel of fashionable life does not pre-suppose a tissue of puerile vulgarity."

Is this endurable? "Richardson in his shop!" truly! Does Mrs. Gore then really imagine that, when to a reader who had previously been patiently toiling through her pages, she has the imprudence to mention such a name as Richardson—and when at that sound (swearing that flesh and blood can endure it no longer) he springs from his task like the ghost at the cock crow;—does she really imagine that at such a moment it is the '*shop*' which occurs to his mind as the principal distinction between Samuel Richardson and the Honorable Mrs. Gore? But would the reader have ever guessed which of Richardson's characters was to be selected as Mrs. Gore's especial victim? The starved Sir Charles—the enthusiastic Clementina—the tame Miss Byron—or the paragon Clarissa—any—all of them—but *Lovelace*.—Yet it is *Lovelace* himself—*Lovelace*—a portrait which by the bye, while it has been the object of incessant imitation, has never been even *approached* by any author of an age or any country—*Lovelace* is the character which is here attained;—degraded from the dignity of 'the fine gentleman of his day,'—and remorselessly pelted by the ignominious missiles of such scribblers as Mrs. Gore—of all the scribblers that ever adorned envelopes for Princes' mixture, or penned inscriptions for a cheese cake!

"The eye that seeketh for instruction why looketh it into the palaces of princes

To behold how they have yielded to the ravages of time?

The spider is chamberlain at the door of Khosrou,
The owl hath sung her watch-song on the towers of Afraisah!"

Begging pardon for this involuntary rhapsody, all we mean to say is, that if Hafez had lived in our own day, we could have supplied him with a more striking illustration of the vanity of all things under the sun, than even the mouldering turrets of the proud Parvhis. Alas! poor *Lovelace*! with his inimitable

grace—his inexhaustible wit—his brilliant wickedness—whose fascinating lustre turns the laugh against wisdom and puts virtue herself out of countenance:

“To this complexion must he come at last!”

Can he no longer even ‘be accepted as the fine gentleman of his day? Is it then so absolutely requisite to be a bore?—so utterly indispensable to be a fool? ‘Surely,’ murmured we, while repining at this ruthless sentence; and weeping indignantly over the fragments of the now broken and dishonoured altar, before which our youthful imaginations had so often done homage:—‘surely,’ said we in the bitterness of our hearts, ‘his abandoned profligacy, at least, might have atoned for his brilliancy:—that gallant escapade which Lord Forrester deigned to imitate, might have saved even his wit from damnation; and the broken heart of Clarissa might have covered a multitude of accomplishments.’

‘Well! at least,’ continued we, ‘*minus est cum aliis versari quam tui meminisse*’; and, indeed, on the calmest consideration, we think we may, for our consolation, undertake to ensure him against ever being mistaken for any of the ‘fine gentlemen’ manufactured in Mrs. Gore’s shop (or boudoir, if she like the name better). His character is one which we would still hope is not to be damned by—we will not say the *sneers*, (for that would be saying little) but even the *imitation* of even Mrs. Gore.

In the same passage which gave rise to this melancholy apotheosis, Mrs. Gore (as if to prove her sway over the risible as well as the lachrymatory organs) coolly informs us that her novels are the legitimate successors of the plays of Congreve, Farquhar, and the other high-life dramatists of the last age. We honestly confess, that our judicial gravity was altogether upset by this extraordinary case of affiliation. “The gallant Plume,” exclaimed we, “has indeed ‘got a recruit that he little thinks of.’ Could he but rise from the dead and behold the bantling laid to his charge by Mrs. Gore! Would even ‘the noble sergeant Kite’ be as ready as upon former occasions to accept the vicarious honours of paternity?” But seriously, we cannot tamely connive at the violence here perpetrated upon the memory of the dead by the charges of Mrs. Gore. We know not indeed whether the law of Scotland may contain any clauses which would legitimate the descent of these choice godsend, or authenticate the pedi-

gree assigned to them by their mother. Perhaps we are to understand the manifesto put forth in their favour by the corporation of the ‘blue and yellow’ as the fiat of the national Justinian to that effect; yet although it has been confirmed by the confederate authorities of the Westminstertribunal, we shall take leave in the present instance to unfurl our foolscap in defiance of them all; and however unequal the combat may be, we can only say that we are prepared to splinter our quills, and drain the last drop of our ink in maintaining *à l’outrance* against all comers, the immaculacy of either Congreve or Farquhar *quoad* any offspring with which Mrs. Gore’s muse has as yet presented the public.

Before closing our remarks upon these volumes we must say a word or two respecting their moral. We confess, indeed, that in a general way (whatever mischief we may ascribe to the works which have a tendency to inflame the imagination or pollute the taste) we are much inclined to acquiesce in Johnson’s ridicule of the notion that the mere logical, technical, *professional* (if we may so call it) *moral*, of a story, however perverted, could ever exercise any influence upon the mental constitution of the reader; and we may well add, that he must be indeed a simpleton who can imagine that Mrs. Gore’s works could have any effect, good or bad, upon any thing except the patience; but for all this, when we meet in the works of a woman such incidents as these; when we have a married lady of twenty coolly represented as endeavouring to persuade a girl of sixteen to break through the faith of a disinterested attachment, in order to marry her to a hardened libertine of forty; concerning whom, with the exception of his being a lord, her friend knows nothing at all; while she herself only knows that he had attempted (and very nearly succeeded in his attempt) to seduce herself almost during the very honey-moon:—when we find her represented as doing all this with so very slight a consciousness of the moral turpitude evinced by such a heartless and abandoned scheme of villainy, we cannot let the circumstance pass without remarking that it is as disgraceful to the sex and rank to which Mrs. Gore belongs, as her literary absurdities are to the literary occupation into which she has so imprudently and ludicrously endeavoured to intrude.

We would not, of course, be understood to intend by these remarks any

personal reflection upon Mrs. Gore; and indeed, in a general way, we should probably do great injustice to most scribblers, in judging of them from the data afforded by their own mouths. No man would wish his portrait to be taken during a fit of intoxication; but there is no intoxication like that of conceit. No person with intellects so very limited as those of Mrs. Gore, could possibly give the reins to his imagination, without at the same time making an egregious fool of himself; and we question whether playing the fool be so innocent or safe a pastime as is generally imagined. 'The lips of the fool,' says the royal aphorist, 'are the snare of his soul.' History is only too pregnant with the pride-born infamies of those, who in an humbler and soberer frame of mind, would doubtless have exclaimed with Hazael of old, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?' The satire of Cervantes, indeed, was content to give a ludicrous termination to the government of Barrataria; but a wiser and a mightier than Cervantes—the great apostle of the human heart himself—with his unfailing inspiration, has dived deeper into the mystery; and informed us that the farces and 'fantastic tricks' enacted before 'high heaven,' by the weak and vain, who have usurped 'authority,' for which they were unfitted are such,

— as make the angels weep.

At all events we know nothing about Mrs. Gore. We never heard of her or met with her, except in the arena of letters, and as (from the experience of our first meeting) we desire nothing more cordially than that we may never meet again, in all that we have said, we have merely been endeavouring to render that wish reciprocal.

We have above alluded to the offensive tone of superiority assumed by Mrs. Gore, with respect to the plebeian fry who had till lately been the most distinguished chroniclers of 'high life.' Now, we—who, after a most careful and arduous inspection of the whole drove of these assembled asses, have not been able to discern any one peculiar attribute in the aristocratic part of the herd, which could entitle them to bray their brethren out of the field—should be most happy to learn upon what it is that they pique themselves. Mrs. Gore's plot (as we have seen) certainly differs a little from the ordinary routine; but does she mean us to

accept the difference, as a peculiar characteristic of her own rank? Are we to understand that Lord Forrestone is to be taken as a representative of '*l'homme à-la-mode*,' or that rapes are of more ordinary occurrence in patrician than plebeian society? We scarcely imagine that she would answer in the affirmative; and we will venture to add that if her superiority do not consist in the *narrative*, still less does it appear in the *descriptive* department of her novels. In this (which is chiefly confined to the domestic arrangements) she and her fellow patricians are (as might, indeed, have been expected) infinitely surpassed by the 'lackey school.' Of Mr. D'Israeli (who is, we understand, the author of *Vivian Grey*, *The Young Duke*, &c.) we feel bound to state, in particular, that the quantity of culinary and cellarly lore, which he imparts to us is truly valuable; and if he be not, or have not in his time been a gentleman's servant, we can only say that he well deserves to be one. It is, however, we suspect, in the dialogue that Mrs. Gore and her class would expect us to look for the distinctive mark of the genus; and we grant that there is a marked difference; but we maintain at the same time that this difference is far from being in their favour; and that, of all the fooleries that have been issued from the press, under the pretence of "pictures of high life," about the most ludicrous failures are those of Lord Mulgrave and Mrs. Gore. This is a bold assertion doubtless; and we expect no less than that out of the hundred readers, who may perhaps have travelled with us thus far on our crusade against these honorable and right honorable swindlers, ninety-nine will hurry back in dismay from the desperate position we have here announced our intention of maintaining. No matter! For the hundredth reader (if there can be found even *one* intrepid enough to accompany us in our forlorn hope) we will fearlessly undertake to make it good. Any one, indeed, who has the spirit to look the robbers in the face, will find that it is 'a plain tale' enough, that 'shall put them down.' When the 'apothecary's apprentice' or the 'dissenting minister' abandons the music of the psalter and mortar, or of the 'drum ecclesiastic' for the lascivious ambling of the fashionable lute; he is contented, indeed, to stuff his volumes with phantoms full of titles and family names; and if he furnish them with a table well spread with French cookery

and French wines, he imagines that he has pretty nearly performed his part. Mrs. Gore and Lord Mulgrave, to whom such matters are affairs of more familiar occurrence, have just sense enough to see that such materials are scarcely sufficient for the construction of a novel; and this feeble glimmer is just enough—in Miltonic phrase—to render their “darkness visible.” As to the dialogue (from which, of course, we receive our principle impression of the novel) their plebeian rivals, shooting entirely in the dark, are content to make their patricians talk as ordinary people talk when they have nothing particular to talk about; and in so doing, come infinitely nearer the mark than they themselves who, by constantly endeavouring to supply us with wit, and therefore constantly leading us to expect it, when it is often not wanted (and always not to be had)—not only render their personages immeasurably more insufferable than mere stupidity could make them; but in thus elaborately failing to turn them into wits, end only in making them all talk upon every subject, as none but fools ever talk upon any subject at all. We repeat it, that this incessant straining after point gives a tone to the dialogue which may be characteristic of the luminaries of a village genius club, or a cockney debating society, but is perhaps more than any thing else that could have been devised, the very antipodes to any thing that might be expected from people of the world. The reason of this is, not that people of rank have less wit than other people, but they have (generally speaking) less affectation; and therefore their conversation (though it may not have the wit, which Mrs. Gore and Lord Mulgrave *do* not indeed, but which they so *fain would* bestow upon it,) is perfectly free from the laborious climaxes and book-like formality with which they are only too successful in investing it. This being an assertion of a matter of fact, is not (of course) to be settled by argument. We can only say that we appeal fearlessly to any one who has had an opportunity of judging. We would appeal even to Lord Mulgrave or Mrs. Gore thus far—whether they do not think that in their own circles such characters as theirs would be considered extraordinarily clever? We may differ from them upon that point, but we willingly grant that there is *no* circle where they would not be considered as extraordinarily *anxious to be thought so*; and

while we feel constrained to point out the utter failure of their attempts, we must remark that the insipidity of the dialogue in these works, places the impotence of the authors in the strongest light possible; and in general must always be looked upon as the very last proof of incapacity in a writer of fiction; for he who cannot make the cards tell brilliantly when he has the management of every hand at table, must, indeed, be an impracticable player.

It is, however, only justice to state, that there *are*, after all, some points of difference between the ‘lackey school’ and their rivals of the drawing-room. The former, for instance, are evidently better versed in the mysteries of the cellar, and, indeed, seldom rise higher than those of the servants’ hall; while the former are unquestionably more at home in the herald’s office, and never stoop lower than the steward’s room. But we are not half so sure as they themselves appear to be that they have the advantage in this respect. ‘Vision’ against vision—we will maintain the ghost of a bottle of claret (so that it do not come in the shape of the blue devils) to be as pleasant a phantom as any aerial castle ever built by Queen Mab. Sillery or Madeira we would back against an imaginary marquise or an unpatented dukedom; and we consider even Cognac or Dantzig to be spirits as well worth ‘calling from the vasty deep,’ as those of any whose names are to be found upon the scroll of the Utopian Doomsday. But really if our conjurers will not whistle for them except to the tune of a guinea and a half, what can we say but (as Dr. Franklin said upon a former occasion) that the whistle is somewhat of the dearest?

The remarks which we have to make upon Mr. Lister’s novels, we have purposely postponed until we had done with Lord Mulgrave and Mrs. Gore; as we certainly could not think of confounding him with the authors of such trash, as we have hitherto been considering. He appears amongst the rest of his class as the stork did amongst the cranes; and though, like the countryman in the fable, we feel compelled to doom him according to his company, it is but fair to allow him the honor of a separate execution. No one can look into his works without at once perceiving that he is a man of sound sense and acute discrimination; but as the most accurate scrutiny will fail to discover any thing else in them, the

only sensation they excite at last is that of extreme astonishment how such a man ever came to take it into his head to turn novelist. The only leaves, in fact, worth cutting in his novels are those filled with the reasonings and reflections, which in all other works of the same description we are accustomed to skip; and the story which he intends for the vehicle is the only nauseous part of the draught. He has talents, in fact, which, though they never can acquire him any other distinction than that of an oddity in the singularly inappropriate department he has selected for their display, might ensure him distinguished success in many others. An oddity, however, he undoubtedly is, amongst the 'fashionable novelists,' as the analysis we are about to present of the work of his which we last read will sufficiently evince.

Mr. Lister, it appears, (we undertake not to account for the circumstance) in drawing the portrait of a nobleman, does not think it sufficient to describe him as a coxcomb, nor even necessary to represent him as a fool. Lord Arlington, therefore, although the hero of a fashionable novel is—will it be believed?—a man of honor, sense, spirit, feeling, and accomplishment; a perfect gentleman, in short, in every respect. He falls in love with a young lady, who is represented as extremely amiable and unaffected, notwithstanding her labouring under the 'original sin' of noble birth. The noble Earl also, her father, though doubtless every inch an Earl, is yet for all that a gentleman; and the countess her mother, in despite of her coronet, appears to be ladylike and high-minded enough to be qualified—bold as the assertion may seem—to grace the board and boast the name of any Mrs. Tomkins or Jenkins in the land. We have said enough to show that Mr. Lister's innovations upon the established routine of his *clique*, are such as evince a spirit of boundless daring and fearless eccentricity. But (as if by that fatal law of our fallen nature which has proverbially connected genius with insanity) it appears to have been destined from the days of Cassandra downwards, that the choicest gifts of "the God of Light and Life" should be clogged with a reservation sufficient to render them utterly valueless. Even so, we grieve to say, after all the pains which Mr. Lister's imagination must have endured in giving birth to such monstrous productions as noblemen of sense, and

countesses of honor, they are all virtually thrown away; being introduced upon the stage apparently for no earthly purpose but to play the fool. Lord Arlington, as we have mentioned above, is represented as in love with a young lady every way suited to him; and, indeed, if we can believe all that we are told respecting the class she belongs to, every way unsuited to every other member of it. We were, therefore, specially anxious for the marriage, but we knew of old that 'the course of true love never does run smooth;' probably alas! because it is only to be met with in the realms of the poet and the novelist, whose trade it would soon spoil were it to do so. But though thus prepared to find the stream a little troubled, certainly in 'all that ever we did hear,' never did we hear of it being ruffled after such a fashion as this. The earl and countess being rather poor, are afraid of its being thought that they want to 'catch' Lord Arlington, and therefore caution their daughter to behave coldly towards him. He, on observing this demeanour, is naturally surprised and becomes more distant in his own manner; while a certain Sir Gerald Denbigh—a sort of an abstract mischief maker—steps in, and, apparently for no earthly purpose, tells a whole budget of lies to widen the breach between the lovers, of whom the one is represented as his friend, and the other certainly not as his enemy. Thus, in short, without the shadow of a quarrel—without the shadow of a reason for one—both parties continue gradually backing out of the attachment, until the whole affair is broken off, and terminates in a manner which reminds us of a farce we have somewhere seen, where a couple of bashful lovers being left by their guardians to make acquaintance with each other, continue to retreat reciprocally; until at length the lady, on summoning courage sufficient to raise her eyes, as she is about to bid the gentleman good morning, discovers that he has anticipated her intention and already quitted the room. This said Sir G. Denbigh, actuated by a similarly inscrutable purpose, endeavours to marry Lord Arlington to Miss Julia Saville, who also favours his intention from a more intelligible, and we fear, more ordinary view. In plain English, she intends to marry Lord Arlington for the benefit of a certain Mr. Beauchamp, her lover. Lord Arlington falls into the snare, and would have been caught

but for a fortunate misfortune. This leads us to the detail of an under-plot of inexpressible absurdity. The late Lord Arlington having been killed accidentally by a Mr. Holcroft, who had been out shooting with him, in consequence of Mr. H.'s reluctance to confess, a person of inferior rank had been so far involved in suspicion as to be obliged to retreat to America. This scapegoat suddenly re-appears in London during the period of Lord Arlington's suit to Miss Saville, and brings with him a Yankee claimant to the Arlington estate, in the person of a pretended descendant of the late lord's elder brother, who had been wrecked on the coast of America. The consequence of this stratagem is a law suit, which turns out unfavourably to the hero; and from the manner in which Miss Saville and her relations afterwards treat him, he is induced to look a little more closely into her behaviour. He thus soon discovers the intentions of herself and her lover, and the affair is, of course, immediately terminated.

In the meantime Mr. Holcroft, who is conscience-smitten at the reiterated injury which his double dealing has thus inflicted upon the house of Arlington, sets off to America, and never rests until he has accumulated sufficient evidence to overturn the pretensions of the *pseudo* claimant of the Arlington estates. His lordship on the recovery of his property, retires to an estate in the north of England and turns hermit. 'There is no new thing under the sun,' saith the preacher, and accordingly we find how much in vogue in our own time is that fashion for

Young gentlemen to be as black as night
Out of mere wantonness.

which, if we may believe Arthur of Brittany, was no novelty even in the days of King John.

Lord Arlington, however, being a very different sort of a man from Lord Mulgrave's misanthrope, spends his hermitship in improving instead of spoiling his demesnes, as well as in storing his mind. This last circumstance is proved to rather more than our heart's content, by almost a whole volume full of very sensible remarks upon literature and politics; many of them indeed so sensible that we never heard any person of sense talking on the same subjects without making the very same. These occur in the course of conversations which take place between himself and an old friend of his, who had

come to woo him from his retreat, and endeavour to reconcile him with that first love of his with whom he had quarrelled, by proxy of Sir Gerald Denbigh. The plan adopted by this mediator succeeds in both instances; and with the wedding we take our leave of Mr. Lister—feeling bound to state that his works contain sufficient evidence of talents and good sense, to warrant our sanguine anticipation that he will before long find out that he has hitherto been making an egregious fool of himself. We must add that though Mr. Lister, (being a Whig) has been praised by the Edinburgh Review, yet as he is also a gentleman, and every way free from the offensive and arrogant coxcomber which is breathed by his brethren in the morris dance of fashion—the Westminster Review which praised *them*, has denominated *him* 'the butler of the lackey school of novelists.' He had not airs enough to seem a gentleman to these republican critics, perhaps? or it may be, (which indeed is much more likely) they were not half so well pleased with the impressions which his works were likely to convey to the public mind of that character, as they had reason to be with the more congenial portraits of their favourite scribblers.

We half pledged ourselves at the commencement of our task to demonstrate, before its conclusion, the inevitable failure of all works of the present description. And, as we confess, that we should wish to strike at the very root of the tree whose baneful shadow has so long overcast our literature, it may, perhaps, be worth while to redeem our promise. But as we are beginning to be heartily tired of the subject, we wish to be as brief as possible upon it; and, therefore, to avoid all word-catching, let it be distinctly understood what we mean by the term 'a novel of fashionable life.' We do not mean a novel in which, though the *scene* may be laid in a particular rank, the *subject* still consists of those feelings which are common to *all* ranks. We take the term in the sense to which our 'fashionable novelists' have narrowed it—as a novel whose interest is to consist not in the exhibition of those qualities which characterize the aristocracy in common with the mass of society—but those peculiarities which distinguish the one from the other. Before entering upon this topic, however, we must be allowed to make a few preliminary remarks.

A character in one of Madame de Genlis' novels (the Chevalier d'Orsinay, we believe, in "Le Bon Homme," but quote from a random recollection) shrewdly remarks, that the rustic, had he sufficient presence of mind, might in nine cases out of ten turn the laugh against the courtier; but that he is, as it were, *thunderstruck* at the commencement of the contest, and surrenders *à discretion*, to the impotence which had he dared to encounter, he could not have failed to discern. No one who has studied French history sufficiently to form a full and enlightened idea of the nature and origin of its awful revolution, can fail to be struck with the sagacity of this remark. How else are we to account for the tardiness of that fearful retribution, which was at length exacted for the accumulated insults and injuries of a thousand years, by a people, who when once called into *existence*, (as one may say) produced in such boundless profusion, from its very dregs, names that might rival if not eclipse those recorded in the proudest annals of its chivalry? We may depend upon it that the French plebeians had long learned to know their own power; but it required a still longer period to acquaint them with the weakness of their antagonists. But in our happy country, where freedom is not an exotic which it required an earthquake to give birth to, but an indigenous plant which the storms as well as the suns of century after century have matured to its present perfection;—where we are 'to the manner born,' we had fondly hoped that we were less liable to be thus *thunderstruck*. And, notwithstanding the humiliation of spirit with which we rise from a study of the 'fashionable novels,' we would still venture to hint to those gentlemen and ladies who have hitherto been apparently successful enough in their mummeries, that if the thunderbolts of fashion continue to rattle much longer at the present rate, we fear the veriest rustic in the land will soon begin to discover that it is but the thunder of Salmoneus after all. Madame de Stael acutely remarks, that of all the hereditary privileges of the French noblesse, perhaps the one which excited the most uncompromising hatred of the roturier was, that inimitable *air* which the Noailles or the Montmorency could no more lay aside when he surrendered his feudal dignities, than the *sans culottes* could assume when he invested himself with his senatorial robes. There

was, doubtless, much truth in this. When we consider the nature of the French aristocracy—an aristocracy consisting of families whose origin was lost in the obscurity of fabulous antiquity—secured (throughout all ages falling within the records of history) from the possibility of intermixture with plebeian blood, by the impenetrable barrier erected around them by the pride of caste—and so eminently distinguished in many instances (to do them justice,) by that high and chivalrous feeling which alone can render such pride endurable in any one—there certainly must have been something about those nobles to impose upon the imaginations even of their enemies, and while ensuring them a seven-fold measure of hatred, mingle with it a portion of involuntary awe. The carelessness with respect to moral qualities which is so inevitably engendered by the pride of inalienable caste, has undoubtedly a tendency to wither the noblest germs of character in frail humanity; but there is something so immeasurably more debasing in the hopelessness of hereditary degradation, that, perhaps, upon a due estimate of these conflicting principles, the philosophical historian may be less inclined to wonder at the unequal contest so long made good by the prescriptive authority of aristocracy, against the hourly increasing powers and accumulating enmity of its antagonists. But can it be requisite to remind our nobles that they are clothed with no such mystery? "La nation Anglaise toute entière est l'aristocratie du reste du monde," says Madame de Stael; and therefore, let not the pride of our patricians revolt at being informed that their *relative* position in our social geography, is one of a much less perilous elevation. We humbly beg to inform Mrs. Gore and Lord Mulgrave, that it was in no wise necessary to indite such volumes as theirs, in order to prove to the public, that between it and them, there was no such very great gulph fixed. Any one who reflects for an instant upon the heterogeneous compound of which 'noble blood' in England consists, will at once perceive the absurdity of ascribing to it any hereditary peculiarity. The two circumstances which distinguish the aristocracy of England from that of any other country, and which have thus rendered it a blessing to us instead of a curse, are—first that it has always been open to all of the plebeian ranks who

could claim admission to it by virtue either of their talents, bravery, (or occasionally indeed even less valuable qualifications); and, secondly, that the cadets of even the proudest houses must gradually subside into mere members of the commonalty; carrying with them, however, it must be presumed, rather more expansion of mind and elevation of sentiment than could reasonably have been expected to have been generated behind a counter or a plough. It is thus that the vital currents of the body politic—the arterial and the venous, (if we may indulge in so whimsical a metaphor)—have been incessantly purified and circulated with unflagging energy through the remotest extremities of its frame; instead of being allowed to stagnate into one common slough, as in a mere democracy; or by their conflicting torrents subject us to those fearful and incessant convulsions which mark the annals, and must inevitably, at length, terminate the existence of any such political *lusus nature* as an unmixed oligarchy. But (while assigning to aristocracy in our metaphor rather a more noble representative than Agrippa selected as its emblem of old) we beg to remark that it would be as impolitic and absurd for the heart to disown kindred with the members, as for the members to endeavour to degrade it from its place or deprive it of its natural functions. We confess that it is with pain and even alarm that we observe—particularly at a crisis like the present—the slightest symptoms of a disposition on the part of the higher ranks, to separate themselves from the great body of their countrymen, or talk of that vast and glorious treasury of virtue, genius, and patriotism—the middle classes of England—as ‘common or unclean.’ Let it not be thought we are (in reasoning so seriously on the subject) attaching any undue importance to trifles. The real, the paramount importance of trifles has, in the course of experience, passed from a paradox into a proverb; and we are much mistaken if any democratical tirade, that ever adorned the columns of the Examiner or Spectator, could have been so efficient in lowering the public estimate of ‘Rank and Fashion,’ as the evidence which sundry of its votaries have of late so profusely volunteered in the intoxication of their own insolent vanity. We really think it may be well worth while to expend a page or two in exposing the utter and

radical absurdity of such mischievous and disgraceful productions.

Novelists claiming the public notice as describers of fashionable manners, must of course be presumed to make the preliminary assumption of some marked and decided peculiarities in those manners, sufficiently *pronounced* to afford a subject of portraiture. Now, really, the unfortunate aspirant after *ton*, who has been beguiled of his thirty-one shillings and six-pence in the purchase of his horn-book, by Mrs. Gore or Lord Mulgrave, may well be a little at a loss how to turn to account the lessons with which they furnish him. The law of Scotland may be obliging enough to such delinquents as Captain Seymour, but—

Non Deus interit nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit—

and if an imprudent plebeian should presume to imitate the vagaries of the household brigade, we greatly fear that this tutelary genius of the aristocracy would leave the law of England to adjust the knot in a manner infinitely less agreeable to the neck of the culprit. When he examines farther into the only attributes, in the attainment of which he really *can* avail himself of these high-priced models, he may certainly (on the bitter reflection that he could have been an ass or a coxcomb, had he pleased, without having purchased Lord Forrester or Lord Mulgrave’s misanthrope for a mirror) be excused for passing judgment upon his worthless bargains in a somewhat cynical spirit, and may, perhaps, be disposed to question altogether the existence of any of that peculiar freemasonry of rank into which he had hoped to be initiated by these fashionable guides; in whose descriptions he can certainly find no traces of it. When he considers, moreover, how completely intermingled with the great mass of the people, from whom most of them are sprung (and that recently enough) is that indefinable class denominated in England ‘The Aristocracy,’ he may naturally enough feel prompted to ask in what the ‘air noble,’ ‘the nameless grace,’ may be supposed to originate, or upon what it depends; and, finally, in what precise proportions it is to be looked for in the yesterday’s Duke—the Union Marquis—the Revolution Earl—the Restoration Viscount—the Runnymede Baron—the Doomsday Knight—the Squire in whose patrony-

mic the final 'ham,' 'hurst,' 'wick,' or 'worth,' &c. denotes, perhaps, a Heptarchy origin; or (last but not least) the Celtic gentleman upon whose pedigree the creation of the world appears about half way down amongst the marginal references to contemporary events.

But while laughing at the absurd and insolent airs assumed by the above-mentioned novelists, let us not be understood as denying that there is, amongst people of rank—not indeed any thing half so mysterious as these club-room and ball-room blockheads would attempt to persuade us, but, in a general way, a peculiar sort of manner which decidedly distinguishes them from the vulgar, and which, indeed, may very easily be accounted for; though we still maintain that it has never been described, and is never likely to be so. The fact is—and we are sure that every man of ordinary observation must have made the remark to himself a thousand times, although we are not aware that until the appearance of these fooleries, any one ever could have thought it worth while to put into black and white, an observation so obvious;—the fact is, that there is nothing at all which admits of description. We appeal to every man of sense, who, though moving habitually in another sphere, has yet had occasional opportunities of judging (and the opinions of such men we maintain to be not merely the most valuable, but the only opinions of any value at all upon such a question)—we appeal, we say, to such a man, whether he did not feel the difference to consist, not in what he *found*, but in what he *missed*. The flutter—the *empressement*—the *gêne*—everything, in fact, which gives a tumultuous or constrained air to the intercourse of those whose intercourse is only occasional, may of course be looked for in vain in the social circles of those to whom society is, as it were, the native air. The liberality too—at least *superficial* liberality—of sentiment, which necessarily results from such extensive and incessant collision of character and intellect, will, to those who have been annoyed by the narrowness of *conventionality* (if we may so call it) inseparable from the 'exclusiveness' of more confined circles, more than atone for the narrowness of caste; which, indeed, is never perceptible in the manners of any really well-bred person. The fact is, that in general society,—(for we are

not now speaking of the vagaries of any particular *coterie*)—in the world at large, the claims of rank are so universally acknowledged that they have never an opportunity of asserting themselves; and from the habitual and instinctive courtesy thus insensibly generated, as well as from the various circumstances alluded to above, results that indescribable *savoir faire et dire*, which stamps the thorough-bred aristocrat; and which (though of course the natural birthright of minds of a superior order, in whatever rank they may be found) under these circumstances alone must ever be expected from the common herd of human nature.

But it must be remembered that this constant apprenticeship to society, if it has its advantages, has also its disadvantages; and we fear that the balance is such as to be fatal to the novelist. It is almost unnecessary to remark, that the growth of all those deep-rooted and strongly developed feelings which the vulgar-spirited of the earth denominate romance, and which, in fact, are all that distinguish those whose internal and self-originating impulses are sufficiently energetic to exercise a visible influence over the circumstances which surround them, from the herd of living machines who are mere puppets under their control,—the formation, in short, of any thing worthy of the name of a definite *character* is absolutely precluded, by the state of mind produced by habitual dissipation. Such feelings are the offspring of silent reverie—the nurslings of careful self-communion; and could no more be expected to spring up amidst the shifting scenes and the giddy whirls of fashionable life, than the deep-shooting roots of the oak to find a home in the sand drifts of the Arabian desert. In fact, even in real life, while admitting the full fascination of that exquisite refinement and delicacy of taste which constitute the peculiar charm of such circles, one is often tempted to recall the admirable remark of Madame de Staël; "Le bon gout est a quelques égards comme l'ordre sous le despotisme; il importe d'examiner à quel prix on l'achète." No one who has had an hour's opportunity of investigation into the source of *le bon ton* can be ignorant, that it originates entirely in the absolute despotism of that 'puissance du Ridicule' to which she alludes a few pages before; in short, in an abjectly slavish and superstitious

dread of that demon, which (as the self-imposed idols of superstition are always tyrants) enshackles with such incessant, inquisitorial, and imperious interference, every thought, word, and deed of those whose position enables, and indeed often induces them to revolt against the legitimate sway of more mild as well as more salutary restraints. This iron sceptre it was, which when vested in the hands of the lowborn, cripple of Twickenham, enabled him to exclaim, while looking forth at the statesmen who were swaying the destinies of the world, and the heroes who were teaching its uttermost ends to tremble at their name,—

Yes—I am proud—I must be proud, to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me.

And its authority will be found as absolute at the court of Queen Victoria as it was at that of Queen Anne; its tyranny having become only more oppressive by its administration being vested in society at large, instead of the professional satirist; just as any other tyranny is rendered only more terrible by being transferred from the autocrat to the mob,—or, in other words, from the exercise of the one-headed dragon to that of the hundred-headed hydra. “*Le tact des convenances est une excellente arme pour parer les coups entre les divers amours propres.*”—And under the dominion of the malignant deity we have mentioned above, the remarks of the same Authoress are peculiarly true,—that “*dans les rapports avec la société il faut se défendre, et il sert surtout à connaître ce qu’il faut éviter.*” The proverbial antipathy with which the statutes of *ton* regard every thing which would threaten to fright its realm from its propriety, by any thing approaching to a *scene*, certainly offers at least a very inauspicious omen to the prospects of those who should attempt to dramatize its events. Those who live perpetually before the eyes of the world at large, from the habitual check which they are forced to impose upon their thoughts and feelings, begin, at last, to lose every trace of *individuality*; and the natural features of the character, incessantly impeded in their development, at length accommodate themselves insensibly to the unvarying mask which constitutes the regulation uniform of the corps. Thus the incessant collision with one another, which makes their manners so easy and natural, produces this effect only by rendering their characters proportionably forced and artificial; and it must be admitted that

a macadamized level, however pleasant and commodious to travel over, presents but a sorry field for the labours of the artist; his object, of course, being to catch and image those very asperities which have been so carefully obliterated from the scene. It fact, whatever may be the balance in favour of the self-restraint we have been speaking of, for the purposes of social intercourse in real life, there can be no question that its good and its evil influences are equally fatal to the powers of the novelist,—the one curtailing the grotesque, as much as the other diminishes the heroic regions of his dominions. Nor have we even yet fully stated the disadvantages under which he must labour; for the same circumstances which detract so fatally from the interest of the picture, increase at the same time and in the same degree, the difficulties of its execution. Manners are manifestly difficult of description precisely in proportion to their simplicity—and that utter ease, and absence either of affectation or constraint which characterize those of people of the world, is the very point where they become incapable of any delineation at all. Thus, in attempting to mould the figures from such materiel, the grace—the elegance—every thing, in short, which throws a gloss upon the surface, is of a nature so subtle that it evaporates in the process; leaving behind it only the insipidity and listlessness which form the substantial basis, and which unfortunately (as we have abundant evidence in the specimens before us) are of a less volatile and more fusible nature.

It will be seen that the remarks we have just made have reference rather to the dissipated habits of the aristocracy than to any circumstances naturally inseparable from their position—or, in other words, are strictly applicable less to *rank*, properly and simply considered, than to that particular section of it which comes under the denomination of *Fashion*, and which, indeed, was the class especially forced upon our notice by Lord Mulgrave and Mrs. Gore. Had we space enough, however, to enter more fully into the discussion, we think it would be very easy to shew that the very circumstances which render the aristocracy invaluable as a political institution are such as to drive the novelist who adventures in such a field to utter despair.

—doce didici securum agere arum;

and it cannot be doubted what must

be the effect, in the long run, of an utter freedom from the trials of those storms and vicissitudes, which are as necessary to give a decided and energetic outline to the moral character, as the physical toil and hardship of the savage, to impart to him the elastic muscle and the iron sinew which distinguish him from the Sybarite. To say that the "*terrarum domini*" may, generally speaking, be expected to be more free from the meannesses of motive and action which are incident to the darker shades of the human character; and therefore more fitted to be the depositaries of authority and power, is saying no more than that they are human beings, liable by nature to the same temptations as their inferiors, but sheltered from them in a greater degree by circumstances—being already in possession of those minor advantages, in the attainment of which it is that integrity of principle, whether private or political, is in most danger of being sacrificed. But it is not the passive, negative, mechanical sort of character which is the mere creature of circumstances, but the living, moving, and breathing energy, born to create and trained to control them, which offers a model to the artist. It is not from the details, however embellished, of the honor which has never been tempted—of the feelings which have never been ruffled—of the passions which have never been roused but to be pampered, and which are, therefore, often more difficult to excite than to allay—it is not, in short, from the artificial and carefully-sheltered hotbeds of aristocratic character that we can look for those hardy and storm-braced children of nature, in whose innate and unfettered energy, according as it puts forth good or evil fruit, the novelist is accustomed to look for the development of both the beauty and the hideousness of the human heart; and gather for his magic mirror the images of the passions at whose life-likeness we start—of the virtues at whose lustre we kindle, or the crimes at whose throes we tremble. It is, however, that very mechanical and uniform nature of character which renders them unfitted in general for the subjects of fiction, that in real life constitutes the chief value of the institution, whether morally or politically considered. The knowledge of man-

kind which the habitual man of the world acquires in exchange for the originality of character which he must necessarily surrender to a certain extent, is a much more valuable possession to a legislator. And, indeed, when we consider how much more frequently abused and perverted than well applied are the most powerful energies of human nature, it must be admitted that as, politically speaking, the extinction of actual malefactors is of more importance than the creation of heroic models, so, in a moral point of view, the utility of influences should be tested rather by their direct tendency to eradicate real evil, than their contingent capability of calling forth romantic excellence. The glory of those who have with untarnished honor, forced their own way to authority and rank, is doubtless by this consideration, rendered tenfold more illustrious; but such instances—though there have been such, and doubtless there will always be—are still but few and far between. The experiment is perilous in proportion to its glory; and however bigoted or even base the doctrine may sound in the ears of the radical, we fear that in a general way, on a candid consideration of human infirmity, it will be found that (politically speaking, at least) delicacies of conscience, like all other luxuries, are most likely to be found amongst those who are best able to afford them; and that that honesty is most safely to be trusted, which is least liable to be severely tempted.

We had intended to add a good deal more, but, says the Great Moralist, "Woe to him who says all that he has to say," and, with the wholesome fear of this admonitory precept before our eyes, we shall here break off—trusting that we have already said enough, not merely to account for the failure of such writers as Mrs. Gore and Lord Mulgrave, but to shew that even in the hands of writers every way suited to the task, attempts such as their's would be rendered chimerical by the unpromising nature and almost insuperable difficulties of the subject—as well as that in exact proportion to the fidelity of the representation would be its utter worthlessness in every moral, political, or literary point of view.*

It would, indeed, be idle to pursue

* If we should be asked to account for the success of those really good novels, whose scenes have been laid amongst the higher ranks of society, we might content ourselves with quoting, for a reply, the remark of Madame de Stael:—"Quelques

the subject farther, and we fear we shall rather be accused of having been already ridiculously prolix in the process of "breaking these butterflies upon the wheel." No one, certainly, can form a more contemptuous estimate of them than ourselves, but we may be allowed to question whether there can be anything too contemptible to be disgraceful. We are well aware that these literary locusts were merely intended to flutter their day or month amongst the circulating libraries, but "when every day and month sends forth a new one," can it be expected that our literary constitution, however strong, can be proof for ever against these incessant incursions? Besides, can it really be a matter of such utter indifference to any one who has the slightest regard for the honor of our literature, that a department of it which has been consecrated by the cultivation of such masters as Fielding, Richardson, and Goldsmith, and (in our own day) has been chosen by one, throughout the world second only to Shakspeare, should have fallen into the hands of fools?—that Fiction, which has hitherto been held sacred as the shrine of our feelings and the mirror of our hearts—"to shew virtue her own feature and scorn her own image"—should have driven into a mere vehicle for the *tracasseries* of a ball-room or the airs of a *petit maître*? We must confess that in looking over the cotemporary trash poured forth from the press of Paris, our national pride has reason to be anything but exalted at the comparison. The works of our neighbours are, indeed, low enough—mean enough—foul enough, perhaps—but their ho-

mage, however depraved or senseless, is still addressed to the human heart. Like the heathens of old, indeed, they appear to have been personifying alike all the propensities of our nature—the basest as well as the noblest—and, with indiscriminating allegiance, erecting an altar to each; but, to do them justice, they have not, like the mindless savage, and—must we add it?—the countrymen of Shakspeare—they have not yet begun to make for themselves idols of silver and gold.

We must say, moreover, that we cannot but feel that these novels reflect disgrace not merely upon our literature, but upon our national character in every way. As for the noble and honorable blockheads who have thus condescended to make fools of themselves for the amusement and edification of the would-be fashionables of the village—who, for this magnanimous purpose, have not disdained even to turn hacks to the circulating libraries or bookmakers to Mr. Colburn—we would ask them, for their own sakes, do they call *this* patrician? As far as they are themselves concerned, however, it is their own affair; but on the part of the public, we would take the liberty of asking them for whom do they take themselves, or for what do they take *us*, that they have thus the impudence to exhibit their *niaiseries* for our admiration—to put their very yawns into print and offer them to us to purchase? Or rather let us ask, in a spirit of more becoming humility, for what *ought* they to take us that we have not long ago taught them better?

There is one point connected with this subject which we cannot pass

hommes de génie, ayant à moissonner dans un champ tout nouveau, out su se rendre illustres, malgré les difficultés qu'ils avoient à vaincre; mais la cessation des progrès de l'art, depuis eux, n'est-elle pas une preuve qu'il y a trop de barrières dans la route qu'ils ont suivie?"—*De L'Allemagne*, t. 1, p. 2, c. 15.

In fact, fatal as is the natural incapacity of Mrs. Gore and her class of writers, it would be unfair to deny that some of the most ludicrous of her absurdities originate in the difficulties of her position. In undertaking to give us a portrait of the manners of high life, she incessantly vibrates between her inclination to make what she looks upon as an interesting view, and her contract to furnish us with a true one. She, doubtless, thought the rape with which she embellished Lord Forrester's adventures would contribute to make a good picture at the expense of the fidelity of the painter. That a good likeness would be good for nothing she appears to be innately conscious; and, indeed, how far she is right in that conviction will never be matter of doubt to any one who looks over her "Sketch-book of Fashion," where the interest of one of the stories turns entirely upon the efforts which are made (by several members of the coterie of the pavilion at Brighton) to prejudice George the Fourth against the *tournure* and fashion of a certain foreign Ambassadress. Whether Mrs. Gore was right or not in imagining that incidents, such as she has introduced, were agreeable substitutes for such cabala, she was not far wrong in supposing that she could hardly hit upon anything less likely to attract the attention or excite the interest of the people *outside* of the Pavilion, than the betrayal of such very petty tales out of school.

unnoticed. It so happens that all the authors of these works belong to the party of the Destructives. We need not say that we are proud and happy to observe it. The vulgar-spirited vanity which gives birth to such productions, and the disgraceful servility which delights in them, are equally in place in a jacobinical dandy or a democratical lackey—to whose base and grovelling vision it is natural enough that rank and station should appear, not in the lofty and ennobled light of a solemn trust, loaded with important duties, and charged with awful responsibilities, but under the more congenial aspect of a paltry accidental advantage, valuable only as conferring upon its inheritors the poor privilege of narrow-minded arrogance and low-lived insolence. In the mouths of such beings, whether they call themselves Tories or radicals (extremes well met), such vanity and such servility have a peculiar fitness—a poetical propriety—but let every true Englishman, whatever be his political name (for on such a subject we should scorn to appeal to party feelings), spurn them with becoming contempt.

Now, without for an instant touching upon the question of republicanism—without going to work to prove that, until it shall please God to make all men equal both in mind and body—the abolition of our present social institutions, and the distinctions depending upon them, would be the establishment, not of a general liberty, but of a general scramble for tyranny, in which, while all parties would suffer, the weaker would be trampled into dust—leaving, we say, this point undefended to the mercy of our spouting-club sages and political-union philosophers—of those wisacres who have not yet come, and those who (as Mr. Hardcastle says) never *will* come to years of discretion—we shall content ourselves with remarking on the wide difference which distinguishes a healthy and manly loyalty to established institutions from the slavish and dirty sycophancy evinced by the success of these novels. He is not servile who can be content to remain in the station to which he was born, however humble, if unconscious—aye, or even if *conscious* of talents which would qualify him for a higher. He who is truly and proudly conscious that “the man’s the gold” can well afford to look upon “the guinea-stamp” in its true light—as that for which society has its uses,

and which must therefore continue to pass current—and would laugh at him who should propose to him to squabble about it. He is not servile; it is ambition that makes your true slave. Not, indeed, the ambition of a Milton or a Napoleon—not the aspirations of the eagles, but of the reptiles of society—of those who, not having wings to soar, when they would rise—must crawl. These are they who, however loudly they may mouth it about tyranny and liberty, yet know not even the meaning of the very name of Independence: but, being well aware that their metal is base, would purchase, at any cost, the counterfeit stamp which they depend upon to force them into currency. These are they who are to be met with at the circulating libraries, scrambling for the earliest glimpse of the last three-volume foolery sent forth to announce the latest whirl of the weather-cock of Fashion—angling for their second-hand airs and gaping for their cast-off graces; and thus proving, by their actions, too plainly for their assertions to disprove, that however bitterly they may harangue against the excesses of those who are bidden to the banquet, they are themselves hungering for the very crumbs that fall from the table. They would fain persuade themselves—these philosophers of the counter—these sages of Cockaigne—that they look with supreme contempt, as they speak with utter profanity of the mysteries which encompass the shrine of Rank and Fashion. Be it so. We have no wish to press the matter further.—Bigoted as they may deem us, we wish for no more satisfactory guarantee than they have already afforded us, that while they are blaspheming the idol with their tongues, in their hearts they are bowing down in homage before its very shadow. We are no political hypochondriacs, disposed to magnify every temporary and trifling inflammation of the public mind into the harbinger of a hopeless gangrene, or the forerunner of an utter disorganization of the system; nor are we any of the political empirics who would play upon the terrors of such; but while cheerfully admitting that the moral and political constitution of the British people is still sound at heart, we certainly are convinced that the last fever has been characterised by a degree of delirium far exceeding any previously manifested by the periodical convulsions of John Bull. The shadow, however,

is fast passing from his soul; and when it shall please him to come altogether to his senses again, and examine into the pathology of his recent paroxysms with all the cool discrimination of convalescence, it may perhaps be esteemed a diagnostic not altogether unworthy of notice, that the Earl of Mulgrave and the author of Pelham were radicals—that Mrs. Gore and others of the ‘silver fork’ school were puffed by the Westminster Review—and, generally speaking, that the æra which obliged our senate to endure the presence of the scum of our madhouses and the offscouring of our gaols, was the period also which humbled our literature with the insolent imbecility, the drivelling arrogance of the “Fashionable Novels.”

We have already, perhaps, devoted too large a space to a subject which the greater part of our readers will doubtless consider of minor importance. Yet we cannot abandon it without begging leave to add a few lines upon a point which is eminently forced upon our notice, by a survey of the works with whose titles we have headed the present article. We mean the striking degeneracy of the *belles lettres* of our day. The *laudatores temporis acti* have, indeed, been deservedly laughed at for their absurd lamentations over the increasing depravity of mankind, from the *ætas parentum* *pejor avis* of Horace down to the ‘Wisdom-of-our-ancestors’ vendors of the present day. But without adopting the supposition of any deteriorating principle in our intellectual, any more than in our moral character, we think there are obvious reasons to account for the fact (the *existence* of which we presume no one will venture to deny) that the trashy part of our literature at the present day is not only greater than at any previous æra, but also bears a much larger relative proportion to the whole mass. In the first place, the universal extension of education has had the effect of calling into existence a herd of scribblers who, in a former age, would have been as unable to write as they still are to think; for it must be recollected that the tuition which supplies them with the mechanical power, leaves them still as destitute as ever of the *materials* of composition—we mean the products of those subtler processes of thought which must be perfected before all that art can offer us has anything to exercise itself upon. But we consider the influence

which the present state of society has exerted upon men of real genius to be a matter of infinitely more importance than the craziness of all Mr. Colburn’s bookmakers put together. We might put up with the generation of an infinity of trash, but it is impossible to help mourning over the evident and daily perversion of minds that were intended by nature for the production of far nobler fruit. It has been, however, the inevitable effect of the present spread of superficial information to substitute for the “fit audience though few” (to whose applause the candidate of former days appealed for the earnest of his immortality), the great body of the public. The constitution of the kingdom of literature having thus in fact been rendered too democratic, it is hardly to be wondered at that even the proudest patricians of its realms, while compelled to court the favour of the mob, have been induced to waver sadly in their allegiance to “Prince Posterity;” and that their works should bear evident traces of having been written rather to please the purchasing many than the discerning few. Genius having, moreover, become of late so profitable an article of merchandize, can scarcely be expected to remain emancipated from the general laws of traffic; and, accordingly, the irresistible temptations of immediate remuneration arising from the rapidity of circulation, have naturally, in most instances, overpowered the vague and visionary yearnings after that nobler but less palpable inheritance which is to be purchased from eternity only by the utter sacrifice of the present. We have discovered, in short, that the ground upon which, in less scientifically moneymaking days, would have been planted an oak to be revered by our children’s children, may be rendered much more available for lucrative purposes by crops which will ripen in six months and be forgotten in twelve; and the intellectual treasures which our ancestors would have lavished upon the construction of the cloudcapped tower or the gorgeous palace, to be dissolved only with the great globe itself, the wealthy of our own day expend in the erection of innumerable gingerbread fabrics, only intended and only worthy to last for their nine days’ lease. As we cannot help feeling convinced that the abuse of the modern practice of anonymous criticism has tended, in a great measure, to aggravate these evils, under the influence of

which literature appears to be fast drivelling from the rank of even a mere trade into that of a dirty scramble, which men of honor can be anxious only to escape from, we shall close this article with a few remarks upon that subject.

Anonymous criticism is, perhaps, the necessary production of the present state of society and literature. The immense and incessant accumulation of literary matter has rendered absolutely indispensable to the majority of the public an institution of professional *sifters* to separate the grain from the chaff; and society appears to have tacitly given in its acquiescence to the dominion of these aristocratic tribunals, whose edict under their vague and impersonal mask *incorporates*, as it were, the suffrages of the public, and on the one hand makes known to the author those plain but salutary truths which from his friends he would not hear, and from his enemies he would not heed—and, on the other, stands between him and the mob to furnish him with his passport if he be deserving of it, and not unfrequently to plead his cause and point out in his works those fine strokes of art which are “caviare to the general.” In the long run, indeed, it is pretty certain that the author of talent has nothing to fear from the vast and apparently irresponsible power thus insensibly vested in his judges. A dishonest system of *depreciation*, at least, can never be kept up in the face of the public for any length of time; but we are not quite so sure that the leniency which has of late been so universally extended to the wretched scribblers of the hour has not been altogether at the expense of the really meritorious author. We are not now arguing against puffing in general.—We are well enough aware that so long as it is in the nature of things for the majority of the public to be ignorant, the success of imposture will always be sufficient to ensure an extensive supply of literary as well as of medical or political quacks. We should as soon think of attempting to put down “the Balm of Gilead” or “The Elixir of Life” by reasoning, as to check the circulation (amongst a certain class) of these “decidedly best novels of the day” by rational criticism. But is it not too bad to have the highest authorities in the court turning volunteer liars in their behalf, and swearing along with those who are paid for swearing? Have they not the Literary

Gazette and the New Monthly Magazine?—and can they not beg their daily praise from the newspapers? The quarterly journals were wont to glory in their severity; and we confess we are sorry to see them degenerating in that respect; for even when pushed to a fault, it is an excellent fault. We know that it is or *was* the fashion to talk a vast deal of common-place cant about nipping genius in the bud and soforth; but we have no reverence for common-places, and care not a brass farthing for cant. Genius—real genius—needs no guardian that

—might not, between the winds of Heaven,
Visit its cheek too roughly.

It is a plant of a firmer texture and a hardier growth; and, as more than Byron's instance might prove, is not to be whistled down by the shrillest bluster of even the ‘Northern blast.’ It is the shameless puffer whose pestilential breath poisons the very atmosphere of literature; while the swarms of locusts which he calls into existence, fall like a mildew upon the hopes of saplings which would have gathered only strength from the pelting of the storm. It is not men of genius—no, nor men of sterling talent of any denomination—who are benefited by a system of imposture which forces every spurious counterfeit into equal circulation. An unflinching—an unsparing severity is what they ought to cry out for in their own defence. The tempest is the best test of the real stamina of the shrub; and the best nurse of all that are worthy to survive it; and the few withered and worthless leaves which it may tear from the exuberant foliage of the oak, will be a cheap price to pay for the inestimable advantage of having the ground around its roots cleared from the weeds and brambles that entangle and exhaust it. Ought not the leaders of every party to unite in the preservation of some tribunal (secure from the intrigues of literary charlatans and critical impostors) where men of honor may appeal for justice, though it be to the code of Draco,—and even those who despair of surviving the ordeal, may at least cry out with the despairing Greek—

‘εν δὲ φάει καὶ ἱλασθῶν?’

The subject is of too great importance to be adequately discussed in the limited space we have here left ourselves; and indeed we should rather wish to see it taken in hand by journals of higher authority and more lofty

pretensions. We ought perhaps to apologise for having thus presumed to lay our hand upon the ark, were it not that the apathy of its more able and appropriate guardians furnishes the best excuse for our interference. Besides, when we see these shameless swindlers, not contented with intruding into the temple the practice

of their own unhallowed traffic, daring to blaspheme the names and insult the shrines of the very prophets by whose memories it has been consecrated, — though the anathema, indeed, should come from the high priests, yet even the hewers of wood and the drawers of water must be permitted to join their voices in the response.

THE KEG OF POTTEEN.

A TALE.

"Well, not a farden more I'll abate you, Tim; it's too chape you'll be after having it already."

"Come, thin, I suppose I need say no more about it, Larry; so here's the money."

"And here's the receipt, Tim; and here's towards your good health! and I pray that THE STILL may have as good look with you as it had with me; and, troth! if it has you'll have small raison to repent your bargain. I'm working that still now, Tim—let me see—going hard on seven years, and not so much as a grasshopper, let alone a gauger, ever thwarted me oncet. It's a mighty looky consarn entirely, Tim."

"Ough! thin, sure it's myself 'ill be satisfied if it only thrives half as well with me as it did with you, Larry," answered his companion, "but somehow or other you were fort'nate beyant all I ever seen or heerd tell of."

"By dad! you may say that, and no lie, Tim; and thankful for it I am; I *did* make a purty little penny in it sure enough. And now, may be, I wont stock my farm with my hard honest airnings, and live dacent and respectible for the rest of my born days wid my poor wife, and my thirteen little childher: and is n't that a comfort to think of? and sure wont you yourself, Tim, have the same comfort one of these days?"

"Certainly, Larry, I may, at laste I hope so; and sure! your words revives me—here's your health! come, fill your glass!"

"No more for me jist now, Tim, I'll bid you good bye *a vich*, for I must hurry on to the HALL with the little keg that you see here."

"Sure thin, Larry, it was just about that same keg that I was going to spake. Now I put it to yourself, as it's the last keg of all on hands of your own running, tundher-an'-ounties! dont

you think now, that in all conscience, the laste you can do is to throw it into the bargain to me?"

"Hoot! toot! toot! asy, Tim, asy, Tim, darlint! asy, why a *vich ma chree*, it id be as much as my life is worth to disappoint the 'squire, down at Ballyshindy Hall, of it, now that he has set his heart upon it. For, you see, as it was he that tuk my *very first* keg of all, 'Larry,' says he to me only last Sunday, and we coming out of the chapel afther mass, 'Larry, your soul!' says he, 'you're giving up business now,' says he, 'and if you dont bring me the *very last* keg of all, bad scan to me,' says he, 'if I wont be the death of you!' Besides, Tim, he's a gentleman, and he's my foster brother, and he was always a good friend to me, and I've no doubt he'll be a good friend to you too, or a good customer at laste, for he can't do a-thout the dbrink. I'm certain sure he's able to take more potcheen whisky, at a sitting, nor any other two I ever laid eyes 'pon. And it's he that likes it. Disappoint him! talk's chape! I dar'nt, Tim, so no more about the keg."

"Why, in that case of coorse — . But, harkee! Larry, I heard *accidin'ly* from one of the boys, that Mac Ullage, the gauger, intended to pay a visit to Ballyshindy—town and parish—this day, ware-hawk! that's enough! good bye!"

"Good bye, Tim, and success, *ma bouhil!*" said Larry as he shook his friend's hand, "never fear for me—not a gauger ever peeled a pratie that Larry O'Leary is not able to *do*."

"Then look out sharp to-day," said his friend, Tim Moran, as he departed to take possession of his newly purchased *distillery*: while Larry, placing the precious keg in a little ass's dray (the occupant of whose shafts had been quietly browsing beside them, during the whole of their debate,) proceeded

to cover all over with a tolerably large load of newly made heath brooms, which he had provided specially for the purpose.

"It id be cruel hard entirely to be cotched wid the *last* keg and all, afther escaping so long," muttered Larry to himself, as he took the little ass by the head rein, and led her into the direct road to the famous village of Ballyshindy. "It id be cruel hard entirely," he continued, still musing as he thought of Tim Moran's words, "mighty hard entirely! come along, Bess, get along a-pet; but no matter, we'll see if I dont blink him yet." and he and his ass at a quiet pace jogged towards the village where the gauger's hated presence was that day expected.

It is almost superfluous to inform the reader that the opening of the conversation, by which he has been just edified, is neither more nor less than the clinching of a long and hard (but not dry) bargain between two worthies, in which Mr. Laurence O'Leary, for a contraband still, having already realized for himself a handsome competence by it, to his neighbour Mr. Timothy Moran; who, fired by his friend's success, determines to tread a faithful disciple in the footsteps of so fortunate a master.

But we must return to Larry, who is now within sight of Ballyshindy. Its fine, perfect specimen of the old round towers—its dismantled, but still massive "Danish" castle—its mouldering and grey abbey walls, with the delicate tracery of their Gothic windows, and arches fondly embraced and supported by green tendrils of ivy—its neat new church—and its thatched cottages mingled with huge elms, in the high tops of which innumerable rooks had taken it into their heads to build their nests—all blushing in the early sunshine, form the perspective of the scene before him.

Important as the buildings which we have just mentioned may appear; still, in Ballyshindy, (as in almost every other Irish town and village) THE FORGE was the grand focus of attraction. It is the general mart of all the little gossip, and parish scandal that may be afloat. While the sturdy son of Vulcan plies his ponderous trade, his ears are regaled by the variety of questions and solutions interchanged between the groups of idlers, who, attracted by the comfortable climate of

the smithy, lounge about either to tell or listen to the news.

Clumsy jests, with occasionally a really smart repartee—chuck the halfpenny—and wagers about football, wrestling, and so forth, laid in gallons of porter, or naggins of whiskey, give now and again an agreeable diversity to the conversation and character of the scene. At the time which most immediately concerns our narrative, THE FORGE of Ballyshindy was in full work. Its proprietor, the redoubtable Murtoch O'Malley, was at the anvil in person; nor did it want a few of its usual newsmongers; but somehow or other silence seemed just now to be the order of the moment; nods and winks and meaning grins being the only description of stock in which business of any amount was done. Murtoch kept his eyes fixed on his task, and hammered away with a strength that would have been no discredit to a giant; while the brilliant sparkles from the glowing metal flew hissing right and left at every blow that he delivered.

The cause of this reserve was simply that an unusual visitant—and he too an unwelcome one—was amongst them. This personage was no other than Mr. Mac Ullage the gauger, who (true to the information that Tim Moran had received) was about to pay the village and parish of Ballyshindy a consolatory *avatar*: finding on the way, however, that his mare had slipped an off fore-shoe, he called a halt at O'Malley's to have it set to rights.

Mac Ullage was a short thick-set figure, with short thick arms, short thick legs, and a very short, very thick neck, surmounted by a bullet head, well thatched with wiry close-cut black hair. His eyes were small, quick, dark, and restless; his brows shaggy, and his whole countenance strongly expressive of distrust and low cunning. It was a broad, flat face, of a dull soapy colour, with the sole exception of the nose, and *that* was a little curiosity in its own way. This feature, in shape, closely resembled a mutton kidney; in colour, (or rather colours) it was of a genuine orange at the base, which, by almost imperceptible gradations, like the tints of an evening sky in autumn, or the worsteds in a young lady's sampler at a boarding school, diverged into a deep vermilion as it approached the tip, which again "deepening, deepening still," was of a mingled red and indigo hue. The whole formed a most appropriate and unique *setting* to a huge

carbuncle of the first water, which ornamented the extreme apex. What peculiar regimen had imparted to his nose this very suspicious appearance Mr. Mac Ullage himself may best explain, and it is not our province to be inquisitive. We may, however, mention (just to laugh at the absurdity of the charge) that rumor whispered him to be *the most inveterate lover of potteen that his own parish (which adjoined that of Ballyshindy) could boast of*. What stories scandal will fabricate! A gauger drink illicit spirits! Pooh! the mere idea is sufficiently ridiculous. The remainder of this important official's portrait is easily disposed of. He wore a sort of half sporting dress, not unlike that worn by many respectable farmers; and carried about with him a short fowling piece, as he said himself "to have an odd shot at any chance game that might cross his way;" but as the neighbours slyly whispered, for "quite and clane another raison he had."

Such was the personage that was now regarded with glances of antipathy and distrust by all present villagers in Murtoch's smithy, *with the exception of one*.

And that *one*? was an assistant of our smith's, who for mere charity sake, had appointed him to the high office of bellows-blower in ordinary to himself. This enviable place-holder, from the exuberant filth in which he allowed his outward man to revel, had gained for himself the appropriate cognomen of Dirty Diarmid.

Poor Diarmid was one of those monstrosities that nature, when in a cruel or a fantastic mood, sometimes chooses to usher into life. To describe the utter deformity of his person would be impossible. It bore some resemblance to the form of a long-armed but very clumsily built monkey, save that the shoulders carried an enormous hump; and that the head, which appeared to have been set on rather obliquely, was about five times too large, in proportion to the rest of the body. Some considered the Dirty one to be a boon idiot; others thought him a knave. Perhaps he partook of both characters. He was, however, a sort of privileged favourite, and was welcome to a potato or a herring in any cabin he chanced to drop into. For he sometimes took sudden fits of idleness, and roamed about the country for days together, neglecting the bellows department of his kind patron's establishment entirely. With the youngsters he was a decided

favourite, and well he knew how to confirm himself in their good will, by robbing for them bird's nests, and making up nosegays of flowers. In fact, he had but one enemy, or more properly speaking, he himself was the enemy of but a single individual in the world—and that individual was no other than our hero Larry O'Leary.

It chanced, on one occasion, that Diarmid had received rather a severe slash of a whip from Larry, who detected him endeavouring, with more than idiotlike indifference, to pry into the interior of certain small parcels, the contents of which their owner seemed most anxious to keep a secret. This blow Dirty Diarmid had never forgiven. No attempts at conciliation—no proffered kindness—no entreaties or fair words could ever mitigate the unmeasured hatred and malice that the deformed creature harboured for the man that had once raised up his hand against him.

The mare's shoe was now nearly set to rights, and Mac Ullage was standing beside the trough of the forge, leaning on his fowling-piece, when suddenly, and to the surprise of all present, Dirty Diarmid broke silence, and exclaimed, leering up at the gauger with the most indefinable expression of countenance—

"Ah! thin, does your honor's worship ever thrate yourself to a naggin of the real good potteen?"

At this singular and blunt question of Dirty Diarmid's, a very audible titter ran round the forge. The gauger reddened, and, fixing an angry eye on his querist, replied—

"How dare you put such a question to me, fellow? and me in his Majesty's service, and all! Do you know *who* you talk to?" Here he looked round with a dignified air, and, taking out a tin snuff canister from his coat pocket, regaled the nose of which we have already made mention with a most liberal pinch of Lundy Foot's "high toast."

"Oh!" answered Diarmid, nothing awed by the pompous manner of the gauger, "for the matter of that, I know who you are well enough; and the raison I make bould to ax you the question is, that if you *are* fond of a dhrop ov the right sort, there's one coming down the sthreet now that most always has some of it with him for sale."

"Down there where you are? Who or what's coming down the street?"

Is it dhramin' you are, or do you pretind you can see thro' the bricks and morthor of the wall?"

"No, I don't pretind I can see him," said Diarmid; "but I know he's comin' for all that. Whisht—listen—don't you hear his cry of *heath brooms*?"

All listened for a moment, and true to Diarmid's assertion, a very faint and distant cry was just barely audible; but what the sounds were, or who might be the owner of the voice that uttered them, entirely surpassed the auricular powers of the most lynx-eared of the bystanders.

Fierce and exciting passions, it is known, oftentimes give an almost miraculous acumen to the human organ of sound; and on the present occasion the misshapen idiot's indomitable hatred of the man by whom his feelings had been outraged, so whetted his sense of hearing, that, amid all the clang of the forge, he was able to identify a voice, which, even when it had approached considerably nearer, and when silence was proclaimed, was perfectly irre-recognisable by the others.

"Pon my conscience, Diarmid avourneen, it's yourself that has the sharp lugs—*musha*, maybe you'd be so engaging as to tell us (poor def cratur) who the good body may be that's approachin'—is it a man or a woman, Diarmid?"

"It's the murderin' rascal, Larry O'Leary," shouted Diarmid angrily, "the internal potteen-hawker!"

"Whist, you thief of the world, whist! Don't you know the gauger's by?" whispered Murtoch, who was a friend of Larry's, and was right fond of a glass of good potteen himself.

"O'Leary! I know O'Leary," interposed the gauger, "and I always considered him an honest, hard working man. Can what you just now said be possible, my good friend?" he continued, in an eager and conciliatory tone to Dirty Diarmid; "are you quite certain—I mean, could you enable me to prove, to detect, that is, this—"

"Boo!" interrupted Diarmid, "all myself can prove is this: wherever you see Larry O'Leary, you may take your bok oat that there's more or less potten within your gun's length of him."

"Silence, you ugly blagard," whispered Murtoch again, angrily. "Silence, I say, or I'll hit you a lik of the miltrod."

"He hit me enough already—I

advise you not!" was the dogged reply of Diarmid, as he flounced out of the forge and skulked into the next cabin. Perhaps he feared that Larry's ass might require some dressing about the feet, and that his foe and he should happen to encounter each other face to face—an event to which he always seemed to have a great aversion.

What he had said, however, served to put the gauger completely on the alert; and the mare's shoe being now set all to rights, he busied himself in retightening her girths, which he had slacked during his halt, until Larry and his load of brooms had passed by Murtoch's forge, on their road towards Ballyshindy Hall.

He then mounted, and paced slowly after the object of his suspicions—wisely conjecturing that the business between Larry and him would be transacted much more safely to himself in a lonesome part of the road than in the street of Ballyshindy, where the potteen-vender (if such he proved to be) would be sure to find friends and backers in all the idlers that their altercation might happen to collect.

Now, in passing through the street of Ballyshindy, poor Larry's demeanour was altogether calculated not a little to confirm the gauger's already aroused suspicions; for, having heard that Mac Ullage was in the forge, he flogged his ass impatiently along the street, bawling, at the top of his voice, "*heath brooms! new heath brooms!*" yet without daring to look one side or the other, and quite regardless of more than one of the townswomen, who, being anxious to make a purchase, ran out into the street and called loudly after him, "*brooms here.*" They might just as well have remained silent, for Larry still flogged away, and holding the little animal, dragged it along at a most unnatural pace, in which two of the legs seemed to trot while the other pair performed a sort of canter. This hurried and unaccountable conduct almost convinced Mac Ullage that unfortunate Larry was on a guilty errand. It even occurred to him that the forbidden article might be secreted in the very place where Larry had, as before-mentioned, concealed it, namely, in the little dray, and under the load of brooms. Proud, and flattered by his own sagacity in having hit upon this conjecture, he pushed on briskly and overtook the object of his chase

just opposite the old walls of Ballyshindy abbey.

"Good morrow, O'Leary," he exclaimed, checking his mare beside the little ass car. "Be so good as just to pull up your ass for one moment; I want to have a word with you."

"Ah! then, good morrow kindly to your honor! it's a fine elegant day it is for your honor's ride. Get along, Bessy, get along, a-pet," answered poor Larry, terribly frightened, and pretending not to have heard the *tog* to Mac Ullage's salute.

"Do you hear what I say, man?" roared the gauger, leaning from the saddle till his mouth was within a yard of Larry's ear, "stop your ass at once, I have got something of importance to say to you."

There was no resisting this. Mac Ullage's tone and manner were so imperative, Larry was obliged to halt.

"Musha!" he exclaimed, affecting surprise, "I beg your honor's pardon over and over, for not attending to you at first; but you see the clatter of this little dray on the broken stones half bothers me; and along with that I'm a little hard o' hearing ever since Wensdy week, when I coch could cutting heath for the brooms 'pon the bog's side."

Mac Ullage dismounted, and, slinging his bridle carelessly on one arm, addressed poor Larry with official dignity.

"Larry," said he, "you and I have been always good neighbours, and have often obliged each other, so I must say that I regret that any difference should take place between us. But you know yourself that I'm a man that must do my duty, and me in his Majesty's service and all; and so there's no use in going about the bush with it now. In one word, then, I have received information that you are in the habit of vending and hawking about illicit whiskey, and that these brooms are a mere make-believe to cover the contraband commodity."

"Ah, thin," interrupted Larry, "can I believe that my own ears is after hearing what your honor is after saying?"

Mac Ullage, however, without heeding him, continued—

"I really am sorry, but such being the case, I must now demand, in the King's name, to search this load of brooms."

As he spoke the last words, he drew the ramrod from his gun, and made a

pass or two with it through Larry's bundles of heather.—"Ah, hah!" he exclaimed at last, triumphantly, "I can feel it as plain as possible. Hurra! *it's here*, sure enough."

Larry felt that he was caught: there was no time for deliberation, but in half a second his resolution was adopted. In a tone, therefore, as calm as Mac Ullage's was excited, he ejaculated, "An' sure, don't I know *it's there*?"

"O, you acknowledge it, then?" said the other, still joyously. "In the name of our sovereign lord and master, King George, I seize——"

"Whist, Mr. Mac Ullage, avick ma chree, whist!" interrupted Larry, "and don't go an' make a pair of amadhauns of us both in the middle av the public road, and maybe somebody listening."

"I don't care who's listening," said Mac Ullage; "I must do my duty, and so, I say, I seize upon——"

"Seize upon the devil!" again interrupted Larry. "I beg your honor's pardon for swearing, but just let me ax y'rself, Mr. Mac Ullage, in the name of all that's good, where is the use of your making a saisure of what's your own property already?"

"Why, O'Leary," said Mac Ullage, stammering a little at the guilty reminiscence of certain small purchases that he had with the utmost caution effected, "you—you don't intend—I mean you don't dare to charge me—that's in his Majesty's service and all, with being the owner of contraband spirits?"

"Is it *me* that you'd suspect of such a dirty thrick?" said Larry, indignantly. "No, but if any other big blagard like me was to charge your honor with the like, is'n't it myself that id go forward and swear your honor out ov it as white as the driven snow."

"Then, what the mischief do you mean, man?" returned the gauger, recovering his self-possession.

"What do I mane?" said Larry; "sure if you'll only have patience for a minit, I'll tell you all about it; and would'nt I have tould you all about it before, and wasn't I just clearin' my voice to begin the very first instant that you rid up to me; but, onnamou-dhiaoul! how could I tell you when your honor slapped at me all at onct, without given me time to cry *credo*? But if your honor sure will only listen to rason I could asily——"

"Listen to reason! certainly I'll listen to reason," answered Mac Ullage.

"Let me hear what you've got to say for yourself regarding this unpleasant business."

"Why, your honor," said Larry, with well-assumed earnestness, "I'll just up and tell you the whole truth. First, then, you see, when I bought the mouileen heiffer from Tim the day afore yesterday, like a dacent boy an' he is, and maning very well I'm sure, and little thinking ov the trouble it id bring me into. Faicks! I'll own to you, sure enough, he threw the little keg here into the bargain to me as a luck penny. 'And what do you intend to do with it, Larry?' said my wife, says she, that evening. 'Faicks, Mary,' says I, 'I was thinking of making a present of it to the priest.' 'Pooh! man,' says she, 'where's the use of throwing clane water into the well; sure the priest gets enough of it,' says she, 'and it's too much for yourself to keep; but take my advice, Larry,' says she, 'and I'll tell you what to do with it. There's Mister Mac Ullage,' says she, 'that your under a many an obligation to—didnt he lend you the two harrows in last March, and the barrow and water-truck again in June, and let me ask you what return did you ever make? But now's your time to do the dacent thing—so take the cask to-morrow,' says she, 'and fetch it over to Mr. Mac Ullage, and presint it to him with your and my compliments.' 'Liggum lathé a coilleen ma chree,' says I, for I saw by her manner that to contradict her id be useless, for the women will have their way in spite of a body sometimes, sir. So by this and by that myself was on my way to make an offer of it to your honor."

"But, Larry, they tell me that this is a common practice of yours."

"Not a dacent neighbour ever tould you so; my head to a hapeny it was no other Christian in the versal world that tould so thunderin' a lie, but Dirty Diarmid at the forge?"

"I admit that he is my informant."

"Didn't I know it; but don't I know too, that your honour is too much a gentleman to take the word of a gaumnouche agin an honest hard-working man?"

Mac Ullage walked up and down for a moment, as if undecided.

"I think I'm giving him a little Blarney of the right sort now," soliloquized Larry, smiling internally at his own mendacious effrontery.

Mac Ullage scratched the back of

his ear with his fore finger. *He was excessively fond of potteen!*

"Larry," said he, with some hesitation, "damn it, man, if I thought—hem—I mean if I was certain that this was a solitary case, and that you really, as you say, intended the—not that I much like the idea of accepting a contraband present, and, indeed, though I do take it, it's only, ahem, for fear you might think I was too proud to accept of your proffered kindness; no such thing, and I'm under obligations to Mrs. O'Leary for remembering me—so—a—so—come, I must overlook your error this once; but take care of me for the future. I must do my duty, mind."

"Mr. Mac Ullage, sir," said Larry, "whenever we meet for the future, I hope you'll just sarch me from the wad of my caubeen to the straw in my brogues, and then your honour 'ill be satisfied whether I'm an honest man or not."

"Very fair; we had better push on now."

In an instant the two quadrupeds were sociably jogging along side by side, Larry's little ass going it *non passibus aquis*.

They had now arrived at a *ferk* in the road, one prong of which led on to Ballyshindy Hall, while the other brought you into the next parish, and passed the door of the gauger's domicile. The ass, instinctively, was for the "Hall" side, but Larry, with a strong jerk of rein, and smart lash, controlled her inclination. Now had Mac Ullage not accompanied Larry, we will not pretend to say whether his course would not have been different. But the truth is, Mac Ullage slightly suspected him, and so he thought it prudent to make sure. This arrangement was a sore disappointment to Larry, who (why disguise the fact?) certainly *did* intend to have broken faith with him. Mac Ullage, however, had determined to prove himself up to trap, and leave no loophole for Larry to make his escape; so, trying to conceal his mortification, as well as he might, our hero paced on quietly beside his escort, conversing of the weather, the crops, and such other subjects as the season and state of the country suggested.

They had now advanced within a few yards of the gauger's house, and Mrs. Mac Ullage, who happened to be standing at the door, hemming the border of a new lace cap, was not a little surprised to see her dear Mac

returned already. The object of her affection, however, advanced no further, but pulling rein, suddenly addressed O'Leary.

"Well, Larry, I believe all's right now, I see the Mistress standing at the door there, and, as I have a long ride before me yet, I don't see the use of accompanying you any farther. Here, take this key, give it to Mrs. Mac Ullage, and tell her I desired you to place the keg beside *THE OTHER LITTLE ONE that's on the oak stillion behind the cellar door.*"

"I will, sir," said Larry, with an expression of face miraculously solemn; "I will, sir," and he took the key. Mac Ullage then, merely pointing with the butt of his fowling-piece at Larry, nodded significantly to his better-half, meaning her to understand thereby, that he consigned Larry and his cargo to her care, and then, turning his mare's head, was soon once more on his way to Ballyshindy. His pace, at first, was rather slow, and, after proceeding a short distance, he turned about his head and looked back, but seeing Mrs. Mac Ullage and Larry in close conversation, and the latter frequently pointing to the guilty load of brooms, "all's safe!" he exclaimed, and, setting spurs to his mare, galloped away to visit with vengeance every unlucky wight, that his vigilance might detect trespassing on his majesty's sacred rights and privileges.

In this instance, however, he had drawn his conclusion too hastily when he assured himself that "all was safe;" for, as it happened, all was not safe, nor anything like safe either. For Larry no sooner found he had the opportunity than he began to cast in his own mind, a plan not only to keep his own keg, but even to possess himself of that *other little one* that the gauger mentioned as being *on the stillion behind the door.* Now, Mrs. Mac Ullage being a lady of rather excitable nerves, was, as we before mentioned, rather surprised at her deary's sudden return; this surprise was considerably increased by that loved one's mysterious "nods and becks," which to her lively penetration, were perfectly unintelligible; but her astonishment and anxiety to know "what was the matter?" reached the very highest pitch possible when she saw her liege lord as suddenly gallop away again at a pace that in her estimation fully equalled that of John Gilpin, through the famous town of Edmonton; from Cowper's authen-

tic history of whose ride she had frequently derived a fund of pleasure and improvement; as which of us has not? Larry was not at all excited, but was very mysterious. Mrs. Mac Ullage could not contain herself; he merely nodded, and pointed frequently to the broom-load.

"My good man, Mr. O'Leary I mean," she exclaimed agitatedly, "did you ever——. Goodness gracious *do*, if you can, for heaven's sake inform me what in the wide world is the matter with Mr. Mac? what *can* be come over him, or where is he off to now, in such a frightful hurry?"

"Ah! sure enough, ma'am," responded Larry, "it's himself that has good reason to be in a hurry."

"Merciful! how you frighten me," exclaimed the lady. "The dear man! I hope nothing unfortunate—nothing dangerous can have——"

Larry, who had been eagerly looking after Mac Ullage, and was now satisfied that there was no likelihood of his sudden return, here interrupted the lady's tender apprehensions.

"Oh, no, no, ma'am," said he, "don't be afeard, at all, ma'am; there's no danger at all, I'm sartain sure—that is, I *hope* not; purvided only we make haste."

"Haste! then why haven't you been quicker you brute?" screamed the irritable lady, giving way for the moment to her passion, and giving way at the same time to her fist, which sounded against Larry's lower ribs.

"Why, you see, ma'am, it was myself found it all out, and more power to me for that same; but, to cum to the pint at wanst, the whole truth is simply this, some dirty big blagard has up, and wint, and gev information of the master for having a drop of something in the house; and to be sure, in a whiff, officers is despatched to sarch—they are in Ballyshindy now—but by good luk myself got wind of the matter, put the master on his gard, so *he's* gone back to keep *them* in parley while you and I are making all sartain to disappoint the 'ternal villains. But, *avourneen*, (I beg your pardon for the word, ma'am,) we haven't a minit to lose; so, *mind my words now*, he desired you to give me the *KEG that's on the oak stillion behind the cellar door*, AND HERE'S THE KEY!"

Mrs. Mac Ullage, whose wits had been, one by one, taking leave of her during Larry's recital here made a

most magnanimous effort to rally her scattered energies; she could speak only in incoherent sentences, it is true, but then she could act—act energetically—making a sudden rush at Larry, she seized him by the collar of the coat, and led, or rather dragged him along the hall, and down the back stairs, at a pace which considerably hazarded the safety of their pair of necks. In a twinkling the keg was turned, the door dashed open, and they at once stood beside the oak stillion, and its unlawful burden.

"There it is," she stammered breathlessly; "did I ever—my poor Mac—what an escape, the odious stuff—goodness me! joy be with it—mercy if they surprise us—how I *am* obliged to you—— saved us from disgrace—will we ever be in time? take it—ah, make haste."

It happened that these admonitions to speed were superfluous on the present occasion, for O'Leary had far more cogent reasons of his own to hasten his movements than any his fair monitress could urge. He spoke not a word; but the keg was under his arm, and *he* was up the back stairs, and out at the hall-door, in a single moment. Being no novice at stowing away an article quickly, a few brooms were misplaced, the keg vanished, and the covering once more adjusted with

a dexterity that would have been creditable to a Donnybrook juggler. He then merely touched his hat to the convalescing fair one, who was leaning beside the door, and putting Bess to her fastest gallop, exerted his own legs manfully to keep pace with her. The road he took was a short one, and led directly to Ballyshindy Hall, and by this route his journey was nought. The whole distance was accomplished within half an hour; Ballyshindy Hall was gained; the whiskey was deposited where "day's gaudy eye" had never penetrated; in a word, Larry had triumphed, and, betaking himself to the kitchen, was expeditiously supplied with refreshments, while he wiped the sweat from his brow, and flung himself at ease along the settle. The squire had that day a few friends to entertain; it is needless to say that Larry's keg was welcome, it is doubly needless to say that the gauger's was twice as welcome, and it's trebly needless to state, that, after dinner, when Larry with a hot tumbler of the identical material before him, told the company, in his own humorous way, the circumstances of his *rencontre* with the gauger, that the cheers, laughter, and uproarious merriment of all present, surpassed even anything that Ballyshindy Hall itself had ever shook with.

ANTHOLOGIA GERMANICA.—NO. XII.

THE LESS TRANSLATABLE POEMS OF SCHILLER.

THE greater number of Schiller's Ballads remain undone into English; but nobody who has read them can be at a loss to discover the reason that they have been thus neglected. They are dull; and dulness of composition induces repugnance to translation; for that which people do not get through *con amore* they seldom get through with *éclat* to themselves or satisfaction to others. Half the impracticability of shaping a sow's ear into a silk purse is owing to the disgust of the artist upon taking the bristly material in hand; his antipathy paralyses his operations, and he bungles the job. A translator, in grappling with his original, should be possessed by a feeling akin to that which animates the matador in his contests with the bull; but if there be positively nothing in that original which can awa-

ken such a feeling, it is clear that it must continue to slumber. The energy can be elicited only by the occasion. In other words, none but good poems are susceptible of being well translated. For it is in this department of literature as it is in love; the maintenance of fidelity towards the beautiful is always easier than it is towards the ordinary.

Let us not be accused of injustice towards Schiller. We merely echo the opinion of the best German critics. It is admitted that, great as the other powers of Schiller were, he wanted those which constitute the perfect ballad-singer. His genius, essentially dramatic and didactic, never accommodated itself gracefully to those restrictions which a judicious adherence to the established forms of narrative must, in a greater or lesser degree,

impose on a writer. Where he had to deal with but a few incidents, and those few were of a striking nature, he could depict them vividly enough, especially in prose; but his monologues and dialogues are acknowledged, after all, to be the best parts of him. Speech-making was, in truth, his forte; while, as a story-teller, he sank below zero or Mother Bunch. Next to his *Song of the Bell* (which is all spoken by the bell-founder,) his *Lament of Ceres* is his finest rhymed poem; but it is pure declamation throughout. On the other hand, his *Cranes of Ibycus* is a piece of lifelessness that would be at present ejected from the Balaam-box

of a half-penny miscellany; but it is narrative throughout. And the difference observable between these twain is a sample of the difference that subsists between all his poems of the declamatory class and all his poems of the narrative class.

Candour, however, demands from us the admission that among the latter there are two which, though displaying many imperfections, exercise considerably less of a soporific influence over us than nine-tenths of the rest. One of these is a ballad founded on the story of *Damon and Pythias*, and is warbled in this manner:—

The Hostage.

Zu Dionys, dem Tyrannen, schlich.

They seize in the Tyrant of Syracuse' halls
A youth with a dagger in's vest :
He is bound by the Tyrant's behest :
The Tyrant beholds him—Rage blanches his cheek :
"Why hiddest yon dagger, conspirator? Speak!"
"To pierce to the heart such as thou!"
"Wretch! Death on the cross is thy doom even now!"

"It is well," spake the youth; "I am harnessed for death;
And I sue not thy sternness to spare;
Yet would I be granted one prayer:—
Three days would I ask, till my sister be wed;
As a hostage I leave thee my friend in my stead;
If I be found false to my truth
Nail him to thy cross without respite or ruth!"

Then smiled with a dark exultation the King,
And he spake, after brief meditation,—
"I grant thee three days' preparation;
But see thou outstay not the term I allow,
Else, by the high thrones of Olympus I vow,
That if thou shalt go scathless and free,
The best blood of thy friend shall be forfeit for thee!"

And Pythias repairs to his friend—"I am doomed
To atone for my daring emprise,
By Death in its shamefullest guise;
But the Monarch three days ere I perish allows,
Till I give a loved sister away to her spouse;
Thou, therefore, my hostage must be,
Till I come the third day, and again set thee free."

And Damon in silence embraces his friend,
And he gives himself up to the Despot;
While Pythias makes use of his respite,
And ere the third morning in Orient is burning
Behold the Devoted already returning
To save his friend ere it be later,
By dying, himself, the vile death of a traitor!

But the rain, the wild rain, dashes earthward in floods,
Upswelling the deluging fountains;
Strong torrents rush down from the mountains,

And, lo ! as he reaches the deep river's border
 The bridge-works give way in terrific disorder,
 And the waves, with a roaring like thunder,
 Sweep o'er the rent wrecks of the arches, and under.

To and fro by the brink of that river he wanders—
 In vain he looks out through the offing—
 The fiends of the tempest are scoffing
 His outcries for aid ;—from the opposite strand
 No pinnacle puts off to convey him to land ;
 And, made mad by the stormy commotion,
 The river-waves foam like the surges of Ocean.

Then he drops on his knees, and he raises his arms
 To Jupiter, Strength-and-Help-giver,—
 " O, stem the fierce force of this river !
 The hours are advancing—Noon wanes—in the West
 Soon Apollo will sink—and my zeal and my best
 Aspirations and hopes will be baffled—
 And Damon, my Damon, will die on a scaffold !"

But the tempest abates not, the rapid flood waits not ;
 On, billow o'er billow comes hasting,
 Day, minute by minute, is wasting—
 And, daring the worst that the Desperate dare,
 He casts himself in with a noble despair—
 And he buffets the tyrannous waves—
 And Jupiter pities the struggler—and saves.

The hours will not linger ; his speed is redoubled—
 Forth, Faithfullest ! Bravest, exert thee !
 The gods cannot surely desert thee !
 Alas ! as Hope springs in his bosom renewed,
 A band of barbarians rush out from the wood,
 And they block up the wanderer's path,
 And they brandish their weapons in clamorous wrath.

" What will ye ?" he cries ; " I have nought but my life,
 And that must be yielded ere night :
 Force me not to defend it by fight !"
 But they swarm round him closer, that truculent band,
 So he wrests his huge club from one savage's hand,
 And he fells the first four at his feet ;
 And the remnant, dismayed and astounded, retreat.

The storm-burst is over—low glows the red sun,
 Making Earth and Air fainter and hotter ;
 The knees of the fugitive totter—
 " Alas !" he cries, " have I then breasted the flood,
 Have I vanquished those wild men of rapine and blood,
 But to perish from languor and pain,
 While my hostage, my friend, is my victim in vain ?"

When, hark ! a cool sound, as of murmuring water !
 He hears it—it bubbles—it gushes—
 Hark ! louder and louder it rushes !
 He turns him, he searches, and lo ! a pure stream
 Ripples forth from a rock, and shines out in the beam
 Of the sun ere he fierily sinks,
 And the wanderer bathes his hot limbs, and he drinks.

The sun looks his last !—On the oft-trodden pathway
 Hies homeward the weariful reaper ;
 The shadows of Evening grow deeper,

When, pressing and hurrying anxiously on,
Two strangers pass Pythias—and, list! he hears one
To the other exclaiming, "O, shame on
The wretch that betrayed the magnanimous Damon!"

Then Horror lends wings to his faltering feet,
And he dashes in agony onward;
And soon a few roofs, looking sunward,
Gleam faintly where Syracuse' suburbs extend;
And the good Philostratus, his freedman and friend,
Now comes forward in tears to his master,
Who gathers despair from that face of disaster.

"Back, Master! Preserve thine own life at the least!
His, I fear me, thou canst not redeem,
For the last rays of Eventide beam:
O! though hour after hour travelled on to its goal
He expected thy coming with confident soul,
And though mocked by the King as forsaken,
His trust in thy truth to the last was unshaken!"

"Eternal Avenger! and is it too late?"
Cried the youth with a passionate fervour,
"And dare not I be his preserver?
Then Death shall unite whom not Hell shall divide!
We will die, he and I, on the rood, side by side,
And the bloody Destroyer shall find
That there *be* souls whom Friendship and Honor can bind!"

And on, on, unresting, he bounds like a roe:
See! they lay the long cross on the ground!
See! the multitude gather all round!
See! already they hurry their victim along!
When—with giant-like strength a man bursts through the throng,
And—"Oh, stay, stay your hands!" is his cry;
"I am come! I am here! I am ready to die!"

And Astonishment masters the crowd at the sight,
While the friends in the arms of each other
Weep tears that they struggle to smother.
Embarrassed, the lictors and officers bring
The strange tidings at length to the ears of the king,
And a human emotion steals o'er him,
And he orders the friends to be summoned before him.

And, admiring, he looks at them long ere he speaks—
"You have conquered, O! marvellous pair,
By a friendship as glorious as rare!
You have melted to flesh the hard heart in my breast!
Go in peace! You are free! but accord one request
To my earnest entreaties and wishes—
Accept a *third* friend in your king, Dionysius."

The conduct of Pythias in this ballad is of course intended to enlist the sympathies of the reader; and his energy and intrepidity are certainly incontestable. But energy and intrepidity, as it happens, are in themselves such excellent qualities that in witnessing the exhibition of them we sometimes forget to enquire whether the circumstances demanding that ex-

hibition might not have been controlled in the beginning, and the resources of the exhibitor thus husbanded against a season when they should be really wanted. That we do so forget is to be attributed to us as a fault. When a man chuses to set his own house on fire the grand and striking *coups de théâtre* that he may show off in rescuing his wife and children from the flames, while

they elicit shouts of applause from us, should not hinder us from recollecting that his heroism is barely the *amende honorable* he makes to his duty when the consequences of his folly have become apparent. The slaying of dragons we account praiseworthy ; but when somebody tells us that the slayer is in the habit of making the dragons he slays we qualify our encomiums. Pythias was himself the creator of the necessity for all the hubble-bubble, toil and trouble that he put himself to. Being condemned to death for his want of cautiousness, he begs a respite of three days, and this being accorded, off he scampers, at the rate of twenty knots an hour, on a wild goose chase nobody knows whither. Now it is clear to us that this proceeding was uncalled for. He interfered with the regular course of justice. Punishment may not in every case follow hard upon conviction ; but a high-minded criminal must always be extremely unwilling to solicit any postponement of the penalty that his crimes have provoked. Pythias should have scorned to beg a favour from the Tyrant. He should have looked the dagger at him that was taken from his waistcoat pocket, and gone to death without parley or ostentation. Above all, he should not have jeopardied the life of his dearest friend for the satisfaction of cranching a pie-crust and tossing off a glass of wine at a wedding. Not a soul upon the face of the earth wished or wanted him to make a parade of his incompa-

rable pedestrianism, his talent for flood-cleaving, his ingenuity in robber-quelling, or his capability of sensation-creating. His light-hearted sister could have got married, and probably did get married, without his assistance. History does not furnish us with any authentic account of the reception she accorded him, but in all likelihood it was cool in the extreme ; and the bridegroom must unquestionably have refused him the loan of a horse. There is absolutely no motive whatever for his expedition. All his puffing and blowing are wasted on the air. We cannot understand his conduct, unless we refer it to a passion for singularity and notoriety. Probably this is the real key to the mystery, although, if we admit it to be, it does not elevate in our eyes either his own character or that of his adventures. Viewed in combination with all the concomitant circumstances, it makes the coming up just in time for the breaking down of the bridge laughable, lends a certain air of silliness to the drubbing of the club-lawyers, and even reduces the humbug of bursting through the mob to call out, "Stop the execution !" to a level with any other melo-dramatic clap-trap.

Of the mode in which Schiller, as a mere workman, has dealt with the machinery of the story, readers will judge for themselves. For us, we pass on to our second sample, *The Glove*, which, however, is not strictly a ballad, but rather a lengthy anecdote.

The Glove.

Vor seinem Löwengarten.

I.

King Frantz and his court
Were collected in front of the Circus, awaiting
The blood-stirring sport
Of lion—and leopard—and jaguar—baiting.
A goodly assemblage ! and this was their order—
In midst on a gold-cushioned throne sat the King,
While the barons and dames in a balconied border
Begirt their liege lord like a many-hued ring.
All the valor and beauty and talent
Of Dresden were there,
In a word, all the cream of the Gallant
And flower of the Fair.

II.

Anon the King raises his finger—
And straightway a gate is unclosed,
And sneakingly then, like a hero disposed
To turn dodger, and linger,

A lion steps out,
 And he looks round about
 With a half puzzled air,
 As if somewhat in doubt
 What his business is there,
 And again and again
 Shakes the dust from his mane,
 And then stretches his legs—
 And gingerly then, as if treading on eggs,
 He walks round the Arena and round,
 And then—crouches down on the ground.

III.

In the twinkling of sixpence the King
 Makes a sign as before—
 And—Creak!—on its hinges is seen to swing
 A second ribbed-iron door—
 And a tiger bounds with the savagest spring
 To the Circus-floor!
 Where, soon setting eye on
 The drowsy-faced lion,
 His fury breaks out in one barbarous roar,
 At which most of the ladies grow pale;
 And he lashes his flanks with his tail,
 And he lolls out his tongue from his blood-thirsty jaws,
 And he tears up the soil with his claws,
 And then, stopping, and sharper eying
 The lion, who, lying
Couchant at his ease, appears scarce to have spied him,
 He walks round him once, and then—crouches beside him.

IV.

And the Royal right hand is uplifted anew.—
 And immediately two
 Ferocious young pards
 Are let loose from their cages :—
 The tiger engages
 Their instant regards ;—
 All athirst to lap up the hot blood from his heart,
 The whelps dart
 At his throat for the nonce,
 But the tiger despises
 Such throttlers, and floors them at once
 By a well-applied pat
 On their backs, like to that
 (Smarter, though) which a cat
 Sometimes gives an intractable rat.
 And the lion half rises,
 And, sullenly scowling,
 He bellows
 A gruff reprimand
 Of his fellows ;
 And so the quartetto crouch down on the sand,
 Grim-visaged and growling.

V.

Now the charmingest woman the earth ever saw,
 Whom the King himself looked on with something like awe,—
 The adorable Grafinn and Frau Kunigonda,
 Whose pitiless eyes, it was said, shed a lustre
 As radiant again as the gems of Golconda,
 Was one of that rather magnificent muster.

And, as she sat dazing
 The eyes of the knights,
 And conscious, and gazing,
 Expecting the sights,
 And all the while raising
 Hot wrath in the ladies, nine tenths of whom mentally
 Wished she were—married,
 Or—buried,
 A lily-white glove accidentally
 Slipped from her lily-white hand,
 And by eddying swirls was carried
 Or hurried
 Down towards the sand
 Of the Circus, nor stopped
 Till it dropped
 At the terrible toes
 Of the King of the Brutes, who,—whatever he thought
 Of the vision he saw,—
 Never uttered a word,
 Or uplifted a claw,
 Or in anyway stirred,
 But continued to gape and repose
 For all the world just as if nought
 In the world had occurred.

VI.

Upon which the fair Frau, turning round to a stately
 Young knight at her elbow—Sir Guy—who was greatly
 Admired by the Court
 For his prowess and port,
 Which were thought to beat hollow both Mars' and Apollo's,
 Addressed him as follows—
 "Sir Knight—I have just dropped my glove,
 And of course you see *where* it is :
 Now, if you feel any love
 For me—even one particle—
 If your true heart be as true as you swear it is,
 Travel down stairs and pick up the stray article!"

VII.

An ugly request
 From a lady so beauteous !
 But knights must be duteous—
 Such tasks are a jest
 To the hero whose bosom true Chivalry fires ;
 And in case, when a damsel requires
 Her admirer to bring her
 A garland of rays from the brow of the moon,
 He sculks off and refuses to do so,
 The cub is a scrub and a scurvy poltroon,
 And both maiden and widow should leave him to linger
 His *Maledict* life out as mateless as Crusoe !

VIII.

But as to Sir Guy—
 Had he even fought shy
 Of a plan to bang Babel by scaling the sky,
 He could hardly eschew
 The descending a few
 Feet of staircase and fronting a leopard or two,
 Where his aim and his game
 Were to pleasure the dame
 Who had raised in his heart an unquenchable flame.

So, turning on's heel with the air of a stranger
 To Fear, who determines that no one shall twit
 Him with shrinking from hand-and-glove contact with Danger,
 He finds his way down to the Circus, or Pit;
 And there in the sight of the balconied groups
 All above him, king, baron, and duchess,
 He stoops,
 And extending his hand,
 He intrepidly clutches
 The truant,
 Pursuant
 To Frau Kunigonda's command.

XI.

And, after a pause
 Of astonishment, bursts of applause
 Rent the air from the hundreds who gazed
 Upon this most heroic of captures.
 The men were amazed
 And the women in raptures;
 And Frau Kunigonda, the while,
 As the champion ascended
 The stairs very much at his leisure,
 Called up a faint smile
 Which appeared to be blended
 Of pride, condescension and pleasure.
 She meant it, I guess, as the meed of his boldness.
 But in her *hauteur* and her coldness
 She somehow mistook
 Her Lothario for once—for, alas! with a look
 Not intended to flatter,
 He—flung the glove at her—
 Not to her,—
 And bade her look out for a gallanter wooer!

Und er wirft ihr den Handschuh in's Gesicht—and he throws to her the hand-shoe in the face, as we may gracefully render the line. Sir Guy was, like Bayard, *le chevalier sans peur*, but not, like Bayard, *le chevalier sans reproche*. He was in the wrong in flinging a hand-shoe into a Countess' face, in the presence of both Human and Brute Majesty: the act was shy, shocking and shabby. But what we conceive to have been most particularly reprehensible in him was the stupid chivalrous politeness that led him to risk his life for the sake of one whom he knew to be worthless, and whom he had even then predetermined to disgrace in the eyes of

the whole amphitheatre. This was pushing romance a little too far, and could not, we warrant, have had the slightest tendency to humble or soften the adorable Grafinn and Frau. Such mistakes, we are sorry to say, sometimes occur upon a different scale, even in our own days; but they are oftenest made by the very young and enthusiastic, whom nothing short of a series of cruellest experiences can teach that there are hearts in this world hard as the nether mill-stone, and which convert every fresh instance of generosity towards themselves into food for undissembled triumph and open mockery.

Let us pass from our friend Schiller's Ballads to his Lyrics.

The Words of Reality.

Drey Worte nenn' ich euch, inhaltschwer.

I name you Three Words, which ought to resound
 In thunder from zone to zone;
 But the world understands them not—they are found
 In the depths of the heart alone.
 That man must indeed be utterly base,
 In whose heart the Three Words no longer find place.

First,—MAN IS FREE, IS CREATED FREE,
 Though born a manacled slave :—
 I abhor the abuses of Liberty—
 I hear how the populace rave,—
 But I never can dread, and I dare not disdain
 The slave who stands up and shivers his chain !

And,—VIRTUE IS NOT AN EMPTY NAME :—
 'Tis the paction of Man with his soul,
 That though balked of his worthiest earthly aim
 He will still seek a heavenly goal ;
 For that to which worldling natures are blind
 Is a pillar of light for the childlike mind.

And—A GOD, AN IMMUTABLE WILL, EXISTS,
 However *Men* waver and yield :—
 Beyond Space, beyond Time, and their dimming mists
 The Ancient of Days is revealed ;
 And while Time and the Universe haste to decay
 Their unchangeable Author is Lord for aye !

Then, treasure those Words ! They ought to resound
 In thunder from zone to zone ;
 But the world will not teach thee their force ;—they are found
 In the depths of the heart alone ;
 Thou never, O, Man ! canst be utterly base
 While *those* Three Words in thy heart find place !

The Words of Delusion.

Drey Worte hört man, bedeutungsschwer,

Three Words are heard with the Good and Blameless,
 Three ruinous words and vain—
 Their sound is hollow—their use is aimless—
 They cannot console and sustain.
 Man's path is a path of thorns and troubles
 So long as he chases these vagrant bubbles.

So long as he hopes that *Triumph and Treasure*
Will yet be the guerdon of Worth :—
 Both are dealt out to Baseness in lavishest measure ;
 The Worthy possess not the earth—
 They are exiled spirits and strangers here,
 And look for their home to a purer sphere.

So long as he dreams that *On clay-made creatures*
The noonbeams of Truth will shine :—
 No mortal may lift up the veil from her features ;
 On earth we but guess and opine :
 We prison her vainly in pompous words—
 She is not our handmaid—she is the Lord's.

So long as he sighs for a Golden Era,
 When *Good will be victress o'er Ill* :
 The Triumph of Good is an idiot's chimera ;
 She never can combat—nor will :
 The Foe must contend and o'ermaster, till, cloyed
 By destruction, he perishes, self-destroyed.

Then, Man ! through Life's labyrinths winding and darkened,
 Take, dare to take, Faith as thy clue !

THAT WHICH EYE NEVER SAW, TO WHICH EAR NEVER HEARKENED,
 THAT, THAT, IS THE BEAUTEOUS AND TRUE!
 It is not *without*—let the fool seek it there—
 It is in thine own bosom and heart—the Perfect, the Good and the Fair!

The Course of Time.

Dreyfach ist der Schritt der Zeit :

Time is threefold—triple—three ;
 First—and Midst—and Last ;
 Was—and Is—and Yet-To-Be ;—
 Future—Present—Past.

Lightning-swift, the Is is gone—
 The Yet-To-Be crawls with a snakelike slowness on ;
 Still stands the Was for aye ; its goal is won.

No fierce impatience, no entreating,
 Can spur or wing the tardy Tarrier :
 No strength, no skill, can rear a barrier
 Between departure and the Fleeting :
 No prayers, no tears, no magic spell,
 Can ever move the Immovable.

Wouldst thou, fortunate and sage,
 Terminate Life's Pilgrimage ?
 Wouldst thou quit this mundane stage
 Better, happier, worthier, wiser ?
 Then, whate'er thine aim and end,
Take, O, Youth, for thine adviser,
Not thy working-mate, The Slow ;
O, make not The Vanishing thy friend,
Or The Permanent thy foe !

The following is less lofty.

Breadth and Depth.

Es glänzen Viele in der Welt.

Gentry there be who don't figure in History ;
 Yet they are clever, too—deucedly !—
 All that is puzzling, all tissues of mystery
 They will unravel you lucidly.

Hear their oracular dicta but thrown out,
 You'd fancy these Wise Men of Gotham must find the Philosophers' Stone out!

Yet they quit Earth without signal and voicelessly ;
 All their existence was vanity.
He seldom speaks—*he* departs himself noiselessly
 Who would enlighten Humanity :

Lone, unheheld, he by slow, but incessant
 Exertion, extracts for the Future the pith of the Past and the Present.

Look at yon tree, spreading like a pavilion ! See
 How it shines, shadows and flourishes !
 Not in its leaves, though all odour and brilliancy,
 Seek we the sweet fruit that nourishes.

No ! a dark prison encloses the kernel
 Whence shoots with round bole and broad boughs the green giant whose youth
 looks eternal !

The last stanza is very German. thoughtful, practical man to a fruit-
 Schiller compares the showy talkative tree. Good : but it happens that
 man to a leaf-tree, and the plain, a tree with fruit is showier than a tree

with merely leaves ; so far, therefore, the comparison fails. Then, the connection that subsists between the final couplet and the quatrain that precedes it is not clear. You need not look for fruit among the leaves of that fine tree yonder, quoth the poet, because *the whole tree* springs from an insignificant kernel. How, we should like to know,

is the superiority of a peach-tree to a beech-tree illustrated by the fact that an oak proceeds from an acorn ?

Forgive us, gentlest shade ! Perhaps it is in our own brains that the muddlement lies, this balmy, sleepy, June afternoon. We are again an experimentalist upon thine lambics.

The Game of Life.

Wollt ihr in meinen Kasten sehn ?

Who's for my Box ? Who'll have a peep at
The Game of Life, the World in Miniature ?
Come, youths and maidens ! come, look in at your
Ease ! Nought's to pay—a price 'tis cheap at.
Don't come too near, though, for you know you
Would only spoil my necromancy ;
You can't see anything I shew you
Save by the light of Hope and Fancy.

Look in ! The matron rocks the sleeping Baby ;
The Boy bounds o'er the stage, skipping and shouting ;
Then rushes in the Youth, as wild as may be ;
The Man walks to and fro, half hoping and half doubting.

Every one buckles to his business now,
Or sacrifices to his ruling passion,
According to his fortune or his fashion :
See how the smiling Courtier makes his bow !
And listen to the Trifler's tittle-tattle !
The stout-limbed Labourer trundles his wheel-barrow ;
The Husbandman prepares his plough and harrow ;
The General and his troops march forth to battle ;
The Sickling and the Timid stop at home ;
The Rich Man purchases a costly dome ;
The Proud Man falls, and Laughter mocks his fall ;
The Crafty Man makes cat's-paws of them all !

Apart you see the Virgin and the Wife,
The one preparing wreaths, the other dinners,
For all who at this bustling Game of Life
May come off winners.

While the losers may take their stand with their hurdy-gurdies, at the gates of the feasters' palaces—highly honored in a nod of approval—richly rewarded by a penny. Asses they were and are. Success is not only a great thing itself, but the sole criterion of another thing not so great—Merit.

Had Buonaparte won at Waterloo

It had been firmness—now 'tis pertinacity.

The question, it may be alleged, has its perplexities. So, we reply, has every other. Posers are a drug. Man would appear to be an animal that puzzles and is puzzled. He talks enigmas, he hears enigmas, he sees enigmas, he dreams enigmas, he meets enigmas, he enacts enigmas—and last, not least, he sits down and writes, or else translates

Enigmas.

Unter allen Schlangen ist Eine.

1.

Of the fiercer snakes there is one,
Alone on a chartless path—
Outstripped in swiftness by none,
Unrivalled of any for wrath.

A stunning roar is its hiss—
 Death tracks its desolate course :
 It upswallows in one abyss
 The Rider and his Horse.

It winds round the peaky spire
 When throes make the sick earth reel,
 For its forked tongue of fire
 Is lured by the beamy steel.

'Twill rive and rend in twain
 The eldest oak of the wood—
 In the glance of an eye 'twill drain
 The heart of its warmest blood.

But this monster dies in its birth ;
 A moment bounds its reign :
 It visits, to vanish from, Earth ;
 It slays, but, in slaying, is slain !

2.

Wir stammen, unsrer sechs Geschwister.

We form a strange groupe, six in number,
 The offspring of a wondrous pair ;
 The mother all begemmed and sombre,
 The father blithe and debonnair.

When, at the birth of Time, they drest us,
 The last in light, the first in shade,
 We bound Creation as a cestus,
 And swore it not to fail or fade.

We fear and flee the Drear and Gloomy ;
 It is our banner which, unfurled,
 Makes jewel bright and flowret bloomy,
 And vivifies the living world.

We lead along the Car of Summer ;
 We marshal yellow Autumn's hours,
 Nor fly till Winter, the Benumber
 And Darkener, tramples down our bowers.

Wherever Splendor greets the gazer,
 Where Beauty smiles, there *we* are seen ;
 And, let his rank exalt the Kaiser,
We lend his throne its pomp and sheen.

3.

Ein Gebäude steht da von uralten Zeiten.

A Fabric was raised in ages of old ;
 No temple—no house—without roof or pier ;
 No cavalier of mortal mould
 Shall ride around it in a year.

Centuries have rolled, and still the march
 Of Time and Tempest it proudly braves ;
 It stands undecayed under Heaven's blue arch,
 It soars to the clouds, it rests in the waves.

No idle vanity gave it birth ;
 It shelters and shields—it is useful as graud ;
 Its peer is not ~~found on~~ the face of the earth,
 And yet it ~~is~~ — the human hand !

Now for a tremendous attempt to
 knock down an armed Goliath with a
 penny-hammer—to batter the walls of
 Jericho by the aid of pop-gun ordnance.

Bitter must have been the beer and
 bad the tobacco to whose workings we
 owe the growlings of the Great Fre-
 derick against

Philosophy and Philosophers.

Der Satz, durch welchen alles Ding.

The Talisman by means whereof
 All things have shape and being,
 Which licenses our globe to move,
 Which framed and guides the orbs above,
 And keeps from disagreeing
 The heterogeneous parts that make
 Up all known bodies is, you take,
 A principle—and this is
 Its name—*Whatever is, is:*

Ice is a cold thing, fire a hot,
 Most men are two-legged creatures ;
 Such truths as these of course are what
 Even those may know who never got
 Logicians for their teachers ;
 But he who learns Philosophy
 Can tell that one and two—make three,
 That rules are—categoric,
 And fire emits—caloric.

Before old Homer sang his song
 Great heroes met disasters ;
 So, good men did their duty long
 Ere even this age, with all its throng
 Of lecturers, our masters ;
 But not a soul knew *how*, or *why*,
 Until Descartes explained it by
 Causation and Vibration,
 And their concatenation.

Weak things must yield to strong, we wiss,
 As china breaks ere granite ;
 Who lacks the skill to hit must miss ;
 'Tis trite that Might is Right on this
 Our orbèd, morbid planet.
 But how the case would stand had Earth
 Known Ethics and all that from birth,
 You'll find set forth at large in
 Our folios, text and margin.

“ That men do beste in companie,
 Is proved from calculation,
 A facte as cleare as cleare can be :
 As drops combined compose a sea
 Men joynd compose a nation.
 Then Lawe assumes the place of Force,
 And equal rightes are thinges of course.”
 So teach and preach together in
 Their books Vattel and brethren.

But Mighty Nature teaches too—
 The Universal Mother
 Still moulds the Many or the Few
 To meet the ends She keeps in view ;
 And Wisdom knows no other.

While dolts and dreamers moot the case
 She still maintains the human race
 And balks each system-monger
 By means of Love and Hunger.

And now, reader, if there be any we shall conclude our task for the
 spice of the epigrammatist in thine present. If there be not, do precisely
 intellect, commit to thy memory the the same thing. Thou wilt find the
 following delectable scraps, with which result equally advantageous.

Take thy Choice.

Aus dem Leben heraus sind der Wege zwey dir geöffnet.

Two are the Outlets from Life whose choice is proffered to mortals—
 One *The Ideal*, one *Death*: Then, knowing that one must be passed,
 Make thine election betimes by *choosing* the First of these portals,
 Ere the stern *Parcæ* constrain thee to go thy drear way through the Last!

The Real Arcanum.

Das ist eben das wahre Geheimniß.

I guess not well what the Mystics mean,
 But I know that the real Arcanum lies
 Beneath us, above us, on earth, in the skies;
 That the real Arcanum is that which lies
 Around all men and before all eyes,
 Yet nowhere is met and never is seen.

Why Time Flies.

“Unaufhaltsam enteilet die Zeit.”

“Time flies fast,” thou tellest me: Yes, friend, for ages she* she has fled fast;
 Neither is it strange she has; her object is to overtake
 ONE of firm and constant soul: Be *thou*, then, firm—be thou but steadfast,
 And thou bindest her with chains which not Eternity shall break.

Life, Soul and Spirit.

Leben athme die bildende Kunst.

For *Life* I look to the Statue's breathing and kindling form,
 For *Spirit* where Poetry riots in images wild and warm,
 For *Soul* where the tones of Music sweep along as a storm.

[Distinctions without any difference, where sculptor, poet and musician are
 men of acknowledged power and genius. Schiller should have lived to see
 Canova, read Byron, and hear Paganini.]

Startling Advice.

Willst du, Freund, die erhabensten Höh'n der Weisheit erschliegen.

Dost thou court a glorious lot? Then soar at once to the sublimest
 Heights of Danger, scorning warning, heedless of derision:
 Bat-eyed Prudence merely sees the barren crag thou climbest,
 Not the land that lies beyond, eternal and elysian.

The Desideratum.

Nur zwey Tugenden gibts.

O! could the two grand gifts of Fate
 But merge in one gift, as they should!
 Were Goodness only ever great!
 Were Greatness only ever good!

* Time is of the feminine gender in German.

Common Pride and Uncommon Pride.

Adel ist auch in der sinnlichen Welt.

Pride besets the Many—and, alas! the Few :
 Yet from mind to mind the distance still is far ;
 Vulgar-hefted natures look to what they *do*,
 Elevated ones reflect on what they *ARE*.

[But again, the vulgar-hefted natures look to what they are, and the elevated ones to what they do ; for the pugilist is proud of his science and sinew, and the poet points to his works ; and, handy-dandy, then, which is the top-loftical man, and which the vulgarian ?]

Consolation for Authors.

Nimmer labt ihn des Baumes Frucht, den er mühsam erziehet.

True Genius wins not but is ever earning
 Its laurels : this is Nature's institute :
 One generation plants the Tree of Learning,
 Another generation plucks the fruit !

To the Astronomers.

Schwatzet mir nicht soviel von Nebelflecken und Sonnen.

A fig for your "millions of suns" and your "galaxies," great and small !
 Is Nature, then, only stupendous because she sets you a-counting ?
 You prate of your "lofty position," and dream you are mounting and mounting,
 But know, my good friends, that the Lofty belongs not to *Space* at all !

The Art of Style.

Jeden anderen Meister erkennt man an dem, was er ausspricht.

Expression shews the Master and the Mind
 In all arts but the Art of Style : Who feels
 And reasons deeply less enchains Mankind
 By all that he *developes* than *conceals*.

[But nobody knows what he conceals, or whether he conceals anything or not, and so nobody can give him credit for his concealments. If a man writes anything he must write something, and the something that he does write is *primâ facie* the unabridged and perfect exposition of his thoughts. The extent to which he "discreetly blots" his foolscap remains a secret, for authors are as apt to be ashamed of their virtues as other men are. It is quite as clear as ink, therefore, friend Frederick, notwithstanding your quatrain, that the writer who captivates mankind always captivates them by something that he says, and never by something that he does not say.]

Very Peculiar Prerogative of Genius.

Wiederholen zwar kann der Verstand, was da schon gewesen.

That which Nature has framed, and again on her course destroyed,
 ART can remould afresh, in lineaments, figure and stature ;
 REASON builds far above Nature, but still in the Desert and Void ;
 Thine alone, GENIUS, it is, to multiply Nature in Nature !

A Schrewd Discovery.

Recht gesagt Schlosser !

Well said, worthy Schlosser ! I greatly admire
 Thy distinction—"We love what we *have* ; we *desire*
 What we *have not* : " No doubt, for till Time shall expire
 The rich nature will love, the poor nature desire.

Woman's Judgment.

Männer richten nach Gründen.

Man's judgment of his fellow-man is under the control of
Cold Principle, and—sometimes wrong—is ever square and steady ;
In *Woman* Judgment takes its cue from either Love or No-Love ;
Where she loves *not* the man is judged (that is, condemned) already.

[Much too sweeping. Woman, in attachment to an admirer is evidence most cases, is even a more lenient with everybody but himself in favor judge than Man. There is some truth of his goodfornothingness—unless he in the last line. The inability of a has the good fortune to be very woman who *can* love to form any hideously ugly indeed.]

On seeing an æsthetical Sculptured Emblem of Death.

Lieblieh sieht er zwar.

So this, then, is Death !—a Shape with a torch
Reversed and extinct, in Eternity's Porch !
Was ever bone stonified so ? The effect
Perhaps is pretty, and even poetic ;
But, Gentlemen Sculptors, with all respect
For your taste, I think even *you* will allow
That the glassy eye and the clammy brow
And the ghastly stare are not *very* æsthetic.

Rather Queer.

Nichts ist der Menschheit so wichtig.

Philosophy, you say, will rear her front sublime
When trophied fanes are dust, and Ruin shall have wrought
Its work on arch and column.
Of course, my friend, of course ; it is queer, though, meantime,
That Leibnitz, Euler, Wolff, *etcetera*, should be bought
For just three groats per volume !

The Age we live in.

War es immer wie jetzt ?

I wonder was it always thus with men :
I don't exactly understand this age ;
Our oldest folk are boys and fools again,
And, what is worse, our boys are old and sage.

To a self-conceited Pamphleteer.

"Ja, der Mensch ist ein ärmlicher Wicht."

"Man is presumptuous, ignorant and vain :"
Thou need'st not tell me that, my tedious friend ;
The fact unluckily is but too plain
From every second sentence thou hast penned.

To the Bachelor.

Wirke so viel du willst, du stehst doch ewig allein da.

Thy lonely labours are in vain ;
For star by star of thine will wane,
And column after column fall,
Until thy destiny allies
Thee by indissoluble ties
Unto the Mighty Living All.

[The truth and sentiment of this are worth the whole of Godwin's voluminous Reply to Malthus. Schiller spoke feelingly, for he spoke from experience. His own wife was an amiable woman, and had brought him

a handsome fortune. She must have been an extraordinary person, too, for upon reading the first published volume of his poems she, while yet a mere girl, sent him a proposal of marriage!]

The Use of an Enemy.

Theuer ist mir der Freund.

My friend is dear, most dear to me, but I can profit also
By the example of my foe, or him whom people call so ;
Fas est ab hoste doceri shall ever be my motto ;
My friend instructs me what I *should*, my foe what I *should not* do.

To the Poet.

Lasz die Sprache dir seyn, was der Körper den Liebenden.

When thy soul kindles most with thine endeavours,
Still be thy language to the thought it covers,
That only which the body is to lovers—
At once the great link that unites and severs.

[Many of the German poets have very faithfully followed this advice ; and the consequence has been that Poetry is with them an affair of moonshine and fog, the fog predominating. Surely there can be no valid reason that the language of poetry should not be as comprehensible and unambiguous as the habit of clear and correct thinking necessarily renders all language. A genius for mystifying successfully is the rarest of endowments ; but even the finished mystifier hazards a step likely to be attended with failure when he attempts to mystify through any other medium than that of metaphysics and criticism. There appears to be something in the very nature and essence of true poetry—whether of

the sublime or the heart-breaking order—irreconcilable with any admixture of either self-mockery or mockery of others. It would be difficult indeed to persuade us that mystification would not have been wholly out of place in the *Iliad* or *Childe Harold*—at least such mystification as had in any degree bordered upon the familiarity of quizzery.

Some of Schiller's opinions with respect to Poetry were odd. He thought, for instance, that it contributed to make a man virtuous. *Was wäre ich ohne Dich?* he asks the Muse: *Ich weiss es nicht* (we could have told him)—*aber mir grauet! seh' ich, was ohne Dich Hundert und Tausende sind*—that is—

To Poetry.

What had I been without thy star
To light the pathway of my being ?
I know not ; but what myriads *are*
I see—and shudder in the seeing !

Overlooking the fact that there were other myriads, despisers of poetry to a unit, each of whom was as moral and happy an individual as himself, and much more useful than he to society. In reality Poetry never had at any time more to do with rectitude of purpose or conduct than with red hair or round shoulders. The Creator has so constituted the faculties of the mind that any one of them can act independent of all the others. Were the venerality of mankind poetical instead

of prosaical, vice, it is probable, would exist among them in very nearly as many shapes as she displays at present. Schiller, as it happened, was a good man as well as a great poet ; but he might have been either one or the other alone. Nothing can be easier, as an exercise of the imagination, than to picture him in the first place as no poet at all, and then as a still better man even than he was.

Perhaps in the opinion of some we are all this time affirming grave non-

sense. Those who can think so are satisfied. With respect to the possibility that our convictions may themselves depend upon erroneous judgments, we can merely state that we are not prepared to admit it.]

A Twig for the Browning.

Kannst du nicht schön empfinden.

Hast thou failed in all things and in every trial—

Industry, Art, Science, Composition, Skill?

Still despair not, Drooper! The gods ever leave
Man one power—VOLUTION :—Turn, then, thy heart's dial
To that Moral Sun, and as a Spirit, *will*
What as mortal Man thou never canst achieve!

Modus Operandi of Genius.

Wodurch gibt sich der Genius kund?

How doth it make itself known, this Genius? Even as the Creator
Makes Himself known in His works, in the world, in the Infinite Whole—
Clear lie the blue depths of Æther, but pierceless, before the spectator;
Cloudless and bare to the sight, they still mock the eye of the soul!

Light and Colors.

Wohne, du ewiglich Eines.

Light! thou art one, immaculate, unchanging—
Dwell therefore with the Great Eternal Mind;
But, Colors! ye are many, shifting, changing,
Come ye down to the haunts of Humankind!

A Contrast.

Eine grosse Epoche hat das Jahrhundert geboren.

"We live in a *Great Era*;" this I hear a
Hundred times a day in conversation;
'Tis therefore true; but certes this "Great Era"
Dawns on a very little generation.

To Strangers for Systems.

Nur ein wenig Erde beding ich mir ausser der Erde.

"Give me a place outside the globe to stand on,
And I will move that globe itself with ease:"
So spake the godlike man, Archimedes.
O! seekers after those that will abandon
Their own for *your* indisputable theory,
When *you* thus, too, can cause the mind of Man
To think, *abstracted from itself*, your plan
Will shew you converts till your eyes grow weary.

The Secret of Immortality.

Vor dem Tod erschrickst du?

Doth Death appal thy soul?
Dost thou desire an ever-during reign?
O, live, then, in the Whole!
For though thy bones be dust *that* shall remain.

[*Leb' im Ganzen*, that is, So sympathise with the whole universe now that the loss of individual consciousness consequent upon thy dissolution may be com-

pensated for to thee by the continuance in existence of all the beings and worlds that shall survive thee. The idea is cloudy, and a blunder besides.]

The Physical World.

Leben gab ihr die Fabel.

The Golden Age steeped it in hues of fable ;
Came Aristotle then, and he unsouled it ;
And now our eighteenth-century-men would mould it
Back into Deity*—but are not able.

Speech v. Spirit.

Warum kann der lebendige Geist nicht erscheinen.

Why are all efforts failures when we seek
Communion with the soul, the ghost, *sans corps* ?
Is't not that when the soul begins to *speak*
It seems—alas ! and is—the *soul* no more ?

[A fine thought, worthy of Schiller, and with just enough of abstruseness in its composition to generate matter for interminable argument.]

Our task is completed. We have exceeded our limits. Evening, too, is deepening into night ; and it is now some time since Dr. Kitchener and D'Israeli the Younger terrified us out of our ancient malpractice of lucubrating by candle-light. Our solitary regret in parting from our friend Schiller is that we should be under the necessity of leaving very great numbers of his broadest hexameters untouched. Future translators, however, will, we should fancy, do ample justice to all the writings—

including the ballads—of this distinguished man. It is pleasant for us to look forward through the mists of the future, and imagine a period when the name of Schiller alone shall be sufficient to awaken in the bosom of him who hears it pronounced an unquenchable enthusiasm in behalf of all that is pure in principle and praiseworthy in action. As Messerschmidt impressively saith—and the unlearned have here a greater advantage over us in their ignorance than they dream—

——an der Zukunft Sarkophage
Donnert süß die Hoffnungsjubelklage,
Wenn der Todte rüstig sich ermannt,
Wenn er in das kalte Leben springet,
Glücklich in dem Unglück die besinget,
Die nach kurzer Flucht ihn endlich fand.

* An allusion to the efforts of those German writers who exerted themselves to revive the meaningless philosophy of Spinoza.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

THE spirit of religious intolerance has begun lately to manifest itself in various parts of France. The terms of the charter of 1830, by which the freedom of religious worship was to be secured to all, have been so explained by subsequent decisions of the courts of justice as to have become quite a dead letter. In one instance it has been decided that the freedom granted to all forms of worship referred only to such denominations as were salaried by the state. This was in the case of the Abbé Auzou's church, which was not

long since suppressed on this ground. The history of this church is rather curious. Soon after the revolution of 1830, the Abbé Châtel, a priest of the Church of Rome, founded a sect, which he called the French Catholic Church, in which, under pretence of a reform from some of the chief errors of Romanism, a deistical worship has been introduced, in the French language, under the external forms of the Church of Rome, including the altar, images and pictures, crucifixes, holy water, bowings, crossings, and such like.

Among the pictures, the Abbé has not forgotten to place his own. The sermons in this church, which profess a species of Unitarianism, are full of open attacks upon Christianity, especially its miracles, while the duties of dancing and attending theatrical and other amusements are strongly inculcated. The Abbé Auzon, whose opinions were orthodox, and who had been one of the founders of the new sect, finding that matters were carried so much farther than he had contemplated, seceded from the French Catholic Church, and founded what he called the "French Apostolic Church," in which all the doctrines of the Church of Rome were taught except its supremacy and infallibility. The mass was celebrated in the French language, and no change introduced except the omission of the address to the saints in the *Confiteor*. The rubrics of the Church of Rome, in this as well as all other services, were strictly observed, and transubstantiation, purgatory and prayers, and masses for the dead, all maintained. But the Abbé having instituted a service for the instruction of the labouring classes, which was held after sunset, contrary to police regulations, his church was suppressed by the authorities, and himself interdicted from officiating, while the Abbé Chatel has not been meddled with, but still continues to have large congregations. Several churches, however, in connection with the Abbé have been suppressed in different towns, such as Clichy, Bayeux, &c. and this by the aid of the military force. As all unauthorized assemblages of more than twenty persons, meeting for any purpose whatever, are illegal, the authorities are furnished with a ready plea for suppressing not only these, but also the most peaceable and unoffending religious assemblies. Mrs. Fry had a narrow escape from the police last month: they visited the congregation to which she was about preaching, but finding a dead silence reigning throughout, they reported that all was quiet, and left them in repose. The Wesleyan Methodists have not everywhere been so fortunate. In Paris itself they have obtained the authorization of the government, and enjoy every protection; but in the country parts of France they have been most shamefully persecuted, and, in one instance, altogether forbidden to exercise their ministry. A more detailed account of this case will probably appear in the

trate similar instances of persecution. In one of the largest towns in France, a Wesleyan preacher had instituted a Sunday school, for the instruction of the children of the English poor, and, as the parents and others occasionally attended, the missionary preached on these occasions: the congregation having increased, and some of the French having attended also, the place of meeting was beset by some of the law and divinity students, (Roman Catholics,) who thus increased the assembly beyond the legal number, twenty, and who disturbed the congregation, stopped the preacher, and beat some of the women.

Under these circumstances, an application was made to the mayor, who immediately sent the police to protect them from interruption, at the same time recommending the missionary to apply to the prefect for an authorization, as required by the penal code. The application was made in due form, but no answer was ever returned, and a repetition of the disturbance having taken place, the protection of the police was withdrawn, upon which a furious Roman Catholic mob obliged the missionary to give up his meeting, and he was further commanded, by order of the mayor, (who is a Protestant!) to shut up his chapel. The trap laid for the preacher by the authorities having thus had the desired effect, and having been informed that no reply would be given to his application to the prefect, he presented a memorial to the minister of public worship, which, although it has been forwarded more than six months since, has been treated with a dignified silence.

About the same period, the inhabitants of an entire *commune* or parish in the same district, including the mayor of the town, having forsaken, in a body, the communion of the Church of Rome, to the number of nearly a thousand persons, wished to have a pastor of the reformed church, which was denied them by the government; but having assembled for public worship on several Sundays, under the ministry of a neighbouring clergyman, who visited them for this purpose, the authorities at length interfered, compelled them to return to the Church of Rome, and the mayor, a man of unblemished reputation, was arbitrarily dismissed from his office.

These are but a specimen of the many similar instances of persecution which are daily taking place in France.

The charter of 1880 guarantees in words the right of every Frenchman to profess freely his religious opinions, but the authorities have contrived to elude the force of this declaration by having recourse to an un repealed article of the penal code, which requires the authorisation of government for every religious worship not recognised and salaried by the state.

Even in the instance of the recognised and salaried religions, numerous attempts have been lately made to impede the free exercise of religious worship. It is understood that any religion "consecrated by time" may be freely exercised *with the permission of the mayor only*, without having recourse to the Supreme Government for authorisation. The religions which come under this denomination are, the Roman Catholic, the Lutheran, the Reformed, or Calvinistic, and the Jewish, which are also the salaried religions, the three former in virtue of the charter, and the latter by a vote of the Chamber of Deputies. The mayor, as I have observed, may permit a congregation composed of the members of any of these denominations to enjoy the public exercise of their worship; but this permission, unless in the case of a minister regularly appointed and salaried by the state, has been in many instances refused, under the pretence of the small number of Protestants, the danger of provoking controversy, and other such futile pretences. An attempt also which was made by some of the consistories of the Reformed Church to supply the place of regular ministers by send-

ing a description of lay-missionaries, with the title of *evangelists*, to conduct those religious offices of the church which did not absolutely require the office of the minister (such as reading and expounding the Scriptures), was attempted to be put down by the Prefect, and the so-called evangelists were tried before the police tribunal, and condemned to pay a fine; but, on an appeal to the higher tribunal of the department (the *Cour Royal* of Orleans), this judgment was reversed, and the court resting its judgment altogether on the charter, declared that the profession of every religion was free, and that the censorship attempted to be imposed by the penal code, under the form of an authorisation from government, was inconsistent with the toleration and freedom of conscience guaranteed by the charter to all Frenchmen. The Procureur du Roi, however, having appealed from this decision, it came to a re-hearing not many days ago before the Court of Cassation, which, while it confirmed the decision of the Royal Court of Orleans in the present instance, on the principle that the missionaries had the authority of the consistory for the exercise of their ministry, totally reversed the grounds on which the judgment of the Cour Royal was founded, and ruled that the charter was to be explained by the penal code, which forbids the profession of any opinions not recognised by the state, without the express authority of the government. Religious liberty in France is thus an empty name.

THE CAPTURED LEPRAUCHAUN.

A TALE.

THE broad, rubicund face of Tim Daly, the cosey proprietor of the Goat and Churndash, shone out with more than usual brightness on the chill autumn evening to which our present writing refers. And so it well might, for many and merry were the faces that brightened round the cheerful turf fire upon his kitchen hearth, and copious and frequent were the demands for ale, pipes, and potteen.

"Well, boys," said old Shawn O'Tool, the father of the party, "sence it is my turn to tell a story, I'll tell you a thrue one, that 'ill make yous know a sacret may be some ov yous never knew afore.

Becoorse, yous all heered tell one time or another ov a leprauchaun?"

"Certainly," said Ned Ryan; "they are for all the world like a little ould man about two feet high, and they have a bag of goold on their backs, and they must give you the goold if you're only lucky enough to ketch hould ov one of them. But they say they run as fast as the very mischief."

"Nabocklish!" Ned, alanna," said old Shawn, with the conscious smile of superior knowledge on his lips, and a dimple of delight in his still rosy cheek that would have become five-and-twenty—"Nabocklish! Ned, alanna,

don't b'lieve the half of what you hear. The thieves of the world, even if you cotch one of them, I'll be bound he'd find a way to slink out of the bargain, jist the same as the one that I'm going to tell you about."

"Why then, musha now, Shawn a vich ma chree, did you ever raily hear that anybody had the luk to grab one ov them?" said Ned Ryan, who had often entertained secret hopes of catching a leprauchaun himself, and was now sorry to hear that the immunity of the bag of gold could be secured to the fairy by any means whatever.

"Patience a wee wese bit, Ned a-chra; I'm going to tell yous an account of a leprauchaun that was cotch by Pauden O'Ruark (rest his soul he and my father were boys together); but he cotched him in the round paddock at the back of his father's haggard, and he coming home from the pattrn of Tundherinstown one fine moonlight night, about two o'clock in the morning.

"The paddock was *coshire* at the time, and jist sarved for a run for the little brawn pig, and they let no other baste into it.

"The pattrn was terrible well attinded entirely. Tents pitched on all sides—fiddles playing—pots ov beef biling—dancing—and mutton roasting—and punch making in lashings, and hogsheads of porther rowling this-a-way and that-a-way, and every sort ov diversion you could mintion going forward.

"But thruth's thruth, and the boord wasn't cleared in a single tent there that day, for a nater or claner boy than poor Pauden—sorrow one ov them could cover the buckle like him—and maybe the girls didn't smile on him, and maybe his own sweetheart wasn't proud of him.

"Then, sure he ran the fastest in the sack race, and when not a mau among them could get more than about two fathom up the long post, Pauden clambered straight up to the tiptop of it, and brought down the leg o' mutton and turnips in a whiff, and sent them straight home to his mother, for fear of accidents, and a rattlin' fine Sunday dinner they made for the family that week.

"Well, sure they were all so pleasant that they niver thought how time went; and sure enough it was purty late when Pauden started for home.

"Whether he had a drop in his head or no I can't say, but Pauden mistuk his way slightly, so that it was nigh two o'clock, but a darlint moonlight morning, when he leaped the ditch into the *coshire* paddock, and then his mind was asy, for he considered himself at home; so he stuk his hands into his breeches pockets, and sauntered slowly along the grip o' the fence up towards the stump of the ould oak tree that Fin-ma-Coul (they say) cut down for a walking-stick. All of a sudden, something or another put it into his head to stop, and stop he did. First he looked down on the airth, musing like, and then he looked up at the purty stars; but when he tuk his eyes down again what the blazes did he see sitting on a goold and velvet cushion but a leprauchaun, sure enough, leering up at him, quite cute and crabbed, and smoking a purty little dudeen of his own.

"Save you, Pauden," says the leprauchaun.

"Save you kindly," says Pauden.

"Why don't you stand steady?" says the leprauchaun.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head," says Pauden; 'it's yourself that's rocking on your sait, and not me that's unsteady,' and at that the leprauchaun laughed hearty.

"Those that win may laugh," says Pauden, nettled a little. 'May I ax what's in that bag at your back?'

"Ay—money," says the leprauchaun.

"Then let us have a fair race for it," says Pauden.

"*Liggum lathe!*"* says the leprauchaun, jumping up and cutting three capers, for all the world like a young goat.

"Pauden made a grab for the velvet cushion, but sorrow a hapurth he caught but an ould fairy mushroom.

"I'll be with you directly," says Pauden.

"*Liggum lathe,*" says the leprauchaun; and, at that, away they both started like the very wind, as fast as their legs could carry them—the leprauchaun a-head and Pauden hot foot after him.

"Five times round and round the paddock they went, at a rate of going the like of what never was seen or hard tell of before or ceense.

"The sight of Pauden's eyes was half laving him when he pursaived that the thieving leprauchaun had twisted

* *Liggum lathe*—as you like.

the tail of his coat up till it was for all the world like a pig's tail.

"Oh! is that the way with you?" says Paudeen. 'I often catch a pig itself by the tail, just this-a-ways;' and with that he made a desperate grab, and seized the leprauchaun by the tail, but it slipped through his fist just as if it was soaped.

"Bad scan to you!" says Paudeen, and round and round they went again and again. But Paudeen, cute enough, while they were running, stooped suddenly and snatched up a fine wisp of coarse grass, and lined his fist with it (just as you would if you were going to seize hould of a bully big eel), and then he pushed on after the leprauchaun very fast entirely.

"Here's at you, your sowl you!" shouted Paudeen, hurling himself desperately forward, and, sure enough, seizing the tail again, but, at the same time, dashing both their heads together agin Fin-ma-Coul's stump.

"O, murder! murder!" shouted poor Paudeen, 'I'm knocked speechless, but don't think I'll let you escape

for all that; it's myself that has a grip like a vice.' And sure enough he did hould a tight hould; but a sort of a swoond like came over him, during all which he never relaxed his grip the laste.

"But when he woke out of it, wir-rasthrue! what was Paudeen's surprise to find himself, at ten o'clock, with the bright blessed sun shining on him, and he lying beside Fin-ma-Coul's stump, and houlding the poor little brawn pig fast by the tail. The crathur lay quite quiet and panting, for it was tired trying to escape.

"But how he kem there instead of the leprauchaun Paudeen never could explain; for he swore he never relaxed his hand, and he had th' idintical wad of grass untossicated in his fist that he seized the deluding vagabone with the night afore. But at any rate, the leprauchaun was gone, and Paudeen had no bag of goold; and that shows yous, boys, that a man may catch a leprauchaun and be just as poor as if he didnt.

"That's my story. Here's towards your good health, boys."

THE CAMDENTOWN BAKER.

ABOUT two years since I was brought to London on business. I employed my time pleasantly. Being almost a stranger to that great Babylon—which is daily creeping onward on all sides, and enclosing in its huge vortex the surrounding villages that, in the days of our grandfathers, were a 'distance' from town—being then, as I have said, a stranger to the sights of this *sight-seeing* metropolis, I made as much of the time at my disposal as I could.

Having one day no exhibition determined on—no panorama, picture gallery, or other place that attracts a gaping crowd, in view, for my day's diversion, I strolled toward Kensington Gardens. The day was splendid: a midsummer sun, bright and pleasant, warmed the poor mortals who were within its influence; thousands of busy people thronged the streets; intent each on his own pleasure or his own business, they jostled and bustled each other along.

Speculating on the crowded sample of human life around me, I walked forward, and almost forgot, in my mental abstraction, that which was passing on all sides. Suddenly my reverie was broken, and my speculations put to flight by the contemplation of a strange looking figure that presented itself in my path. A man leant, with an attitude of

almost theatrical despondency, against a tree. He was dressed in a threadbare, but military-looking frock; pantaloon, skin-tight and sloped over the boot (which latter was no longer shapely or new), cased his nether limbs; and, to complete his apparel, a pair of formidable spurs graced his heels.

He was sallow-looking, but yet not pale. He wore the appearance of being neither ill-fed, nor yet absolutely in want; and a huge moustache and *favoni* covered the lower part of his visage, save where, now and then, a white tooth stole its way into light while he opened a capacious mouth—to sigh. A guitar, decorated with a broad blue riband, lay by his side. Reader, do not fling down your book and exclaim—romantic trash! Such it is not; nay, I pledge myself to cause a laugh to displace your sneer ere we part. A guitar, I was about to tell you, lay by his side: slowly raising the instrument, he passed the riband gracefully over the cap and tarnished gold tassel that adorned his head, and bending over it, he commenced a plaintive song. I am not particularly musical, but it struck me that, though he sang sweetly, and with passable execution, yet, that he was by no means master of the imperfect, and, indeed, difficult instru-

ment with which he accompanied himself. I listened anxiously for the words of his song, but it was in a language that I had never heard before. I strained my ear again and again, but I could not anywhere distinguish a word that I recognised as familiar.

A crowd was collecting fast : I passed on, fearful of my pockets being lightened of their trifling load, and walked some considerable distance through the gardens. I loitered in the glorious sunshine, and watched the merry groups of children that sported in the warm air. At length I began to experience a sensation which we are all subject to, from the peasant to the prince : involuntarily I turned homeward—reader, I was *hungry*. Yes ; oh, most potent appetite, how many of our actions dost not thou influence with thine irresistible sway !

Again I mused, and again had I forgotten my fellow-mortals : not in speculating on *their* frailties, or *their* wants, but simply, merely, singly, wholly and solely, cogitating—what I should have for dinner. “Thrum, thrum—thrum ti, thrum ti-tee.” What ! not gone yet ? No, by Jove ; there he stood, in the identical spot where I left him more than an hour ago. But his audience had increased seven-fold : old and young, rich and poor—the chimney-sweeper and gentleman in the nankeen tights, with a watchchain depending from the upper part thereof about as large as a steeple hung by the bell-ropes—were collected round the musician in a motley group.

The next day, by a strange curiosity, I was led to the same spot about the same hour. There he was again—yes ; the same despondent attitude—the graceful, yet theatrical bend. Again his guitar was slung majestically from his shoulders, and his “thrum, thrum—thrum ti thrum,” again attracted the wondering loiterers of the garden. What was he, who could he be ? Poor fellow ! what a miserable lot is thine, thought I. No tongue utters a familiar sound : men speak, but it is to thee but a dumb show ; none hast thou to whisper thee a consolation for the days that are passed—none to tell of hope for the days to come.

* * * *

“Mrs. Robinson requests the honor of Mr. J.—’s company to a musical soirée on Thursday evening next, to meet a distinguished foreigner.

“R. S. V. P.

“Kensington Terrace, Monday.”

Such was the card I found left at my lodgings by a professional friend, who thought he should confer an obligation in persuading his better half to “do me the honor” of asking me to a musical soirée. Though disliking most universally everything and anything approximating to this description of party, I went.

I found out the house of my friend on “Kensington Terrace,” as my card informed me, and boldly made my way up stairs to the first landing. Suffocating, insupportable absolutely, was the air on that landing—gentlemen and ladies crushed indiscriminately into a miserable space, while the room to which it formed the entrance was, I suppose, very nearly at the boiling point of Fahrenheit’s thermometer. “*N’importe*,” whispered I to myself ; I stay and carry out the fainting ladies who may be handed over the heads of the people on their journey towards the outer air.

After a time, I was carried along with the undulating crowd into the interior of the “*salon de musique*,” and found myself, by a process of locomotion with which I was hitherto unacquainted, standing opposite to a lady who I presumed, from her general “deportment in the chair,” was the “*dame du maison*.” Of course, hap-hazard, I made my bow, when Robinson, who was close by, whispered something to his amiable spouse. Immediately she rose, and, acknowledging my courtesy, she requested permission to present me to “the distinguished foreigner.” Reader, my heart jumped at the thought. Yes ; I, even I, might become acquainted with a German prince, or perhaps an archduke of Bohemia, or—God knows who.

“Count Spallantatski,” said the hostess, “allow me to make known to you my friend Mr. J.—.”

He turned at the words ; it was—there was no mistaking it—it was my friend of Kensington Garden notoriety. “I thought he had something noble about him” flashed through my mind as I bowed low to the man of the hairy visage.

“Comment se va-t’il, Monsieur,” said he ; “you play geetar, sare ?

“No ; have not that honor,” muttered I, scarce knowing what it was I said.

“Ah ! beutiful ; ver grande indeed—splendeed angstrument. Sare, you shoold learne—learne play this grande chore.”

"Can't," said I; "no talent that way, 'sure you—not the least."

"Ah! I zee," said he; "ver good. I peety moshe you, poor man; not never able for deevert your time. Ver well, Madame Robson, shall I commaungee? Eh bien done—

'Thrum, thrum—thrum ti, thrum ti-tee."

* * * *

"Splendid! capital! beautiful, ain't it? Really those Polish airs are so magnificent. Poor fellow! so handsome too. Pity him very much; lost all his property—all, every stick, of course."

A benevolent lady, who prided herself on being a linguist, advanced to address him in French. She smattered out—

"Permettez moi, d'être votre négociant—interpréter—avec ces gens ci—speak for you—allow me."

"Ah! merci, mille mercies;" tanks, ver moshe tanks, mais je vous prie. I prepare for to learn speak Anglishe. I wish well for talker, dans cette langue, you will excuse."

Spallantatski had a mortal aversion to any language but English. He was "moshe obliged" to the ladies that wished to get him tuitions; but he could not communicate his French or his Polish ideas if he did not know the tongue into which he translated them. No; 'he prepared bien to learn Anglishe.'

He became a prodigious favorite. There was no soiree within a mile-and-a-half of Kensington Gardens without Spallantatski.

* * * *

Two men were walking idly up Piccadilly; they were clothed in soiled and tattered great coats, with remnants of sundry capes hanging from the shoulders of them. Hats had they, but they were in the classification of that item of dress—"tiles," or "slates," or "castors,"—or anything rather than regular built hats; they were, in fact, under the denomination of what is called, in the language of hats, "four-in-hands;" that is to say, coachmen's "Golgothas." One had a fiery red cotton bandkerchief rolled round his neck, with the spiral end protruding at right angles to his apology for a shirt; the other supplied the place of a cravat with a worsted comforter.

"Bill," said one of them, "I'm blow'd if this here'll ever do; ve goes no vork this 'ere fine vether: them dam'd 'busses

gits all to do 'except vot the cabmin picks up to save 'em from starvin."

"Jem," said his companion, "I thinks ve ought to git a petishun to the committy for Martin's cruelty to hanimals, in order to purvide reg'lar hours for takin of exercise to sitch 'osses an men as 'as no vork; for I'm bless'd if it aint agin all natur that any 'oss culd live that's got nothin to do all day but stand—it's enuf to tire the life out o' any four-footed beast, so it is.

"Bill," said the other, "I'll give you a henigmy, jist to fill your belly with, as you've nothin else at present. Vot's the reason ve're precious like humbrel-las?"

"Bless'd if I know," answered Jem. "I vas never no good at makin out of them things, any more than at pickin pockets, vich I takes to be a 'complishment of the same natur, 'cos they're both only jist gropin in the dark."

"D'ye give it up?" said Bill.

"I gives it up without remorse, as the cab 'oss said ven he took leave o' the cab."

"Vell, then, the reason is, becoss ve're only called off the stand ven the vet vether comes," answered Bill.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo," laughed his companion. "Bill, it's a sorry riddle; it puts one in mind o' a hungry belly."

"Jem, ve ought for to be the best calculatirs in Lunnin ve 'ackney coachmin," said Bill.

"Vy so?" asked Jem.

"Tell you vy. It's sitch a precious sight o' time since you or I got a fare 'at ve're learnin substracshun every day."

"Bill," said Jem, "ven's the last time you had a fare?"

"Bless'd!" said Bill; "vell, if ever—vot! didn't you hear?"

"No; vot's got the matter now?"

"Blow'd if ever I see so stupid a fellur; you didn't hear at the stand 'bout my last fare, an' it arter being in all the noospapers, as a living instance o' fatal credulity?"

"Go along, Bill; let's 'ave it now then," said Jem.

"Vell," said Bill, "you know'd a fellur as vas wally de sham to a gen'leman in black, as they called Curnel Villyflours?"

"Vot's that? the tall gemman as smok'd himself into a dropsy, is it?"

"Yes, that's the very man; don't you 'member, ven you vas a cad, he giv'd a half a sov'r'in 'stead of a sixpence vone day?"

"I 'members the 'alf sov'r'in, but

in course I forgets the gemman as gived it.

"Vell, it's the wally de sham I wants at present; and the black man, the gemman, takes this here fellur abroad vith him, and there's no standing of him ven he comes home. He vas arter bein in all sorts of forrin parts, and sitch like tomfoozlety, and he comes back a danglin of chains an' thereabouts. Vell, the master dies, and in course the wally gets a share o' the bones; vell, sir, vot does he do? he sets up 'biscuit and bread shop' in Camdentown, and then it's 'pull devil, pull baker,' for the devil hisself couldn't stand him.

"Vone day he'd be a figged out in the dead man's clothes, and a mustashes all over his face, and a yellow-head stick in his hand, and a ridin on a borrow'd 'oss to Epsom or sitch-like; an' I'm blow'd but you couldn't tell vitch it vas—Dick Stubbs the gemman as vas taking off a baker, or Dick Stubbs the baker as vas taking off a gemman.

"Vell, you know the devil couldn't stand that any more than a baker. I droved down that there line o' road vons't er twice with a fare 'asionally, and in course I stopp'd for a roll sometimes.

"My man,' sis he vone evenin. 'Vell,' says I, 'vot then, my man?' 'You're cursed stiff,' sis he. 'Very vell,' sis I again. 'Will you do a job on the sly?' sis he. 'I vill,' sis I, 'if I gits paid for it.' 'Certainly so,' sis he. 'Drive down here to-night,' sis he, 'bout height o'clock.' 'Very vell; I'll come for certain,' says I, drivin off.

"Vell,' sis he, 'you're comie, are you, ven I drove up 'bout quar'er to eight. 'Right,' sis I. 'Lend a hand,' sis he, 'to put in your fare.' 'Certainly I vill.' Very vell, sir, I'm blow'd but we put up 'bout twenty-four insides into the vone small coach as I drove then."

"Damme, Bill," said Jem, "you're twiggig now."

"Passels, man; passels," said Bill; "twenty-four passels. There vas two sets of china an' a glass jug, an' a basket o' German silver forks, knives, an' spoons, ditto; b'gammon board an' a fether bed; a small harm chair an' a Turkish pipe, and diff'rent others too tejus to menshun."

"Vell," said Jem, "go on."

"Vell, sir, ve drove off in great style—Dick on the box 'longside me; an' ve vas rattlin off pritty stout ven p'liceman 'D, twenty-height,' sees us (I'm

blow'd if I don't think them 'ere new p'lice is bro't up to scent jist like tarriers). 'Hollo, ho!' sis he, 've're you going for now?' 'Drive like a funeral,' sis Stubbs, nudging me. 'Cordingly, I pulls up and valks the 'osses. 'Hollo, ho!' sis the p'liceman. Stubbs never pretends to mind him. 'Hoy! stop, and be damn'd to you,' sis he; 'what's in the coach?' 'Sick gemman, sir, as is ordered to take the hair for his constitorshun,' sis Stubbs, 'Damn'd queer time o' night,' says griper, 'for a man "to go a drivin for health."' 'That's jist it,' sis Stubbs; 'he's subject to nightmare very bad, an's bliged to drive out this here hour for "sleep sake."' 'Drive on,' says grasper. 'Damn'd good, varn't it?' says Stubbs.

"Vell, ve drives up to a 'ouse, an' Stubbs takes hout everything as vas in the coach, an' gives 'em in charge to a gal as open'd the door. 'Drive down the street a bit,' sis he, pulling out of a bank-note; 'I wants change.' I drives 'cording down street; he stops opp'site to a lane. 'Vait here a minnit,' sis he, 'while I'll go get silver or sov'rins for my "fimsy."' He goes into a shop vith a big door, and I vait's a half-an-hour for him; at last I gits down an' follows him. I'm blow'd if the shop didn't open at t'other end, on Holborn-hill, an' he had half-an-hour's start o' me, vith his ride for nothin."

"Damn!" said Jem; "vot then?"

"I never see'd him since; but if ever I catches him, I'm blow'd if I don't flabbergast his hide. Vot the devil's the crowd about, Jem?" said he.—(They had strolled as far as Kensington Gardens.)

"It's a broom girl as is playing the 'Swiss Boy,'" said Jem.

"Come over an' see vot's the fun anyhow," said Bill.

Bill and he walked over to the crowd; they mingled a moment with the throng, when Bill made a wild rush at our friend the minstrel.

"Vot the devil!" exclaimed Jem; "I'm blessed if he aint gone mad vith the hunger."

"Bill! Bill Grumley! vot are you after? By Job, if he von't kill the devil my name aint Griggs! Vy, Bill, man—what the devil! what the devil is he after?"

"Arter robbing me, to be sure!" roared Bill. "Jem, don't you know the thief?"

"Criky!" shouted Jem; "here's at him too, Bill. I'm blow'd if it aint Stubbs!"

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH HOLT.*

ABOUT "sixty years since," there flourished in Kilkenny a noted house-breaker and freebooter named James Freney, who, after a pretty long career of robbery, had the good fortune, through the interest of a powerful nobleman, to make his peace with the government of the day, and retired from business, to die quietly in his bed. His memoirs are still extant, and, till lately, formed a principal and favourite class book in the hedge seminaries throughout Kilkenny and the adjacent counties, as may be seen by a reference to the education reports for some years back. The improved systems of education having gone far towards defrauding this hero of such immortality as the detail of his exploits was calculated to confer, it has seemed good to the admirers of that species of literature to raise him up a successor, in the person of that daring rebel and outlaw whose life is now before us; not, indeed, in a coarse printed sixpenny duodecimo, fit only for the thumbing of a Munster cabineer, but in the full court garb of hot-pressed and wire-woven octavo, suited to the library of the wealthy. The utility, to say the least of it, of putting forth this addenda to the Newgate Calendar we confess ourselves unable to discover. Were it a tale of youthday criminality, succeeded by a sincere repentance and an atoning close of life, the production might be approvable; but we look in vain through its pages for anything of this redeeming nature. It is a detail of crime, boasted of, justified, or rather defended, and fondly chuckled over to the end. It is a disgusting farrago of blood-boulted egotism, the irreligious pulings of affected religion, and the conscientious sensibilities of a wholesale murderer; and yet there are names connected with the book which totally forbid the attributing a bad motive to its publication. We are, perhaps, to blame for aiding, even by our reproof, the publicity of a work of this description; but we feel it our duty, on the other hand, to grapple with the mischievous principle of justified treason, which forms its pith and marrow.

Holt appears to have been a farmer,

and one of that worshipful fraternity of roadmakers under the good old jobbing regime—a class of persons, for the most part, to use an old phrase, "better known than trusted." In this capacity, he has a pecuniary fracas with a neighbouring landed proprietor, to whom, if Holt is to be credited, neither Nero nor Caligula was fit "to hold the candle," in the way of tyranny and oppression; but, as Holt stands convicted elsewhere (as will be shown) of wilful fabrication, it is but fair to receive his testimony in this case with due caution. Before this inimical person, a magistrate, informations are lodged, by a man named Naylor, of Holt's being connected with the rebellion, then on the very eve of its outbreak. It is but just to observe, that it is generally believed that, up to this time, Holt had kept aloof from actually joining the United Irishmen; but it does not appear that he followed the example of other loyal men of his class and creed, by enrolling himself in any corps of yeomanry. In consequence of this sworn information, the magistrate alluded to proceeds with a military party to Holt's residence. Now, Holt appears to have been a man of great personal courage; he was highly regarded by, and in the confidential employ of several of the leading gentry of the district, from any of whom he might have claimed protection against wrong. He was, moreover, strong in conscious innocence; and yet, strange to say, instead of awaiting the approach of the civil and military authorities, we find him flying like "a guilty thing." He arms himself, and betakes himself at once to a spot which he seems to have known full well was the haunt of men in rebellion!!! Now, if Holt, even in the meridian of his criminality, steeped to the lips in treason and blood, had friends among the leading nobility and gentry of Wicklow, so powerful as to have effected his pardon, how much more might he not have relied upon such men for protection in the hour of his innocence and wrong? His friends, Messrs. Synge and Tottenham, were as near at hand as the gang to which he attached himself; and that excellent

* *Memoirs of Joseph Holt, General of the Irish Rebellion in 1798.* Edited from his original manuscript, in the possession of Sir William Betham, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Dublin, 1838.

nobleman, Lord Powerscourt, was at no great distance farther: and, in despite of all this, he would have us consider him as forced into rebellion against his king and the laws of his country. This we cannot help looking upon as somewhat "*de trop*;" and we should rather say, with Shakespeare, "Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it."

Of the dreadful policy of those days we do not feel ourselves called upon, or, indeed, qualified, to give an opinion. Forty years have wrought a softening change in the feelings of men on various subjects; and it is easy for the existing generation to say, "had we lived in the days of our fathers, we would not have done so and so," when we can form little or no idea of the *dira necessitas* which may have compelled the resorting to measures which, to us of the present day, seem tinged with ultra severity: but we cannot too strongly combat the monstrous proposition, that a subject is justified in rushing into rebellion against his sovereign and the law, because he has received injustice and injury at the hands of a fellow-subject—and this without having made the slightest attempt to right himself by other and legitimate means. This is precisely Holt's case; and it appears to us that the establishing the mischievous doctrine of the "wild justice of revenge" forms, to a great extent, the object of his reminiscences. Those who take up the book under the expectation of being introduced, as it were, behind the curtain of the rebellion, and hearing the details of that bloody drama from one of the busiest actors on its stage, will be totally disappointed. From the 16th of May to the 16th of June, the most stirring period of the actual outbreak, all is a blank. He informs us, indeed (page 42), that *his* plan was to keep to the mountains and difficult parts of the country; but that he could have given us the details of at least one battle (Newtown Mountkenedy) is evident, from his allusions elsewhere to the conduct of the Ancient British Dragoons on that occasion. We hear nothing of him till a few days previous to the 30th of June, when we find him assuming the rank of colonel among some thousand rebels, who had escaped from Wexford, and made a kind of rally in the fastnesses of Wicklow, before penetrating into Kildare and Meath. His account of the successful ambuscade (for *battle* it was not) of Ballyellis, is as precious a specimen of egotism and exaggeration as it has

been our lot to meet with. Every sentence begins with *I*, and it is *my* preparation, *my* advanced guard, &c., and, in less than twenty minutes, he actually kills three hundred and seventy men out of a detachment, which it has been satisfactorily ascertained did not exceed one hundred and fifty!!! and yet, immediately after this mighty victory, we find the heroes who achieved it repulsed by a single company of infantry, posted in the malthouse of Carnew.

Soon after this affair, the rebels set out on their predatory excursion in the direction of Meath, contrary to the advice of Holt, who was for attacking Dublin, but was over-ruled by priestly influence. During the flight from Clonard, where they were checked by a small but resolute band of twenty-seven yeomen, stationed in the premises of Mr. Tyrrel, Holt was wounded; and after sundry adventures, which his biographer has contrived to render somewhat amusing, regains the hills of Wicklow, where he assembles a banditti of deserters and other profligate characters, and from this time until his surrender of himself to Lord Powerscourt, there is a sameness of foraging, not unfrequently accompanied by murders of the most brutal description, which "the General" describes himself as being obliged to wink at the perpetration of, though we find him on one occasion actually pointing out, as fit objects for slaughter, two loyal yeomen named Marks and Chapman, whose great offence appears to have been an intention (as Holt fancied in his cups, but gives no proof) of apprehending him in the outset of his rebel career. What could be made of these horrifying details, the editor of the book has made; and some of the scenes and *situations*, to use a theatrical phrase, are dramatic enough. It is more than disgusting, it is horrifying to notice the affectation of a religious feeling, which the hero of these proceedings would have us give him credit for; many are the appeals to Him, whose command is, "thou shalt do no murder," and we see the bloodstained hand raised in thanksgiving for the slaughter of men, no otherwise enemies than as their duty compelled them to be. It is further to be observed, that just at the period of Holt's entering upon his mountain career of outrage, the voice of mercy had been heard throughout the land, and misguided men were invited to avail themselves of proffered pardon—of this Holt could not be

ignorant—but instead of taking advantage of it, we find him daily plunging deeper into crime. This, in our humble thinking, accords but badly with Holt's plea of being a forced rebel. Had he been really so—had he possessed a fourth part the religious feeling to which he lays claim, he would have been among the first to avail himself of Lord Cornwallis' offer of mercy and protection. It was not until he had acquired that knowledge which every demagogue is sure of arriving at sooner or later, of the little dependance to be placed in associates in criminality, that he manages his surrender to Lord Powerscourt, through the interest of that excellent lady Mrs. La Touche. We pass over the swaggering impudence, the ruffian braggadocio which marks his conduct during this period of his history, and come at once to what he seems particularly to pride himself upon, his unbroken adherence to his oath as a United Irishman; and *this* upon Christian, upon Protestant principles!!! he had, forsooth, no one to absolve *him*. The scriptures speak of a man "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel;" what shall we say or think of him whose conscience is so tenderly alive and sensitive upon the subject of an obligation in itself illegal and criminal, taken too in the moment of desperation and at the point of the pike, to whom, nevertheless, murder, houseburning, outrage, and robbery are in a manner matters of pastime, to say nothing of the Amazon in the green habit, who appears to have "ruled the camp" in the absence of Mrs. H. Faugh! faugh! the subject is really too sickening to be dwelt on.

It is not our intention to follow the "General" upon his travels, or to notice his adventures in New South Wales, where, *if Holt is to be credited*, he had the luck to fall in with more unmerited persecution than any individual since the days of the martyrs. But is he to be implicitly credited? It so happens that of those qualified to bear satisfactory testimony upon the subject, there is, we believe, but one in existence, but that one is a host, Lord Strangford. Holt (vol. 2, page 384, et seq.) gives us a long detail of certain "passages" between him and that nobleman, then, (in 1813) the British Minister at Rio de Janeiro—we quote a part of the detail—"to my great surprise he (Lord S.) asked me when I had heard from my brothers? I told his lordship, about eighteen months ago. 'Sir,' said his excellency, 'I was

at Ballyarthur when you were very busy in that neighbourhood, and often expected that you would pay us a visit.' His lordship further said, 'he was very well acquainted with my brother William.'" Unluckily for Holt's credibility, the editor appears to have submitted this portion of his auto-biography to Lord Strangford, and his lordship's reply in conclusive, "Holt (writes he) is wrong in many of his statements. I cannot conceive that I could have spoken to him of Ballyarthur, where I never was in the whole course of my life; nor of his brothers, of whose existence I knew nothing till I received your letter of this morning."—!!! Now, with testimony of a nature so unimpeachable, as well as disinterested, before us, of the degree of credit which attaches to Holt in one particular and tangible case, is it going too far to incline to the opinion that Holt's memory may have served him just as scurvily with regard to matters in Wicklow and New South Wales, as in Rio de Janeiro? may it not be *just possible* that the imagination, ascertained to have been so poetically vivid in the quiet of Lord Strangford's drawing-room, may have been even *more so* amid the turmoil and excitement of mountain warfare? But "*de mortuis, &c.*"—the man is gone to his account, *requiescat in pace*, for us. We trust it is needless to say that it is the farthest thing from our intention to saddle the editors of the work with the least portion of the *long-bowism* which it appears to us to contain; they have merely "said the tale as 'twas said to them," and cannot be responsible for its truth or otherwise; how far they may be justified in giving such matters to the world, is a different question. We know that Tommy Moore, when twitted with the inflammatory character of some of those melodies, which whig economists have deemed worthy of £300 per annum, excused himself under the plea that they would be confined to the piano-fortes of the upper classes. It may be that something of this kind weighed with the editors of Holt's memoirs, for we will not think so slightly of their common sense, as to imagine them altogether ignorant of the mischievous matter the production contains, and the fallacious and injurious principles of which it is calculated to be the channel to weak minds. God knows we have enough to un hinge even comparatively steady ones, without such additions to the literature of the day.

THE RUBI ; A TALE OF THE SEA.

IN SIX CANTOS.

CANTO V.—THE CRUISER.

I.

1.

'Tis beautiful o'er grassy plain
To watch the racer's pride,
When white foam covers bit and rein,
And streaks his glossy side ;
'Tis beautiful amid the pack
To urge the hunter's course,
While echo gives the clamour back,
And fires the madden'd horse ;
'Tis beautiful to hold command
Amid the cannon's rattle,
And, marshall'd on the glittering land,
Survey the pomp of battle.

2.

But, O ! it is than courser's race
More beautiful by far
Swift o'er the waves to speed the chase
In England's barks of war ;
More beautiful than huntsman's cry,
When winds and waves contend,
To mark the writhing mast on high,
And see the canvass bend ;
More beautiful than marshall'd plain
To guide the war-ship's motion,
And see her o'er the tempest reign,
A sovereign of the ocean.

3.

'Tis sweet to hear the village bells
Ring out their merry round,
Or list, when evening curfew swells,
Far off the solemn sound ;
'Tis sweet to hear the sky-lark weave
At morn his heavenward song,
Or catch the wood-lark's notes at eve
The woodland path along ;
'Tis sweet to mark, in rural scene,
Bright eyes with rapture glancing,
And to the pipe, on village green,
See village maidens dancing.

4.

But, O ! more sweet than warbling lark,
Or sound of village bell,
In summer round the moonlit bark
The billows' murmuring swell ;
More sweet than village maiden's dance,
Or pipe at rural wake,
The rippling waves that, as they glance,
Their strange, wild music make.
Though sweet o'er England's fields to
roam,
And rich her landmen's treasures,
More sweet to me the seaman's home—
More dear the seaman's pleasures.

II.

Such was young SEYMOUR's joyous strain
As swept the RAVEN o'er the main, 50
Till rose upon the distant view,
CUBA, thy shores and mountains blue.
The sun had sunk behind the deep ;
The breezes, that had seem'd to sleep,
Lock'd in the warm embrace of day,
In fitful airs began to play ;
And gathering, with the setting sun,
They nimbly bore the vessel on.
Varying they came ; and, as they past,
The light sails crowded round the
mast, 60

Courting the gentle breath and soft
That flutter'd in the heavens aloft,
While the airy stun-sails faintly press
On either bow, in their wantonness,
Swelling their little breasts with glee,
As if they joy'd exceedingly ;
E'en as two lovely children play
In the beautiful month of the blooming
May,

Drawing their mother with shouts along
Towards the gardens of light and song ; 70
Where the linnet sings in the woodbine
bowers,

And the butterfly floats o'er the bright-
eyed flowers.

Onward they totter with all the glee
Of childhood's thoughtless ecstasy ;
Now each a kindred hand caressing ;
Now with the weight of a fairy pressing ;
Dragging their happy thrall away,
As merry, and almost as bright as they.
So plied the stun-sails their infant force ;
So sprung the cruiser upon her
course ; 80

Till steadier grew the evening gales,
And rising mists obscured the sails.

III.

But, ere the light of day decay'd,
The snow-white decks in order laid ;
The still repose above, below ;
The ready cannon's frowning row ;
The tracery of the rising shrouds ;
The tall mast tapering to the clouds ;
The well-trimm'd yards ; the cordage
slight ;

The ample canvass, square and white ; 90
But more than all, the firm control
Of system, which disposed the whole,
Display'd the signs, in realms afar,
That mark my country's ships of war.

IV.

Shoreward she steer'd. Her hopes were high,
Her plans matured, her triumph nigh.
A traitor from the pirate's hold,
Enticed by promises and gold,
Well-skill'd the dubious route to trace,
Directed now the RAVEN's chase. 100

V.

A man he seem'd, whose vacant look
But little of the craft bespoke,
Which ambush'd lay beneath the show
Of heavy eye and sullen brow;
Yet had he proved his wonted art,
And, prosperous, play'd his double part.
His specious promises had caught
The British captain's ear, and brought
The cruiser off the destined bay,
Where, closely screen'd, the RUBI lay. 110

VI.

Now to and fro the vessel's waist
With subtle thought BEZZERTI paced,
And eyes that dwelt upon the ground,
Nor saw nor noticed aught around.
But, as the shore the RAVEN near'd,
And o'er the hills the moon appear'd,
Then rapidly he wander'd o'er,
With well-poised glass, the darkening shore.

First rose the wild palms to his view;
Then he the opening headlands knew; 120
Then pointed, with extended hand,
To a bright light upon the land,
And bade the vessel's course be changed,
Till sidelong by the shore she ranged.

VII.

The captain on the deck appears,
Of high descent, but young in years;
Who early left submission's school,
And learn'd the prouder art to rule.
And seem'd he then less fit to reign
One of the sovereigns of the main, 130
That to his station he had brought
A zeal unquench'd, a chainless thought—
A temper and a spirit free,
And an unbroken energy?
O, say not so! For who could trace
The dark proud features of his face,
The resolution in his eye,
His noble form, and bearing high;
And not have sworn his youthful mind
Was always for command design'd? 140

VIII.

The guard retired: the wily guide
Submissive bow'd: the captain eyed
With keen regard the dangerous man,
And thus, in tone severe, began:
"This is the harbour?" "Signior, yes,
If by sure signs a man may guess,

Who claims no knowledge of his own,
But trusts to others' signs alone."
"Would you, then, wish to make appear
You ne'er before have enter'd here?" 150
"No, signior, never: nor before
Have I approach'd the southern shore,
At least to anchor; and this port
Is one to which but few resort.
'Tis ill provided, you will see,
For shelter or security."

"Why should the RUBI seek it now?"
"Signior, in sooth I hardly know:
Bright looks perchance from shore are
cast:

Her chief is younger than the last." 160
"Her former leader, then, is dead?"
"Signior, he perish'd, as I said.
Ere we escaped the frigate's might,
She threw a broadside on our flight;
One cannon did its duty well,
It struck our bark, our leader fell."
"How stand the foremost of the crew?"

"But ill united: one or two
Cling to their chief; the rest divide;
The seamen range on either side. 170
Were but the rabble's lives ensured,
The chiefs might be with ease secured."
"How, stranger, if your knowledge fail?"
"Signior, my life is in the scale;
And, if the schooner is not there,
Deem I have led you to a snare,
And visit me with vengeance due;
But, if you prove my tidings true,
'Tis yours your plighted faith to show,
To give the gold, and bid me go." 180
"A larger guerdon may you gain,
If as our witness you remain."
"Signior, I only came to show
That which you sought. There lies your
foe!

That task perform'd, I claim from you
Your pledge—my pay and freedom too;
For were I as the traitor known,
Who had the RUBI's shelter shown,
Scorn would my sentence be, and hate,
A life of pain, an early fate; 190
For all who own the Rovers' laws
Would hasten to avenge their cause."
"I grant your scruples. When I see
Your tidings with the event agree,
The RUBI to our sight betray'd,
My promise shall be amply paid."

IX.

As ceased the captain's scrutiny,
The next in rank and power drew nigh
In haste; and, as he past
To where the pendant overhead 200
In waving folds its length outspread
High on the lofty mast,
Paid to the deck the wonted court,
And gave the long-desired report.
"From off the Royal's lofty stand,
That overhangs the shelving land,
The seaman in the distance sees
A vessel's mast above the trees

Of a small island in the bay :
A rude old tower is on the way, 210
Whose glancing lights we caught before,
When first the RAVEN made the shore."

X.

The leader's cheek with gladness burn'd,
As his blithe tongue reply return'd.
" 'Tis well : you know the achievement
 plann'd ;
Let every boat be arm'd and mann'd
The moment that the anchor's gone.
MURRAY, 'tis yours to lead them on :
Much do I grieve I may not share
The honour that awaits you there. 220
With you let DACRES go : the fray
May his long services repay,
And gain for him the white lapell,
Which he has long deserved so well.
Take SEYMOUR, 'tis my cousin's right ;
The youngster longs to see a fight,
And this may cool his youthful flame ;
A pirate is no infant's game.
Thus far 'tis settled : for the rest
Choose you the readiest and the best ; 230
Unworthy choice you scarce can make
For such a game with such a stake."

XI.

And all were warn'd, and light and free,
By cape, and rock, and stone,
By bank, and beach, and scatter'd tree,
The English bark moves on.
The gallant bark moves merrily,
The waves that round her curl
Upon her graceful bosom lie
As the tresses of a girl,
A gladsome girl with golden tress,
On which the moonlight gleams, 240
Bright in its own sweet loveliness,
Bright in those radiant beams.
Hark to the call ! The summons rings,
The white sails leave their height,
Shake in the air their snowy wings,
Then vanish from the sight.
Less fleet the silent vessel glides
Over the moon-lit main ;
And round her path the rippling tides
Pour forth a murmuring strain ; 250
Responsive to the accents low,
Where, heedful of the slumbering foe,
The leadsman sounds the depths below,
And chants his warning song ;
While, where the deepest channels flow,
The RAVEN glides along.

XII.

A form is leaning o'er her bow,
With sunken cheek and darken'd brow ;
'Tis DACRES, who a life of pain
For twenty years has past in vain, 260
Unguerdon'd by promotion's smile,
To pay the inferior's tedious toil.
But other ills, and deeper cares,
The veteran's secret bosom bears :

And weightier thoughts have cast their
 shade
Than life of toil, or hope delay'd.

XIII.

While thus he communed with his mind,
A quick light step was heard behind,
As, with a breast that swell'd with joy,
Rose from below a blooming boy, 270
With sparkling eyes, and features glad,
In simple vest of azure clad—
The simple vest of azure hue,
That marks BRITANNIA'S ocean crew.
'Twas SEYMOUR—who had lately proved
The wandering life his childhood loved ;
SEYMOUR, who left his parent's care,
His noble kinsman's fame to share ;
Who gloried in the vest he wore—
Exulted in the name he bore ; 280
His anchor'd button view'd with pride,
And proudly mark'd his armed side.
'Twas SEYMOUR—in his youthful heart
Rejoicing o'er his destined part :
Who deem'd the deed already done,
The pirates slain, the victory won ;
And ever, as in secret thought
The imaginary fight he fought,
As foemen fall, or friends prevail,
Stood hero of his fancy's tale. 290

XIV.

The youngster softly took his stand
Behind the veteran, and his hand
Upon his shoulder lightly laid,
And thus, in joyous accents, said.
" Nay, rouse you, DACRES ! 'Tis the
 time,
The favourite theme of poet's rhyme,
When man may down life's current press,
Secure of fortune and success.
What, though we gain nor wealth nor
 spoil,
To pay us for our risk and toil ; 300
What, though a pirate's chase affords
Employment only for our swords,
Perchance our enterprise may bring
Fame and promotion on its wing ?
Let each enjoy his separate line ;
Be yours the last, the fame be mine :
And then, old comrade, who can tell,
But that the glittering white lapell,
So long deserved by toil and pain,
May almost make you young again ?" 310

XV.

He paused awhile, but none replied :
He drew the veteran's hand aside,
And there is moisture in his eye,
And wrinkles on his cheek ;
The muscles, writhed in agony,
A hidden woe bespeak ;
Some hidden woe without a name,
And man's disgrace, if grief be shame.
" How, DACRES !" said the generous boy,
" Can speech like this a man annoy ?" 320

Though far behind in strength and years,
I long have thrown aside my tears.
Come, let us crush this nest of knaves,
And gain the freedom of the waves;
Secure that every blow we aim
Shall add one title to your claim."

XVI.

The listener gravely shook his head,
And thus in broken accents said—
"SEYMOUR, there are, or were, with those 390

Whom justly you esteem our foes,
With whom you glory to contend,
A former messmate and a friend.
Two years have past this very day,
Since this our gallant cruiser lay
In ambush off OMOA's bay.
Our boats, a daring armament,
Were to the inner harbour sent,
To seize a vessel in the port,
Which sought protection from the fort.
Third in our bark's command was one, 340
In courage and in skill by none
Surpass'd; to him the adventure fell,
And valiantly was borne and well.
We saw, within one little hour,
The GOLONDRINA in our power,
The pirate's banner struck, the train
Of pirates captive, sunk, or slain.
The captain we have lately lost,
Of whom no more you know,
But that he less deserved the post 350
Than he who rules us now;
Whether he grudged the hard-earn'd fame
That pour'd on his inferior's name;
Whether, by prejudice deceived,
Or that, in justice, he believed
One, who his arrogance repell'd,
Unworthy of the rank he held;
Strain'd his dominion to the height,
Laid on his neck the heaviest weight,
And every insult on him preest 360
That rage could prompt or spite suggest.

XVII.

"Harass'd and wearied out at length,
Severely tried beyond his strength,
Of interest void, without a friend,
Feeling his very rank depend,
Rank unconfirm'd, upon the will
Of one who triumph'd in his ill,
The victim, in a hapless hour,
Renounced his tyrant's ruthless power.
And from his ship and country fled, 370
Unmark'd, and number'd with the dead.
Would he had died! But rumour came
And clothed him with a gloomier fame.
O, madness must have held its sway
O'er his proud heart on that dark day,
When first he sought those lawless bands,
And join'd the crew he now commands!
For know, the bark which first he gain'd,
Where next dialoqually he stain'd

With infamy his gallant name, 390
And this we follow, are the same.
Our prize, well known in realms afar,
A while in Britain's ranks of war
That bark maintain'd a transient place:
But, reft of all her former grace,
Or badly trimm'd, or feebly sail'd,
To keep her old renown she fail'd,
And, judged unfit for cruiser's part,
Was barter'd at the public mart.
Who paid her price, fame fails to show; 390
But he who took her rules her now.

XVIII.

"Enough of him: his choice he made,
And knew what desperate game he play'd.
But when he fled, in evil time
He found a partner of his crime;
One to the ill of life unknown,
Of years less numerous than your own;
A joyous son of Erin's isle,
With heart untouch'd by fraud or guile,
Impetuous, daring, bold, and free, 400
And the sworn foe to tyranny;
With soul unskill'd his thoughts to hide,
With spirit full of manly pride,
Nursed in a land with passion rife,
Where freedom is the star of life.
His inexperienced soul abhor'd
The insults on the sufferer pour'd;
Rashly he link'd him to his fate,
Partook with him his scorn and hate,
And, when he chose that desperate road, 410
Follow'd his footsteps as a god!
Alas! the heart, that would not bow
To legal power, is crush'd ere now!
To fiercer despotism tied,
And, with a band of fiends allied,
How must the anguish of remorse
For ever haunt his hopeless course,
When in that band, by law unchain'd,
By rapine link'd, by carnage stain'd,
The associates of his life he sees, 420
And whispers, Am I one of these?"

XIX.

"What were the names your comrades bore?"
The youthful seaman cries:
"This tale of wrong I heard before
Beneath far distant skies:
And, since my late arrival here,
Have caught some rumour in my ear;
But little from enquiry won,
For all appear'd the theme to shun."
"Ask not of me, but let them lie," 430
The veteran calm return'd,
"Sunk in their own indignity,
The meed their deeds have earn'd!
They, whom their friends regard with shame,
Have forfeited their native claim,
And, lost to honour, have no name."

"There let them lie," the stripling
said,
"Curs'd by the choice their heart has
made ;
Forgetting, when their toil was done,
How bright the honour to be won ; 440
Forgetting, he who aims at sway
Must seek it by submission's way.
Blinded by prejudice or pride,
Rashly they threw their hopes aside.
For me, the very steps I prize
That lead me to my long'd-for rise,
Through gloom and toil allured afar
By honour's bright and leading star."

XX.

They parted, for the bark at last
The outer harbour's point had past, 450
And ranged beneath Estella's tower,
As struck the bell the midnight hour.
Her leaders low their orders speak :
Clash the loose ropes, the dark blocks
creak,
On high the bellying topsails rise,
Flutter a moment in the skies,
No tell-tale pipe its 'larum blends,
But every sail at once descends.
Festoon'd, along the yards they lie,
In quick and loose captivity ; 460
And, as the anchor strikes the ground,
The sea in circles heaves around.

XXI.

Scarce had the RAVEN rested there,
When all the bold attack prepare.
The lighter boats are lower'd in haste :
Ascending from the hollow waist,
The heavy yawl a moment aways,
Suspended on the straining stays ;
Upon the yards a moment rests,
Then sinks upon the billows' breasts. 470
With hearts resolved, and motions still,
The hardy crew their places fill.
The light flotilla leaves the sides,
And slowly o'er the water glides,
And steals along the sheltering shore
In measured line, with muffled oar.
High hearts are in that little fleet,
That soon may cease to swell and beat !
Bold forms are on that moonlit main,
That ne'er may reach their homes
again ! 480

XXII.

Return we to ESTELLA's hall,
Where, startled at BATTISTA's fall,
Without a motion or a sound
The combatants stand sternly round,
And fiercely eye their adverse foes,
Ere yet in doubtful fight they close.

XXIII.

But softer passions soothe the breast,
As for a while their glances rest,

Where, heedless of the bloody scene,
ESTELLA's lady knelt between, 490
And, with bewilder'd look of joy,
Clung wildly round her rescued boy ;
Oft lock'd him in her fond embrace ;
Oft parted from his pallid face
The jetty ringlets' tangled maze ;
And so intently did she gaze
On his wan cheek, as if she deem'd
He was not really what he seem'd—
As if it was an empty sprite
Sent only to delude her sight. 500

O 'twas a joy, an ecstasy,
For mother's hopes too wild,
Her child indeed this could not be—
Her own, her only child !
Yet still she held him in her grasp,
With a convulsed and painful clasp ;
And wildly still her eager eye
O'er his pale features roved,
As on a dream of years gone by,
The shade of one she loved. 510
But when the child had broke his trance,
And cast on her his pleading glance,
His arms around her flung,
And falter'd out that sacred name
His lips had long forgot to frame,
As on her neck he hung :
Then from her eyes the torrent burst,
And woke the dawn of reason first,
And the thick drops, like summer rain,
Lighten'd the sufferer's burning brain. 520
She saw, she recognised her boy !
But all too strong that shock of joy ;

Her arms she cast on high :
And her faint lips, like one whose breast
Labours by fearful dreams oppress,
Murmur'd a feeble cry.
The mother with the cry was gone,
Sunk senseless by her rescued son !
Then at the sight the maiden train,
Who, helpless and alarm'd, in vain 530
Had sought to leave the dangerous spot,
Their momentary fear forgot ;
And, crowding round with ready aid,
The lady from the ball convey'd
To her sequester'd bower,
Till life should warm each flagging vein,
And the fond mother feel again
Affection's healing power ;
Again to light and bliss revive,
Her child to her dear arms receive, 540
And welcome home the fugitive—
The lost one found—the dead alive—
Lord of Estella's tower.

There leave we to their own deep joy
The mother and her princely boy ;
The lay far other scenes employ.

XXIV.

Yet may I not the lingering song
With fierce detail of arms prolong,
When in the hall, from transient rest,
The flame broke forth in every
breast ; 550

How he, who felt his power controll'd
 By those rude strangers' bearing bold,
 In burst of disappointed pride,
 The pirates to the fight defied,
 And closed his ranks from side to side : }
 How, eager now for prompt retreat,
 His generous purposes complete,
 The leader and his hardy crew
 Soon cut their bloody passage through :
 And how, amidst the opposing bands, 560
 Struck down beneath the seamen's brands,
 First fell the guilty sire and son.
 Such meed ill-starr'd ambition won ;
 And with the authors of the fray
 The fight's last embers died away.

XXV.

Then **ERMINGADE**, with stern command,
 Ranged, at a word, his little band :
 " Quick, comrades, to the boats," he said :
 " Too long is our retreat delay'd.
 If cross the **RAVEN** on our flight, 570
 Much may we rue this fatal fight."
 Quick at the word the Pirates form,
 And their dark line array :
 As when, in sullen clouds, the storm
 Rolls its thick shades away ;
 Leaving the coast with shipwrecks
 strown,
 The fields despoil'd, the woods o'er-
 thrown.
 Estella's vassals heard the splash,
 As in the wave the oar-blades dash :
 The pirate galleys cut the flood, 580
 And leave behind the scene of blood.

XXVI.

But hark ! for not alone do they,
 Led on by **ERMINGADE**,
 The stillness of that midnight bay
 With dripping oars invade ;
 The cruiser's boats, not far away,
 The moonlight surface shade.
 Six boats the **RAVEN**'s power sustain ;
 A double line their ranks maintain :
 The heavier keels the vanward lead ; 590
 The lighter gigs control their speed,
 And close the rear ; lest in the chase
 The shallops, swifter in the race,
 By rule and station unconfin'd,
 Should leave the weightier barks behind.
 But **DACRES**, who with skilful sway
 Ruled the long galley's rapid way,
 Call'd by the choice his chief had made
 For length of service unrepaid,
 And long experience, to command 600
 The swiftest vessel in the band ;
Dacres had left his comrades' side,
 The course of their advance to guide,
 Lest, warn'd of the approaching fray,
 The ambush'd foes should bar the way.
 Lightly he pull'd : but when at last
 The castle's rocky base he past,

And open'd on his larboard hand
 The opposing point of shelving sand ;
 As slowly widening to his view 610
 Of ampler space the distance grew,
 O'er the broad bay's extended plain
 A minute's space his glances strain.

XXVII.

What sees he ? In the beams of night
 Three bounding galleys, long and white,
 With straining nerve, and bending oar,
 Strike for the shelter of the shore.
 Onward they press with graceful sweep,
 As sea-snakes gliding o'er the deep :
 Upon their sides the moon-beams
 stream, 620
 A flood of radiance ; that they seem
 Like dolphins, that their pastime take
 In some swift vessel's bubbling wake,
 And mingle with the liquid blue
 Their ridgy backs of sparkling hue :
 Not such the dolphins, that of yore
 The fabled bard of Lesbos bore,
 Strange forms, not cast in nature's mould,
 Unless, as some more sage have told,
 The unwieldy porpoises may claim 630
 The honours of the dolphin's name :
 But graceful shapes of gold and green,
 In depths of tropic waters seen,
 Who, when the day breeze dies away,
 On ocean's tranquil surface play,
 Or vault aloft, or through the tide
 With lightning's speed and splendour
 glide ;
 Like these, so rapid and so bright,
 The pirate galleys urge their flight.

XXVIII.

At once his foes the veteran knew ; 640
 At once his course he stay'd :
 Back on her way the galley flew,
 Nor pause nor resting made.
 But at full swing the seamen bent ;
 Till by the advancing armament
 Their speed they check'd : a sign, a
 word ;
 And all the unlook'd for tidings heard.
 Joy flash'd in **MURRAY**'s anxious face :
 " Give way," he cried : " a general
 chase ;
 Board at all points : but should we
 fail, 650
 And they by luckier chance prevail
 Their vessel's sheltering side to gain ;
 Steady, my men ! your fire restrain !
 United must our force attack,
 Or they will send us baffled back."

XXIX.

On sprang the barks at **MURRAY**'s sign :
 A moment pull'd in equal line ;
 Then the light gigs assumed the lead,
 Slender and swift : and first in speed,
 Their galleys far before the rest, 660
DACRES and **SEYMOUR** onward prest.

While, as they pass, the bright wave
breaks
Beneath their oars in silvery flakes :
Phosphoric fires, the ocean gems,
Stream sparkling from their glittering
stems ;

The light above, the light below,
Bathes them in beauty as they go.
As when, in calm of Afric's skies,
The waveless ocean dreaming lies ;
And in the west, with soften'd fires, 670
The burning orb of day retires,
And, ere his eye of glory closes,
Its brightness on the deep reposes,
Blending alike the sea and sky
In one rich glow of radiancy :
Then, darting from their watery tracks,
With yellow fins and purple backs—
With breasts encased in silver scales,
And bright with gold their forked tails,
High o'er the deep, distinct to view, 680
The Albicores their prey pursue,
Who own the two-fold power in vain
That bears them through the air and
main,

And vainly trust or fins or wings,
Against their foes' majestic springs :
So sprang the barks, so seem'd to close
Each instant with their flying foes ;
Stroke after stroke, still on they flew—
Stroke after stroke, still nearer grew ;
For, weak with wounds, the pirate
crew, 690

And worn by recent strife,
More faintly struggled, though they
knew
Their struggle was for life.

XXX.

Their chief, who mark'd with anxious
eye

The leaders of the chase drew nigh,
Around him cast a hurried look,
Then brief and bold his purpose took.
" NORMAN," he said, for in the band
The pirate held the third command,
" Take you the galleys in your care, 700
And neither breath nor sinew spare,
While breath may last or sinew strain,
Till you the RUBI's shelter gain.
For me, I linger on the way,
Our rash pursuer's course to stay.
Few moments may success ensure :
And, if my efforts can endure
Some fifty fathoms from the spot,
And cross the chain, I fear them not—
More danger have I often dared. 710
Say to LATHARO, ' Be prepared,
The moment that the first boats strike,
To throw your fire on all alike.'
Reck not for me, nor heed my state,
The event will soon decide my fate.
If here I fail, upon my head
They will but triumph o'er the dead :
If I escape, I seek a while
The shelter of the wooded isle ;

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Till shot and chain have done their
part, 720
And, tired and spent, the foes depart."

XXXI.

Obedient to the word, the crew
Their efforts and their strength renew.
At every seaman's lengthen'd sweep,
Bound the light vessels from the deep,
Till by degrees their madden'd pace
Widens the distance of the chase.
Then ERMINGADE his art essay'd,
His galley's headlong speed delay'd ;
Less frequent in the splashing wave 730
The oars their furious impulse gave —
Less frequent, on the oar's descent,
At every stroke the body bent :
No more on wearied cheek and brow
The drops of toil were hanging now ;
No more, with strong exertion warm,
The full veins swell'd the straining arm ;
Yet, with abated force propell'd,
Still fleetly on the galley held,
Though scarcely might the foe-man
heed 740
The change in her diminish'd speed.

XXXII.

As that fond bird, with love endued,
Defensive of her helpless brood,
When foot of man has rudely prest
The precincts of her lowly nest,
Steals on his sight with feeble cry,
With drooping wing and stiffening thigh
Trail'd on the ground, as though in pain
She sought escape, and sought in vain,
Till she his steps aside has led, 750
And lured them from her nurslings' bed ;
Thus, while the chief his flight restrain'd,
And on their foes the warriors gain'd,
DACKES beheld with joy and pride
His own brave shallop skim the tide,
And, forward bearing like the wind,
Soon leave the heavier keels behind.
SEYMOUR alone, with rival speed,
Maintain'd awhile an equal lead :
Till, by superior strength at last, 760
A-head the gallant veteran past,
Held onward, and with beating breast
Upon the pirate singly prest.

XXXIII.

Close and more close they came ; and
now
The British galley's slender bow,
Following the flyer's every turn,
Had almost touch'd the pirate's stern.
That instant to his practised crew
The chief his ready signal threw :
Each oar-blade, back'd with sudden
force, 770
Stopp'd at full speed the rapid course ;
And every hand at once was laid
On pistol lock and boarding blade.

While, unprepared their speed to stay,
The British seamen hold their way
A-breast, and in an instant close
The ready and determined foes.

XXXIV.

They close with jar, with shock, and
crash,
With yielding plank, and smother'd
splash;
They close with smoke and bursts of
flame, 780
And the dire pistol's murderous aim:
They close the o'erhanging shade beneath,
And in the very grasp of death.
The pirate's art has sped too well:
Two seamen at the instant fell,
Ere yet the promptest of the band
Had dropt one oar-loom from his hand.
All start a moment from the shock,
Then, steady as their island rock,
Still to their hardy nature true,
The English seaman's gallant crew 790
Return at once the fierce attack,
And hurl the bandit's battle back.

XXXV.

Now close the deadly conflict draws—
No time for shot, no rallying pause;
But hand to hand, and sword to sword,
They grasp, they struggle, and they
board.
None lingers: in a moment's span
Chief seeks for chief, man copes with
man;
The steel-clasps clash, the blades strike
fire; 800
All blind with smoke, with heat, with
ire,
None knows, or marks, or cares to trace
The features of the opponent's face.
But when, the first fierce onset still'd,
An instant's breathing came,
Through hearts, which once kind feelings
fill'd,
The pang of recognition thrill'd,
Keen as the lightning's flame.
Messmates and friends in early life,
Should these have met in such a
strife? 810
Down sank the youthful leader's ward:
DACRES awhile forgot his guard,
Nor reck'd that on his fenceless breast
A rugged pirate forward prest;
Nor shunn'd by motion or by word
The menace of the deadly sword.
Through breast and back the cutlass
went;
Fainting he fell: one look he sent—
One last, one painful look;
And that wild look has met an eye, 820
Whose deep and silent agony
Attests the keen rebuke.
A sharper wound that look has made
Than pistol shot or trenchant blade.

XXXVI.

But season now is none to show
Remorse or ineffectual woe.
For see, impatient at the sight,
Eager to join his friends in fight,
His ready aid young SEYMOUR brings:
Onward and on his galley springs, 830
And by the strugglers' quarter plies:
At once the chief his danger spies,
And gives the word in faltering tone,
"Our work is done: on, RUBI's, on!"
They force them from their feeble foes,
Who vainly now their flight oppose.
Dishearten'd by their leader's fall,
Two seamen slain, and wounded all,
The crew, disabled, dropp'd a-stern;
While, hot and eager in her turn, 840
SEYMOUR's swift boat, with fiery pace,
And furious bounds, renews the chase.

XXXVII.

"Now for your lives! for long ere now
Has NORMAN reach'd the RUBI's bow.
Already have we crost the chain:
Now, comrades, now, your efforts strain;
Pull for the shore; our post make good."
On rush pursuer and pursued.
Young SEYMOUR saw the island near:
He saw the daring pirate steer 850
Full for the shore, where well he knew
A stranger might in vain pursue.
While yet with flight of goaded steed,
His galley held her headlong speed,
Sternly he mark'd the gaining foes;
Then from his seat collected rose;
His carbine rear'd with sudden aim,
And quick and loud the volley came.
And has he miss'd? see from the stern
The pirate rises! To return 860
The deadly summons? SEYMOUR, no:
From him no vengeance shalt thou know.
Yet mark, he lifts his hands on high!
Is it in rage or agony?
That doubtful act has still'd the strife,
And closed the pirate's hapless life.
The fickle heart, which still pursued,
As passion prompted, ill or good,
Has stopt at once its restless swell:
Back on the seat the body fell; 870
While he who mark'd that galley near
Had shrunk to see a dead man steer,
So upright sate the stiffening jaw,
When life and sense had past away.

XXXVIII.

While SEYMOUR saw his death-shot tell,
And following his advantage well,
Press'd on the foe in full career:
The RAVEN's boats, unused to fear,
Like birds of prey that scent afar
Their destined spoil, have reach'd the
bar, 880
And, flush'd with hope and energy,
Heed not nor care for danger nigh.

The transient jar they scarcely feel :
 They scarcely hear the grating keel :
 When, in full speed, as on a rock,
 Yawl, cutters, strike with startling shock ;
 Hang in midway ; and strive in vain
 To force them o'er the tightening chain.
 Dreadful will be the assailants' fate,
 If known their boats' defenceless
 state. 890

XXXIX.

And it is known. LATHARO'S eye
 Had kept its wonted scrutiny.
 And scarcely have the first boats
 grounded,
 Ere through the bark his call has sounded ;
 With bursts of flame the RURI gleams,
 With fatal force the broadside streams,
 The shot along the waters dash,
 With hiss, with bubble, and with splash,
 And find in each entrammell'd bark
 A plain, unscreen'd, unmoving mark. 900
 See ! they have struck the galley's sides !
 The light plank crashes, and divides !
 Sever'd in half, the shatter'd boat,
 Men, oars, and planks disorder'd float.
 All thoughts of vengeance past away,
 For life they strive, for life they pray :
 Nor vain for aid their loud appeal ;
 The smallest boat, whose narrower keel
 With lighter draught has clear'd the
 chain,
 Hastens back, her sinking friends to
 gain. 910
 What reck's she, that around her pour
 The death-shot in resistless shower ?
 What reck's she ; that the bloody bark
 May find in her another mark ?
 What reck's she, that a crew she bears
 Of feeblér strength and young in years ?
 For England's sons are early taught
 To seek the fight their sires have
 sought ;
 The storm and battle-shock to brave,
 And stretch the ready hand to save. 920
 As in the rose's budding bloom
 We taste the future flower's perfume ;
 As in the generous colt we trace
 The victor of the future race :
 So in the boy we mark the fires,
 That glow'd with brightness in his sires,
 And own the youth's aspiring claim
 Confirm'd in manhood's riper fame.

XL.

The gallant boat and her living freight,
 How may she cross with double
 weight 930
 The fatal chain ? As near they drew,
 The dangerous chance her leader knew,
 At once his generous orders gave,
 And foremost plunges in the wave.
 Follow at once the obedient band,
 On bow and gunwale plant the hand,
 Cleave the blue deep with effort strong,
 And bear the rescued boat along.

Nor vain their daring : they have past
 The cannon's deadly range at last ; 940
 The shot, still following on their flight,
 Fall short, and harmless sink from sight.
 The exhausted crew their seats regain,
 And resting on their oars remain.

XLI.

By this, with full exerted strength,
 Cutters and yawl had forced at length
 Their passage backward in retreat.
 But, oh, how changed from that gny
 fleet,
 Which late, in all the pride of war,
 Ardent and daring reach'd the bar ! 950
 With shiver'd oars upon the brim,
 Scarce may the wounded vessel swim :
 For from stove plank, and gunwale
 crush'd,
 In long dark streams the waters rush'd ;
 And mingled with the ghastly flood,
 That rose within, of clotted blood :
 While still remorseless on her foes
 The pirate bark her vengeance throws,
 And every broadside's awful tone
 Is echoed by a scream or groan. 960
 MURRAY is dead, nor feels the shame
 That clouds the conquer'd champion's
 name :
 One leader by his side is dying ;
 And DACRES still is hopeless lying.
 Thus, with swamp'd boats and leaders lost,
 Confusion tracks the batter'd host :
 With gloomy looks and gestures stern,
 Slowly they take their sad return ;
 And from the RURI's ceaseless fires,
 Boat after boat, the fleet retires. 970

XLII.

The noise of the skirmish has past away,
 And the beautiful vessel, in bright array,
 With silent tranquillity floats on the bay.
 Peace is around her : you may not trace
 The signs of wrath in her outward grace.
 But ever as cling the stings behind
 Of conscience' dart in the guilty mind ;
 As the weeds are left by the falling tides,
 As the swell remains when the storm
 subsides,
 So many a mark within her she bore, 980
 That told of the fight, when the fight
 was o'er.
 No more may her decks attract the eye
 With their delicate, spotless purity.
 For the cold shot have dyed the planks
 with rust,
 And the tackles have strewn the seams
 with dust ;
 And the careless foot has left its stain,
 As it trampled the powder's scattered grain.
 The cannon their roar of battle forget,
 But their muzzles and touch-holes are
 reeking yet :
 And they stand scarce freed from their
 deadly toil, 990
 As left by the shock of their last recoil,

While the gear hangs loose o'er the
cumber'd deck,
As the bridle-rein on the war-steed's neck.
Look at the seamen : their duty done,
They carelessly lean on the silent gun.
Far as the waist each stands undrest,
With massive arms and brawny breast,
While the sweat from their limbs runs
in currents down,
Clotted with powder, with smoke-wreaths
brown.
The crimson scarfs of their loins are
bound 1000
Their weather-worn brows and temples
round;
And a fiery light o'er their dark cheeks
spread,
Makes their dark cheeks glow with
borrow'd red.
Deadly their looks of battle and toil :
But deadlier yet is each pirate's smile,
As with ruffian jest and blasphemous
breath
He revels in slaughter, and mocks at
death.
The struggle to frenzy their passions has
wrought.
And now, had the spirit of evil sought
Engines to work his will below, 1010
Reckless of human misery and woe,
Sear'd against conscience, as strangers to
fear,
The demon had found his instruments
here.

XLIII.

LATHARO apart walk'd stern and alone,
His sword and his pistols beside him
thrown,
Darting his dark eye ever around,
With his quick ear watching for every
sound.
And he heard the splash of the distant
oar
On the midnight deep from the island
shore;
And the murmur of voices was still'd in
his band, 1020
At the glance of his eye and the wave of
his hand.

XLIV.

"A boat, a friendly boat! she draws in
sight:
We see her zebra bow and gunwale white.
Then have they prosper'd. Yet, what
sight is this?
No oar, no seaman from the seats we miss:
But still, with solemn pace, they move
a-head,
As though they bore the relics of the
dead.
Enough: she nears us now; let all pre-
pare
To pay our duties, for the chief is there."

She reach'd the gangway, and yet no one
stirr'd: 1030
There was a painful pause, and then was
heard
A whisper, startling as the thunder-stroke,
And all shrank backward as the tidings
broke.
Then into parted groups the pirate crew
With sudden look of awe and deference
drew,
While some their leader through the
ranks convey'd,
And on the deck with rude obeisance laid.
The blood-red banner, o'er his bodyspread,
Conceal'd the form and features of the
dead.
While PIRI, to whose warm but savage
mind 1040
Kindness, but seldom shown, seem'd
doubly kind,
In grief for one whom many a tie en-
dear'd—
For one more form'd to be beloved than
fear'd—
Hid his dark visage in the banner's shroud,
And sobbed his heart's lament, and wept
aloud.

XLV.

The tale was told, LATHARO frown'd,
And thought awhile his accents drown'd.
Then, the brief fit of musing o'er,
Though yet its gloom his features wore,
Slowly and moodily replied, 1050
In answer half, and half aside.
"It was a bold and desperate game,
But worthy of a leader's name!
Yet would that thou hadst lived one hour,
To pride thee on thy gathering power;
And, thy life's wish, the last, the first,
Slaked to the full thy vengeful thirst,
Rather than thus with one wild sip
Died with its sweetness on thy lip!
Another boat?—aye, watch her
well: 1060
Bid her her name and purpose tell:
The RUBI now must learn to know,
That every stranger is her foe."

XLVI.

A light canoe came swiftly on—
One sitter in the boat alone:
Arrived, the RAVEN's traitor guide
Ascended slow the RUBI's side.
A murmur past the angry crew:
Gloomy and stern their glances grew.
Slowly he cross'd, and still look'd
down, 1070
Nor heeded angry glance or frown,
Till by LATHARO's side he stay'd.
A hasty sign LATHARO made,
Survey'd him with a meaning look,
Then suddenly and briefly spoke:
"You're welcome, sir! you've deign'd to
come
At length to join your ancient home."

You can, of course, advance some cause
 For your slight breach of Rovers' laws :
 Or would, perchance, some honour
 claim 1080
 For taking a deserter's name.
 Ho ! seize your prisoner : fitting time
 Will come to recompense his crime."

XLVII.

They seized him : bound with heavy
 bands

The culprit's unresisting hands,
 While nought within his sluggish eye
 Spoke terror or anxiety.
 LATHARO's rage assumed he knew,
 To hide some deeper end in view ;
 And calmly answer'd, " Ere we sail'd 1090
 Upon this chance, which just has fail'd,
 Within Port Royal harbour lying
 We saw a blue broad pendant flying.
 She follows with a brief delay,

Waiting but water and supplies :
 Ev'n now, perchance, is off the bay,
 For rumour says the EAGLE flies.
 You best may judge, if your light bark
 Is fit to stand a frigate's mark :
 For me my trial I demand 1100

By the old customs of the band ;
 And fain for my defence would dwell
 Upon the word of ARUNDEL."

" What ARUNDEL ?" LATHARO said :
 His calmness for a moment fled ;
 Flush'd in his cheek the crimson stain,
 Then sunk, and all was calm again.

" The captain, who I thought you knew,
 Commands the RAVEN's gallant crew.
 He followed one, who, sooth to tell, 1110
 Was lightly prized. But ARUNDEL
 The ship, it seems, has lately join'd,
 Young, and of generous, noble mind,
 By all respected and beloved,
 Yet somewhat rash when overmoved.
 For this, indeed, I fear'd to stay ;
 Lest, chafing at this evening's fray,
 He might unjustly find pretence
 To doubt his pilot's innocence."

XLVIII.

Dark grew LATHARO's rugged cheek : 1120
 As though he ventured not to speak,
 He waved the prisoner aside,
 And paced the deck with frenzied stride.
 His hurried gait and looks express
 His spirit's inward bitterness.
 " Thus are we foil'd : thus ever still
 Does Fate control man's feeble will.
 This youth, who sought revenge the
 scope

Of all his aim, of all his hope,
 Pursued it still in life, in death, 1130
 Nor left but with his latest breath ;
 Has gain'd a shadow at the cost
 Of conscience, peace, and glory lost.
 Well, he is gone ! Perchance 'tis best
 That wearied spirit is at rest,

Nor knows the fiend, whose malice cast
 On his fair spring a blighting blast,
 Has found at length a bloodless fate,
 And triumphs o'er his victim's hate.

For this he tried in youthful prime 1140

The dark abyss of guilt and crime :
 For this he trampled honour's laws :
 For this he spurned his country's cause :
 For this his home, his parents fled ;
 And there he lies full early dead,
 With one poor boy to watch his head,
 Whose wild regret but ill supplies
 The loss of kindred sympathies.

For me, I care not. What to me
 Is change of chief or company ? 1150

The hatred of my soul belongs
 To the one bark that work'd my wrongs ;
 A hate that shall remain the same,
 While ocean bears the accursed name.
 The frigate, too, in chase ! To wait
 Were to yield tamely to our fate.

But see, the clouds, as dawn draws nigh,
 Are darkening in the eastern sky :

Experience shows the tempest's sway
 Will in Tornadoes wake the day. 1160

There lie our hopes." He spoke aloud :
 " Comrades, while night the deed shall
 shroud,

One last sad duty must be done.
 No time is now for funeral gun,
 For yards reversed, and blacken'd sides,
 As the cold body downward glides.
 Bring forth the corpse !" Then loudly
 rang

A shrill wild cry, as PIP! sprang
 From his low, melancholy seat,
 And knelt before LATHARO's feet. 1170

XLIX.

" LATHARO ! Leader ! O recall
 Your fatal order ! Not to all
 Appears alike the ocean wave
 A glorious home, a lordly grave.
 He never loved the cold blue sea :

And now it seems a mockery,
 To lay him there, and bid him rest,
 As child on a step-mother's breast,
 Buried without a tear or prayer ;

And ah ! not even in quiet there. 1180
 There is no resting in the deep !
 The sea may not his body keep
 In still and unmolested sleep !"

Shuddering he spoke. One look he gave,
 Then pointed to the tranquil wave,
 Where at the scent of death and blood
 Rose from its depth the blue shark's

brood ;
 And, with poised fin upraised on high,
 Sail'd round the schooner gloomily.

L.

As his first burst of passion broke, 1190
 LATHARO with a hasty stroke
 Cast the young suppliant from his knee,
 A moment stood in reverie,

Then pitying on the victim gazed,
With his strong arm the stripling raised,
And, for his outrage to atone,
Spoke in a firm but milder tone.

LI.

"Boy," he replied, "the boon you ask
Enjoins no slight or easy task.
But that your deeds of later days 1200
Demand, perhaps, some trifling praise,
Not without danger had you tried,
To turn LATHARO's will aside.
Your prayer is granted. Answer not,
Lest my brief mercy be forgot!
But mark! The part your choice has
pray'd,
Must by yourself alone be play'd.
In the canoe the body bear,
And to ESTELLA's dame repair.
Tell her the RUBI's Chief is come 1210
To claim from her a peaceful home.
Tell her that he, who died to save
Her first-born, only asks a grave.
Bid her not shrink to yield him place
Amidst the noblest of her race.
Yet what is rank, when life is o'er?
For he mid Britain's offspring bore
A title proud, a name as high,
As Spaniard's haughtiest ancestry.
Nay, speak not, boy, for well I know 1220
Your prompt reply; you gladly go.
But heed what rests of danger still,
More than may suit your boyish will.

LII.

"No longer here we safely stay,
I leave the port at break of day,
When from our foes yon gathering storm
Shall hide the RUBI's passing form.
Seek not to join me: 'twere in vain:
But in these shores secure remain
Beneath the flag and power of Spain. 1230
There should their soft and peaceful life
Unman you for our hours of strife;

Should you prefer a landsman's toil
To our free course of blood and spoil;
Or should ESTELLA's grateful heir
Bid you a place of honour share
Among his vassals; be content,
And follow as your mind is bent.
It is sufficient once to sever,
I free you from your oath for ever. 1240
But if your fancy still be moved
With memory of our life beloved,
If the young war-wolf's ravenous brood
Cling to his first wild lust of blood;
Let some safe bark convey you o'er
To Saba or Eustatia's shore,
And there in secrecy await
The tidings of the RUBI's fate.
Our meeting time alone can tell:
Away; reply not; fare-you-well!" 1250

LIII.

Then on his feet the stripling sprang,
As sudden impulse wrought;
LATHARO's rugged hand he wrung,
Then stood like one distraught,
With quivering lip and roving eye,
As though he strove to frame reply
From the conflicting thoughts that prest
Tumultuous through his heaving breast.
The leader's hand, in warning raised,
Forbade the speech: awhile he gazed, 1260
Then turned with hasty steps aside,
Where lay the shallop on the tide—
Strange hears to grace a chieftain's pride.
With mingled sense of awe and grief,
The pirates lower'd their lifeless chief:
Young PIFI follow'd without sound;
Then whirl'd his glittering paddle round,
And left the bark: but, as he past,
One parting look he upward cast,
More quickly urged his vessel's flight, 1270
And cross'd the moonbeam's dancing light;
While, to their ravenous instinct true,
The sharks the death-boat's track pursue.

OELENSCHLAGER'S GOTTER NORDENS ; OR, MYTHOLOGY OF THE NORTH.

AN EPIC POEM IN THREE BOOKS.

It must be matter of rejoicing to all, who desire for our poetical literature the renovating influence of the rude, perhaps, yet living and energetic elder poetry of our ancestors, that within the last few years, (at least since the pages of a well-known contemporary* brought first into notice the exquisite adaptation, by the modern Swedish poet Tegner, of that most romantic legend, entitled "Frithiof's Saga,") a taste for the northern mythology, to which it

so felicitously introduced the British reader, has been steadily on the increase.

After an interval of seven years, no less than two English versions of the poem—which the original translator of the specimens was deterred, by its yet unfamiliar subject, from presenting to the public entire—have simultaneously appeared, one of them under illustrious patronage; and their probably extensive circulation, and the mythological

* Blackwood's Magazine for February, 1828.

notices by which they are said to be accompanied, seem to prepare the way for the better understanding and relishing by our countrymen, of the highly esteemed national epic, (forming the subject of this article) in which the Danish poet Oëlschlager has embodied the incidents relative to the principal deities of Valhalla, rather alluded to than narrated in the adventures of the mortal hero Frithiof.

To the poem itself (in some editions at least) is appended a pretty copious dictionary of the beautiful and elegant mythology, the construction of which reflects so much credit on the taste and fancy of our northern progenitors. But as a constant reference to it in the way of notes, would grievously mar the spirit and encumber the flow of the vigorous series of ballads, in which (as congenial to the rude simplicity of the Edda) the poet has thought proper to narrate the exploits of its primitive deities, we shall endeavour to condense from it and other sources, such short preliminary elucidations, as the ballads selected by us for translation, may seem to require.

Before, however, venturing to detach from its original Runic setting, any of the gems which the poet's skilful hand has aptly strung together, as a votive offering to his country's Olympus, it will be but fair to assure the reader, (while sparing him the perusal of its elaborate "argument") that albeit composed of detached ballads, in metres adapted to their widely differing subjects, the poem is entitled to the name assumed by it of a legitimate epic; though, perhaps, considering the tedium and disgust with which the dry didactic manner and uninteresting matter of sundry modern attempts, have associated the once proud appellation—it might seem rather necessary to vindicate from all suspicion of kindred with these, the light and spirited measures in which the wars and wiles of gods and giants are celebrated by our present author, than to provoke for them the preliminary yawn which the bare title of an epic is sure to conjure up.

The fiends of ennui and dulness being, however, effectually exorcised by the fire and rapidity with which the reader is here conducted at a hand-gallop, athwart the fields of earth and sky, in any thing but stupid company, we shall not apologize for the soberest preface by which a collection of fairy tales (next probably in antiquity to the fables of Pilpay, but enfolding each

in its bosom some mystic meaning not "undreamt of in man's philosophy") were, perhaps, ever ushered in.

Indeed there is something intensely *piquant*, to the mere lover of literature, in the contrast between the fanciful and often childish nature of the legends themselves, and the lofty as well as recondite mysteries which they have been variously interpreted as shadowing forth. At one time, in equally elaborate completeness, the most incompatible "Theories of the Earth," (fanciful though all, and amusing as the famous one of our own imaginative, Bishop Burnet,) and at another, which we believe to be the actual state of the case, those great physical truths, the elements of which may, by diligent research, be traced through all the cosmogonies of the East and West, the North and South.

Among these, we entirely concur with late eminent writers, in considering the Northern as the most delightful and elevating; because, while superior rather than inferior to that of Greece in fancy and refinement, it breathes throughout a refreshing purity, to which the voluptuousness of the latter forms a humiliating contrast. It possesses, in addition for the Christian reader, the irresistible recommendation of comprising, in its recognition of a supreme and omnipotent Creator, of the finite nature and limited duration of the universe, and even its deified inhabitants—the destruction by fire of the existing heavens and earth, and the rise from their ashes of a purer and more perfect system—rudiments by no means scanty or doubtful of the primitive faith of mankind.

These opinions, we think, will be borne out by the following brief notices of the chief localities, persons, and incidents alluded to in the poem, premising, however, with regard to the latter, that the omission in it of one of the finest and most touching episodes in the northern mythology, viz. the lamented death by treachery of the gentle and amiable god Baldur, arises from its having been made by Oëlschlager the subject of a fine tragedy, to be perhaps hereafter given to the reader.

Heaven, then, or "Asgard" (which privileged region comprehends not only "Thrudheim," the palace of Thor, but various other delightful residences appropriated to its deified inhabitants) is like its Grecian prototype Olympus, seated on a hill, having in its centre the famous "Valhalla;" towards

which, across the rainbow bridge "Bifrost," leading to it from the earth, career the souls of departed warriors "Einherjar," to share in celestial joys. This resplendent mansion gleams with gold, and is hung round with shields, and here the more privileged of the heroes, united to the circle of gods or "Asen," quaff mead, drawn for them by ever-youthful cupbearers, and listen to the deeds of the valiant, sung to his golden harp, by the god of poesy, "Braga."

On a dazzling throne, "Hlidskialf," situated at the very summit of the celestial regions, and commanding at a single glance the entire universe, sits "Odin," the chief of the "Asen," or subordinate deities of the north.

On his shoulders perch two ravens, "Thought and Memory," whom he sends forth to bring him intelligence from all parts of his empire, while his superior wisdom is maintained by daily draughts from the far-famed "Mimer's" well, in purchase of which one of his eyes was freely sacrificed.

By his wife "Frigga," the goddess of the earth, Odin has several sons, the most famous of whom are "Thor and Baldur," the contrasted genii of War and Peace; and it is a singular feature in the creed of a martial people, as well as a practical refutation of the ferocity unjustly ascribed to it, that the latter is not only more universally beloved and honored by gods and men, but destined to give, by his lamented fall, an irreparable shock to the whole fabric of the northern Olympus, and to revive a new and better existence on its ruins.

"Thor" is, perhaps, of all the "Asen" the most usually, though not in our opinion, satisfactorily identified with the "Jupiter Tonans," or Thunderer of the Greeks; the thunderbolt assuming in his hands the form of his far-famed hammer, "Mjolner," which he is perpetually launching against the giants, and beneath which they are doomed ultimately to perish.

"Loki," or "Asa Loki," (in contradistinction from the prince of the giants, "Utgard Loki,") who plays in the northern mythology so conspicuous a part, and whose name, symbolical of "fire," or "flame," as well as his diabolical subtlety and treacherous enmity to the good and wise "Baldur," have caused him to be regarded in the north to this day, as the prototype of Satan—is an equivocal personage, who has contrived, maugre his giant descent and

paternal predilections, to smuggle himself, by his talents and flatteries, into "Asgard;" from whence he is no sooner banished for some act of barefaced treachery, than he again achieves a reconciliation. His horrible ultimate fate, however, somewhat akin to that of the fabled Prometheus, or scriptural Satan, proves that more than a mere sense of poetical justice presided over the construction of a system, in which eternal retribution is assigned to unrepented crime. In his having given birth to "Hela," the grim guardian goddess of the infernal regions, as well as to the huge earth-serpent or "Midgardsworm," and the hell wolf of "Fenrir," the reader will recognise another curious coincidence between him and the Satan of Milton.

The parallel between "Freya," the goddess of love, and her brother "Freyr," and the Venus and Apollo of the Grecian Olympus, is rendered obvious—in the case of the former, by her transcendent charms—the object of perpetual desire and stratagem to the exiled giants—and, in the latter, by the presiding of "Freyr" over the solar rays, and consequent fertility of the earth, as well as his propensity to love adventures. One of these, his passion for the fair Gerda (a beautiful maid of giant race, descried by him during a momentary and daring occupation of Odin's all-commanding throne) is one of the most popular and pleasing episodes in the Eddas.

"Iduna," the goddess of perpetual youth, and the wife of the bard-god "Braga," have been identified with "Hebe"—her office being to distil from golden apples the elixir of immortality for the gods; who, during her temporary abduction by the wiles of Loki, are menaced with weakness and decrepitude; while the fading and desolation experienced by all nature, animate and inanimate, in her absence, and its revival, in pristine bloom, on her return, form a fine poetical fiction.

"Aegir" (the Neptune of the North) and his wife "Rana," have, for their bright daughters, the waves. "Niordr," the ruler of the winds, the father of "Freya" and "Freyr," ranks higher than Eölnus in the Northern Olympus, being placed almost on a level with "Thor" and "Odin."

These being the chiefs of the "Asen," or celestial deities (the confines of whose airy domain are beautifully peopled with ~~trains of~~ "Wanen," or "Elves," a

the earth with dwarfs and gromes, "Zwergen" and "Troldeu," it remains to give a brief account of their opponents; whose formidable and often successful resistance, protracted until the consummation of all things, forms a distinguishing feature in the northern mythology, and seems to ally it rather with that of Persia or Egypt, than of Greece and Rome.

Encircling the earth, "Midgard," lies the huge "Yormungandur," a monstrous serpent, by whose motions are caused all those of the great sea, dividing the dwellings of men from the outer region, or "Utgard," inhabited by "Utgard-Loki" and his subject giants.

The identity of these with the "Titans" of the Greeks, both in their rebellion and its consequences, is too obvious to have escaped notice; though so far from being hopelessly subdued, they continue, even from their dismal exile (assisted by the machinations of their kinsman "Loki,") not only to baffle, but temporarily to injure their celestial foes; as in the instance of the loss of Thor's hammer, the rape of Iduna, and the maiming of a celestial champion, "Tyr" (brother to Odin,) by the hell-wolf "Fenrir." Ultimately, however, they are destined to perish by the hand of Thor.

The regions of the unblest dead, or "Helheim," are presided over by "Hela," the grisly daughter of Loki, by the giantess "Angurboda;" whose realm is thus graphically and fearfully characterized in the Edda:—"Wretchedness is her palace—hunger her board—consumption her knife. Her messenger's name is "Tardiness," and "Tedium" is her handmaiden—her threshold is a stumbling-block—her bed pain—and languishing death her pillow!" Cast by Odin, for her hateful qualities, into eternal night, she cherishes inextinguishable enmity against the gods.

These conflicting powers and principles having at length accomplished their purpose, pave the way for "Ragnarok," the terrible and mysterious "Twilight of the Gods"—the period of the destruction of all created things; ushered in by three winters cheered by no intervening summer, and an excess of frost and snow, by which the sun is cooled and well nigh extinguished. Then follow three years of perpetual wars and bloodshed, during which the dearest ties of kindred will be despised and sacrificed—thus fear-

fully predicted in the ancient "Voluspà," or Sibylline verses of the North:—

"Unto death shall be the strife of brethren;
Sisters' children shall fight as strangers—
Marriage bonds shall bind no longer;
Iron grows the world—an age of swords and axes,
A time of storms and tempests—a reign of wild
wolves—

When no man living shall spare another.
So shall it be, ere the world is overthrown."

The coincidence of these predictions with the Scripture prophecies of general depravity, and the loosening of the bonds of society—of the "earthquakes in divers places," and "wars and rumours of wars," destined to precede the consummation of all things, is too manifest to be overlooked, even amid the mass of fantastic imagery beneath which the simple majesty of the catastrophe is shrouded from popular view.

Events now crowd on in rapid and fearful succession. In vain does the golden horn of the celestial watcher "Heirndall" summon the gods to the fatal strife, which they now wage at a disadvantage with the emancipated "earth snake," the hell-wolf "Fenrir," and hell-hound "Garmur." Odin, after a desperate conflict, is swallowed alive by the wolf. Thor is poisoned by the effluvia from the snake, which he had furiously slain. The other gods fall in disastrous combat, and "Surtur," the ruler of "Muspelheim" (the "fire" region,) the great personification of the evil principle, directly opposed to "Alfadur" (the supreme Being himself,) envelopes the world in a general conflagration.

The Edda, however, recognizes, as safe from its influence, two separate regions—"Gimle" and "Nastrond"—where the souls of the good and wicked severally await the rising from the sea of a fair new earth, teeming with spontaneous fertility, and inhabited by a pure and sinless race; the progenitors of whom, "Lif" and "Lifthrasir," have been providentially sheltered from the brand of "Surtur."

Amid all this wild and chaotic fable, soars the redeeming and ennobling feature of the northern mythology—the ultimate resumption of all sway over the renovated universe by its great creator and supreme ruler—a being too superior (as far as his attributes are dimly shadowed forth) to the perishable deities of Valhalla, not to have been clearly derived from a purer and more primitive source. He is characterized in the elder Edda as "one whom none dare name"—the

"all-encircling, underived, all-loving and eternal being, through whose wise counsel all things that exist were ordered and continued"—and as one who, on the involvement in common destruction of the delegated powers of nature, shall resume to himself the sole government—the ruler of gods and men being thenceforward no longer known by the title of "Odin," but a "mightier;" characteristics which, as we have already hinted, almost identify, with the patriarchal belief of mankind, the sublime fundamental truth of the creed of our deep-thinking northern ancestors.

Having thus extricated what may be called the real "theology" of the Edda, from the mythological absurdities in which it is at least as fertile as the rival systems of the east and south—and of which it will be seen our present author has chiefly availed himself—it is time to let him tell his own story, and spread before his guests (*viz.* all with whom the antiquity and imagination of a legend can atone for its wild character) the first dish of his national banquet. We have at present confined ourselves to two of the earliest and most spirited of these stories of a

knight errantry, dignified even above that of chivalry by the exalted nature of the actors, and the unlimited scope for adventures afforded by a real and fabulous universe. They have one additional, and, in the eyes even of those not professed antiquaries, we should think great recommendation—*viz.* their almost servile adherence to the original prose narrative of the Edda; so that, in perusing them, the sympathies of the reader are not laid under contribution by the unauthorised flights of a modern poetical fancy—but simply called upon to lend themselves to the unadulterated traditions of their brave and imaginative ancestors.

And whatever of the rude, or ludicrous, may be found to startle the reader in the first of the two specimens, will, we think, be fully redeemed by the awful solemnity of the latter—a spirit, on the whole, more consonant, as we have seen, with the genius of the northern mythology, than the lighter incidents which, to conciliate at the outset the good-will of the reader, the poet has embodied in his earliest "fytte"—the journey of Thor and Loki in quest of adventures.

THOR'S JOURNEY WITH LOKI IN QUEST OF ADVENTURES.

There is an ancient saga, set forth in Runic rhyme;
Its mystic lays enshrining much skill of olden time,
If a kind ear ye'll lend me, I'll wake the harp once more,
While gifted minds unravel the precious antique lore.

I'll sing the gods and giants—the strife 'twixt heaven and earth—
The crafty Loki's cunning—and Love's celestial birth;
I'll sing of high Valhalla—the feats of Thor, the strong;
Come, old and young, I pray you, and listen to my song!

By ancient bards recorded, is what I now declare,
In Asgard's land lies Thrudheim, Thor's castle in the air;
Beneath its stately roof rises many a pillar'd hall,
Five hundred—ay and more—and with gold encircled all.

But dearer yet to heroes the shields that hang around,
Dazzling with burnish'd copper, dug from the teeming ground;
Whose fronts of mirror'd smoothness, all rang'd in seemly row,
Give back the hall gigantic, lit up with fiery glow.

There dwells the god of battle—the mighty Asa Thor—
In greatness next to Odin, of all the heavenly choir;
'Tis his the souls of heroes to strengthen for the fight,
With his girdle's mystic virtue, and steel-glo'd right hand's might.

But chief his wondrous hammer's the terror of his re,
Where'er 'tis swung triumphant, Deeds of valour in the
And if, in good right earnest, he grudge not to
Sore cause, I ween, the foes of Thor.

Of these Utgardo-Loki,* the giant monarch fell,
By conqu'ring Asen banished, mid endless night to dwell ;
By cold and death surrounded, impatient gnaws his chain,
Revolving daring projects the skies once more to gain.

But lately had his steps accurst, Upsala's shrine defaced,
The pyre with hands unhallow'd quench'd, and laid the temple waste ;
For this th' immortal Asa band at Odin's summons came,
And caught, as he the deed proclaim'd, his anger's righteous flame.

Fierce boil'd the heav'nly champions' blood, to hear their ruler tell,
The sacrilege, yet unavenged, of Utgard Loki fell ;
For swift revenge they thirsted all—tho' one, it was decreed,
Redress to seek, should first alone to Jothunheim† proceed.

Now joyless round the heavenly board, sat the celestial band,
Thor, lost in gloomy musings, lean'd his head upon his hand ;
And those who eyed him well might see, his thoughts were deeply bent,
How on the accurs'd giant brood eternal wrath to vent.

For counsel did he turn to one, who still his ear possest,
The crafty Loki, with the gods, too, oft a welcome guest ;
Gentle and wise he seem'd, but well his faithlessness they knew,
And none that mark'd his wily glance had ever deemed him true.

But such his wit, how deep soe'er the gods he had beguil'd,
No sooner did the charmer speak, than they were reconciled ;
Slow fell his speech, but every word was fraught with magic skill,
And by these arts at Thor's right hand, sat the dissembler still.

Meantime Valhalla's daughters, with cheeks of rosy hue,
For all its mighty warriors their sparkling beverage drew ;
And not until with many a draught was ushered in the dawn,
Did Thor set forth to yoke the goats by whom his car was drawn.

For heaven's unconquer'd champion, tho' decked in armour true,
Disdained not, when to ride inclined, to yoke his chariot too,
Suffic'd that, summon'd by his voice, the goats forsook their stall,
While the rolling of his brazen wheels, on earth men thunder call.

First Thor to every horny hoof made fast its golden shoe,
Then, through each bridle's silver link the slender reins he drew ;
Then, with his mighty hammer's stroke, warn'd Loki all was done,
And e'er the sparks were lost in air, their journey was begun.

No sooner o'er heaven's rainbow bridge the pair their way did take,
Than all along their shining path they left a fiery wake ;
His magic horn bright Heimdall blew, when first the god appeared,
And the sev'n maids of radiant hues, saluted as he near'd.

But earth, still rob'd in shadows, beheld a different sight
Thunder and lightning there appear'd, the welkin to affright ;
Meantime Thor's golden chariot the cloud's dark bosom cleaves,
Just as in storms a milk-white swan on dusky billows heaves.

Now Loki plucked up courage, and whisper'd full of spite—
“ Wouldst not be pleased in Jothunheim for pastime to alight ?
Fire cannot harm thee, that thou know'st, nor can thy courage fail,
’Twere sport to see how Utgard-Loke beneath thy glance will quail.”

* The prince of the giants, and chief enemy of the gods.

† The residence of the giants, situated in Utgard.

Then out spoke Thor the mighty, who fighting made no joke—
 “ True, our good mail can turn aside the best directed stroke,
 My helm of heavenly temper, all earth-born steel defies,
 And when my hammer's wielded, both dwarf and giant dies.”

Thus said, to pleasure Loki, a stranger still to fear,
 Thor downwards to the green earth his course began to steer ;
 The birds sung in the branches, the trees themselves bow'd low,
 As if to pay Valhalla's god the reverence they owe.

But ah ! the rose and violet—they faded on his way,
 The tender flowrets might not bide the godhead's withering ray—
 As their tiny cups they folded, and on his proud path died,
 Seem'd, as by him unnoticed, their lives away they sighed.

The sun was well-nigh sinking—eve's pall of grey was wove,
 And from the cold wave rising the yellow moonbeams strove,
 When right on two twin hillocks, his course the thunderer steer'd,
 And by his smiling aspect, well pleased with earth appear'd.

’Twas just as Night's dark mantle was slowly spreading round
 The pair of weary wanderers, a peasant's cottage found ;
 Thor called from out his chariot, “ I lodge with thee to-night ;”
 The courteous hind made answer, “ Be pleased, sir, to alight.”

As, amid friendly greetings, the strangers sought the shed,
 Beneath its humble roof-tree, deep bow'd each lordly head ;
 There sat the ancient mother—the daughter flitted fair,
 Beneath the o'erhanging lime-trees, to hide her beauties there.

The housewife clear'd the benches—the host kept bowing still,
 Lamenting that for guests like these, he'd nothing save good will—
 “ We're poor,” he cried, “ and nought but roots compose our scanty fare.”
 Thor smil'd and said, “ Be comforted, the meal shall be my care.”

For well 'tis known what now I tell, (a wonderous tale I trow !)
 That round the earth a summer's day Thor with his goats could go,
 Then kill and roast them every night, (save bones and skin) eat all,
 Yet find them in the morning light safe kicking in their stall.

So to his trusty hammer the giant conqueror flew,
 And on his goats employed it as he was wont to do.
 The housewife, as she deck'd the board, smiled in her sleeve with glee,
 As Loki brought (he best knew whence) a spit right handily.

Now, from th' adjoining forest, dry wood is fetch'd in haste,
 And Loki the flesh has spitted as though a cook profest ;
 While in the small hut's centre, as well as room might be,
 Soon blazed a fire upon the hearth that gladsome was to see.

There lack'd an ample platter, the goodly roast to hold,
 But Thor was pleased to dish it in his own shield of gold ;
 And on the savory morsels all heartily did feed,
 While the blood, sav'd in a pitcher, was turn'd to sparkling mead.

But when the meal was ended, Thor bustled about alone,
 And carefully spread his goat's skins to gather every bone.
 Alas ! the peasant's young son, not thinking any harm,
 Had knock'd one shin to pieces, and suck'd the marrow warm.

The little birds sang gaily their earliest morning hymn,
 Ere Thor and his companion began to stretch a limb ;
 Then, hastily, like men new rous'd, they threw their harness on,
 And drew their good swords' edge across the peasant's rude scythe stone.

Then first the pilf'ring boy's trick to light it sadly came,
 For when the goats were led out, one limp'd on three legs lame !
 Thor bit his lip so felly—it was a fearful sight—
 And grasp'd so firm his hammer—it left his knuckles white.

His sinews all grew stiff and stark, his look was wild and keen,
 His very eye-balls turned them round, till the white alone was seen ;
 His shaggy brows he knitted close, just like a raging bear,
 The boor, with wife and children stood, the picture of despair !

Deep crouch'd he to the angry god, and proffer'd all he had,
 If it might but atone the fault of his unlucky lad ;
 Till tickl'd by his lowly plight, Thor's anger melted quite,
 And but for keeping up his state, he sure had laugh'd outright.

" Rise, rise, old man," Thor kindly said, " I'll take what you can yield,
 Your youthful son and daughter there, to bear my spear and shield."
 The boor's delight was boundless, and Tialf and Roska's too,
 When Loki straight equipp'd them with armour bright and true.

And stoutly Tialf, the young squire demean'd him on the way,
 Strange skill and courage shewing in every casual fray.
 Small wonder ! for the magic pow'r which from the bones he drew,
 To bear the deep-lin'd wallet, gave the youth the strength of two.

And fairer still than ever, did gentle Roska seem,
 When heav'd her tender bosom, beneath the corslet's gleam ;
 While oft her smiling glance explor'd her panoply of war,
 And from beneath a helm of gold, flow'd locks more golden far.

With loud steel clang at every step, that shook the wondering earth,
 Stout Mjolner* o'er his shoulder flung, the Thunderer set forth.
 Him Loki swiftly followed, as light of foot as mind,
 While from beneath his helmet, his dark hair stream'd behind.

As the champions fast and faster went striding o'er the lea,
 All unawares they found themselves beside a stormy sea,
 The proud waves rear'd their foam crests across each other's course,
 While from their depths unfathom'd rose Rana's† moanings hoarse.

Within a sparry sea-cave god Aegir‡ rules the main,
 A silver helm with coral deck'd the emblem of his reign ;
 His beard is of the sea weed green, and a rudder in his hand
 All set with sparkling ocean gems, he steers along the strand.

On the island fair of Hlesey§ his throne the shell tribes rear,
 And the blue waves dancing round him are all his daughters dear.
 Oft as the shining rudder the spouse of Rana wields,
 Still'd is the wild sea's tumult, the flood o'ermastered yields.

But when his truce the wind god breaks with him who rules the tides,
 Niordr|| straightway, like a foaming steed, the angry waves bestrides,
 Nor mars he with his headlong flight the beauties of the main,
 For never fairer shew they than when brief tempests reign.

Meantime, Thor slyly spying how Loki shook with fright,
 With mingled scoffs and threatening, began to hold him light :

* Mjolner, the name of Thor's wonderful hammer.

† Rana, the goddess of shipwreck, and wife of Aegir, the sea king.

‡ Aegir, the Neptune of the north.

§ Hlesey, the island of Lepoe in the Categat.

|| Niordr, the god of the winds.

"'Twas none but thou," he spoke full loud, "that brought us here at all,
Far be it now from us to quail, whatever may befall!"

Thus saying, sprang Thor boldly into the raging brine.
The others thus encourag'd, they followed in a line;
And though with steel encumber'd, with Thor's assistance good,
They battled, as they best might, amid the angry flood.

Slowly they swam, entangled amid the sea-weed long,
Their ears bewildered ringing with the mermaid's fatal song;
Tho' need was of all their wits, aright to steer their watery way,
When over their very helmet crests broke oft the wild sea spray!

O well may Thor be exalted, o'er all in earth or sky,
For strength and might undaunted, all dangers to defy;
Since, still untired, though lending the rest a helping hand,
Like a huge whale bold steering, he plough'd his way to land.

When all, by his aid, had sprung ashore, and in moonlight dripping stood,
They held their stalwart way once more thro' the depths of the green-
wood:

'Twas not till the moon her shield let fall, that Thor himself gave in,
And began to wish for a welcome hut to pass the dark hours in.

Long, long did they search and wander beside that desert strand,
Now sliding on slippery ice-pools, now sinking deep in sand;
The night-storm rages fiercely—Roska no farther can,
Though even by Loki assisted, that noted lady's man.

The night was dark above them, the earth was dark below,
Tho' ever anon heaven's sable vault with flaming swords would glow,
While long-tailed fiery meteors across the welkin glide,
And huge whales, snorting, spouted from out the waters side.

Thor sterner grew and sterner—he grasp'd his girdle and cried,
"Beware, Utgarde-Loki! lest harm the gods betide;
Remember, hellish daring must be atoned by blood!"
Thus Thor th' unearthly tempest still'd that vex'd the midnight flood.

Just as the words were spoken, a lowly hut they spy,
Within whose friendly shelter the storm they may defy;
Roomy it was and lofty—though bare, alas! the floor—
While one whole side-wall gaping, disclos'd an open door.

The wallet was unbound soon—the welcome meal was spread,
And pale on her rocky pillow sunk Roska's weary head.
All slept ere long, save Thor alone, who, with his hammer stout,
O'er thoughts of vengeance brooding deep, kept angry watch without.

Passing the next "fytte," or ballad, containing the unavailing, and, consequently, rather degrading efforts of Thor, to counteract the sorceries of a huge giant, (the thumb of whose glove, by the way, turns out to have been the hut in which the party found shelter,) and whose impenetrable cranium the strokes of the redoubtable hammer seem to tickle in his sleep like a gently falling leaf—we find the champions (purposely put on a wrong scent by this shrewdest

of the sons of Anak) arriving, instead of at the metropolis of the giants, at the realms of the dead; the frozen "hell" of that degraded portion of the northern community whose fault or mishap it was not to die in battle. This poem, we think, is calculated to give a lofty idea, both of the stern imagery of the Edda, and the power of adaptation manifested by its modern versifier. With this we shall, for the present, conclude our specimens.

THOR'S DESCENT TO "HELHEIM."

Now list the grewsome tidings, what further them befel,
When, 'stead of Utgard's city, the champions stray'd to hell;

So icy-smooth the worn path to Helas's kingdom dread,
That, for every footstep forward, two backward ones they sped.

And aye the path kept sinking—a still unfathom'd deep,
Whose cocks, by dawn unawakened, eternal vigils keep ;
O'er youthful Tialf and Roska a mortal shudder crept,
While, led by Thor's bright armour, his wake they cowering kept.

As thus they silent treaded the paths that darkling sink,
Pale shadows flitted round them, beside a torrent's brink :
Yet swerv'd not Thor the dauntless, for their unblest array,
But only strode the quicker along his destin'd way.

As thus he bounded forward, in frank and fearless guise,
Began a dawning twilight to glimmer in their eyes,
Gleam'd torches blue and fitful within th' abyss's clift,
And sickly moonbeams silver'd each mountain's rocky rift.

Now came they to a portal, all in a dark hill-side,
With two grim shades for warders, to watch that door beside—
Their eyes like caverns sunken—their brow death's ashy hue,
As, from their watch, slow rose they, to gaze on sight so new.

One wore the form of woman—a man the other shew'd—
But by such folk no land of earth I ween was ever trod ;
Each wields a ghostly hammer, made from a dead man's thigh,
But dropp'd them flat and pow'rless as Thor came striding nigh.

"Back! back!" they feebly shouted—"Forms whatsoever ye be,
Whose like, since here we've waited, our fate was ne'er to see ;
For" (with a sigh 'twas whisper'd) "none dare we here admit,
Save ghosts of recreant cowards, whose souls from death-beds flit.

What seek ye, stalwart champions! in health's o'erflowing bloom,
Behind yon grisly portals, where joy can never come?
Where dwells but one pale goddess, who deals out grief and pain
To all who, frost-bit, shiver beneath her sad domain?"

Then outspoke Thor the mighty, to his bewilder'd train :
"What path we've stumbled here on, is but too sadly plain,
But since, beyond all question, we stand at Helas' gate,
On thy grim daughter, Loki! it needs must be we wait."

Now Loki's teeth 'gan chatter—the blood forsook his cheek—
So shy and loath he felt him, his offspring's face to seek ;
"No!" mutter'd forth the recreant, "my daughter's such a fright,
Far rather will I hie me back to Asgard's realms of light."

But Thor—determin'd ever—gave manlier counsel far :
"Forbear rash resolutions, and just stay where you are—
Such coward fancies ill beseem a freeman of the sky,
Nor boots ev'n Loki's deepest wile Fate's dictates to defy!

If (spite thy wit) a giant bride had pow'r thy love to charm,
Full well thou knew'st th' unhallow'd tie could nought bring forth but
harm ;
Yet thy love-passage none the less, is mark'd in Skulda's* book,
And craven sure is he who quails on his own deed to look!

At Hela all must shudder—to slight let none presume,
Since gods and men to overawe she wields eternal doom—

* Skulda, the goddess of fate.

Each shadowy Fear that she sends forth, o'erspreading wide the earth,
Through this dire offspring, recreant god ! to thee has owed its birth.

How bright and pure soever life's glowing flame ascends,
Fear dims its lustre ever, 'till Death the pageant ends ;
So mars yon Hell-wolf's* baying Valhalla's revels high,
So quails beneath his aspect fell, ev'n Odin's kingly eye!

Once soar'd our happy Asgard as high o'er death and pain
As tower its giant pillars o'er earth's subjacent plain ;
That now Grief's serpent twining, with guile and pride—fell three,
Gnaw earth and heav'n unsated—we owe it, Loki, to *thee* !

'Twas shrewdly done, though, Loki, to give that grim one birth,
And well deserves she honor, that rules beneath the earth ;
For torturing wretched dastards, she's mine avenger fell—
Then hence, with coward scruples, I'll marshal ye to hell !"

Before these words of wisdom soon Loki's fears gave way,
Well might his spirits rally beneath Thor's mighty stay :
He rais'd his tall spear quickly, and struck those doors so wide,
And, like a leaf before the blast, they silent swung aside.

The troop by Thor conducted, have enter'd the portals dread,
The hollow vault resounded beneath their ponderous tread :
Roska alone—as earth-flow'r might—began to shrink and quail,
Thor kindly linger'd by her side, and cheer'd the maiden pale.

'Mid crooked paths bewilder'd, their way they hardly found ;
And, oh ! but all was still and drear and terrible around !
At length a glimmer in the north the doubtful vision gave,
Of a wild hall, with rude stones rear'd, within a mighty cave.

With Hela's ghastly squadrons the grisly walls were lined,
They sat all pale and bloodless, and shiver'd in the wind ;
Cold drops of anguish glistened on every fleshless brow,
And round each thin limb twisted, a serpent play'd, I trow!

Far in the cave's deep hollow there rose a stately throne,
Piled high with skulls all mingled with many a human bone ;
Aloft on these sat Hela, 'twixt white and grey her hue,
But on her brow deep blood-stains, all blent with festering blue.

A sceptre in her hand she wields, of bone, in moonlight bleach'd,
And woe betide the luckless shade by that fell sceptre reach'd,
Which, hot with ceaseless swinging, burns like a flaming brand,
And might by none be borne unhurt, save Hela's icy hand.

All in that cave was deadly still, chill grave-damps linger'd there ;
No living sound the silence broke, sighs only fill'd the air.
Three torches glimmer'd ghastly blue, by each a dead man stood,
All all their bones were marrowless, nor flow'd one drop of blood.

Now, Thor came forth into the midst, with mien and brow of pride,
And trode the circle of the dead, as he their ranks defied :
Then gaz'd and turn'd him thence in scorn, and thus the Thunderer said,
" So fare each recreant coward wight, to follow me afraid.

If once, deluded fools, on earth ye shunn'd for me to bleed,
Hela, in endless torment now, deals forth your well-earned meed ;

* The wolf "Fenrir," predicted to be fatal to the gods, and the slayer of Odin.

It ne'er was yours, in glorious strife to joy in upper air—
No! tremblers ye were born to be—so tremble ever there!"

Then strode he through the darkling cave, where Hela sat in gloom,
And thus with voice and tone subdued, addressed the fiend of doom—
"Pale goddess! though I know thee just, and own thy righteous sway,
Yet never with his own good-will would Thor beside thee stay.

"To Utgard's kingly palaces, I and my train were bound,
When thus by evil chance we stray'd, and thy dominions found;
Now, prithee (if to thee 'tis known) the way be pleased to tell,
Which climbs to Jothun's giant land, from out the deeps of hell."

He spoke, and as if slender sword on hollow corslet rang,
Came forth a voice from Hela's breast, with harsh unearthly clang:
"Away! away! avoid these halls! and rid me of thy sight,
Nor longer blind my straining eyes with thine o'erpowering light!"

Not long I wis, did Thor delay to sign his followers on,
And Loki turn'd him well away, as he passed his daughter's throne;
His eyes he never opened once, nor breath'd till fairly by—
She sadly on her parent gazed, and heaved a hollow sigh.

And soon did Thor the mighty take leave of fear and dread,
When he and his three comrades came forth from the halls of the dead,
Nor slack'd he his speed till the rocky pass 'twas his once more to gain,
And stand, in the cheerful light of day, all on the open plain.

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

CHAP. XIX.—THE ASSIZE TOWN.

I HAD not been above a week in my new quarters, when my servant presented me, among my letters one morning, with a packet, which, with considerable pains, I recognised at length to be directed to me. The entire envelope was covered with writing in various hands, among which I detected something which bore a faint resemblance to my name; but the address which followed was perfectly unreadable, not only to me, as it appeared, but also to the "experts" of the different post-offices, for it had been followed by sundry directions to try various places, beginning with T, which seemed to be the letter commencing the "great unknown locality:" then I read, "try Tralee," "try Tyrone," "try Tanderagee," &c. &c. "I wonder, sir," said he, "that they did not add, 'try Teheran,' and I suppose they would at last, rather than abandon the pursuit——"

"But, Stabber," said I, as I conned over the various addresses in this incomprehensible cover, "are you sure this is for me?"

"The postmaster, sir, desired me to ask you if you'd have it, for he has offered it to every one down in these

parts lately: the waterguard officers will take it at 8d., sir, if you won't, but I begged you might have the refusal."

"Oh! very well; I am happy to find matters are managed so impartially in the post-office here. Nothing like a public cant for making matters find their true level. Tell the postmaster, then, I'll keep the letter, and the rather, as it happens, by good luck, to be intended for me."

"And now for the interior," said I, as I broke the seal, and read:

"Paris, Rue Castiglione.

"My dear Mr. Lorrequer—As her ladyship and my son have in vain essayed to get anything from you in the shape of reply to their letters, it has devolved upon me to try my fortune, which, were I to augur from the legibility of my writing, may not, I should fear, prove more successful than the"—(what can the word be?) "the—the"—why, it can't be damnable, surely?—no, it is amiable, I see—"than the amiable epistle of my lady. I cannot, however, permit myself to leave this without apprising you that we are about to start for Baden, where we purpose remaining a month or two,

Your cousin Guy, who has been staying for some time with us, has been obliged to set out for Geneva, but hopes to join in some weeks hence. He is a great favorite with us all, but has not effaced the memory of our older friend, yourself. Could you not find means to come over and see us—if only a flying visit? Rotterdam is the route, and a few days would bring you to our quarters. Hoping that you may feel so disposed, I have enclosed herewith a letter to the Horse Guards, which I trust may facilitate your obtaining leave of absence. I know of no other mode of making your peace with the ladies, who are too highly incensed at your desertion to send one civil postscript to this letter; and Kilkee and myself are absolutely exhausted in our defence of you.—Believe me, yours truly,
CALLONBY."

Had I received an official notification of my being appointed paymaster to the forces, or chaplain to Chelsea hospital, I believe I should have received the information with less surprise than I perused this letter—that after the long interval which had elapsed, during which I had considered myself totally forgotten by this family, I should now receive a letter—and such a letter, too—quite in the vein of our former intimacy and good feeling, inviting me to their house, and again professing their willingness that I should be on the terms of our old familiarity—was little short of wonderful to me. I read, too—with what pleasure?—that slight mention of my cousin, whom I had so long regarded as my successful rival, but whom I began now to hope had not been preferred to me. Perhaps it was not yet too late to think that all was not hopeless. It appeared, too, that several letters had been written which had never reached me; so, while I accused them of neglect and forgetfulness, I was really more amenable to the charge myself; for, from the moment I had heard of my cousin Guy's having been domesticated amongst them, and the rumor of his marriage had reached me, I suffered my absurd jealousy to blind my reason, and never wrote another line after. I ought to have known how "*bavarde*" Guy always was—that he never met with the most commonplace attentions anywhere, that he did not immediately write home about settlements and pin-money, and portions for younger children, and all that sort of nonsense.—

Now I saw it all plainly, and ten thousand times quicker than my hopes were extinguished before were they again kindled, and I could not refrain from regarding Lady Jane as a mirror of constancy, and myself the most fortunate man in Europe. My old castle-building propensities came back upon me in an instant, and I pictured myself, with Lady Jane as my companion, wandering among the beautiful scenery of the Neckar, beneath the lofty ruins of Heidelberg, and skimming the placid surface of the Rhine, while, "mellowed by distance," came the rich chorus of a student's melody, filling the air with its flood of song. How delightful, I thought, to be reading the lyrics of Uhland, or Bürger, with one so capable of appreciating them, with all the hallowed associations of the "Vaterland" about us! Yes, said I aloud, repeating the well-known line of a German "*Lied*"—

"*Bekranzt mit Laub, den lieben vollen Becher.*"

"Upon my conscience," said Mr. Daly, who had for some time past been in silent admiration of my stage-struck appearance—"upon my conscience, Mr. Lorrequer, I had no conception you knew Irish."

The mighty talisman of the Counsellor's voice brought me back in a moment to a consciousness of where I was then standing, and the still more unfortunate fact that I was only a subaltern in his Majesty's—th—.

"Why, my dear Counsellor, that was German I was quoting, not Irish."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Daly, breaking the top off his third egg—"with all my heart; I'd rather you'd talk it than me. Much conversation in that tongue, I'm thinking, would be mighty apt to loosen one's teeth."

"Not at all, it is the most beautiful language in Europe, and the most musical, too. Why, even for your own peculiar taste in such matters, where can you find any language so rich in Bacchanalian songs as German?"

"I'd rather hear the Cruiskeen Lawn or the Jug of Punch, as my old friend Pat. Samson could sing them, than a score of your high Dutch jawbreakers."

"Shame, out upon ye, Mr. Daly; and for pathos, for true feeling, where is there anything equal to Schiller's ballads?"

"I don't think I've ever heard any of his; but if you will talk of ballads,"

said the Counsellor, "give me old Mossey McGarry's: what's finer than"—and here he began, with a most nasal twang and dolorous emphasis, to sing—

"And I stepp'd up unto her,
An' I made a congee—
And I ax'd her her pardon
For the making so free."

"And then the next verse, she says—

'Are ye goin' to undoe me,
In this desert alone?'—

"There's a shake there."

"For Heaven's sake," I cried, "stop; when I spoke of ballads, I never meant such infernal stuff as that."

"I'll not give up my knowledge of ballads to any man breathing," said Mr. Daly; "and, with God's blessing, I'll sing you one this evening, after dinner, that will give you a cramp in the stomach."

An animated discussion upon lyrical poetry was here interrupted by a summons from our host to set out for the town. My party were, by the desire of the magistracy, to be in readiness near the court-house, in the event of any serious disturbance, which there existed but too much reason to fear, from the highly excited state of feeling on the subject of the approaching trials. The soldiers were, under the guidance of Mr. Larkins, safely ensconced in a tan-yard; and I myself, having consigned them for the present to a non-commissioned officer, was left at perfect liberty to dispose of my time and person as it might please me.

While these arrangements were taking place, I had entirely lost sight of Mr. Daly, under whose guidance and protection I trusted to obtain a place within the bar, to hear the trials; so that I was now perfectly alone, for my host's numerous avocations entirely precluded any thought of my putting myself under his care.

My first object was to reach the court-house, and there could be little difficulty in finding it, for the throng of persons in the street were all eagerly bending their way thither. I accordingly followed with the stream, and soon found myself among an enormous multitude of frize-coated and red-cloaked people, of both sexes, in a large open square, which formed the market-place, one side of which was flanked by the court-house—for as such I immediately recognized a massive-looking grey stone building—in which, the numerous win-

dows, all open and filled with people, exhaled a continued steam from the crowded atmosphere within. To approach it was perfectly impossible, for the square was packed so closely, that as the people approached, by the various streets, they were obliged to stand in the avenues leading to it, and regard what was going on from a distance. Of this large multitude I soon became one, hoping that at length some fortunate opportunity might enable me to obtain admission to the court-house, through some of my numerous legal acquaintances.

That the fate of those who were then upon their trial for their lives absorbed the entire feelings of those without, a momentary glance at the hundreds of anxious and care-worn faces in the crowd, would completely satisfy. Motionless and silent they stood: they felt no fatigue—no want of food or refreshment—their interest was one and undivided—all their hopes and fears were centered in the events then passing at a short distance from them, but to which their ignorance imparted an additional and more painful excitement—the only information of how matters were going on being by an occasional word, sometimes a mere gesture from some one stationed in the windows to a friend in the crowd.

When the contemplation of this singularly impressive scene was beginning to weary from the irksomeness of my position, I thought of retiring; but soon discovered how impossible was such a step. The crowd had blocked up so completely all the avenues of approach, that even had I succeeded in getting from the market-place, it would be only to remain firmly impacted among the mob in the street.

It now also occurred to me, that although I had been assured by Larkins no call could possibly be made upon my services or those of my party, till after the trial, yet, were that to conclude at any moment, I should be perfectly unable to regain the place where I had stationed them, and the most serious consequences might ensue from the absence of their officer, if the men were required to act.

From the moment this thought took possession of me, I became excessively uncomfortable. Every expression of the people that denoted the progress of the trial, only alarmed me for the conclusion, which I supposed might not be distant, and I began, with all

my ingenuity, to attempt my retreat, which, after half an hour's severe struggle, I completely abandoned, finding myself scarcely ten yards from where I started.

At length, the counsel for the crown, who had been speaking to evidence, ceased; and an indistinct murmur was heard through the court-house, which was soon repressed by the voice of the crier calling "silence." All now seemed still and silent as the grave—yet, on listening attentively for some time, you could catch the low tones of a voice speaking, as it appeared, with great deliberation and slowness. This was the judge addressing the jury. In a short time this also ceased; and, for about half an hour, the silence was perfectly unbroken, and both within and without there reigned one intense and aching sense of anxiety that absorbed every feeling, and imparted to every face an expression of almost agonizing uncertainty. It was, indeed, a space well calculated to excite such emotions. The jury had retired to deliberate upon their verdict. At length a door was heard to open, and the footsteps of the jury, as they resumed their places, sounded through the court, and were heard by those without. How heavily upon many a stout heart those footsteps fell! They had taken their seats—then came another pause—after which the monotonous tones of the clerk of the court were heard, addressing the jury for their verdict. As the foreman rises, every ear is bent—every eye strained—every heart-string vibrates: his lips move, but he is not heard; he is desired by the judge to speak louder; the color mounts to his before bloodless face; he appears to labor for a few seconds with a mighty effort, and, at last, pronounces the words, "Guilty, my lord—all guilty!"

I have heard the wild war-whoop of the red Indian, as, in his own pine forest, he has unexpectedly come upon the track of his foe, and the almost extinguished hope of vengeance has been kindled again in his cruel heart—I have listened to the scarcely less savage hurra of a storming party, as they have surmounted the crumbling ruins of a breach, and devoted to fire and sword, with that one yell, all who await them—and once in my life it has been my fortune to have heard the last yell of defiance from a pirate crew, as they sunk beneath the raking fire of a frigate, rather than surrender,

and went down with a cheer of defiance that rose even above the red artillery that destroyed but could not subdue them;—but never, in any or all of these awful moments, did my heart vibrate to such sounds as rent the air when the fatal "Guilty" was heard by those within, and repeated to those without. It was not grief—it was not despair—neither was it the cry of sharp and irrepressible anguish, from a suddenly blighted hope—but it was the long pent-up and carefully-concealed burst of feeling which called aloud for vengeance—red and reeking revenge—upon all who had been instrumental in the sentence then delivered. It ceased, and I looked towards the court-house, expecting that an immediate and desperate attack upon the building and those whom it contained would at once take place. But nothing of the kind ensued; the mob were already beginning to disperse, and before I recovered perfectly from the excitement of these few and terrible moments, the square was nearly empty, and I almost felt as if the wild and frantic denunciation that still rang through my ears had been conjured up by a heated and fevered imagination.

When I again met our party at the dinner table, I could not help feeling surprised on perceiving how little they sympathized in my feeling for the events of the day; which, indeed, they only alluded to in a professional point of view—criticising the speeches of the counsel on both sides, and the character of the different witnesses who were examined.

"Well," said Mr. Daly, addressing our host, "you never could have had a conviction to-day if it wasn't for Mike. He's the best evidence I ever heard. I'd like to know very much how you ever got so clever a fellow completely in your clutches?"

"By a mere accident, and very simply," replied the justice. "It was upon one of our most crowded fair days—half the county was in town, when the information arrived that the Walshes were murdered the night before, at the cross roads above Telnamuck mills. The news reached me as I was signing some tithe warrants, one of which was against Mickey. I sent for him into the office, knowing that as he was in the secret of all the evil doings, I might as well pretend to do him a service, and offer to stop the warrant, out of kindness, as it were. Well, one way or another, he was

kept waiting for several hours while I was engaged in writing, and all the country people, as they passed the window, could look in and see Mickey Sheehan standing before me, while I was employed busily writing letters. It was just at this time, that a mounted policeman rode in with the account of the murder; upon which I immediately issued a warrant to arrest the two MacNeils and Owen Shirley upon suspicion. I thought I saw Mike turn pale, as I said the names over to the sergeant of police, and I at once determined to turn it to account; so I immediately began talking to Mickey about his own affairs, breaking off, every now and then, to give some directions about the men to be captured. The crowd outside was increasing every instant, and you need not have looked at their faces twice to perceive that they regarded Mickey as an approver; and the same night that saw the McNeils in custody, witnessed the burning of Sheehan's house and haggart, and he only escaped by a miracle over to Curryglass, where, once under my protection, with the imputation of having turned King's evidence upon his character, I had

little trouble in persuading him that he might as well benefit by the report as enjoy the name without the gain. He soon complied, and the convictions of this day are partly the result."

When the applause which greeted this clever stroke of our host had subsided, I inquired what results might, in all likelihood, follow the proceedings of which I had that day been a witness?

"Nothing will be done immediately," replied the justice, "because we have a large force of police and military about us; but let either, or unhappily both, be withdrawn, and the cry you heard given in the market-place to-day will be the death-warrant for more than one of those who are well and hearty at this moment."

The train of thought inevitably forced upon me by all I had been a spectator of during the day, but little disposed me to be a partaker in the mirth and conviviality which, as usual, formed the staple of the assizes dinners of Mr. Larkins; and I accordingly took an early opportunity to quit the company and retire for the night.

CHAP. XX.—A DAY IN DUBLIN.

On the third day of my residence at Curryglass arrived my friend, Mortimer, to replace me, bringing my leave from the colonel, and a most handsome letter, in which he again glanced at the prospect before me in the Callonby family, and hinted at my destination, which I had not alluded to, adding that if I made the pretence of study in Germany the reason for my application at the Horse Guards, I should be almost certain to obtain a six months' leave. With what spirits I ordered Stubber to pack up my portmanteau and secure our places in the Dublin mail for that night, while I myself hurried to take my leave of my kind entertainer and his guests, as well as to recommend to their favor and attention my excellent friend, Mortimer, who, being a jovial fellow, not at all in love, was a happy exchange for me, who, despite Daly's capital stories, had spent the last two days in watching the high road, for my successor's arrival.

Once more, then, I bade adieu to Curryglass and its hospitable owner, whose labors for "justice for Ireland" I shall long remember, and depositing myself in the bowels of his majesty's

mail, gave way to the full current of my hopes and imaginings, which at last ended in a sound and refreshing sleep, from which I only awoke as we drew up at the door of the Hibernian, in Dawson street.

Even at that early hour there was considerable bustle and activity of preparation, which I was at some loss to account for, till informed by the waiter that there were upwards of three hundred strangers in the house, it being the day of his majesty's expected arrival on his visit to Ireland, and a very considerable section of the county Galway being at that moment with their wives and families installed for the occasion in this, their favourite hotel.

Although I had been reading of this approaching event every day for the last three months, I could not help feeling surprised at the intense appearance of excitement it occasioned, and, in the few minutes' conversation I held with the waiter, learned the total impossibility of procuring a lodging anywhere, and that I could not have had a bed, even were I to offer five guineas for it. Having, therefore, no inclination for sleep, even upon easier terms,

I ordered my breakfast to be ready at ten, and set out upon a stroll through the town. I could not help, in my short ramble through the streets, perceiving how admirably adapted were the worthy Dublinites for all the honors that awaited them; garlands of flowers, transparencies, flags, and the other insignia of rejoicing, were everywhere in preparation, and, at the end of Sackville-street a considerable erection, very much resembling an impromptu gallows, was being built for the purpose, as I afterwards learnt, of giving the worshipful the lord mayor the opportunity of opening the city gates to royalty; creating the obstacle where none existed; being a very ingenious conceit, and considerably Irish into the bargain. I could not help feeling some desire to witness how all should go off, to use the theatrical phrase; but, in my anxiety to get on to the continent, I at once abandoned every thought of delay. When I returned to the coffee-room of my hotel, I found it crowded to excess; every little table, originally destined for the accommodation of one, having at least two, and sometimes three occupants. In my hurried glance round the room, to decide where I should place myself, I was considerably struck with the appearance of a stout elderly gentleman, with red whiskers, and a high, bald forehead; he had, although the day was an oppressively hot one, three waistcoats on, and by the brown York tan of long topped boots, evinced a very considerable contempt either for weather or fashion; in the quick glance of his sharp grey eye, I read that he listened half doubtingly to the narrative of his companion, whose back was turned towards me, but who appeared, from the occasional words which reached me, to be giving a rather marvellous and melodramatic version of the expected pleasures of the capital. There was something in the tone of the speaker's voice that I thought I recognized; I accordingly drew near, and what was my surprise to discover my friend Tom O'Flaherty. After our first salutation was over, Tom presented me to his friend, Mr. Burke, of somewhere, who, he continued to inform me in a stage whisper, was a "regular dust," and never in Dublin in his life before.

"And so you say, sir, that his majesty cannot enter without the permission of the lord mayor."

"And the aldermen, too," replied Tom. "It is an old feudal ceremony, when his majesty comes up to the gate he demands admission, and the lord mayor refuses, because he would thus be surrendering his great prerogative of head of the city; then the aldermen get about him and cajole him, and by degrees he's won over by the promise of being knighted, and the king gains the day and enters."

"Upon my conscience, a mighty ridiculous ceremony it is, after all," said Mr. Burke, "and very like a bargain for sheep in Ballinasloe fair, when the buyer and seller appear to be going to fight, till a mutual friend settles the bargain between them."

At this moment Mr. Burke suddenly sprang from his chair, which was nearest the window, to look out; I accordingly followed his example, and beheld a rather ludicrous procession, if such it could be called, consisting of so few persons. The principal individual in the group was a florid, fat, happy-looking gentleman of about fifty, with a profusion of nearly white whiskers, which met at his chin, mounted upon a sleek charger, whose half-ambulating, half-prancing pace, had evidently been acquired by long habit of going in procession; this august figure was habited in a scarlet coat and cocked hat, having aiguillettes, and all the other appanage of a general officer; he also wore tight buckskin breeches, and high jack-boots, like those of the Blues and Horse Guards; as he looked from side to side, with a self-satisfied and contented air, he appeared quite insensible of the cortège which followed and preceded him; the latter, consisting of some score of half-ragged boys, yelling and shouting with all their might, and the former, being a kind of instalment in band of the Dublin Militia Band, and who, in numbers and equipment, closely resembled the "army which accompanies the first appearance of Bombastes." The only difference, that these I speak of did not play "the Rogue's March," which might have perhaps appeared personal.

As this goodly procession advanced, Mr. Burke's eyes became rivetted upon it; it was the first wonder he had yet beheld, and he devoured it. "May I ask, sir," said he, at length, "who that is?"

"Who that is," said Tom, surveying him leisurely as he spoke; "why surely, sir, you must be jesting or you would not ask such a question; I

think, I trust, indeed, every one knows who he is. Eh, Harry," said he, looking at me for a confirmation of what he said, and to which, of course, I assented by a look.

"Well, but, my dear Mr. O'Flaherty, you forget how ignorant I am of everything here —"

"Ah, true," said Tom, interrupting; "I forgot you never saw him before."

"And who is he, sir?"

"Why, that's the Duke of Wellington."

"Lord have mercy upon me, is it?" said Mr. Burke, as he upset the table, and all its breakfast equipage, and rushed through the coffee-room like one possessed. Before I could half recover from the fit of laughing this event threw me into, I heard him, as he ran full speed down Dawson-street, waving his hat, and shouting out at the top of his lungs, "God bless your grace—Long life to your grace—Hurra for the hero of Waterloo; the great captain of the age," &c. &c.; which I grieve to say, for the ingratitude of the individual lauded, seemed not to afford him half the pleasure, and none of the amusement it did the mob, who echoed the shouts and cheering till he was hid within the precincts of the Mansion House.

"And, now," said Tom to me, "finish your breakfast as fast as possible; for, when Burke comes back he will be boring me to dine with him, or some such thing, as a kind of acknowledgment of his gratitude for showing him the Duke. Do you know he has seen more wonders through my poor instrumentality, within the last three days in Dublin, than a six months' trip to the Continent would show most men. I have made him believe that Burke Bethel is Lord Brougham, and I am about to bring him to a *souée* at Mi-Ladi's, who he supposes to be the Marchioness of Conyngham. Apropos to the Bellesima, let me tell you of a "good hit" I was witness to a few nights since; you know, perhaps, old Sir Charles Giesecke, eh?"

"I have seen him once, I think—the Professor of Mineralogy."

"Well, poor old Sir Charles, one of the most modest and retiring men in existence, was standing the other night among the mob, in one of the drawing-rooms, while a waltzing-party were figuring away, at which, with that fondness for "la danse" which characterizes every German of any age, he was looking with much interest, when

my Lady came tripping up, and the following short dialogue ensued within my ear-shot:—"

"Ah, mon cher, Sir Charles, ravi de vous voir. But why are you not dancing?"

"Ah, mi ladi, Je ne puis pas, c'est à dire, Ich kann es nicht; I am too old; Ich bin —"

"Oh, you horrid man; I understand you perfectly. You hate ladies, that is the real reason. You do—you know you do."

"Ah, mi ladi, gnädige frau; glau-ben sie mir; I do loave de ladies; I do adore de sex. Do you know, mi ladi, when I was in Greenland I did keep four womans."

"Oh, shocking, horrid, vile Sir Charles, how could you tell me such a story? I shall die of it."

"Ah, meine Gott, mi ladi; sie irren sich, vous vous trompez. You are quite in mistake; it was only to row my boat!"

"I leave you to guess how my lady's taste for the broad-side of the story, and poor Sir Charles's vindication of himself, in regard to his estimation of 'je beau sexe,' amused all who heard it; as for me, I had to leave the room, half-choked with suppressed laughter. And, now, let us bolt, for I see Burke coming, and, upon my soul I am tired of telling him lies, and must rest on my oars for a few hours at least."

"But where is the necessity for so doing?" said I, "surely, where there is so much of novelty as a large city presents to a visitor for the first time, there is little occasion to draw upon imagination for your facts."

"Ah, my dear Harry, how little you do know of life; there is a kind of man whose appetite for the marvellous is such, that he must be crammed with miracles or he dies of inanition, and you might as well attempt to feed a tiger upon *paté de foie gras*, as satisfy him by mere naked unvarnished truth. I'll just give you an easy illustration; you saw his delight this morning when the "Duke" rode past; well I'll tell you the converse of that proposition now. The night before last, having nothing better to do, we went to the theatre; the piece was 'La Perouse,' which they have been playing here for the last two months to crowded houses, to exhibit some North American Indians whom some theatrical speculator brought over *express*, in all the horrors of fur, wampum, and yellow ochre.

Finding the 'spectacle' rather uninteresting I leaned back in my box, and fell into a doze. Meanwhile, my inquiring friend, Mr. Burke, who felt naturally anxious, as he always does, to get *au fond* at matters, left his place to obtain information about the piece, the audience, and, above all, the authenticity of the Indians, who certainly astonished him considerably.

"Now, it so happened that about a fortnight previously some violent passion to return home to their own country had seized these interesting individuals, and that they felt the most irresistible longing to abandon the savage and unnatural condiments of roast beef and Guinness's porter, and resume their ancient and more civilized habits of life. In fact, like the old African lady mentioned by the missionary at the Cape, they felt they could die happy if they 'could only once more have a roast child for supper,' and, as such luxuries are dear in this country, stay another week they would not, whatever the consequences might be; the manager reasoned, begged, implored and threatened, by turns; all would not do, go they were determined to do, and all that the unfortunate proprietor could accomplish was, to make a purchase of their properties in fur, belts, bows, arrows and feathers, and get them away quietly, without the public being the wiser. The piece was too profitable a one to abandon, so he looked about anxiously, to supply the deficiency in his *corps dramatique*. For several days nothing presented itself to his thoughts, and the public were becoming more clamorous for the repetition of a drama which had greatly delighted them. What was to be done? In a mood of doubt and uncertainty the wretched manager was taking his accustomed walk upon the light-house pier, while a number of unfortunate country fellows, bare-legged and lanky, with hay ropes fastening their old grey coats around them, were standing beside a packet about to take their departure for England, for the harvest. Their uncouth appearance, their wild looks, their violent gestures, and, above all, their strange and guttural language, for they were all speaking Irish, attracted the attention of the manager; the effect, to his professional eye, was good; the thought struck him at once. Here were the very fellows he wanted. It was scarcely necessary to alter any thing about them; they were ready

made to his hand, and in many respects better savages than their prototypes. Through the mediation of some whiskey, the appropriate liquor in all treaties of this nature, a bargain was readily struck, and, in two hours more, 'these forty thieves' were rehearsing upon the classic boards of our theatre, and once more La Perouse, in all the glory of red capital letters, shone forth in the morning advertisements. The run of the piece continued unabated; the Indians were the rage; nothing else was thought or spoken of in Dublin, and already the benefit of Ashewaballah Ho, was announced, who, by the by, was a little fellow from Martin's estate in Connemara, and one of the drollest dogs I ever heard of. Well, it so happened that it was upon one of their nights of performing that I found myself, with Mr. Burke, a spectator of their proceedings; I had fallen into an easy slumber while a dreadful row in the box lobby roused me from my dream, and the loud cry of 'turn him out,' 'pitch him over,' 'beat his brains out,' and other humane proposals of the like nature, effectually restored me to consciousness; I rushed out of the box into the lobby, and there, to my astonishment, in the midst of a considerable crowd, beheld my friend, Mr. Burke, belaboring the box-keeper with all his might with a cotton umbrella of rather unpleasant proportions, accompanying each blow with an exclamation of 'well, are they Connaughtmen now, you rascal, eh? are they all west of Athlone, tell me that now? I wonder what's preventing me beating the soul out of ye.' After obtaining a short cessation of hostilities, and restoring poor Sharkey to his legs, much more dead than alive from pure fright, I learned, at last, the *teterrima causa belli*. Mr. Burke, it seems, had entered into conversation with Sharkey, the box-keeper, as to all the particulars of the theatre and the present piece, but especially as to the real and authentic history of the Indians, whose language he remarked, in many respects, to resemble Irish. Poor Sharkey, whose benefit-night was approaching, thought he might secure a friend for life, by imparting to him an important state secret; and, when, therefore, pressed rather closely as to the 'savages' whereabouts' resolved to try a bold stroke, and trust his unknown interrogator. 'And so you don't really know where they come from, nor can't

guess?" "Maybe Peru," said Mr. Burke, innocently. "Try again, sir," said Sharkey, with a knowing grin. "Is it Behring's Straits?" said Mr. Burke. "What do you think of Galway, sir?" said Sharkey, with a leer intended to cement a friendship for

life; the words were no sooner out of his lips than Burke, who immediately took them as a piece of direct insolence to himself and his country, felled him to the earth, and was in the act of continuing the discipline when I arrived at the field of battle."

CHAP. XXI.—A NIGHT AT HOWTH.

"And must you really leave us so soon," said Tom as we issued forth into the street; "why I was just planning a whole week's adventure for you. Town is so full of all kinds of idle people, I think I could manage to make your time pass pleasantly enough."

"Of that," I replied, "I have little doubt; but for the reasons I have just mentioned, it is absolutely necessary that I should not lose a moment; and after arranging a few things here, I shall start to-morrow by the earliest packet, and hasten up to London at once."

"By Jupiter," said Tom, "how lucky. I just remember something, which comes admirably apropos. You are going to Paris—is it not so?"

"Yes, direct to Paris."

"Nothing could be better," said he. "There is a particularly nice person, a great friend of mine, Mrs. Bingham, waiting for several days in hopes of a chaperon to take care of herself and daughter—a lovely girl, only nineteen, you wretch—to London, *en route* to the continent: the mamma a delightful woman, and a widow, with a very satisfactory jointure—you understand—but the daughter, a regular downright beauty, and a ward in chancery, with how many thousand pounds I am afraid to trust myself to say. You must know then, they are the Binghams of—, upon my soul, I forget where; but highly respectable."

"I regret I have not the pleasure of their acquaintance, and the more because I shall not be able to make it now."

"As why," said Tom gravely.

"Because, in the first place, I am so confoundedly pressed for time, that I could not possibly delay under any contingency that might arise; and your fair friends are, doubtless, not so eagerly determined upon travelling night and day till they reach Paris. Secondly, to speak candidly, with my present hopes and fears weighing upon my mind, I should not be the most agreeable travelling companion to two ladies with such pretensions as you speak of. And thirdly,——"

"Confound your thirdly. I suppose we shall have sixteenthly, like the Presbyterian minister's sermon, if I let you go on."

"Why, they'll not delay you one hour. Mrs. Bingham, man, cares as little for the road as yourself; and as for your *petit soins*, I suppose if you get the fair ladies through the Custom House, and see them safe in a London hotel, it is all will be required at your hands."

"Notwithstanding all you say, I see the downright impossibility of my taking such a charge at this moment, when my own affairs require all the little attention I can bestow; and when, were I once involved with your fair friends, it might be completely out of my power to prosecute my own plans."

As I said this, we reached the door of a handsome looking house in Kildare-street; upon which Tom left my arm, and informing me that he desired to drop a card, knocked loudly.

"Is Mrs. Bingham at home," said he, as the servant opened the door.

"No sir, she's out in the carriage."

"Well, you see Harry, your ill luck befriends you; for I was resolved on presenting you to my friend, and leaving the rest to its merits."

"I can safely assure you that I should not have gone up stairs," said I. "Little as I know of myself, there is one point of my character I have never been deceived in, the fatal felicity by which every new incident or adventure can turn me from following up my best matured and longest digested plans; and as I feel this weakness I cannot correct it; the next best thing I can do is to fly the cause."

"Upon my soul," said Tom, "you have become quite a philosopher since we met. There is an old adage which says, 'no king is ever thoroughly gracious if he has not passed a year or two in dethronement;' so I believe your regular lady killer—yourself for instance—becomes a very quiet animal for being occasionally jilted."

"But now, as you have some commissions to do, pray get done with them

as fast as possible, and let us meet at dinner. Where do you dine to-day?"

"Why, upon that point I am at your service completely."

"Well, then, I have got a place which I think will suit you. You said you wished to go by Holyhead, for fear of delay. Well, then, we'll drive down at six o'clock to Skinner's and dine with him on board the packet at Howth. Bring your luggage with you, and it will save you a vast deal of fuss and trouble in the morning."

"Nothing could be better management for me than this, so I accordingly promised acquiescence; and having appointed a rendezvous for six o'clock, bade O'Flaherty good bye, inwardly rejoicing that my plans were so far forwarded, and that I was not to be embarrassed with either Mrs. Bingham or her daughter, for whose acquaintance or society I had no peculiar ambition.

My commissions, though not very numerous, occupied the few hours which remained, and it was already a few minutes past six o'clock when I took my stand under the piazza of the Post Office, to wait for O'Flaherty. I had not long to do so, for immediately after I had reached the spot, he arrived in an open barouche and four posters, with three other young men, to whom he severally introduced me, but whose names I have totally forgotten; I only remember that two of the party were military men then quartered in town.

When I had taken my seat, I could not help whispering to Tom, that although his friend Skinner might be "*bon*" for a visitation for two at his dinner, yet as we were now so strong a party, might it not be as well to dine at the hotel?"

"Oh," said he, "I have arranged all that; I have sent him a special messenger two hours since, and so make your mind easy—we shall not be disappointed, nor be short-taken."

Our drive, although a long one, passed quietly over, and before we had reached our destination, I had become tolerably intimate with all the party, who were evidently picked men, selected by O'Flaherty for a pleasant evening.

We drove along the pier to the wharf, where the steamer lay, and were received at once by Tom's friend with all the warm welcome and hospitality of a sailor, united with the address and polish of a very finished gentleman. As we descended the companion ladder

to the cabin, my mind became speedily divested of any fears I might have indulged in, as to the want of preparation of our entertainer. The table was covered with all the appanage of handsome plate and cutlery, while the side tables glittered with a magnificent desert, and two large wine coolers presented an array of champagne necks shining with their leaden cravats that would have tempted an anchorite.

I remember very little else of that evening than the *coup d'œil* I have mentioned; besides, were my memory more retentive, I might scruple to trespass farther on my reader's patience, by the detail of those pleasures, which, like love-letters, however agreeable to the parties immediately concerned, are very unedifying to all others. I do remember, certainly, that good stories and capital songs succeeded each other, with a rapidity only to be equalled by the popping of corks; and have also a very vague and indistinct recollection of a dance round the table, evidently to finish a chorus, but which, it appears, finished me too, for I saw no more that night.

How many men have commemorated the waking sensations of their fellow men, after a night's debauch; yet at the same time, I am not aware of any one having perfectly conveyed even a passing likeness to the mingled throng of sensations which crowd one's brain on such an occasion. The doubt of what has passed, by degrees yielding to the half-consciousness of the truth, the feeling of shame, inseparable except to the habitually hard goer, for the events thus dimly pictured; the racking headache and intense thirst, with the horror of the potation recently indulged in; the recurring sense of the fun or drollery of a story or an incident which provokes us again to laugh despite the jarring of our brain from the shaking. All this and more most men have felt, and happy are they when their waking thoughts are limited to such, at such times as these—the matter becomes considerably worse, when the following morning calls for some considerable exertion, for which even in your best and calmest moments, you only find yourself equal.

It is truly unpleasant on rubbing your eyes and opening your ears, to discover that the great bell is ringing the half hour before your quarterly examination at college, while Locke, Lloyd, and Lucian are dancing a reel through your brain, little short of madness;

scarcely less agreeable is it, to learn that your friend Captain Wildfire is at the door in his cab, to accompany you to the Phoenix, to stand within twelve paces of a cool gentleman who has been sitting with his arm in *Eau de Cologne* for the last half hour, that he may pick you out, artist-like. There are besides these inconceivable situations, in which our preparations of the night would appear, as none of the wisest; but I prefer going at once to my own, which although considerably inferior in difficulty, was not without its own "*désagrémens*."

When I awoke, therefore, on board the "Fire-fly," the morning after our dinner party, I was perfectly unable, by any mental process in my reach, to discover where I was. On ship board I felt I must be—the narrow berth—the gilded and panelled cabin which met my eye through my half-open curtains, and that peculiar swelling motion inseparable from a vessel in the water, all satisfied me of this fact. I looked about me, but could see no one to give me the least idea of my position. Could it be that we were on our way out to Corfu, and that I had been ill for some time past?

But this cabin had little resemblance to a transport; perhaps it might be a frigate—I knew not. Then again, were we sailing, or at anchor, for the ship was nearly motionless; at this instant a tremendous noise like thunder crashed through my head, and for a moment I expected we had exploded, and would be all blown up; but an instant after I discovered it must be the escape of the steam, and that I was on board a packet ship. Here, then, was some clue to my situation, and one which would probably have elicited all in due season; but just at this moment a voice on deck saved me from any further calculations. Two persons were conversing whose voices were not altogether unknown to me, but why I knew not.

"Then, Captain, I suppose you consider this as an excellent passage."

"Yes, of course I do," replied the Captain, "it's only five hours since we left Howth, and now you see we are nearly in; if we had this run of the tide we shall reach the Head before twelve o'clock."

"Ha! ha!" said I to myself, "now I begin to learn something. So we have crossed the channel while I was sleeping—not the least agreeable thing for a man to hear who suffers martyrdom

from sea sickness—but let me listen again."

"And that large mountain there—is that Snowdon?"

"No. You cannot see Snowdon; there is too much mist about it; that mountain is Capel Carrig; and there that bold bluff to the eastward, that is Pennen Mawr."

"Come, there is no time to be lost," thought I; so springing out of my berth, accoutred as I was, in merely trowsers and slippers, with a red handkerchief fastened night-cap fashion round my head, I took my way through the cabin.

My first thought on getting upon my legs was how tremendously the vessel pitched, which I had not remarked while in my berth, but now I could scarce keep myself from falling at every step. I was just about to call the steward, when I again heard the voices on deck.

"You have but few passengers this trip."

"I think only yourself and a Captain Lorrequer," replied the Captain, "who, by-the-by, is losing all this fine coast, which is certainly a great pity."

"He shall not do so much longer," thought I; for as I find that there are no other passengers, I'll make my toilet on deck, and enjoy the view besides. With this determination I ascended slowly and cautiously the companion ladder, and stepped out upon the deck; but scarcely had I done so, when a roar of the loudest laughter made me turn my head towards the poop, and there to my horror of horrors I beheld Tom O'Flaherty seated between two ladies, whose most vociferous mirth I soon perceived was elicited at my expense.

All the party of the preceding night were also there, and as I turned from their grinning faces to the land, I saw to my shame and confusion, that we were still lying beside the pier at Howth; while the band-boxes, trunks, and imperials of new arrivals were incessantly pouring in, as travelling carriages kept driving up to the place of embarkation. I stood perfectly astounded and bewildered—shame for my ridiculous costume, would have made me fly at any other time—but there I remained to be laughed at patiently, while that villain O'Flaherty leading me passively forward, introduced me to his friends—"Mr. Ham, Mr. Lorrequer; Mr. Miss Bingham. Dont be pr

against him, ladies, for when not in love and properly dressed, he is a marvellously well-looking young gentleman; and as——"

What the remainder of the sentence might be, I knew not, for I rushed down into the cabin, and locking the door, never opened it till I could perceive from the stern windows that we

were really off on our way to England, and recognized once more the laughing face of O'Flaherty, who, as he waved his hat to his friends from the pier, reminded them that "they were under the care and protection of his friend Lorrequer, who, he trusted, would condescend to increase his wearing apparel under the circumstances."

CHAP. XXII.—THE JOURNEY.

When I did at last venture upon deck, it was with a costume studiously accurate, and as much of manner as I could possibly master, to endeavour at once to erase the unfortunate impression of my first appearance; this, however, was not destined to be a perfectly successful manœuvre, and I was obliged after a few minutes to join the laugh, which I found could not be repressed, at my expense. One good result then certainly followed from all this. I became almost immediately on intimate terms with Mrs. Bingham and her daughter, and much of the awkwardness in my position as their chaperon, which *bon gre mal gre* I was determined to be, was at once got over. Mrs. Bingham herself was of that "genie" of widow which comes under the "fat, fair, and forty" category, with a never-ceasing flow of high, almost boisterous, spirits—an excellent temper—good health—and well stocked purse. Life to her was like a game of her favourite "speculation," when, as she *believed*, the "company honest," and *knew* her cards trumps, she was tolerably easy for the result. She liked Kingstown—she liked short whisk—she liked the military—she liked "the junior bar," of which she knew a good number—she had a well furnished house in Kildare-street—and a well cushioned pew in St. Anne's—she was a favourite at the Castle—and Doctor Labatt "knew her constitution." Why, with all these advantages, she should ever have thought of leaving the "happy valley" of her native city, it was somewhat hard to guess. Was it that thoughts of matrimony, which the continent held out more prospect for, had invaded the fair widow's heart? was it that the altered condition to which politics had greatly reduced Dublin, had effected this change of opinion? or was it, like that indescribable longing for the unknown something, which we read of in the pathetic history of

the fair lady celebrated, I believe, by Petrarch, but I quote from memory:

"Mrs. Gill is very ill,
Nothing can improve her,
But to see the Tuillerie,
And waddle through the Louvre."

None of these I believe, however good and valid reasons in themselves, were the moving powers upon the present occasion; the all-sufficient one being that Mrs. Bingham had a daughter. Now Miss Bingham was Dublin too—but Dublin of a later edition—and a finer, more hot-pressed copy than her mamma. She had been educated at Mrs. Somebody's seminary in Mount-joy-square—had been taught to dance by Montague—and had learned French from a Swiss governess—with a number of similar advantages—a very pretty figure—dark eyes—long eye lashes—and a dimple—and last, but of course least, the deserved reputation of a large fortune. She had made a most successful *debut* in the Dublin world, where she was much admired and flattered, and which soon suggested to her quick mind, as it has often done in similar cases to a young provincial debutante, not to waste her "*fraicheur*" upon the minor theatres, but at once to appear upon the "great boards;" so far evidencing a higher flight of imagination and enterprise than is usually found among the *clique* of her early associates, who may be characterized as that school of young ladies, who like the "Corsair" and Dunleary, and say "ah don't!"

She possessed much more common sense than her mamma, and promised under proper advantages to become speedily quite sufficiently acquainted with the world and its habitudes. In the meanwhile, I perceived that she ran a very considerable risque of being carried off by some moustachoeed Pole, with a name like a sneeze, who might pretend to

enjoy the *entrée* into the fashionable circles of the Continent.

Very little study of my two fair friends enabled me to see thus much ; and very little usage sufficed to render me speedily intimate with both ; the easy *bonhomie* of the mamma, who had a very methodistical appreciation of what the "connexion" call "creature comforts," amused me much, and opened one ready path to her good graces by the opportunity afforded of getting up a luncheon of veal cutlets and London porter, of which I partook, not a little at the evident loss of the fair daughter's esteem.

While, therefore, I made the turn of the steward's cell in search of Hervey's sauce, I brushed up my memory of the Corsair and Childe Harold, and alternately discussed Hilton and Southey, Lover and lobsters, Haynes Bayley and ham.

The day happened to be particularly calm and delightful, so that we never left the deck ; and the six hours which brought us from land to land, quickly passed over in this manner ; and ere we reached the head, I had become the warm friend and legal adviser of the mother ; and with the daughter I was installed as chief confidant of her all griefs and sorrows, both of which appointments having cost me a solemn promise to take care of them till their arrival in Paris, where they had many friends and acquaintances awaiting them. Here then, as usual, was the invincible facility with which I gave myself up to any one who took the trouble to influence me. One thing, nevertheless, I was determined on, to let no circumstance defer my arriving at Paris a day later than was possible ; therefore, though my office as chaperon might diminish my comforts *en route*, it should not interfere with the object before me. Had my mind not been so completely engaged with my own immediate prospects, when hope suddenly and unexpectedly revived, but came so tinged with fears and doubts as to be almost torture, I must have been much amused with my present position, as I found myself seated with my two fair friends, rolling along through Wales in their comfortable travelling carriage—giving all the orders at the different hotels—seeing after the luggage—and acting *en maitre* in every respect.

The good widow enjoyed particularly the difficulty which my precise position, with regard to her and her daughter, threw the different innkeepers on the

road, sometimes supposing me to be her husband, sometimes her son, and once her son-in-law ; which very alarming conjecture brought a crimson tinge to the fair daughter's cheek, an expression, which in my ignorance, I thought looked very like an inclination to faint in my arms.

At length we reached London, and having been there safely installed at "Mivart's," I sallied forth to present my letter to the Horse Guards, and obtain our passport for the continent.

"Number nine, Poland-street, sir," said the waiter, as I inquired the address of the French Consul. Having discovered that, my interview with the commander-in-chief was appointed for four o'clock, I determined to lose no time, but make every possible arrangement for leaving London in the morning.

A cab quietly conveyed me to the door of the consul, around which stood several other vehicles, of every shape and fashion, while in the doorway were to be seen numbers of people thronging and pressing, like the Opera pit on a full night. Into the midst of this assemblage I soon thrust myself, and, borne upon the current, at length reached a small back parlour, filled also with people : a door opening into another small room in the front, showed a similar mob there, with the addition of a small elderly man, in a bag wig and spectacles, very much begrimed with snuff, and speaking in a very choleric tone to the various applicants for passports, who, totally ignorant of French, insisted upon interlarding their demands with an occasional stray phrase, making a kind of tessellated pavement of tongues, which would have shamed Babel. Nearest to the table at which the functionary sat, stood a mustachoeed gentleman, in a blue frock and white trousers, a white hat jauntily set upon one side of his head, and primrose gloves. He cast a momentary glance of a very undervaluing import upon the crowd around him, and then, turning to the Consul, said, in a very soprano tone—

"Passport, monsieur !"

"Que voulez vous que je fasse," replied the old Frenchman gruffly. "Je suis j'ai—thatis, donnez moi, passport."

"Where do you go?" he asked.

"Calai."

"Comment diable, s'understan you as besse

"Lorraine Snaggs, g

"What age have you?—how old?"

"Twenty-two."

"C'est ça," said the old consul, flinging the passport across the table, with the air of a man who thoroughly comprehended the applicant's pretension to the designation of gentilhomme Anglais.

As I followed the worthy representative of Sevendials with my eye, another person had neared the table. She was a rather pretty young woman, with blue eyes, and brown hair braided quietly on her forehead, and wearing a plain close bonnet of a very coquettish appearance.

"Will you be seated, mam'selle?" said the polite old Frenchman, who had hitherto been more like a bear than a human being—"Ou allez vous donc; where to, ma chère?"

"To Paris, sir."

"By Calais?"

"No, sir, by Boulogne"—"c'est bon."

"Quel âge avez vous. What old, ma belle?"

"Nineteen, sir, in June."

"And you are alone, quite, eh?"

"No, sir, my little girl."

"Ah! your letel girl—ces't fort bien—je m'aperçais; and your name?"

"Fanny Linwood, sir."

"Ces't fini ma chere, Mademisselle Fanni Linwood," said the old man, as he wrote down the name.

"Oh, sir, I beg your pardon, but you have put me down Mademoiselle, and—and—you see, sir, I have my little girl."

"A c'est egal, mam'selle, they don't mind these things in France—au plaisir de vous voi. Adieu."

"They don't mind these things in France," said I to myself, repeating the old consul's phrase, which I could not help feeling as a whole chapter on his nation.

My business was soon settled, for I spoke nothing but English—very little knowledge of the world teaching me that when we have any favor, however slight, to ask, it is always good policy to make the *amende* by gratifying

the *amour propre* of the granter—if, happily, there be an opportunity for so doing.

When I returned to Mivart's, I found a written answer to my letter of the morning, stating that his lordship of the Horse Guards was leaving town that afternoon, but would not delay my departure for the continent, to visit which a four months' leave was granted me, with a recommendation to study at Weimar.

The next day brought us to Dover, in time to stroll about the cliffs during the evening, when I again talked sentiments with the daughter till very late. The Madame herself was too tired to come out, so that we had our walk quite alone. It is strange enough how quickly this travelling together has shaken us into intimacy. Isabella says she feels as if I were her brother; and I begin myself to think she is *not* exactly like a sister. She has a marvellously pretty foot and ancle.

The climbing of cliffs is a very dangerous pastime. How true the French adage—"C'est plus facile de glacer sur la gazon que sur la glace." But still, nothing can come of it; for, if Lady Jane be not false, I must consider myself an engaged man.

"Well, but I hope," said I, rousing myself from a reverie of some minutes, and inadvertently pressing the arm which leaned upon me—"your mamma will not be alarmed at our long absence?"

"Oh! not in the least; for she knows I'm with you."

And here I felt a return of the pressure—perhaps also inadvertently given, but which, whether or not, effectually set all my reasonings and calculations astray; and we returned to the hotel, silent on both sides.

The appearance of la chere mamma beside the hissing tea urn brought us both back to ourselves; and, after an hour's chatting, we wished good night, to start on the morrow for the continent.

THE REFORM BILL AND THE IRISH ELECTION LAWS.

BEFORE we enter upon the present state of the representation in Ireland, it may not be amiss to take a brief view of the circumstances which preceded, if they did not actually lead to, the passing of the reform bill. The great change in the elective fran-

chise in Ireland, was made by the act of 1793, which admitted Roman Catholics to vote for members of parliament. By this law the elective franchise was entrusted to a great number of persons whose feelings were adverse to all our institutions; and particularly

to those which gave us a close connection with England, a Protestant monarch, and a Protestant church establishment. The various and discordant feelings of the people were, in some measure, represented in the Irish House of Commons, by the variety of qualifications which existed for the franchise. The aristocracy, principally Protestant, were represented by a number of close boroughs. Close corporations, inheriting a strong Protestant feeling, and not unmindful of the purposes for which they had been originally established in Ireland, were the chief securities of the general Protestant interests here, while the counties were represented by those who obtained the suffrages of an ignorant rabble of forty-shilling freeholders, who were incapable of forming a judgment for themselves, but were led by any persons, generally their landlords, who took the trouble of directing, or ordering them, how to vote. The Roman Catholics, however, although the elective franchise was conceded to them, were still naturally discontented at being excluded from both houses of parliament, and all the great offices of the state, and symptoms of discontent appeared, that portended a fearful struggle of parties. Whatever the result might be, the consequences of the strife must be fatal to the prosperity of the country. If the Roman Catholics failed in the endeavour to obtain farther privileges, it could only be by a constant opposition between the county representatives and the members returned by close boroughs. The nominees of a few individuals could not long continue a contest against the great majority of the population. On the other hand, to admit the Roman Catholics to an equality, was to ensure them a certain and decided superiority, it was to commit the government of the country to the unprincipled and desperate nominees of an ignorant and bigoted populace. Scenes of confiscation and bloodshed would ensue, in comparison with which the darkest atrocities of the French revolution would appear insignificant. The Protestants of Ireland were placed in that situation that they could not maintain their civil superiority without a civil war, and they could not renounce it without ruin. In this state of things a more intimate union with England was the only resource. By this act of union, the Protestant Church was declared to be for ever the Established Church in

England and Ireland, and its security was obtained by a provision which rendered it impossible to assail her except by the most flagrant breach of treaty. The Protestants also gained the advantage of being governed by the imperial legislature in which the majority was likely to have a feeling in their favour. On the other hand, they surrendered a superiority in Ireland which was no longer necessary to their protection. The number of representatives for Ireland, in the House of Commons, was reduced from 280 to 100. The reduction was caused chiefly by the disfranchisement of a number of close boroughs of which the members had been always nominated by Protestant noblemen, or Protestant corporations. Of the 100 members left to Ireland, 64 were returned by the counties in which the electors were principally Roman Catholics, and of the remaining 36, about half were returned by constituencies in which the Roman Catholics might easily procure a fair and equal influence. Before the reform bill Ireland possessed a more democratical constitution than England; there was a smaller proportion of close boroughs; the larger towns only had preserved their franchise at the union, inasmuch, that by the reform bill not a single Irish borough was disfranchised, nor a single new one created; for, although Ireland obtained 5 additional members by the reform act, the addition was made by permitting 5 constituencies each to return 2 members, which formerly returned only one. Thus, by the act of union, the religious strife in Ireland, was rendered less formidable. The Protestants gained by it, since they were secured from most of the evils which would otherwise ensue, if the Roman Catholics succeeded in obtaining the equality in civil privileges for which they fought. The Roman Catholics also gained, as well by this, which diminished the inclination, or rather the necessity which the Protestants had of resisting them, as by the disfranchisement of so many close boroughs in the possession of which had principally consisted the superiority of their antagonists. The one made the Protestants less inclined, the other less able, to resist them. It was evident, that what was called Catholic emancipation must take place before the existing generation passed away, and, accordingly, in 12 years after the act of union, a very lar

majority in the House of Commons, declared themselves in its favour. The majority against it in the House of Lords was, at the same time, very small. It must have passed in a few years, if the violence of the Roman Catholic leaders, and some attacks then made, or menaced against the Established Church in Ireland, had not alarmed its friends to a resistance of the Roman Catholics. Nevertheless, the power of the Roman Catholics was steadily increasing. At the commencement of the struggle they possessed little power, owing to their deficiency in wealth and education. But in a country where education and the opportunities of successful industry are within the reach of all, it must soon happen that wealth and education will, in proportion to their numbers, be more evenly diffused among the contending parties, and every year the Roman Catholics, a great number of whom were engaged in industrious occupations, acquired greater wealth; and the Protestants who possessed most were most liable to sustain losses. The quantity of wealth lost by any party is naturally proportioned to the amount which it possesses, the quantity to be gained will be more proportioned to the number of those by whose industry and economy it is to be accumulated. Nor did the Roman Catholics want active leaders to discipline and direct their multitudes. The power possessed by the priests, and their constant communication with the populace, provided every parish with a leader at a moment's notice, while the Roman Catholic bar, discontented at being deprived of their natural right to promotion according to their merit, became a band of agitators ready to adopt the most energetic measures to destroy a system by which they considered themselves oppressed. The Roman Catholics were united in their efforts to obtain Catholic Emancipation, the Protestants were divided in their resistance to it. Many were favorable to it—many were indifferent. Even of those who opposed it, many considered other questions as of greater moment, and no Protestant opposed emancipation with the same energy with which every Roman Catholic contended for it. The populace, in whose hands the representation of Ireland existed, were in its favour, and were easily led by their priests and their lawyers to neglect
 ----- other criterion of merit among
 didates for their favour, and to

give their votes to those who made the admission of Roman Catholics to parliament their only immediate object. Thus the power of the party in Ireland opposed to Catholic Emancipation was daily diminishing, and men of the largest properties and the greatest influence in their respective counties, were expelled from the representation on account of their hostility to this measure. Louth and Waterford were startling instances to prove how precarious was the tenure by which the opponents of this measure held their seats. At length the matter came to a crisis. A vote in favour of Emancipation was no longer to be sufficient: the popular member was pledged to oppose any ministry which would not make Catholic Emancipation a cabinet measure. The county of Clare afforded a fair field for the battle which was to be fought on this point. The Right Honorable Vesey Fitzgerald, one of the members for the county, had accepted an office in the cabinet under the Duke of Wellington, and thereby vacated his seat, and applied to his constituents to be re-elected. Many circumstances appeared to favour him in the contest that was about to ensue. For many years he had been one of the representatives of the county, and it might be supposed that those who had supported him so often would be unwilling to desert him now. He was a cabinet minister, his popularity was extensive, his talents were universally acknowledged, and all the principal landlords of the county were anxious to re-elect him. Besides, he had been a supporter of the Roman Catholic claims from his first entrance into public life, at a time too when such support was generally believed to involve some sacrifice on the part of him who gave it; and it appeared ungrateful to turn against him the entire strength of that party which he had assisted when it most required his support. It was obvious that to contest his return was (to use a vulgar phrase) to take the bull by the horns, and that a battle to be fought under such circumstances required no ordinary exertions to give his opponent a hope of success. On the other hand, exertions of no ordinary description had been made. The priests and the ribbonmen had been indefatigable, and their exertions, judiciously combined, had been so successful that no man dared to disobey them, or to obey the laws of the land. They had reduced the county to a state

of perfect discipline, and the effects are visible even to the present day. In no part of Ireland is life or property more insecure than in Clare. It is difficult to collect rent, and impossible to collect tithes there. The law is a dead letter. It would be vain to offer any opposition to the ribbon candidates. No country requires a stronger police force, in proportion to its extent and population, than Clare, to keep it from a premature declaration of war against Great Britain. In a word Clare rivals Tipperary itself in the unbounded confidence which it reposes in Lord Mulgrave's government.

Such were the preparations for the eventful contest; and a man was found in whose favour they were most suitably applicable. Mr. O'Connell himself came forward as a candidate to oppose Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. A short time before, a private unprofessional gentleman, the present Sir Valentine Blake, of Menlo, in the county of Galway, discovered an unexpected point of law in favour of the Roman Catholics. It was this, that the declaration against transubstantiation, by which they were excluded from the House of Commons, need not be taken by a member until after his election, and when he entered the house to take his seat, upon which occasion, if he refuses to make the declaration, his seat is vacated, and a new writ issues. Thus a Roman Catholic might come forward as a candidate, and be elected for any constituency; although without taking the required oaths, no person could sit or vote. Mr. O'Connell availed himself of this point, and stood for Clare. Lest, however, the zeal of his supporters might be damped by a knowledge of his incapacity to sit, and the poorer farmers be found reluctant to make the necessary sacrifices for a man so circumstanced, he pledged himself as a lawyer that the necessity for taking the oath had been removed by the act of union; and he put forth the statement, plausible in appearance, that the several acts of parliament prescribed oaths to be taken by members of the British House of Commons, at the bar of the house in Westminster, and by members of the Irish House of Commons, at the bar of the House of Commons in Dublin, but that no provision was made to require such oaths from a member of the imperial parliament, and that, therefore, his common-law eligibility remained untouched by any act of parliament. His argument was

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just abstruse enough to catch the taste of the populace, without perplexing them too much; and those who were scarcely able to comprehend it thought they saw in its abstruseness sufficient to account for the fact that it had not been discovered before, even supposing the statement upon which it was founded to be correct. In point of fact, however, it was utterly destitute of foundation, and all disabilities to sit or vote in the Irish House of Commons had been extended to members of the imperial House of Commons by 41 Geo. III. c. 52, s. 3. Our opinion of Mr. O'Connell's veracity and of his legal knowledge equally forbid us to suppose that Mr. O'Connell himself believed the assertions which he pledged himself to on this point. The falsehood was too evident to deceive any lawyer, and he had a double interest in its promulgation. First, to encourage his supporters, by leading them to believe they were about to vote for a man who could permanently represent them; and next, to suppress the point made by Sir V. Blake, and by appearing to rely upon a different one to deprive a rival candidate for popularity of the credit which he was entitled to from his ingenuity and research.

Not to dwell too long upon this portion of history, the election came on, Mr. O'Connell was returned, and deferred taking his seat for several months, thus proving that he relied upon Sir V. Blake's arguments, not upon his own. The state of excitement in which the Irish populace was thrown by this contest contributed more than any other event to convince the Duke of Wellington of the impossibility or the impolicy of withholding emancipation any longer. Under these circumstances, he resolved to grant the Roman Catholics a fuller measure of emancipation than any of their advocates had ventured to demand. The measure itself was, perhaps, a wise one, but the mode in which he carried it created distrust in a number of his friends who had always opposed the measure. It broke the strength of the Conservative party, by dividing it, and it gave vigour and courage to the friends of revolution by giving an example of a great public change effected by a system of agitation which was little short of treason. It also revived a desire for parliamentary reform, which, for many years, had been dormant, and seemed extinguished in the minds of the people of England.

Catholic emancipation was certainly carried contrary to the wishes of a large portion, if not an actual majority of the people of England, and its enemies asserted and believed that it would not have passed if the House of Commons had been a fair representation of the people. Sir Robert Peel, too, in support of Catholic emancipation, relied very much upon the fact that the constituencies which returned members favourable to the measure were much larger than those which returned its enemies. This argument naturally suggested the propriety of a parliamentary reform. A measure which passed at the same time contributed to strengthen this feeling in favor of reform, viz. the disfranchisement of the 40s. freeholders, which, in itself, was a kind of parliamentary reform, and familiarized the public mind to the principle of disfranchisement without compensation. Two events happened while the Conservatives were divided, and a great body of them disheartened and without a leader, which completed the triumph of the radical reformers. The first of these was the death of King George the Fourth and the elevation of his successor. The second was the revolution in France and the three glorious days which led to the deposition and exile of Charles. At the general election which took place on the death of George the Fourth the ministerial candidates sustained many defeats. The opponents of emancipation now opposed the Duke of Wellington, who obtained, in exchange, only the hollow support of a small number of its friends. The cry for reform, which, for many years, had been disregarded, was now raised with effect, and its success was shewn in a marked instance by the return of its great advocate, Mr. Brougham, for Yorkshire. This was the first instance of a mere practising barrister being returned for an English county. The two parties most opposed to each other in the state agreed only in their opposition to the Duke of Wellington's cabinet, and compelled him to retire from power. Earl Grey's ministry succeeded, and the French revolution, and the high state of excitement it produced in the British people, induced him to propose a larger measure of reform and a more democratic constitution than any member of his cabinet had ever advocated. We have not room in this article to expose the frauds and misrepresenta-

tions, the violence and falsehoods by means of which this measure obtained the support of such triumphant majorities in England. Our present business is with the measure itself as it affected Ireland. The general principle was to make the constitution more democratical; but its details were conducted so as to reduce as much as possible the strength of the opponents of the Whigs, and to increase the power of their supporters. The Roman Catholics supported the measure, which they saw must add immensely to their influence; and, in return, their interests were not neglected in the details. This was made manifest by various instances. Thus, before the reform act, clergymen were permitted, without registration, to vote for the counties in which they held their livings. As the number of livings in a county was fixed, and admitted neither of increase nor of diminution, and were all sufficient to qualify an elector, and as, from the nature of the interest, it never could be transferred for the purpose of making a fictitious claim to vote, it was considered that all the objects of registration were already obtained, and that, to compel a clergyman to register was to impose a useless and vexatious trouble upon him. However, the Roman Catholics, who saw an advantage in every impediment thrown in the way of a clergyman's vote, and who never omit the slightest point that can increase their influence, easily prevailed upon the Whigs to insert a clause compelling clergymen to register.

But, among the instances of unfairness shown by the Whigs in the details of this measure, we shall select one which may not have come within the knowledge of many of our readers. In consequence of the reform bill, it became necessary to ascertain the proper boundaries of the boroughs; as, in many cases, the ancient boundaries were in no manner connected with the elective franchise, and might be found inconvenient if the new rights given by the reform bill were to be dependent on them. For this purpose, commissioners were appointed to inquire into the size and probable number of the constituencies under the new bill, and to fix the boundaries of the boroughs according to the natural present and probable future boundaries of the respective towns. These were the public instructions, in conformity to which was the public report; but it appears that private instructions were given to

inquire into the relative strength of parties, and to draw their boundaries so as throw as much power as possible into the hands of the Liberals and Catholics, as they were called. Accordingly, a private report was drawn up in conformity with these private instructions, and while the public report was printed, and presented to both houses of parliament—the private report was lithographed and interleaved, for the use of the Whig government. We have seen a copy of this private report, which explains the object of much that would otherwise appear anomalous in those boundaries. For instance, Jephson, who was member for Mallow, supported the bill; Gordon, who was returned, on Lord Roden's interest, for Dundalk, opposed it. Accordingly, Jephson's interest in Mallow must be increased, and Lord Roden's, if possible, destroyed. This, however, seemed no easy task, as Lord Roden's demesne and property were more extensive than Mr. Jephson's, and were also much closer to their respective towns. Now, let our readers look at the two boundaries, and mark the daring partiality manifested by the commissioners. Half of Mr. Jephson's demesne and his house, being nearly a mile from Mallow, are brought within the boundary; while Lord Roden's demesne, although within twenty yards of the town, is entirely excluded by the sinuous boundary which the commissioners provided for Dundalk. We subjoin an extract from the private report:—"Dundalk is the strongest instance we have in favour of our close boundaries. The only chance the town has of remaining for any length of time independent rests upon the measure of separating it from the agricultural district. We have here excluded the whole of the demesne, whilst it may be objected that we have included a portion of Mr. Jephson's demesne at Mallow. The answer is, that Lord Roden's house is included, and, therefore, we thought it right to include Mr. Jephson's, and that we have taken in no more of the demesne than was necessary to do this and to make a compact boundary." The private report on Mallow says:—"We take in this portion of the demesne in order to include Mr. Jephson's house. If it be objected that we have at Dundalk taken in no part of Lord Roden's demesne, the answer is, that it was not necessary to do so in order to include his house, which stands quite on the edge of the demesne; or rather, I

should say, *not in the demesne*, but in the town." Thus, because Lord Roden's house, which being occupied by a peer conferred no right to vote, could not by any act be excluded, they bring in Mr. Jephson's house and park, which lay at a considerable distance from the town. The folly of this *pretence* requires no comment. We find the commissioners in Armagh drawing the boundaries very close, to exclude the interests of those who held leases under the Primate. However, they are apprehensive that their triumph will be a brief one, for they say, "This town, it is supposed, will, for the present, return a member of the liberal party; still, from the very great respect in which the primate is held, it is thought that his influence must ultimately prevail." In Portarlinton, they suggest that Mountmellick should be joined with it, in order to break the interest of Lord Portarlinton; but they fear that if the principle of association was once admitted it might be carried too far. Lisburn appears to have baffled all their ingenuity. We subjoin their private report:—"This is decidedly a nomination borough; and there is little doubt that it must remain so *if allowed to exist*, as the Marquis of Hertford is the sole proprietor of the town, and of a large district of country surrounding it. He is the best of landlords—relieves the town from a considerable portion of imposts—expends large sums in improving the town—lets his land at will, and at very low rents, in fact, merely nominal; so that it would be next to an impossibility to establish a constituency that would be enclosed to destroy his influence. He will, therefore, continue to return whoever he pleases." This suggestion of the expediency of disfranchising Lisburn (the only town respecting which such a hint is given) made us imagine that the size of the town or the smallness of its constituency furnished some pretext for the measure. We were, therefore, surprised to find, in the same report, that it was admitted to possess a population of 6,201, and 854 houses worth £10 each and upwards; exceeding Athlone, with its population of 6,161 and 260 £10 houses; and still more exceeding, in the number of its houses worth £10 a-year and upwards, Bandon, Cashel, Coleraine, Downpatrick, Dungannon, Dungarvan, Ennis, Kinsale, Mallow, Portarlinton, New Ross, and equal to Tralee. Thus, of the twenty-seven towns which return one

member each to parliament, only thirteen exceed Lisburn in the amount of its probable constituency. It stood exactly in the middle, there being as many under as over it; and yet it scarcely escaped disfranchisement, because the people were attached to one of your illiberal Tory noblemen, who let his lands at low rents and expended much of his income in improving the town, relieving it of taxes, and in other acts of liberality. Such conduct ought to be discountenanced by the Whigs. We have not time to dwell further upon this secret report; but, when our readers recollect in how many towns the election has been decided by a very small majority, they will see what political advantages the Whigs must have derived from their petty manœuvring about the boundaries and other little details. It would not be difficult in any town to fix the boundaries, even without exciting observation or going the length which the Whigs have done, so as to give any party ten votes more or less in any town; and, seeing that all these points were settled as much as possible in favour of the Whigs, both in Ireland and England, we need not be surprised that the majority of the House of Commons is in favour of the present ministry, while the great majority of the public is against them.

With respect to the Irish counties, the reform bill worked an improvement. The reasons had long since ceased to exist which had formerly made freeholds so much more respectable than leaseholds in the eyes of the law. At common law, a lease for the life of a man of eighty years was a higher estate than a lease for 1,000 years; and the latter estate, if worth £1,000 a-year, would not give the owner, or any of his tenants, a right to vote. The reform act removed this anomaly; and leasehold interests of sufficient duration, if of the value of £10 a-year, now confer the franchise upon the possessor. This was a decided improvement, although not so great a one as might at first appear. It removed rather an anomaly than a grievance, since the electors under the old system were exactly of the same class, and represented the same interests as those under the new. Still, on the whole, we consider it a beneficial extension of the franchise; but we think the change ought to be carried farther, and that possession of a house and land of a certain value, say £20 a-

year, ought to confer a right to vote on the possessor without an inquiry as to the rent which he paid or the tenure by which he held it. This would simplify the law, and remove an immensity of fraud and perjury; and the electors thus introduced would be fully equal in wealth and intelligence to the average of those who can vote under the present system. This, too, would remove an anomaly, as at present the mere occupation as tenant at will at a rackrent of a house and land worth £10 a-year will confer the elective franchise for a borough, if within the favoured boundaries, while, outside those, land of ten times the value, held under a lease of ten years, will not enable the possessor to vote for the county. If this distinction had not existed, there would not have been so much fraud and partiality shewn in fixing the borough boundaries; but the temptation could not be resisted by Whig radicals, when they had to determine whether a plot of ground should confer the franchise on every occupier of a small portion, or only upon some particular tenants of much larger portions. They had no general rule to direct their conduct; they merely enquired whether the owner was friend or foe, and they drew the line accordingly, and then framed some general rule to account for their conduct in each particular case. The operation of this partiality was increased by the closeness of the borough boundaries, which the commissioners were instructed to draw as close as was consistent with the favor to be shewn to their friends. Thus a plot of land would enable twenty men to vote for a borough having in all only 300 voters, or only five of them to vote for a county having 3,000 voters, according as the commissioners were pleased to include or exclude it. We think the perfection of an electoral system consists in making the franchise or its value depend as little as possible on any accidents independent of property and intelligence. This would require that the number of electors in each district should be as nearly as possible the same, and that in each district the same qualifications should confer the franchise. The only reasonable departure from this is to have no system at all, but to let the various classes of society be represented by the different districts which ages had proved effectual for the purpose, and to make the efficacy of the House of

Commons depend as much upon the wisdom and integrity of its members as upon their close dependance upon their constituents. If we are to have a system of direct representation, let it be a reasonable one.

We have said that with the elective franchise for counties in Ireland, as intended by the reform bill, we have little fault to find; but we do complain of it as a serious grievance that numbers exercise the franchise who do not possess the qualification. This is effected by a system of registration which throws all power into the hands of the party which has least regard to justice or veracity. To prevent delay and expense at elections, which was one of the declared objects of the reform bill, it was necessary that the qualifications of the electors should be ascertained before they came to the poll, and that the enquiries to be made there should be brief and few. This was effected by requiring all candidates to register their qualifications a certain time before the election, and permitting no enquiry to be made at the poll except whether the elector had duly registered his qualification, which was sufficiently proved by his certificate—whether he was the person whose qualification was thus registered—whether his qualification still subsisted. The origin and growth of this system is easily understood.—

While there was no registry the elector came forward, swore, if required, to his qualification, and, if his vote was objected to, would naturally (not to interrupt the poll) be sent into a different room, where a deputy would hear the evidence for and against his qualification, and his vote would be received or rejected according to the decision of the deputy. The imperfections of this system are manifest—first, the immense power it threw into the hands of the deputy-sheriffs—next, the expense and delay thereby occasioned at the elections; and lastly, that a number of voters would come forward, of whom the opposing party had never previously heard, and against whose qualifications, therefore, no evidence could be produced. A slight variety of this system was for the returning officer to receive the votes of all who tendered them, but before he declares any candidate duly returned, he enters into a scrutiny and rejects the votes of those who were not duly qualified. A strong example of the inconvenience of this system may be

found in the debates and history of the Westminster election in 1784, where a scrutiny lasted for many months before any candidate was returned. The general honesty and fair dealing of the English people enabled them to endure this system much longer in England than in Ireland. The first improvement on this system was to enable the deputy to do the greater part of this work before the election, and to compel those classes of voters, respecting whose qualifications doubts might most reasonably be ascertained, and frauds be most readily practised, to come and register their claims to vote, and to have the list of registered voters published a certain time before the election. This was first attempted by the 1st Geo. II. cap. 9, which enacted that, except in certain specified cases, no person should vote in respect of a freehold worth less than £10 a-year, unless a memorial of the deed under which he claimed was registered with the clerk of the peace six months before the election; and in the 19th Geo. II. cap. 11, it is stated that the object of the act was to prevent the multiplying votes, and to give due notice to every candidate of the number, nature, situation and value of such freeholds. Various other acts were passed from time to time for the due registration of electors, and were useful in these several respects—1st. The claims of freeholders, of doubtful qualifications, were required to be made six months before the election, at a season of comparatively little excitement, when the claimant was much less likely to come forward without due qualification than during the heat and agitation of a contested election. At the election itself the electors were in consequence less numerous, and this, together with the full notice which the candidate had of all claims that could be made, was a great check on fictitious voters, by giving the Sheriff's deputy more time, and the opposing candidate fuller opportunities to investigate all claims. The scrutiny before the deputy was less expensive and vexatious, and as various acts were passed to prevent delay at elections, the scrutinies before the Sheriff's deputy became less efficacious, and appeals were more frequently made to the result of a scrutiny before the House of Commons. Different modes of creating fictitious qualifications were from time to time invented, and met by regulations devised for the purpose

and alterations were made in the form and manner of registering voters, but in none of them was there any provision to make the registration conclusive of the right to vote, before the committee or even before the returning-officer. In election affairs, possession is certainly more than nine points of the law—the candidate returned enjoys all the privileges of his place during the trial of the petition against him; and election petitions were always liable to so many chances, that it became a most important object to secure the possession of the seat in the first instance. When the duration of an election was limited to 14 days, the scrutiny before the Sheriff's deputy was quite inefficient, and the perjury formerly practised at contested elections was now transferred to the registries, where the men whose votes were to carry the election were admitted on their own oaths, without any investigation. Of this we might give many examples, but as the book is before us we shall merely give a few taken from that private report of the commissioners to which we have already referred. On Galway they observe as follows:—“Galway furnishes a very forcible illustration of the mode of manufacturing 40s. freeholders, and of the absurdity of the assumption that they tend to a fair representation. Of these in Galway, 320 have been registered from the estate of ———, situated two miles from the town, and containing less than 100 acres of arable land, although it contains also a considerable quantity of stony, impracticable surface. This has been effected in the following manner:—More than 200 derive under one joint lease (executed before the passing of the joint tenantry act) with a considerable rent reserved. The remainder derive under a joint grant of part of the same land from these joint tenants without the reservation of any rents whatever, these under tenants being generally the sons or grandsons of the first leasees. The whole of the estate of ———, in the county of the town, is worth about £400 a-year, and yet it furnishes three hundred and twenty 40s. freeholders, who are, of course, entirely at his disposal.” The report then gives an account of a nobleman's estate in the neighbourhood. Nor does the household franchise appear more pure. Of Newry, the same report speaks thus:—“There cannot be a town that, in a moral point of view, would

be more benefited by the disfranchisement of the £5 householders, or by some legislative enactment to prevent the gross perjury that is evidently committed here by many of those registered as householders of the above description, whose tenements are not worth, under any circumstances, even £3, many of which I have seen and been informed are registered for as of £5 value.” Nearly the same remark is made of Downpatrick. Of Kilkenny, also, the commissioners speak thus:—“There is a very large class of unemployed poor, and their condition is exceedingly wretched. Three-fourths of the 40s. freeholders are of this class. From their extreme ignorance they cannot be qualified to choose a member of parliament; and from their abject poverty they must be open to bribery. Indeed, from the miserable appearance of the cabins and their inmates, it is not possible to conceive how such tenements can be sworn worth a profit of 40s. to the occupier, and there is much reason to fear the system has been the occasion of much perjury.” The act of 9 Geo. IV. for the disfranchisement of the 40s. freeholders was intended to put an end to this species of fraud in counties—first, by excluding from the franchise those poor ignorant wretches, who scarcely knew the meaning of the oaths they swore; and, secondly, by committing to the assistant-barrister of the county the task of presiding over the registries, and giving him such powers as would probably enable him to detect any fraud. The claimant was also obliged to give due notice of his intention of registering, and thus parties adverse to his claims had fair opportunity of investigating and opposing them. As many frauds had been practised by confusing the poor freeholders' minds about the meaning of the value of a freehold, this was cleared up by the directions given to the assistant-barrister, and by the oath to be taken by a jury on appeal, which fixed the definition of value according to the plain, natural, and obvious sense to be the rent which a solvent tenant could pay for the land, and the yearly value of the tenant's interest was the additional rent which a solvent tenant could, without collusion, afford to pay for the land. If this act had passed five or six years sooner, it would probably have prevented an infinity of perjury, but when it did pass, the minds of men were so heated with the political con-

test in which they had been engaged, that more perjury was occasioned than prevented by the act. Every provision against fraud only introduced additional perjury; and the priests, who formerly drove the poor freeholders to the hustings, now sent them to the registry to prove a qualification for each other which very few of them possessed.—Before sufficient time had elapsed to shew the full extent of this evil, the reform bill passed, and adopted the system of registration which it found in force in Ireland. We shall shew some of the evils of this system. In the first place, the claimant has too many opportunities of establishing a claim founded upon a fictitious qualification, and it gives too much trouble to those whose qualification is undoubted. Thus, in some respects, the system introduced by the act of 1829 is even worse than the old system. The object of the registry is, or should be, to lessen the duration and expense of elections, and to prevent occasional or fictitious voters. These objects are effected by requiring continuance of possession a certain time before the election to prevent the admission of occasional votes, by investigating before the registry, the claims of those who come forward with a minuteness of scrutiny proportioned to the suspicious nature of the claim; and by obtaining, previous to the election, a list of those persons who alone are qualified to vote. The object of the registry should be, not to make or to exclude, but to ascertain the persons qualified to vote. It requires no argument to prove that the registration ought to be attended with as little trouble and expense as it is possible to give the parties, consistently with the other objects of the registry, and the exclusion from it of all persons not possessed of the legal qualification. Every trouble and expense occasioned to the voter, is of itself an evil; and if it is occasioned without necessity, or at least without some advantage to the public, equivalent to the loss sustained by the individual, it is a manifest grievance of which he has a right to demand redress. Independent of the private wrong done to the voter himself, by putting him to useless trouble or expense, a serious injury is done to the public, or at least to that class or section of it to which the voter belongs, by causing many who shrink from trouble or expense to abstain from coming forward to assert their right

to the franchise, and to use it for the public good. If the claimant for the franchise is put to much expense, the poor and independent elector is virtually disqualified, none will come forward except those whose wealth enables them to disregard the expense, or those who possess some generous patron, or who belong to some active political club or zealous party, which will, for the sake of his vote, certain to be exerted in their behalf, pay the costs of establishing his franchise. In either case his independence is gone; and not he, but his patron, his club, or his party, in reality, possesses his privilege to vote. He is only the trustee, the humble instrument to record a vote at the dictation of other individuals. In the same manner the imposition of too much trouble will practically exclude the wealthier electors. If a fee of ten guineas was demanded, the poor claimants could not, or would not, pay it. If two days' labour is required, the rich will not attend. It is not necessary to say much on the former possible evil, as it has been carefully avoided in all the laws which have been enacted relating to the registration of electors. At present the registry of a right to vote, which will last for eight years, and the certificate which is conclusive evidence of that registry costs only a shilling, being an expense to the voter of only three-halfpence a year. The chief expense falls upon the county or district for which the voter is registered. Perhaps on this head no alteration could be desired, except to make the payment of the shilling consequent, not upon successfully establishing the right to vote, but upon putting forward the claim in the first instance, or upon serving the notice required by the law. This is the law in England, where every person sending a notice of claim to vote, must, at the same time, pay a shilling: *vide* 2 William IV., cap. 45, schedule H., No. 1. The adoption of this rule in Ireland is imperatively required. At present the service of a notice costs nothing, and this circumstance renders the notice itself ineffectual for the purposes for which it was intended, viz. to apprise the opposing parties of the nature of the claims that were about to be made in order that due investigation might be made, and evidence produced to repel unfounded claims. The consequence is, that the radicals serve thousands of notices previous to every session; of these a very small proportion, generally less than

one-tenth, are admitted to register, while every notice puts the public to some expense in printing and publishing the claims; and every man who, having no qualification serves a notice, imposes on the opposite party the expense and trouble of investigating his claim to vote, and of procuring the attendance of witnesses and other evidence to disprove his allegations, in order to prevent him from usurping a franchise to which he has no lawful claim; at the same time, in the multitude of cases, which on a short notice, are to be investigated by those who are concerned to oppose them, it is impossible but many frauds must escape detection. These register, while those, who are on this occasion unsuccessful, may appeal to the assizes, or try their chance again at the next sessions, without having been in the mean time put to any trouble or expense. A fraudulent pretender to the franchise has thus in every year six opportunities to establish his claim. If rejected, he may have his case tried again, at an interval on an average of less than two months, the force of an adverse decision endures for no longer period. If he once succeeds, his fraudulent usurpation of the franchise endures for eight years, and that, according to the principles of certain radical committees, on which we shall presently animadvert, without the possibility of even a committee setting the matter right upon petition. This must be altered, or the fictitious claimant who can harass his opponent by six notices every year, without any intention of proceeding further on them, will at last succeed in getting a decision in his favour. It is an absurd state of the law which permits any person to have his notices printed and published at the public expense, and which declares that the trifling sum, which is the utmost that can be demanded, shall be paid by those who succeed, and not by those who fail in establishing their claim, or by those who decline (after having given a notice) to come forward from a consciousness that it cannot be supported against the vigilant scrutiny of their adversaries. This seems contrary to the general policy of the law which imposes costs upon the defeated, not the successful party. This rule, and the violent partisanship of some assistant barristers, and the number of registering sessions in the year, and the want of power in the assistant barrister to summon witnesses to the registry,

all concur in making the registries in many parts of Ireland utterly inefficient as a means of excluding unqualified claimants. Another fault in the present system is, the trouble which it gives the claimant, and which will, especially in times of less excitement, than the present deprive the public of the votes of the most wealthy and intelligent of its members. This may be a serious evil, especially as the poorer classes have already a serious preponderance of power by the reform bill. Before the Reform Act, all £50 freeholders might register in a manner that gave them very little trouble, and required no notice or other embarrassing formalities. This state of the law had not produced the slightest inconvenience, nor were there any complaints made against it. No fictitious votes were manufactured by its means. The rank and circumstances of the £50 freeholders made it almost impossible for unqualified persons to come forward in that class. Detection would be easy, and the perjury necessary in the case would be useless, for any person with the slightest pretence to register as a £50 freeholder, could, without fraud, register as a freeholder of an inferior class. The law in this respect was not complained of, and it was left unaltered; but either by mistake or with the design of throwing as much difficulty as possible in the way of the more wealthy voters, while £10 leaseholders were placed on the same footing with £10 freeholders; £50 leaseholders did not obtain the same privileges as persons possessing freeholds of the same value. He has to serve the same notices and to attend the sessions, and with respect to him, all the precautions against fraud are observed which are thought necessary in the case of the £10 leaseholders. This is wrong. One class ought not to be put to trouble or expense merely because it is necessary to impose it on men of another class. The trouble and expense are evils in themselves, and in their effects of practically excluding some persons who are otherwise well qualified to vote. The perfection of a registry is to get the names of all qualified persons without giving them any trouble, and to exclude all persons not duly qualified. But many persons are near the line which separates the qualified from the unqualified, and it is, therefore, necessary to prevent fraud by making a rigid scrutiny into their qualifications; but the same necessity does not exist with regard to those whose

qualification is above suspicion. If a few persons are kept away by the trouble of proving their claim, the interest of that class is still sufficiently protected by the number of electors coming from it. The number of electors in Ireland whose qualification is under £20 is more than five times the number of those whose qualification exceeds that sum. No severity in the scrutiny can prevent the freeholders of the lowest class from having the power to outvote all the rest. But the exclusion of any electors of the higher qualification is a greater evil, as their number is already too few. Before the reform act it was not necessary for a £50 freeholder to register oftener than once during his life, and no inconvenience or opportunity of fraud resulted from this, yet the reform act, with a view of giving the lower class of electors an increased preponderance, deprived the £50 freeholders of this privilege. While the £50 leaseholder under the reform act, is deprived of the privileges which the £50 freeholder possesses, the £10 leaseholder is placed in a better condition than the £10 freeholder, and hence is caused this strange anomaly which we are inclined to attribute to a blunder, rather than to design in the framers of the act, that the owner in fee simple of an estate, worth between £10 and £20 a-year possesses no vote unless he resides on it, yet if he makes a lease for any term exceeding sixty years, the tenant may register his vote out of his interest without residence as long as any part of the time is unexpired, and thus the tenant, for a term of only five years unexpired, may vote, although if his estate were enlarged to a fee simple, he could not vote. This, however, although a manifest blunder, is one of little consequence.

But perhaps no circumstance more contributed to the mischievous operation of the reform bill in Ireland, than the mode which some of the registering barristers adopted of estimating the value of a freehold. Some of them, indeed, appear to have acted without any fixed principle except this one of promoting the interests of their party by registering in contradiction to the strongest evidence all who came before them, and took the oaths required by law. With those men we have nothing to say. Their conduct cannot be defended, and it would be as idle to argue with them as to set about convincing a pickpocket of the impropriety of theft; the system is in fault which invests

such men with such powers, and the rulers are to be condemned who, for party purposes, select men who are willing to betray, and incompetent to discharge the duties of their offices. But others effect the same purposes by holding that every man is the best, and the only certain judge of the value of his property, and that what he swears about it is a certain fact, and that what any others depose to is uncertain opinion. When a claimant, therefore, comes forward to register his vote, and swears to the value of his qualification, it is in vain to rebut his assertions by opposite evidence. When the case is heard the assistant-barrister decides in favor of his claim, merely saying, "on one side I have the fact of the house and freehold being worth £10; on the other side, I have the opinions of some men who think it is not worth so much. I must decide according to facts, not opinions, and, therefore, let the claimant be registered." These judges forget that the value of a thing is not an essential quality residing in the thing itself, but is the result of the comparison of one thing with others which induces the possessor of one article to give it in exchange for another, and that the owner of a house cannot know its value except by comparing it with other houses of which it knows the value. If the house, No. 21, is worth only £8 a-year, and the house, No. 20, is similar to it, the owner of the latter house may think his worth £10, but he ought to be called upon to show in what respect it is worth more than the one next to it. It scarcely requires an argument to shew that the possession of a thing is not enough to teach a man its marketable value. But the greatest grievance of which all bona fide electors have to complain, is what is called the beneficial interest decision, which decides the value of a freehold to be what a man may make of it exclusive of his rent, and all other fair allowances, and enters into those investigations instead of the simple enquiry what is the land worth; how much do you pay for it? the difference is the value of the freehold. That the annual value of a farm is the rent which a solvent tenant could afford to give for it has been decided by a solemn decision of ten judges to two in Ireland. This decision was on an examination of the different election statutes, but it is easy and may not be unimportant to shew that the two

modes of valuation, if rightly conducted, are identical, and must lead to the same results, and that the material difference which makes the radicals prefer the enquiry into the profits of the farm rather than into the rent which it is worth is, that it is full of difficulty and confusion, depends upon statements which can neither be contradicted nor verified, and calculations unintelligible to the poor, who, therefore, are easily induced to come forward and swear according to the dictates of their prompters. We shall state the doctrine as laid down in his defence of it by Baron Richards, whom, though we have had occasion to censure his conduct in deciding contrary to the judgment of the Exchequer, we believe to be one of the most sincere and honest of the supporters of that mistaken criterion of value, and we have no doubt that the same manly frankness which induced him to publish his judgment, will, at some future period, lead him honestly to avow his mistake. His doctrine, and that of his followers, will be understood sufficiently from the following quotations from his judgment in "*Feiguy's Case*." In page 17, he thus speaks:—"Now, it is obvious that no responsible and solvent person could, as tenant, afford to give £10 by way of additional rent, unless the farm was worth more than £10 a-year to the first tenant, for no solvent and responsible tenant could afford to pay a rent that would not leave him a reasonable profit." Again, in page 21, "but I say, as I already stated to the judges, when submitting my opinion to them, that there are different kinds of beneficial interests," if I may so say, and different clear values in respect to every commodity, land as well as merchandize; there is the first cost, second cost, third cost price, and so on, and a party has or has not a beneficial interest in the article, to the amount of £10, or any greater sum, or the same is, or is not of that clear value, according altogether to the particular trade, or business, or occupation of the party, in reference to whom you apply the phrase. To a wholesale dealer an article is of one value; to a retail dealer the same article is of a different value. Again, a retail dealer may sell an article for £15 more than he pays for it, and if you estimate his trouble, outlay, and fair expenditure, as a retail dealer, in vending the article at £5, he will have

a beneficial interest in the thing, and it will be of the 'clear value' of £10 to him, and yet another solvent and responsible retail dealer like himself, and in his own trade, could not afford to give as an additional first cost price for the article, the sum of £10 over what the first retail merchant gave for it; if he did he would not have the fair and just profits of the trade, and which, as a retail dealer, living by his trade, he would be entitled to look for, and which he could not do without; and where you come to value land, it is subject to precisely the same variations in point of price or value, in the hands of the different classes of persons through whom it passes, from the lord of the fee downwards. To the head landlord it is of one annual value—namely, the rent which his working occupying tenant will pay him for the same. To the working tenant it is of another value—namely, what (like a retail merchant) he can make clear over his first cost and expenditure, rent and fair allowance for trouble, but not that which another occupying tenant like himself could afford to give him, as additional rent for the same. That the beneficial interest which an occupying tenant has in a farm, and the sum or price which another occupying tenant could, as such tenant, afford to give for the same, as additional rent, are not the same thing, is, I think, too plain for argument." We shall now, after these long quotations, undertake to prove that the arguments contained in them, are founded on the grossest confusion of language, and in opposition to the concluding sentence, we shall prove that lawyers and statesmen, agriculturists and political economists all concur in laying down, contrary to Baron Richards, the following proposition—"That the beneficial interest which a tenant has in his farm, is the sum or price which another occupying tenant could, as such tenant, afford to give for the same as additional rent. The reform act always speaks of an estate of the clear yearly value of not less than £ over and above all rents and charges. The first proposition, therefore, is to prove that the value of an estate is the rent at which it would set to a solvent tenant. On this we have the authority of Mr. O'Connell, in his evidence before the Lords' committee, p. 164, 11 March, 1825, cited by Mr. Sproul, in his argument on Glennon's case.

EVIDENCE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.

"Do you think the raising the qualification to £10, would be productive of great benefit to Ireland?"

"I think it would be productive of benefit. It is, in my humble judgment, no small benefit if you get rid of any portion of perjury, and it is the commencement of what we so much want in Ireland—a substantial yeomanry. At present the population is too much divided between the highest and the lowest class."

"Would the qualification of £10 be effectual for that purpose?"

"I think it would, for this reason—Your lordships will recollect that there must be a clear profit of £10 a year and a freehold tenure, an interest in the land for a life. By having it at £10 a year there could be a greater number beyond all comparison of freeholders created than at £20. Many individuals would be ready to make a sacrifice to the extent of £10 a year, who would hesitate very much before they would make a sacrifice to the extent of £20 a year, because, at the commencement of the lease, it must be so, in order to satisfy the intended purchase, as well as during its progress. From the increasing population, and the now increasing prosperity of the landed interests in Ireland, the man who got a freehold lease at £10 profit, would be very soon likely to make that profit much larger."

"What do you mean by sacrifice?"

"The sacrifice of so much income; the landed proprietor, when he makes the lease, makes it at a rack rent in 99 cases out of 100."

"You stated that many persons would be willing to make the sacrifice; who are the persons who have the sacrifice to make?"

"The land proprietors, the owners of the fee. The landlord giving the lease would have to make the sacrifice if he constituted a freeholder of £10 a year. When he made the lease, where he could get for his land £20 a year if he did not make the man a freeholder, that is a voter, he would get but £10 a year, if he wished the man should have a vote; for the income must come out of the landlord's rent, and therefore it is a sacrifice. In creating a freehold right to vote by a lease for a life, it must be upon an interest, whatever the qualification may be, by which the person acquiring the vote has a clear yearly profit to the

amount. He should have a clear profit at which he would be able to let to a third person the next day after his own lease, and which profit the landlord might himself have got in the letting of it."

The whole of this evidence, especially the last two sentences of it, shew clearly that Mr. O'Connell, in his evidence upon oath, asserted the difference between the actual rent and the rent at which the land might be let is the additional rent which a solvent tenant could afford to pay, to the measure of the interest which the tenant has in his land, and to be the test by which his freehold is to be valued when considering his claim to the elective franchise. This has also been decided in England in the Bedford and other cases, but we wish to shew this to be the case independent altogether of election law. In *Rex v. Hellingly*, 10 East. 41, the judges held the yearly value of a tenement to be what it would let for at a single letting by the year. In this case, the occupier held it at a rent of 4s. a week, which would, in the year, amount to £10 8s. and yet they held he had not a tenement of the yearly value of £10. Here, if ever was room for the distinction taken by Baron Richards, of a thing being of one value to the landlord and another to the tenant, but the court held it to have one value for all, viz. the rent at which it could be set in one setting. Again, in a question of poor's rates, *Rex v. Bridgewater*, 9 B. and C. 73, the judges decided that "the rent or sum at which the land will let is the criterion of the value of the occupation." This has also been the doctrine laid down by all the writers on election law, viz. that the value of a farm is the rent at which it would let. But it may be asked, "Is not it an equally fair test to subtract the gross produce from the outlay, and then make a fair allowance for labour and profit, and call the result the value of the farm?" We answer that it is in most cases impossible for a poor tenant to make such a calculation, and (which is the real reason why the radicals wish to adopt it) it is utterly impossible for any stranger to detect the false calculations to which the tenant swears; but we assert that if the result is different from the rent at which the farm would set, the calculations must have been wrongly made. In Loudon's *Encyclopædia of Agriculture*, p. 3091, he directs this very calculation to be made in

valuing fields for rent, which he arrives at by subtracting from the gross produce the expenses of cultivation, the wages of labour, and the profits of the farmer's capital. This is the opinion not only of writers on agriculture, but of all writers on political economy. To begin with Adam Smith:—In his *Wealth of Nations*, b. 1, c. xi. he says, "Such parts only of the produce of land can commonly be brought to market of which the ordinary price is sufficient to replace the stock which must be employed in bringing them thither, together with its ordinary profits. If the ordinary price is more than the surplus, part of it will naturally go to the rent of the land. If it is not more, though the commodity may be brought to market, it can afford no rent to the landlord." Ricardo and M'Cullough, although differing in many points from each other, and from Adam Smith, agree in this. It is thus stated by M'Cullough, *Political Economy*, p. 438:—"Suppose, for example, that a landlord occupies a farm which he might let for £200 a-year, producing, with a certain outlay of capital, 300 quarters of wheat. If the farm be managed with the requisite skill and attention, the wheat should, on an average, sell for so much money as is equivalent to the rent, the expense of labour, and the profit on the capital employed." To prevent cavil, it is proper to observe, that in the above example M'Cullough assumes that the farm produces nothing but wheat. He is endeavouring to prove that rent is "the medium by which the expense of cultivating different soils is reduced to an equality"—vide p. 434, while he assumes that "the capital employed yields only the common and average rate of profits to the farmer, and that it would yield the same profits by being employed in any other department of industry."

But we need not refer to lawyers or farmers, or political economists, to teach us what is capable of demonstration, independent of any system. Let us suppose a farmer having a capital worth £100, and possessed of such agricultural skill that his labour and superintendence are fairly worth £30 a year. Let 12 per cent. be the fair and usual profits of agricultural capital employed in the cultivation of small farms. Suppose the tenant, in seed, manure, labour, &c. expends £40 in tilling his farm, he will clearly be entitled to expect a return of £82

over and above his rent. This sum will be thus composed:—£40 to replace his advances, £30 for his skill and labour, and £12 as profit on his capital. If, therefore, the return or gross value of his crops be £97, the rent which he can afford to pay will be £15. This rent will enable or permit him, without diminishing his capital, to spend £42 a year in the maintenance and education of himself and his family. This, which is the tenant's net income, will be composed of £30 remuneration for his labour, and £12 profit on his stock and capital. Under these circumstances, any person would say that he pays the fair rent for the land—that he has not a beneficial interest of any value in his farm—and that £15 is exactly the rent which a solvent tenant could, without collusion, afford to pay for it. The truth of these propositions appears to us to be so evident, that we should say it was impossible for any person to understand them perfectly and not to see not only that they are true, but that they are consequent one upon the other. First, it is clear that £15 a-year is the highest rent which he can afford to pay. He cannot afford to pay more, for if his rent exceeded £15, his net income, after payment of all out-goings, would be less than £42 a-year, which would not leave him a fair return for his labour and his capital. In other words, he could not afford to pay such a rent; as the meaning of being able to afford to pay a certain rent clearly is, that the tenant can pay it out of the produce of the land, without depriving himself of the fair return to which he is entitled for his labour and capital. It is equally clear, that in the case which we have put, the solvent tenant can afford to pay the rent of £15 a-year for the land, and that such is the fair sum at which it would be let if in the market. To suppose otherwise, we should hold that a farmer when taking land is entitled to expect, and does in fact habitually obtain, an income exceeding the amount of the fair and usual remuneration for his skill and labour, and the fair and usual profits of his stock and capital, and this in Ireland too, where the universal complaint made by those who maintain this extraordinary paradox is, that the excessive competition for land, and the unfeeling avarice of landlords, has raised the rent of land so high, as scarcely to permit the tenant the means of living out of the produce. In any particular

case we should consider it unlikely that the land should be let below the rent which we have named, but that such should generally be the case we do not hesitate to pronounce to be an impossibility. The usual rate of profits of agricultural capital can only be estimated thus : take the produce of a farm set according to the usual rent paid for such land so situated, subtract the rent, the expenses of cultivation, the wages of the labourer, &c. and the remainder will give the profit on the capital engaged in the cultivation of that farm, and a similar calculation for every farm will lead to the average rate of profits. It is, therefore, almost an absurdity in terms to say that a farmer generally gets his land at such a rate as leaves him more than the average agricultural profits on his capital. This consideration of the profit of capital will at once expose the fallacy of Baron Richards' reasoning about first cost and second cost price. In his example of the retail dealer, as well as through his argument he omits any allusion to the profit of stock or capital, to which alone the claim of the retail dealer to the additional £10 is to be attributed. The story will then be thus explained—he pays, suppose £100 to the manufacturer for his goods, £5 is a fair return for his trouble and expense as a retail dealer in vending the article, and £10 is his profit on the original outlay. At the end of an average period, say a year, he sells the goods for £115. He has then made £10 profit on his capital, but who would say that he had a beneficial interest of £10 value in the contract he made for the purchase of the goods, or that they were worth £110 to him on the day he purchased and paid for them, although at the same time the manufacturer had other goods to dispose of on the same terms. This would be to assert, that the moment the bargain was made, the retail dealer was £10 richer than he was the moment before. The same is the condition of a farmer holding land at the full rent. He is under a contract to pay so much each year for the use of the land, and the return he expects cannot be more than a fair remuneration for his outlay and trouble. He has not a beneficial interest of any value in the contract, if he has engaged to pay as much as any other solvent tenant could afford to pay for the same. Every tenant and every retail dealer must alike be satisfied to make such a bargain as will leave him a fair com-

pensation for his trouble, and a fair profit on his capital. It is impossible to contend against these, but many who will not take the trouble of examining the reasoning complain of the result. Is it not unreasonable, they say, that a man who is making a profit of £50 on his farm shall not be permitted to vote because he pays the fair rent for his land, and derives the profit from his industry and capital? Is not the fact of his having such a profit from such sources, a proof that he belongs to that respectable class which may be properly entrusted with the elective franchise? They also say that the franchise will be too limited if it is confined to those only who hold their land at a rent £10 less than it is really worth; and that many landlords are by their marriage settlements disabled from making leases at less than the full value. To all this it might be sufficient to answer that the law is so; if it is bad, let it be altered; but we shall answer the objections in detail. In the first place, we admit that we should wish to see every working industrious farmer, having a capital of £100, entitled to vote at the election of members for his county, whatever be the tenure by which he holds his land; but such has never been the policy of the law, and in this respect it has not been altered by the reform bill. For instance, a lease for twelve years will not, under any circumstances confer a right to vote, although it may be said that a man with a capital of £500 paying £200 a-year for a farm of which he has taken a lease for twelve years, and paid a fine of £1000 for his interest in it, ought to be permitted to vote out of his holding, and is certainly of that class in circumstances and property which cannot be disfranchised without a fault in the law, and yet out of that holding he certainly could not vote. On the other hand, in computing the value of the tenant's interest, the reform act expressly includes all the parish and county charges which the tenant pays, so that if they amount on a certain farm to £5 a-year, it is only necessary for him to have the farm at £5 a-year less than it is really worth. It is also to be remembered that part of the object of raising the franchise, as recommended by O'Connell, was to have a more respectable and comfortable yeomanry, by making it the landlord's interest, if he desired that his tenants should have votes. A £10 franchise was thought to be that which

would demand from the landlords as great a sacrifice as they might be willing to make. Let it also be remembered that the unimproved condition of Irish farms is such, that a tenant with such a capital as we have described, acquires the franchise by laying out a very small portion of it in the improvement of his farm, even if the landlord refuses to give it to him at less than the rack rent; there are few farms in which £20 or £30 judiciously expended would not add so much to the income of the tenant as to enable him honestly to register his vote, besides giving him an ample return for the capital expended. Thus the £10 franchise in compensation for excluding some respectable farmers, has these two beneficial tendencies, it gives an inducement to the landlords to let their land at a fair and moderate rent, and to the tenants to expend some money in improving their farms, and few wants are more felt in Ireland than the want of liberal landlords and an improving tenantry. The restrictions in leasing powers, contained in marriage settlements, do not much affect the practical question. They do not at all relate to the effects of improvements made by the farmers after their leases were made, nor to the allowance which the reform act makes by letting the parish and county cess be deemed part of the value of the tenant's freehold; they only affect the sacrifice which the landlord may choose to make in his letting the land, and on this head even the lease would be good during the life of the lessor, and would, therefore, still confer the right to vote, and in practice no lease could be set aside, merely because it was made at a rent three or four pounds less than might be got for the land. The attempt is never made, as no man would at the hazard of costs leave such a case to a jury.

If the profit derived from the tenant's labour and capital was to be the cause of the elective franchise, what need of considering the tenure by which he holds the land. His beneficial interest will last, not as long as his lease, with which in fact his income has no connexion, but as long as his strength and capital from which it was entirely derived. We should not have thought it necessary to say so much on this part of the subject if Baron Richards, in the extraordinary judgment to which we have alluded, had not thought proper to endeavour to over-rule the decision of the Court of Exchequer

Chamber, which ought to have set this point at rest. We have, therefore, proved that his judgment was wrong, independent of the authority of that court which he set at naught. In a former number we called the attention of the public to the learned Baron's unconstitutional conduct, in over-ruling a decision of the superior court, and to the weakness of the arguments by which he defended his conduct. We are happy to see that we have been successful, and that the matter has been taken up by a whig barrister, Mr. Alcock, who in a pamphlet of great research and deep learning, has shewn the origin and antiquity of this court, and the mischievous consequences of subverting any rules of law proceeding from such a source. For ourselves, we have a respect for Baron Richards, and believe that he acted honestly, though indiscreetly; we admire the manly frankness which he has shown upon all occasions, and feel convinced that he will shortly perceive his error, and honestly retract it.

The Whigs, as an act of allegiance to Mr. O'Connell, have proposed this year a bill, one of the clauses of which is to value the franchise by what the tenant proves (*i. e.* swears) he can make of it, after paying his rent. We cannot believe that even the House of Commons will pass such a bill for the encouragement of perjury. Of all the professions or trades there is not one in which it is more difficult to calculate the rate of profits, or the profit in any one particular year, than in farming. Nor is there one in which the profit of any one year would be a worst test of the average profits. The amount produced, and the price of the produce varies every season. All writers agree in the difficulty of ascertaining the rate of profits. Adam Smith has justly observed that it is extremely difficult to determine the rate of profit of stock:—"Profit is so fluctuating that even in a particular trade, and much more in trades in general, it would be difficult to state the average rate of it."—*Ricardo*, p. 348. Yet this is one of the elements of computation which must be made if we would ascertain the beneficial interest which a tenant has in his farm, in any other manner than by deducting the rent which he pays from the rent which could be procured for it. We have known a registering barrister enquire how many hens the claimant had, and how many eggs they might lay,

and then take the value of those eggs as a part of the beneficial interest!! If the value was to be fairly computed it would be necessary to estimate the value of the claimant's capital and stock at the beginning of the year, and also at the end of it, he should also know the average rate of profit of capital, according to the different modes in which it might be employed in agriculture; so much he should attribute to the profit of his stock; he should also state the value of his crops of each kind, and the expense, as well as labour which they cost him. He should also compare the state of each field in his farm with its state in the preceding year, and compute whether, on the whole, the value of the farm has increased or diminished by the cultivation it has received during the year; when all those facts are ascertained and stated we may know what the farmer's gain has been that year, but we still cannot tell whether he is likely to gain so much every year, or whether his gains are owing to his interest in the farm, or to his peculiar skill, which, as long as it lasts, would enable him to make the same profit in any farm which he might take at the fair rent. We will also venture to assert that no small farmer, whose beneficial interest is about £10, could give a satisfactory answer on any one of those points. He could not tell how much work he and his family bestowed upon the farm during the year, nor what expense any particular crop cost him, nor even what his capital was at the beginning and end of the year, nor what the average rate of profit is, nor the value of the change made either for better or worse in his farm by the year's cultivation; but he will give resolute and positive answers on each of those points if necessary to register him, and if one or two are defeated, by proving, by their own statement, that their freeholds are not worth £10 a-year, the rest will come better prepared, having the calculations and statements provided for them by the national schoolmaster, which will prove their tenements of the required value. He is secure from contradiction, and it is this unlimited facility of committing successful perjury that forms the chief inducement to the government to introduce the clause.

The second circumstance that makes the operation of the reform bill so mischievous in Ireland, is that the committees of the House of Commons have, of late, whenever the

radicals were in the majority, refused to go into a scrutiny to examine whether those whose votes were objected to, possessed the required qualification. This made every error of the registering barrister irremediable; and is such an act of injustice as nothing but despair of obtaining success by other means, could have led any party to commit. Their consciousness of the fictitious and fraudulent nature of the qualifications of the electors in their interests, is proved by their making a party question of this, viz. is it lawful for a committee to inquire into the qualifications of the electors, and the same persons who hold the decision of the assistant-barrister to be final and irremediable, are also to be found in most resolute opposition to any measure that could oppose a barrier to the frauds and perjuries committed at the registry sessions. Their interests require that the registries should be fraudulent and final. The various Radical committees have held that no fraud, no abuse, no informality, no perjury, however glaring, is sufficient to deprive the elector, which he has obtained through his own perjury, or the corruption of a partisan barrister, appointed by a Whig government, for the purpose of admitting the fictitious claims of those who were likely to support it. It is scarcely possible to conceive any case of palpable fraud and perjury on this head, of which the most convincing evidence has not been tendered to and rejected by the Radical committees. There have been cases, as in Dublin, Cork and Belfast, where persons have registered as £10 householders, who, for other purposes, swore and succeeded in proving that their houses were not worth £5. There have been cases in which men, who had been struck off the poll by a committee of the House of Commons, as having been improperly placed upon the registry—of men who, having been rejected by successive assistant-barristers, and by judges and juries upon appeal, were afterwards admitted, by an assistant-barrister remarkable for his liberality in admitting voters to register in these and other similar cases. Evidence has been tendered to prove that the voters did not possess the qualification required by law, and the evidence has been invariably rejected by Radical committees. Inconvenience and injustice of course are obvious. Can example be conceived than the present case? There eighty per

forward and succeeded in registering themselves as shopkeepers, occupying shops respectively of the value of £10 a year. On enquiry it turned out that the houses, out of shops in which those men registered, were, for the purpose of a borough rate, valued at less than £5, with the exception of one, which was valued at £6, and that the aforesaid shops were merely the cellars of those cabins which were let by the week to the poorest class of tenants, who sold eggs, vegetables, &c. therein, and called them shops and voted out of them. Against such usurpation is there to be no redress? We conceive that the oaths of the committee, well and truly to try the case, require that they should investigate the qualifications of the voters objected. The certificate of registration is not the only qualification. To be duly registered is always spoken of as an addition to the pecuniary qualification required by law, and not as a substitute for it. Thus, for instance, the 5th section of the Irish reform act provides that every person, possessing a certain qualification, shall, "if duly registered according to the provisions of this act, be entitled to vote," &c. This is very different from saying that every man may vote, whether otherwise qualified or not, provided he is registered. Again, the 8th section enacts that no person shall be permitted to vote in any city or county of a city, in respect of any estate in any freehold under the yearly value of £10, unless under certain circumstances, and the case of a man, by fraud and perjury, procuring his name to be placed on the registry, is not to be found among those exceptions.—It is difficult to believe that the legislature ever intended that a barrister, chosen by the Lord Lieutenant, should have the power of placing any persons he thought proper upon the registry, and that these persons should have the right, for eight years, to elect a member of parliament, and that a committee, upon appeal, should not have the power of investigating the qualification upon which they claimed the right to vote. In the first parliament after the reform bill the point was seldom made, and still less frequently successful.—Whigs and Tories alike agreed in treating the certificate as merely *prima facie* evidence of the voter's qualification, leaving it to the opposite party to prove it. Gradually, as they found it serve their purpose, the Whigs

adopted successively three different opinions. The first and correct one was, that the registry ought to be opened generally, i. e. that any vote should be struck off if it could be proved that the person who gave it did not possess the qualification required by law, and this notwithstanding the registration. Another opinion was, that the vote should be struck off, if, in addition to the want of the qualification, it could be proved that the objection was made at the time of the registry. A third opinion required not only that the objection should have been made, but also that it should have been sustained by sufficient evidence before the registering barrister. In the present session of parliament, however, when they found themselves more closely pressed by their political adversaries, and more dependent upon the support of Mr. O'Connell, they determined on no account to enquire into the qualification of an elector, either at the time of the registry or at the time of the election. This they do, although they cannot give a reason for not enquiring into the continuance of the qualification possessed by the elector when he gave his vote; but if they would make this enquiry, then they would be obliged to go into the qualifications of the electors if the petition objected to the voters on both grounds, viz. that they had not a sufficient qualification at the time when they registered, and that at the time when they gave their votes their properties had ceased to be of the value required by law. It is evident that a person, by the depreciation of land, or the neglect or mismanagement of his property, may cease to have a freehold of the required value; although his estate in the land may continue, his qualification may expire. He may have had a farm worth £20 at the time of registration, and in six years afterwards, when he comes to vote, it may not be worth half that sum. Instead of a beneficial interest, he may have a prejudicial estate in the premises. In such a case, it can hardly be pretended that his right to vote continues, although he ceases to belong to any of the classes on which the legislature conferred the elective franchise; and although the statutes require an oath that his qualification still subsists, and even imposes a penalty upon the voter who presumes to vote after the loss of the franchise in respect of which he was registered. Assuming, then, that it is competent to

the party prejudiced by his vote to enquire into the continuance of his qualification, what evidence to controvert it ought to be tendered to the committee? It is evidently sufficient for the objecting party to prove that at the time the vote was given the land or house out of which the elector claimed to vote was not of the necessary value. The petitioner may then assume that at the time of the registry his house or land was of the proper value, and, therefore, that it must, in the intermediate time, have lost that value.—It would be absurdly unjust to permit the elector, in defence of his vote, to say, true it is that I registered my right to vote out of the property in question, and I then swore that it was of a certain value, and I also admit that it is not of that value now, but I assert that it has not fallen in value, because, at the time of the registry, it had not the value to which I swore, and I demand that the decision of the assistant-barrister shall be conclusive evidence in my favor, and shall not be admitted for the same purpose as evidence against me, the person by whose sworn evidence it was obtained. The only shadow of an argument in favor of the Whig committees' conduct is drawn from the 54th section of the reform bill; but the least attention to the language of the section will be sufficient to satisfy any person that the expressions there apply solely to the scrutiny and other proceedings at the election at the time of taking the

poll. This is, we believe, universally admitted by all parties. This argument has extended to such a length that we have not space to comment upon the bill to reform the registries proposed this session by the Whigs, nor is it necessary, as we believe that they have abandoned it in very shame. Like every other Whig bill, its details were drawn entirely with a view to forward their own interests in the different constituencies, by legalizing their objectionable votes, and disfranchising their opponents. For instance, one clause was introduced to disfranchise all the freemen of Dublin, who have, for centuries, enjoyed the right to vote without dispute. The only remedy proposed was an appeal to two barristers against any admission or rejection.—This would, in effect, leave the matter to the judgment of the majority of three, instead of to a single barrister, and as a rotation of barristers was provided, every county would, in its turn, have a favorable majority for admitting fictitious votes, which, remaining on the registry for eight years, would leave the franchise as it is at present, in the hands of the most reckless swearers. Nothing less will satisfy the honest portion of the country than a franchise to be determined by rating, not by the oath of the claimant, and an annual revision, to prevent the scenes that were witnessed at the last election in Cork, where hundreds of dead men were personated, and votes given in their names for the Radical candidates.

A WISH.

Oh! give me the ocean's boundless plain,
And a bark to plough its wild, wild waves;
Give me the mirth of the tameless main,
As it roars in might through its hollow caves.
And give me the voice of the viewless breeze
To whistle its song through my white-swelling sails,
And play in its glee o'er the billowy seas,
Alternate the sport or the prey of its gales.
Give me the star-studded diademed night,
With its myriads of glories unveiled to the view;
Or the mild maiden moon, with her silvery light,
Shining forth from a canopied curtain of blue.
And give me the freedom to ramble and roam,
And visit each region of sun or of snow;
The world for my country, my bark for my home,
Heaven's high arch above me, the ocean below.
Oh! give me but these, and I envy you not
Your sweet tranquil home, and its sameness of bliss;
I sue not for glory, or wealth, as my lot,
No—all I would ask is a life such as this.

C.

THE DEATH OF LEURY ;

A LEGEND OF TYRONE.

WITHIN the precincts of the episcopal demesne of Clogher stands an earthen mound or fortress, called Mullagh-rath, bearing considerable resemblance to the celebrated ones of Tara and Emania, both in the extent of its rude fortifications, and commanding situation. Local tradition points to it as once the residence of an Irish monarch who, as history records, swayed the sceptre of Ireland when Saint Patrick began his mission (see Moore's Ireland, vol. I.), and whose fate is recorded in the following legend, the memory of which is preserved imperishably in the names of some of the neighbouring townlands. The harbour of Dunleary (*Dun-Laoghaire*—Anglicé, the fortress of Leary), near Dublin, is said to have had its name from the same monarch.

Sir James Ware informs us, upon the authority, it would seem, of the Senatus Annals of Cathal Maguire, a monk of Armagh, that Clogher (*Cloch-oir*—Anglicé, the Golden Stone) took its appellation from a stone covered with plates of gold, from which an idol of the Pagan Irish, called Kerman or Hermand, Kelstack, delivered oracular responses to his worshippers in the days of heathenism (see also O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, vol. II.)

The Closach is the ancient name of the district in the centre of which stands the City of Clogher. *Tulnafoil* signifies "the ground of the torn flesh."

The grave of King Laoghaire is still shown in the ancient burying ground in the townland of Killuabeery, which derives its name from it. Its site, however, is now scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding fields. In a few years perhaps the plough will have passed over it, and all trace of it will then be utterly lost.

In Clogher once Kyng Leury raigned,
Cruelle hee was and sterne;
From Mullagh-rath oft went hee forth
To spoyle, to slay, to burne.

And noughte hys spyrritte fierce could
tame
Save ye mystique voyce alone
From Kerman Kelstach's bloudie shryne,
Where stode ye Golden Stone.

One morne hee hadde assembled alle
Hys galloglasses trewe,
To holde a greate and merrie huntynge
Ye wooddes of ye closach through,

They alle hadde gathered in ye bawne
To wage ye sylvanne warre,
When, lo! a hoarie aged manne
Stoode there their sports to marre.

In sackclothe coarse hee was attyred,
Erin's greate Sayncte was hee,
And from hys gyrdle ther honge doune
Both crosse and rosarie.

Thenne up hee spake to that haughtie
king,
" Repente for the sinnes thou shat
done;
" Worshyppe ye trewe Almightye Godde,
And Chryste ye virginne's sonne."

A wrathfulle manne was ye kyng that daie
Whenne hee herde what ye olde manne
sayd,

Hys eyes they flashed like ye levin-fyre,
Hys hand on hys swerde hee layd.

" But no," he cryed, " 'twere shame that I
" Should shedde ye caytiffe's bloude ;"
And he laughed, and sayd " We'll have a
chase ;"
And thryce hee whystled loude.

Thenne round hym thronged hys fierce
wolf-dogges,
Bran, Luath, Buscar, Ban ;
And louder hee laughed, and cheered
them on
That hoarie reverend manne.

But soone ye kyng hys aspect chaunged
Whenne ye Sayncte sayd scornfullie,
" That deth thou hast for mee prepared
" Thou surelie now shalt die."

Thenne, wondrous, at ye Sayncte's com-
mande
Ye dogges forgette ther lorde,
And baye at hym that nurtured them
And fedde them at hys boarde.

And fiercelie now they rusne on hym,
And grapple at hys throate—
Tho' never hee hadde in battell quayled,
With feare hys herte is smote.

And onward paste ye gazing thronge
Hee franticly did flie,
And pale and ghaastlie was hys cheeke
And frenzied was hys eye.

On, on hee dashed, o'er hille and dale,
Ye baying dogges before;
And now Knockmany's height is passed,
And now hee gaines Cormore.

But still ye sleuth-houndes on hys tracke
Come howlyng keene behinde,
And still whenne hee slacked hys fran-
tique speede,
Their crye rose on ye winde.

On, on hee stretched—hys lypes were
parched,
And hee breathed heavilie,
And on his haggard foreheade stooode
Bigge droppes of agonie.

Stooping, hys deer hyde brogues hee loosed,
As hee strayned agaynste ye hille.
Esker-na-brogue they calle ye place,
In memorie of it stille.

Now, Leury, now thy strengthe exerte,
And every muscle plye,
O, couldest thou reache thy huntynge-
ledge
Of distant Donogh-an-Igh!

Alas, thou ne'er shalt reache thy halle,—
In vaine ye feaste is spredded,
To-night ye Seanachie shall mourne
Hys chiefe and master dead.

Ye openynge packe gaine grounde apace,
And now, o'erspent with toyle,
Ye ill-starred kyng they overtake
In bloude-stained Tul-na-foil.

But who shall telle hys frantique mien
And crie of agonie,
Whenne Luath foremoste gripped hys
throate
And brought him to hys knee.

Deepe in hys quiv'ryng flankes they fixe;
His lyfe-bloude now flows faaste;
Ye fearfulle chase at length is o'er,—
Hee shrieking breathes hys laste.

In Kill-na-heery now hee sleeps,—
Hys is a lowlie grave—
May Heaven in mercie from such end
Eche erryng synner save!

MEMORANDA OF THE MONTH.

**SYMPTOMS OF INCREASING TRAN-
QUILLITY.**—As a further proof of that
profound "tranquillity" which prevails
at Dublin Castle, we state two facts:—
No less than five hundred and thirty-
four persons have been committed to
gaol since the 1st of January last,
charged with the committal of various
offences; and on this day there are
one hundred prisoners in custody.—
This is not an inconsiderable number
for one small county.—*Carlow Sentinel.*

**PERSECUTION OF THE PROTESTANT
CLERGY.**—A few days ago a large
cock of hay, the property of the Rev.
H. E. Prior, at Lucan glebe, was
maliciously set on fire and burned to
the ground. Another attempt was
made some days since to fire the
thatched dwelling-house of another
inhabitant.

TIPPERARY.

In this county the outrages and
murders which daily and nightly take
place, are not the offspring of the
moment; they are not perpetrated
when the feelings of the peasant may
be excited from some *cause* or other;
no, they are, for a long time, brooded
over; the victim, whose doom is sealed,
will be watched, with an untiring vigi-
lance, for months, weeks and days,
until at last he falls at the hands of,
perhaps, hired and sworn assassins.

When this sad event does take place,
the perpetrators of it will be sheltered,
ay, welcomed into the cabins of the
Irish peasant, and the man who may
dare to give information of them, or
be accessory to their conviction, can
never live in his native country.—
Tipperary Constitution.

MURDER.—Some days since an in-
quest was held before Joseph Bourke,
Esq. and a jury, on the body of Peter
Gavan, who died from the effects of
a beating he received on his way from
Castlebar to his residence in the parish
of Islandeady.—*Mayo Constitution.*

BRUTAL OUTRAGE.—On Thursday
last, being the fair day of Glen, as a
respectable farmer, named Nagle, was
returning home towards Thorny-bridge,
accompanied by his wife, to whom he
had been but lately married, he was
waylaid by four ruffians, who beat him
in a most savage manner. On Friday
Mr. Smyth, S.M. took the dying man's
information. The parties were fully
identified by Nagle and his wife, and
have been committed to await the issue
of a coroner's inquest, the death of
the former being hourly expected.—
Waterford Mail.

ATTEMPT AT MURDER.—On the
20th of last month, as Timothy Dar-
mody, the herd of John Brerton, Esq.
of Birt, was proceeding on his master's

business, convenient to Old Court-House, in the parish of Kilbarron, he was met by a man, who required to know whether he was the man who had replaced the former herd? (The former herd being implicated in the robbery of the fire-arms from the gate-keeper of Joseph Falkner, Esq. Rhodden, for which he was discharged.) On Darmody replying in the affirmative, the man immediately drew forth a cavalry pistol, fired at him, but fortunately missed his object. The ruffian then made off. Constable Butler being indefatigable in his search, ultimately succeeded, on the 8th instant, in arresting a man of the description, who has been fully identified by the herd; his name is John Boyle.—*Tipperary Constitution*.

MURDER.—On the night of the 21st May, about the hour of twelve o'clock, the cabin of a man named Henry Bishop, who resides upon the lands of Cregg, parish of Nobber, in the county of Meath, was forcibly entered by three ruffians, as yet unknown, who, without assigning any cause, dragged him from his bed, and with a bayonet inflicted five wounds upon his back, from the effects of which he died on the 23d.

MURDER.—On the 4th June, whilst Laurence Meehan and his two brothers, who had a short time before rented a farm from W. Filgate, Esq. of Lisrenny, from which a man named McKenna had been previously ejected, were working in their field in Drumboat, parish of Enniskeen, in the county of Monaghan, they observed a party of about thirty men approach them at different directions, some of whom were armed. Suspecting the nature of their visit, they instantly fled, when one of the party fired, and shot Laurence Meehan. An inquest was subsequently held on view of the body, before John James Bigger and James O'Callaghan, Esqrs. magistrates, when a verdict of wilful murder was returned against eight persons, who have been identified, two of whom have been since committed to Dundalk gaol.

SAVAGE OUTRAGE ON A LADY.—Borrisokane, May 31.—On Thursday last, as Mrs. Barry, the lady of Samuel Barry, Esq. of this town, was returning from Nenagh, on her car, drove by a little boy, she overtook a man named Guinan and his wife; the fellow, without saying a word, jumped on the car,

^a actually threw Mrs. Barry out of

When she remonstrated with him
^b brutal conduct, he told her

"he knew her well, and that he would trail her blue guts from that to Nenagh." She strove to avoid him as well as she could, and waited a considerable time on the road until she thought he was gone sufficiently far for her to proceed on her way home; however, in this she was disappointed, for the ruffian waited for her in a place where she could not see him until she came up with him again. He a second time abused her, and made use of the most horrid expressions, not fit to mention.

COUNTY LOUTH—MURDER.—James Anderson, parish clerk of the Rev. Joseph Wright, of Killencoole, in the county Louth, was barbarously murdered between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock on the night of the 4th June, outside the garden wall of Mr. Travers Wright, near to which the body was discovered on the following morning about half-past five o'clock. The Lords Justices have offered a reward of two hundred pounds, and a free pardon to any accomplice who did not actually take part in the same, who shall give such information as may lead to the apprehension and conviction of all or any of the persons concerned therein.

TITHE SALE—DESPERATE CONDUCT OF THE PEASANTRY.—It may be recollected that a tithe sale shortly since took place opposite the county gaol, at the suit of the Rev. H. Fleury, when security was entered into with the Sheriff that all demands should be satisfied by the first of June, or that the property should be forthcoming on that day. The engagement not having been complied with, a sale was announced to take place at half-way house on the Passage-road on Friday. The Sheriff, with 30 men of the 68th regiment, and a similar number of the county police, proceeded to the above place for that purpose. Early in the morning, the chapel bells being rung, and horns sounded, the country people assembled in vast numbers. On the first lot being put up, there was only 18s. bid for one cow, when the Sheriff thought the better way to settle the business would be by making one lot of the whole stock—nine in number. The lot was then bid for, and knocked down to a Mr. Whitehead for 20*l*. On the cattle being about to be driven away, the country people began to attack the military and police with stones, and rescued the whole of the property, severely wounding four of the police, the sergeant of whom is not expected to survive. Our reporter

states that neither the military nor police were allowed to protect themselves with their arms. Perhaps the Sheriff can explain the cause.—*Waterford Mail*.

COUNTY SLIGO.

ATROCIOUS MURDER.—RIBBONISM.—Edward Coughlin had been at Sligo on the 1st June, and returning about ten o'clock he was attacked by some person or persons as yet unknown, who struck him several blows of stones on the head, and on the other parts of his body; his hat was knocked off, but being so near Ballymote he hoped to have reached it before he should become exhausted—he rode furiously almost a mile and a half after being assaulted, and then, from weakness and loss of blood, fell off his horse dead.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT.—On Monday last, about nine o'clock in the evening, as Bryan Kelly, James Kelly, and Owen McKeon were returning from the market of Dundalk, they were met at Castletown by eight men, who upon coming up, asked, "Are you Christians?" Whereupon Bryan Kelly and Owen McKeon were knocked down and beaten in the most cruel manner. Bryan Kelly, it is thought, cannot recover. Upon receiving intelligence of the outrage, the following morning, T. Armstrong, Esq., chief of the police, with his accustomed vigilance, repaired to the place, and succeeded, with the men, in arresting seven of the party, who have been since fully committed for trial to Dundalk gaol. It may be necessary to observe that all the persons concerned in this affray are Papists.—*Drogheda Conservative of 3rd June*.

A man named Dowling died from the effects of a beating which he received on his return from the market of Maryborough on the 15th June.

ATROCIOUS OUTRAGE.—Some daring incendiary set fire to the dwelling-house of a poor industrious man, named Bartholomew Martin, at Attyshaunock, near this town, on Thursday evening last, in the absence of the family. The house and all the property it contained were totally consumed.—*Galway Advertiser*.

We are informed by several correspondents that an active search for arms on the borders of Meath, Westmeath, and the King's County, has been prosecuted by the Meath constabulary during the last week, in compliance with the order of the Lords Justices, to which we adverted a few days ago, and that the searchers have succeeded in

capturing upwards of eighty stand of different descriptions of weapons, which were for the most part concealed by their various possessors, persons of the lowest description and very worst character.—*Packet*.

ASSAULT ON TWO CLERGYMEN.—As the Rev. Dr. Walsh, and the Rev. Mr. Prior were returning home on Thursday evening, after performing divine service in Swift's-alley Free Church, they were violently attacked by a fierce band of ruffians who mistook one of them for the Rev. T. D. Gregg. The clergymen were obliged to fly for their lives, pursued by an immense and momentarily increasing mob, who continued to follow them until their intended victims sought shelter in the Conservative House in Dawson-street, with their clothes covered over with mud, thrown at them by the savage rabble, who seemed half disposed, notwithstanding the prompt attendance of a strong body of police, to attempt to force open the door of the house. What an admirable instance does this conduct present of the efficacy of the religious instruction which the poor Roman Catholics receive from that priesthood, in praise of whom we have lately heard so much from their once-redoubted champion!—*Protestant Guardian*.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE WITH TWO POPISH PRIESTS!—The following specimen of priestly conduct has been communicated to us by a gentleman holding a highly respectable situation in a public office in this city. Should the truth of his statement be doubted, he has no objection to come forward and verify it:—On Wednesday last, after the discussion at the Rotundo, a brace of the "society of bachelors" returning thence in a car, were stopped at a turnpike-gate on the north side of the city, and the usual toll was demanded. One of the *reverend* gentlemen replied, "We are Christ's viceregents on earth, and on holy business, and we must pass free!" Our informant, who was present, distinctly heard this expression used. The toll-man, however, who, by the bye, is a Protestant, was not to be cheated or cajoled by such worse than nonsense, and he very properly insisted on his legal demand, which amounted to 4½d. At length one of the bachelors drew from his pocket the enormous sum, and handed it to the demandant, exclaiming, "I pay you now, but if the money be not returned before four o'clock to-morrow evening, I will excommunicate

you, and curse you from the altar!"—*Evening Packet.*

DESPERATE ASSAULT.—A few days since a man named Navin received such severe injuries from two other persons, that his life is in considerable danger. Two sons of a peasant who died lately having quarrelled about a piece of land, left to them by their father, Navin, prompted by a spirit of conciliation, interfered to make peace, and prevent the brothers from injuring each other. But his benevolent intentions were ill-requited, for a man of the name of Bourke, who was standing by at the dispute, struck him a violent blow over the eye with a stone, which knocked him down, and while he remained on the ground almost senseless, one of the brothers, between whom he had endeavoured to effect a reconciliation, and to keep them from shedding one another's blood, flung a stone at him which struck him on the elbow, and inflicted a severe wound.—*Mayo Constitution.*

OUTRAGE.—On Tuesday the 8th June, the fair-day of Mountnugent, county of Westmeath, as a respectable and well-conducted Protestant, named Stephen Strong, was returning to his residence, he was violently and murderously assaulted by some thirty savages, who knocked him down, stoned, and cast him into a ditch, where, with diabolical ferocity, they seemed determined on the utter destruction of their unoffending victim. One of his legs was frightfully fractured, and his head received several severe cuts, one of which laid bare the bone; and all this occurred about the early hour of five o'clock, P.M., to an individual offering no offence. Nor did any who witnessed the melancholy transaction humanely come forward to afford assistance.—*Sligo Journal.*

On Wednesday evening, while the Rev. Mr. M'Corkle was preaching on the rule of faith, as held by the Church of Rome, in the Presbyterian Church, Upper Glentworth-street, three suspicious looking characters were observed by some members of the congregation to prowl about the entrance gate for a considerable length of time. Anxious to see what they were about, those members waited till the sermon was over, when one of them, who carried a large club in his hand, and who assumed lameness for the purpose of making it appear necessary that he should carry a weapon, accosted the rev. minister on his coming out, and predicted to him that he was in great

want of a copy of the Holy Scriptures. Deeming it then sufficient time to put the rev. gentleman on his guard, those same members of the congregation made towards him, which the fellow observing, he, with the others made off. There is but too much reason to believe that this gang were hired for the purpose of assaulting (to say the least) Mr. M'Corkle on his way home, on the night in question, it being well known that he was a fearless denouncer of Popish impurities on all fitting occasions.—*Limerick Standard.*

CONSPIRACY TO MURDER.—Sunday last, four sanguinary ruffians, armed, and their faces disguised by bog mould, followed the Rev. Mr. Coote's car, from his residence towards Doom church, but not finding that persecuted clergyman on the vehicle, they searched several cabins by the road, thinking Mr. Coote had slipped off the car to avoid them. Had they found the rev. gentleman, their object was to murder him in the noon day. In those places they visited, they distinctly avowed their determination, with an expression of regret that he had escaped them. Fortunately for Mr. Coote, who is suffering from illness, another minister had that day officiated for him at the parish church, and thus was his life providentially saved from assassins, who have attempted it more than once in that neighbourhood.

FRIGHTFUL MURDER.—On Tuesday last a man named Edmond Hayes, of Tarbert, was brutally murdered with stones, at the hour of nine o'clock in the morning, on the mail-coach road, within a short mile of the populous town of Askeaton. He was sometimes employed to execute decrees and other orders of law, and on this morning about the hour of six o'clock, had arrested a man named John Evans, of Shanagolden, at the suit of Mrs. Sargent, of Glin, for 17*l*.

RECENT HOMICIDES.—In the case of the death of Michael Dowling, mentioned in our last publication, the result of the inquest held before Henry P. Delany, Esq. is as follows:—"That the deceased came to his death by a blow of a stone, inflicted by Thomas Whealan, at the Green of Maryborough, on the 24th of May last, aided and assisted by Denis Behan, William Behan, Thomas Dunne, Patt Dunne, and Patt Neville, all of whom have absconded. In the case of the death of Michael Bulger (who died from the effects of a beating he received at the fair of Dysert), an inquest was held yesterday,

in the court house of Maryborough, before Henry P. Delany, Esq., the result of which was, that the deceased came to his death in consequence of a fracture inflicted on his head by Teagan, aided and assisted by Timothy Murphy, Denis Buggy, Anthony Delany, Loughlan Teagan, Sandy Beale, and others. Buggy and Delany have absconded, and the other persons charged are in custody.

DREADFUL OUTRAGE.—A man named John Breen, residing at Rusheen, near Clunmilan, on the old road between this town and Killarney, was severely beaten on his way home from Killarney, on the night of Saturday. He received a stroke of a stone from a man who is well known, but whose name we forbear mentioning, of which blow he died early on Monday morning. The High Sheriff, J. O'Connell, Esq. with another magistrate, J. Leahy, Esq., attended by Dr. Murphy, proceeded from Killarney to investigate the matter; and on their arrival at Rusheen, which is but one mile from the police station at Clunmilane, they proceeded to hold an inquest. A verdict was returned—that deceased died of a fractured skull. This day, J. McGilcuddy, Esq., Coroner, attended by Dr. Twiss, proceeded from this town, in consequence of a letter received from the Chief of Police by the Coroner, dated on Monday, but not received here until late last evening. On their arrival, however, at the church-yard, where the body was deposited, they would not be allowed to disinter it, and were forced to return without effecting their purpose. It is a melancholy sign of the times, when the High Sheriff, the Magistracy, and other public officers, are thus obstructed in the execution of their duties, for the furtherance of the ends of justice.—*Kerry Evening Post.*

ARSON.—On the night of the 7th ult., the dwelling house of Mrs. Griffin, sextoness of Clonard church, was maliciously set on fire by some, it is supposed, of those diabolical wretches, who have been annoying this unprotected female for a considerable time past with threatening notices. This is the third attempt to burn her house.

THE MAGISTRACY OF IRELAND.

Copy of a Circular addressed to the Lieutenants of Counties.

"Dublin Castle, 4th May, 1838.

"My Lord (or Sir)—I am directed by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant to inform you, that it having become necessary, in consequence of the late de-

mise of the crown, that new commissions of the peace should be issued, the commissions which were in force at the death of his late majesty were continued by act of parliament for a limited period, in order to give time for a general revision of the magistracy of Ireland.

"His Excellency has, with a view to such revision, conferred with the Lord Chancellor on the general principles by which it should be guided, and has caused a very careful examination to be made of the existing lists. The results of this examination have shown that they require much correction, and that the names of many individuals appearing to hold the office may very properly be omitted in the new commission.

"In several counties it became necessary, on particular emergencies, to confer the commission of the peace on officers holding military or naval command, and on stipendiary magistrates. These appointments were, in their nature, temporary; and it does not appear to be necessary to renew them on the present occasion.

"Some gentlemen have altogether ceased to reside in the counties for which they were appointed—others have parted with their property, or ceased to hold the position which had entitled them to distinction—and some, though retaining residences and property, have ceased to perform the duties of a magistrate. In some cases, insolvency, or serious pecuniary embarrassments, or the want of any adequate property, operate to disqualify individuals for the useful and independent discharge of magisterial functions; in others, the possession of inconsistent or inferior situations, such, for instance, as the clerkship of the crown, the secretaryship of the grand jury, offices in the revenue, customs, or post-office, offices connected with the county gaol, or the collection of county cess, appears to his Excellency to be incompatible with the office and station of a magistrate.

"It appears to his Excellency that many of the duties of a magistrate are not suitable to the sacred character, and that in the present state of the country, the discharge of them may involve clergymen in embarrassing consequences; and, however prudently and impartially exercised, may tend to raise dissatisfaction and doubt as to the due administration of justice. His Excellency is, therefore, of opinion that clergymen, not in the situation of independent landed proprietors, should not be continued in the commission merely on account of their being ministers in the church; and that this rule should not be departed from unless in cases of absolute necessity, where, from local circumstances, the attendance

of a sufficient number of magistrates cannot otherwise be obtained.

"It appears that, in many instances, the commission of the peace has been conferred on members of the same family residing together; without saying that, in no case should this practice be confirmed, his Excellency thinks it one open to weighty objections. It may be apprehended, however, that the adoption of a peremptory rule of exclusion of one or other of the persons so circumstanced on the present occasion, might lead to much inconvenience, and possibly deprive the public of the services of some very valuable and useful magistrates; his Excellency, therefore, thinks the safer course will be, to limit the correction of the existing lists, in this particular, to cases where, from the petit sessions returns, or other sources of information, it may appear that one of the parties had ceased to attend to the performance of the ordinary duties of the office.

"It has long been the custom in Ireland to appoint to the magistracy the agents of landed proprietors, though not themselves possessed of sufficient estate to warrant their appointment, nor in any other way connected with the counties in which they act. In some districts this has been almost a measure of necessity, and in many cases his Excellency believes it has tended to supply useful and efficient magistrates. In the peculiar circumstances in which many extensive portions of the country are placed, by the continual or occasional non-residence of great landed proprietors, it would, his Excellency fears, be difficult altogether to change the prevailing practice, and therefore he does not think it right entirely to omit such gentlemen from the magistracy; but there are cases where, from the absence of any such cause, the proprietor being himself resident, and the neighbourhood possessing other resident gentlemen holding the commission of the peace, it does appear to his Excellency that it is unnecessary to continue in the commission the agents of estates of no very great extent, and where those individuals do not themselves possess any property in the county.

"Several gentlemen appear to hold the commission of the peace for counties adjacent to those in which they reside, though they rarely act as magistrates in such counties. His Excellency is, however, fully aware of the necessity which occasionally exists for the services of a magistrate in districts comprised of portions of adjoining counties—and in determining how far it is necessary to renew such commissions he thinks it will

be proper generally to do so, when the residence of the individual is so near the borders of the county as to render it probable his services may be occasionally useful, and more especially when, by being a magistrate of both counties, he may be enabled to exercise the powers given by statute to justices of the peace in such cases.

"These are the general principles which, without implying any reference to the personal merit of individuals, or meaning in the slightest degree to question their general propriety of conduct, his Excellency conceives should be adopted in making the present revision; but his Excellency desires me to add, that in some few cases it has appeared to him that circumstances in the conduct or character of particular magistrates render it desirable, for the better administration of justice, that they should not be re-appointed to an office of such trust and importance.

"Acting on these principles, with the few exceptions occasioned by considerations such as I have just adverted to, his Excellency has caused lists to be prepared of those noblemen and gentlemen now holding the office who, in his judgment, upon the information submitted to him, should be continued in the new commission—those lists have been transmitted to the Lord Chancellor, and I enclose a copy of that prepared for the county of which you are the Lieutenant.

"It is his Excellency's wish that you should, in conformity to the principles above detailed, examine the list now transmitted, comparing it with the general list of the present magistracy of your county, and that you should, with as little delay as possible, communicate to the Lord Chancellor such observations as you may deem it to be of importance that his lordship should be in possession of in regard to any individuals retained in the list, or omitted therefrom, as to whom you may think it should be further corrected. His Excellency thinks it proper to add, that any communication made by you with respect to individuals will be considered as confidential.

"His Excellency does not doubt that he will receive your cordial cooperation in his endeavours on the present occasion, in a work of so much importance to the administration of justice, the maintenance of peace and good order, and the insuring to the magistracy of Ireland that public confidence and respect which are so indispensable to their utility.

"I have the honor to be, my lord, (or sir,) your most obedient humble servant,

"T. DRUMMOND."

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Vol. XII.

THE RUBI ; A TALE OF THE SEA.

IN SIX CANTOS.

CANTO VI.—THE CHASE.

I.

The morn in awful grandeur broke ;
And with the earliest daylight woke,
Clad in the dark Tornado's form,
The terrors of the western storm.
The thick mist, on the mountain's height,
Mantles the landscape's opening light ;
And, rolling in unwonted shades,
The heaven's fair cheek with night in-
vades.

But where the gathering tempest shrouds
The threatening East, a wreath of
clouds 10

Towering and huge is seen to come,
From its intensity of gloom
Distinct amid the gloomy rack,
And with surpassing blackness black.
Slowly it mounts : and slowly spread
In arch stupendous overhead,
The limbs with ample girth expand,
And in gigantic stature stand,
Vaulted in heaven, and based on land. }
As when the clouds of summer pour 20
On Britain's fields the balmy shower,

The rainbow spans the skies ;
Like that the belt of storm extends,
But not like that in beauty blends
Its sevenfold tissue'd dyes :

THAT the eternal pledge design'd,
Of faith and mercy to mankind,

THIS dark with fury grows :
For, roaring round the deep black arch,
The thunders track its wondrous
march ; 30

And the engirdled space between,
Sheeted with lightning's glancing sheen,
In livid lustre glows.

II.

The cruisers, with experienced eyes,
Had mark'd the early symptoms rise,
Prepared the dreaded shock to foil,
With active and divided toil.

Vol. XII.

While these aloft their duties ply,
And strike the top weights from the sky :
While these below, with strength com-
bined, 40

Point the dark yards to meet the wind :
The rest with seamen's caution gave
A second anchor to the wave.

III.

A moment's pause, and all was hushed !
Then, as from some vast funnel rush'd
At once the volumed blast :
The thunder ceased, the lightning's glare
Left for a time the darken'd air,
While the black whirlwind past :
As through the realms of space his
throne 50

The Spirit of the blast alone
Usurp'd, and all his powers combined
In that one burst of roaring wind.
Whirl'd in huge columns from the
strand,

Floats through the air the gathering
sand ;

Caught from the water's whitening breast,
High lifted o'er the billow's crest,
Thick flakes of foam, at random tost,
In the tumultuous air are lost.

The expected shock the RAVEN feels : 60
Trembling in every plank, she heels
A moment from the tempest's sway,
Then drops before its headlong way.
The cables surge ; with equal strain
The tightening ropes the weight sus-
tain ;

And, till the wearied storm subsides,
The gallant ship in safety rides.

IV.

It rose—it fell—the mighty blast
In one wild burst of fury past.
The arch of storm dissolves asunder ; 70
Again roar'd forth the deepening thunder,

I.

And brighter flash'd the lightning's
flame,
And down the gather'd waters came.
No sprinkling this—no scatter'd shower:
In streams the incessant torrents pour:
They see not, hear not, aught around;
All sense and sight, all thought is drown'd.
The keenest eye may seek in vain
Through the thick atmosphere to strain,
Heavy with clouds and dark with
rain; 80
As though heaven's opening flood-gates
hurl'd
A second deluge on the world.

V.

It ceased at length, and from the day,
Slow roll'd the exhausted clouds away,
Leaving behind, in mercy there,
A balmy freshness in the air:
A freshness only those may prize
Who toil in India's sultry skies.

VI.

Scarce had the rage of tempest past,
The seamen on the RAVEN's mast 90
Spring upward eagerly:
They cast around their wondering eyes,
With rage, with anguish, and surprise;
But nothing may they see
In that still solitary bay,
Where the victorious pirate lay,
But hill and wood alone:
Deserted is the RUBI's place,
And with the schooner every trace
Of her retreat is gone. 100
Their daring chief had steered his bark
Through that fierce storm and vapour
dark;
Where scarcely in the broad of light,
The experienced pilot's watchful sight
Could guide the adventurous keel aright;
And, on the wildest wings of wind
Had left the baffled foe behind.

VII.

"A chase!" the fiery leader cries;
Through the long decks the summons
flies,
And every nerve they strain; 110
The sails are set, the bark's a-weigh;
And they have left the unfriendly bay,
And open roadstead gain,
In briefer time than ever yet
Was anchor weigh'd, or canvass set,
In bark impell'd at utmost need,
By wrath or fear to instant speed.
The quickest eyes aloft are sent,
The strongest glasses firmly bent,
Where still the volumed clouds, 120
Dark relics of the morning storm,
Upon the low horizon form
Impenetrable shrouds.
Thither their earnest glances strain
With eager hope, yet all in vain;

But see, along the shore
A lofty ship came free and full,
And high upon her sable hull
A frigate's canvass bore.
From each mast head the numbers
float, 130
The flags of different hues denote
Each vessel's friendly name:
This flush'd with hope of costly prize;
Defeated *that* in enterprise,
O'erwhelmed with rage and shame.
And the last breath of wind had died,
As the two barks ranged side by side.

VIII.

As ARUNDEL his foil'd adventure told,
The EAGLE's captain scarce his spleen
controll'd,
Strode o'er the deck awhile, with hurried
tread, 140
Then paused, grew calm again, and gravely
said:
" 'Tis a disastrous chance: had fortune
served,
A fate more prosperous had your plan
deserved.
True, it was rash; and yet for this, in
sooth,
We almost look, we scarcely blame, in
youth.
Though, if the tale yon traitor told be
true,
If old GUYATANOS is amongst the crew,
The bandit's daring skill and deep design
Might well have foil'd an older head than
thine.
My mind misgave me, when they call'd
him dead: 150
It seems another perish'd in his stead.
Well! he has scaped me once upon the
main;
Less fair his fortune if we meet again.
Now for your orders: stand from off the
shore,
Till the last mountains show their tops no
more;
Then eastward through the night pursue
your way,
And make the land at every dawning
day.
Thus may you fall upon the schooner's
track:
But bear in mind, a fortnight brings you
back.
Then to Jamaica with all speed
repair, 160
And give the sick and wounded all your
care.
For me, I westward sweep the line of
coast;
There, if all traces of her path be lost,
Shall for a time my homeward course
delay
Amid the isles, that skirt Honduras' bay.
If there she lurk not, I perforce suppose,
That dread of her exasperated foes

Has driven the *RUM* from the insulted
West,
And for a while forego the useless quest.
Adieu! 'twere needless further to de-
tain 170
Our chase. Good fortune till we meet
again!"

IX.

They parted, and with adverse flight
Soon sunk the friendly barks from sight.
But with the frigate on her way
Continues now the wavering lay;
Who eastward held a doubtful chase;
Without a sign, a mark, a trace,
Upon the ocean's trackless tide,
The course of her pursuit to guide.
But when the third dull morn ap-
pear'd, 180

And closer to the shore she steer'd,
Where, from the deep, the *ISLE OF PINES*
With triple hill the view confines,
And shows its landscape to the track
Of those dark vessels, bearing back
From *Afric's* coast their bloody gain,
Disgrace to Spaniards and to Spain;
She spoke a vessel with her store,
From dark *Belize* to Britain's shore.
Brief was her tale: but she had
seen, 190

The island and the bay between,
As the last closing day had past,
A schooner, with a towering mast
And low black hull, that held her way
To southward, for *Honduras* bay.
Rakish and low, she seem'd as one
Whom merchant barks would gladly
shun.

Perchance 'twas well, the shades of night
Shut in, and hid them from her sight.
Slight was the trace: but on the
tale 200

The exulting frigate spread her sail,
Bore southward with the evening wind,
And left the island shores behind.

X.

Through all the hours of ripening day
Had roll'd the tropic sun,
And high on his meridian way
In burning glory shone;
All glared beneath intensely bright,
Save where day's fiery eye
Spread o'er the sea a vapour white, 210
And dimm'd the azure sky:
Like the translucent gauze that lends
A veil to beauty's face,
And with its native lustre blends
A mitigated grace.

There is not in the heaven's wide halls
One shadowy cloud in motion;
And not one billow heaves and falls,
In all the mirror'd ocean.
Lifeless and in repose it lies, 220
As if that soothing hour

Had held o'er all its mysteries
A transitory power.
Lifeless? Oh no! for o'er its breast
A long low swell is stealing,
As though a soul were there possess'd
Within of life and feeling:
A lasting sense of inward might,
That may not pass away,
Till earth and sky shall melt from
sight, 230
And ocean's self decay.

XI.

There was a low and wooded key,
A little bay confining,
Where, in its noontide radiancy
The cloudless sun was shining.
And there, within that little bay,
On the bright tranquil deep,
A single vessel floating lay,
And slept, or seemed to sleep.
No shade, her image to express, 240
Was on the water thrown;
In unreflected loveliness
She rested there alone.
Her cordage in the clear blue sky,
Almost inviable,
Waved their thin fibres gracefully
Above the ocean's swell.
The light sails, on the yards aloft,
Loosened for danger's hour,
Hung in festoons, as fair and soft 250
As deck a lady's bower.
And, as they slightly wavered,
By ocean's broad and heaving bed
Moved to and fro, while over head
Scarce breathed the languid air;
They had not stirr'd one silken thread
Of beauty's golden hair.

XII.

Thus lay the *RUM* there; awhile
Seeking the shelter of the isle,
Through whose thick foliage shade, 260
With course half seen, a little rill,
Such as might suit the *Rovers'* will,
Of crystal waters play'd:
There to recruit her needful store,
Ere she should fly the unfriendly shore;
There, with her unrelenting crew,
To watch the moment to pursue
One act of vengeance, ere they crost
Atlantic waves for *Afric's* coast:
Already had the first been gained, 270
And only vengeance now remain'd.

XIII.

Call'd by *LATHARO*, whose command
Now ruled entire the pirate band,
Upon the deck you may discern
Dark rugged forms, and features stern;
As, weapon'd for the battle hour,
The *Rum's* whole collected power,

Who never bow'd to mercy yet,
 Were in the gloomy conclave met.
 All stood in silence deep, profound, 280
 And form'd in scatter'd circle round.
 These on their chief their glances bent ;
 Those listless o'er the gunwale leant ;
 Some stretch'd upon the deck were laid,
 Or rested on the naked blade ;
 And seem'd to grudge the scanty time
 Between the judgment and the crime :
 But none or dared or sought to break
 The laws, themselves had join'd to make.
 Strange, that the wildest of mankind, 290
 Whom every law had failed to bind,
 Of structure human or divine,
 Should of their own dark hearts resign
 Their will to regulations rude,
 Written in characters of blood !
 One clause alone confined their range,
 And that by an old custom, strange
 E'en as themselves : " If of the band
 The least and lowest in command
 Should pledge his honour and his
 word, 300
 And swear upon his naked sword
 The prisoner guiltless, he should be
 Cleared of the charge and penalty."
 'Twas an old law, and seldom met
 A claimant, but it bound them yet.

XIV.

LATHARO knew the custom's power,
 And, waiting for a fitting hour,
 Still bade the mimic court proceed,
 Prepared to save in time of need.
 But more he hoped LA GATA'S fear 310
 Might triumph o'er his cunning here,
 And plead the unwonted law to free
 The associate of his treachery.

XV.

He gave the word : the spy was bound
 Before the assembled host ;
 The chains, that past his wrists around,
 His naked bosom cross'd ;
 Weak and defenceless to await
 The issue of his doubtful fate ;
 While in his ear dark words of hate 320
 Rose from the excited throng ;
 And execrations, fierce and high,
 And the indignant vengeance-cry,
 Calling for justice on a spy,
 In murmurs deep and long.
 BEZZETTI paused, till all was hushed,
 Then calmly looked around :
 Many a stern cheek was passion-flush'd,
 And many a dark eye frown'd,
 On all he gazed with cold disdain, 330
 Then downward turn'd his looks again,
 For well he knew the threats were vain
 To work their malice here :
 While their own laws their power confin'd,
 While that one high and haughty mind
 Sufficed their fiercest mood to bind,

BEZZETTI might not fear.
 Not unprepared he took the place
 Of fancied danger and disgrace ;
 LA GATA'S fear, LATHARO'S oath, 340
 He knew them, and he trusted both.

XVI.

The leader stept before the rest,
 And artfully the band address :
 " A moment's pause is come at last,
 'Twere needless to recall the past.
 Behold your prisoner ! Not alone
 To me his treacherous fight was known ;
 All knew the moment that he fled,
 And most believed the traitor dead.
 All, too, have heard how long he
 stay'd 350
 Amidst our foemen, and betray'd
 His comrades' secret lurking place,
 And led the RAVEN on our trace.
 Such are his crimes : it is for you
 To point the guilt and vengeance due.
 His right now claims he to be tried
 By the same laws he has defied.
 What ! does he think that one is nigh
 To plead for mercy on a spy ?
 Or, as in GLASSY'S case, to stand 360
 His champion with the injured band ?
 For me, his only hope remains
 To barter death for endless chains,
 If he, while yet endures the time,
 Give up the associate of his crime."

XVII.

He paused, and keenly look'd around,
 Then cast his dark eyes on the ground,
 Within their orbs to hide apart
 The triumph of victorious art ;
 As in LA GATA'S conscious face 370
 The experienced leader saw the trace
 Of fraud and fear, of guilt and shame,
 Whose fitful flashes o'er it came.
 Fear conquer'd all. Did he delay,
 His comrade might his cause betray.
 Better, if such must be his fate,
 To live suspected, than to wait
 The vengeance, which he saw with dread
 LATHARO threatened on his head,
 Expecting but a fitting time 380
 To tax him with his treachery's crime.
 Slowly he rose, with cheek that bore
 Subdued the signs which late it wore,
 And calm, stern look, that might en-
 gage
 The deference due to rank and age.
 Then bowing to the wondering crew,
 His cutlass from his belt he drew,
 And kiss'd the weapon's naked blade,
 Then briefly thus his sentence said :

XVIII.

" He shall not die ! Amongst our host 390
 Enough already have we lost ;
 Nor can we from our band afford
 So firm a heart, so true a sword.

The service, he has borne before,
Nay, e'en his last, should balance more
Than this his but imagined guilt.
What streams of blood would have been
spilt,

Had he not nobly hasten'd back,
To show the frigate on our track;
Had he not boldly risk'd his life, 400
To save us from a desperate strife,
Which, had it met us on our path,
Had ever screen'd him from our wrath?
If spy he is, he is a spy
Faithful and true! He shall not die."
His hand he on the prisoner laid,
And kiss'd again the naked blade.

XIX.

LATHARO, who in silence stood,
While thus his foe his craft pursued,
With mingled scorn and pleasure saw 410
The wily traitor claim the law,
Unconscious that the act would tend
To gain his leader's secret end.
He paused awhile: but many an eye
Look'd to their leader for reply.
"The claim upon the naked blade
Is lawfully and justly made.
The ancient Rovers' laws decree
BEZZETTI innocent and free.
LA GATA tenders us his oath, 420
Upon his life and honor both,
That he is guiltless. To allow
That judgment false, were to avow
The champion of the prisoner's cause
Alike obnoxious to our laws.
Comrades, your sentences? on the
sword!"
Each heard the word; with one ac-
cord
To the blue steel their lips they bent,
And judged BEZZETTI innocent.

XX.

When thus the judgment seem'd to
close, 430
And all the crew tumultuous rose,
LATHARO marked, amid the press,
With quick and trembling earnestness,
His wily foe's officious hands
Unloose at once BEZZETTI's bands.
He gave the word, when of the crew
Three seamen near the witness drew,
And flung their arms LA GATA round,
And with strong bands the traitor bound:
While with stern tones, distinct and
loud, 440
LATHARO's voice recall'd the crowd,
"Judgment, ho! judgment! fitting
meed
For traitorous plot, and murderous
deed!"

XXI.

All in a moment turn'd aside
In awe of their acknowledged guide,

Whilst open wonder and surprise
Was seen in many a pirate's eyes:
But yet, without a word or sound,
They ranged themselves their leader
round.

LA GATA to the midst was brought: 450
LATHARO paused awhile in thought,
With arms upon his bosom crost,
And every mild expression lost
In cool contempt and bitter scorn;
Then bade before the crew be borne
The spy, whom lately at his need
LA GATA's conscious heart had freed;
And, with stern tone and gesture proud,
Proposed his questions high and loud.

XXII.

"You are released; dismiss your
fear, 460
Nor dread a second trial here.
The Rovers' laws, our records tell,
Are final and immutable.
A comrade for your cause has spoke,
And taken on his neck the yoke,
Though he, perchance, may hardly bear
The weight of his own burden there.
Now answer—were you not a spy,
Sent from our bark? by whom? and
why?"

XXIII.

A murmur rose, confused and long, 470
From many a voice amid the throng:
"He is acquitted; wherefore now
Bid him an useless guilt avow?"
LATHARO laughed with scornful pride:
"Behold my witness," he replied,
"A faultless witness and a free!
LA GATA, there we both agree.
Had you not risen, I had forsooth
Proclaim'd myself, the prisoner's truth.
How could I hope I should prevail, 480
If I had brought a traitor's tale,
As my sole witness? In your hate,
Fool, you have signed your own dark
fate."

XXIV.

Ere yet LATHARO ceased to speak,
Pale grew LA GATA's craven cheek,
While his closed teeth with bitter grip
Forced the red blood-drop from his lip,
And wildly in his comrades' hands
His thin form struggled with the bands.
The chief askance his victim eyed, 490
Then fiercely to BEZZETTI cried,
"You were a spy?" He bow'd his
head,
But not a word in answer said.
Again LATHARO waved his hand
Around the crew: "At whose com-
mand?"
He ask'd, and darted from his eye
A scowl of taunting mockery.

XXV.

"One perished, as you doubtless know,
By our late leader's hasty blow.
One died within ESTELLA's hall; 500
And now there but remains of all,
Who for their treacherous purpose thought
My service might by gold be bought,
Your prisoner, who before you stands
In well-deserved, well-suited bands."
Again through all low murmurs broke,
Again the chief in question spoke.

XXVI.

"Too late you show your tardy zeal.
Did you not know, that to conceal
Or hidden plot, or counsel dark, 510
Against your leader or your bark;
Did you not know, that to have heard
Of dangerous deed or rebel word,
And not reveal it at the time,
Involves you in the traitor's crime?"—
"I did reveal it."—With a cry
LA GATA started painfully;
And writhed him round, as though in
vain

He strove to force him from his chain.
"To ERMINGADE and you I told 520
The intended plot, and gave the gold
By you returned: and taught by you
Their secret purpose to pursue,
To you I kept my plighted troth.
So help me justice and my oath!"

XXVII.

While all the RUBI's crew amazed
Sate silent round, LATHARO raised
His lofty figure to its height;
His dark eye flash'd with keener light;
He stood amid the presence there, 530
As being of another sphere;
And, while his comrades he address'd,
They all his master mind confest.

XXVIII.

"Comrades, it is the truth! attend
To one, your leader and your friend;
To one, whose ever watchful eye
First pierced this web of treachery,
And turned the coward's malice still
To work your profit and his will.
It is the truth! Needs not by name 540
The base associates to proclaim,
Whose counsels have so vainly sped;
For most are number'd with the dead.
But foremost of the guilty crew,
GATA, BATTISTA, were the two
By power, by station, and by art,
Best suited for the dangerous part.
I knew them well: I and the youth,
Your leader, early knew the truth.
Nor does it seem an empty pride 550
All myself that Leader's guide,
Whose advice, in hour of need,
The treacherous plot proceed,

And patiently in ambush lay
Within that strong and secret bay,
Secure from England's daring sons,
Screen'd from the broadside of her
guns—

Nay more, resolved to strike a blow
Of vengeance on the haughty foe,
That would have added to the fame 560
And terror of the RUBI's name.
And well the past events have shewn
How just the judgment; foild alone
By him, who, in ESTELLA's hall,
As most have seen, as known by all,
Callous to crime, athirst for power,
Had bound him in an evil hour
To one, who knew the ready tool;
And taught the overweening fool
Our vessel's leaders to betray, 570
And for himself assume the sway.
Of honor, decency, or faith.
Who died, or who escaped the death,
And who were lost, or who were spared,
In truth he neither thought nor cared.

XXIX.

"From him arose the desperate strife
That cost us many a gallant life.
RANDALL, than whom amongst our
band
There was not known a bolder hand,
His death-wound in that skirmish
bore, 580
And battles by our side no more:
Thanks to the coward's base essay!
So help me fate, as I repay
For those, of whom we are bereft,
My vengeance on the traitor left!"

XXX.

"Not only this: but by their sin
Entrapp'd, as wild cat in a gin,
Our generous leader, young and brave,
Found in that bay an early grave.
He saw himself at once betray'd, 590
And in the unfriendly hall delay'd
By needless enemies opposed,
Till on his wake the cruisers closed.
Outnumbered thus in boats and men,
How did the stripling bear him then?
Say, have you not yourselves confest,
Himself he gave to screen the rest?
Singly he dared the unequal fight,
While others saved their lives by flight;
And ere he found the fate he braved, 600
He knew his bark and crew were saved,
Stood the firm bulwark of us all,
And fell, as pirate chief should fall.
Such was he; and, as such, demands
Justice and vengeance at your hands;
He died by treachery and wile.
And this the wretch, who spread the
toil!
One moment more"—for in the crew
Deep and more deep the murmur grew,

While all with stern and mutter'd
breath 610
Pronounced for judgment and for death.

XXXI.

"When thus the RAVEN's charge proved
vain,

Why not within that bay remain,
And strike at once a mortal blow
On the disgraced, disheartened foe?
The intelligence BEZZERTI brought,
Reversed our plans, forbade the thought.
From England's tried and practised
powers

No easy triumph had been ours;
Nor, crippled by a dangerous fight, 620
Might we have shunn'd by hasty flight
The EAGLE's broadside, which the morn
Had on our bark in vengeance borne.

And well for our security
The caution came. Did we not see,
When the tornado clear'd away,
In whose dense screen we left the bay,
A ship slow coasting by the shore,
Whose hull a frigate's canvass bore?
'Twas well perchance, while to our
sight 630

The broad sails gleamed in opening light,
The gloom, that yet o'erhung the sea,
Still held us in obscurity.

XXXII.

"Ev'n now the bold attempt, I fear,
Will scarcely leave us safety here.
Both cruisers long have left the place,
And both will keenly urge the chase.
Nor these alone; but of the fleet
Whome'er in their pursuit they meet,
Will join them in the bloody rout, 640
As hunters seek the war-wolf out,
To crush the vessel that has dared
To brave Britannia's flag of pride,
To foil her vengeance, and been spared
To triumph o'er her subject tide.

XXXIII.

"Now stands your faith upon the test.
Comrades, we leave the unfriendly West,
And seek in Afric's lonely coast
The safety that our deeds have lost;
The coast, where range the free and
bold, 650
Birth-place of man's first idol, gold;
In whose fierce clime our bark may find
A foe less bitter than mankind.
But first your judgment! Let your will
Be free, be just, but speedy still!
An hour may fix our future fate;
Nor may we venture here to wait,
Longer than may the wonted breeze
Curl the first ripple on the seas."

XXXIV.

LATHARO ceased: from man to man 660
At once the fatal whisper ran,

When NORMAN rose, and fiercely prest
His rugged hand upon his breast,
And in a low determined breath,
Pronounced the sentence, "Guilty,
Death;"
And "Guilty, Death," from every
tongue

Throughout the gloomy circle rung.

XXXV.

"'Tis well:" LATHARO proudly said;
"A leader's part must now be played:
The doom is death." With one accord 670
Each pirate bared his ready sword,
An hundred sheathless weapons blazed,
At once an hundred points were raised,
Above the catiff's head;
And waited all in silent gloom,
To hear their leader's final doom
Consign him to the dead.
For ever with the pirate band
Walked death and judgment hand in
hand.

XXXVI.

"Hold!" said LATHARO. "It would
be 680

To such a wretch of infamy
Too good, too merciful a ward,
To perish by the hasty sword,
Or that his sufferings be forgot
In the quick vengeance of a shot.
Not by a sudden act of ill
Has he opposed him to our will;
Not by a brief and transient wrong,
But by a treachery deep and long:
Then let him for his meed sustain 690
A tedious death of lingering pain.
Behold yon island! Thither bear
The guilty wretch, and bind him there,
To famine or to beasts a prey,
Till he shall pine his life away."

XXXVII.

Then loudly hailed the pirate band,
With savage shout of wild applause,
The dreadful doom, the dire command,
The deadliest of their bloody laws;
That gave to hate its widest range, 700
And glutted all with slow revenge.
But not that burst of malice drown'd
The shrill and miserable sound,
Raised by LA GATA's frenzied cry
In his intensest agony.
Why rose that frenzied cry in air?
For death alone he pour'd his prayer;
Death by the dagger or the sword,
Death by the water or the cord,
By poison or the pistol's breath; 710
Death any way, but instant death!
And only fiends could emulate
The jeer, the laugh, of scornful hate,
With which the pirates heard his cries,
And revell'd in his agonies.

XXXVIII.

The boat was mann'd, the victim thrown
Upon the floor, and one deep groan
Confest his anguish, while the chief
To NORMAN gave his orders brief:
"NORMAN, I trust you; to the land 720
Convey LA GATA. Let your band
With firmness and security
Bind him to some marsh-rooted tree,
Which herbage rank and swamps sur-
round;

But not by violence or wound
Abridge the sufferings of his pain
For one short moment! There in vain
Let him expend his latest strength,
And pray for death to come at length.
Away! no time have we to spare; 730
Soon as the evening's earliest air
Fills our light canvass, will the shore
Of India see our bark no more."

XXXIX.

"Doubt not for me," the seaman cried,
And bounded down the RUBI's side,
And the light shallop strongly plied.

But who may think or tell,
Save with indignant frown severe,
With terror's thrill, and pity's tear,
That stain most foul on the career 740
Of pirate fierce or buccaneer;

What scene of woe befell,
When the light shallop backward sped,
That outcast being worse than dead,
From man's communion thrown;
Without or friend, or hope, to stay
On that lone isle, in that small bay,
And pine by slow degrees away,
To famine, heat, and beasts a prey,
Unsheltered and alone! 750

XL.

1.

Upon a wild and lonely key, a tropic
day had closed,
The light wind stirr'd not in the hea-
vens, the waveless deep reposed;
A streamlet wander'd murmuring on
along the sloping ground,
And fragrant and freshness shed on the
green herbage round;
And, as it widen'd in its course, and
mingled with the sea,
Bright shone the pebbly bed beneath the
water's purity.

2.

The *Mangroves* by that streamlet's banks
had raised the high arcade,
And softly thro' their twining stems the
cooling waters played;
The *Pawpa's* slender shafts aloft their
fruitful chaplets bear,
The graceful *Palm-trees* lift their crests,
their feathery crests in air; 760

The sour *Pistachia's* verdant fruit blends
with its foliage green,
The *Plantain* spreads its fanlike leaves,
a broad and glossy screen,
With golden balls and clustering boughs
hange the luxuriant *Lime*,
And the wild *Lotus'* crimson bells are
purpling in their prime:
It was a scene for childhood's dreams,
that sky so still and clear,
The freshness of the clustering trees,
and the wild brook murmuring near.

3.

But there was one sad living man, alone
in that fair place,
Who felt not amid nature's fruits luxu-
riant nature's grace;
On whom the freshness of the woods,
the waters, breathed in vain,
And gave in every added charm a deeper
thrill of pain. 770
It was refinement of revenge most devil-
ish to invent,
In such a scene so passing fair, so dire a
punishment.

4.

Beside the streamlet's sloping banks,
amid the marshy ground,
The pirates had their victim's limbs in
fearful vengeance bound.
Beneath the Mangrove's dripping stems
they formed his loathsome bed,
And wide on the fantastic roots his
naked body spread.
He might not move or turn aside, but
weak and helpless lay,
Till thirst and famine should prevail, and
nature's strength decay.

5.

His grizzled locks are shorn away, his
wrinkled forehead bare,
Through the long day the burning sun
had shed its fury there: 780
The cold damps of the marsh fell round,
yet mid his lingering pain,
The water had not chill'd his joints, the
sun-beams spared his brain;
A vague fond hope of late release, still
served his breast to steel,
Till hope at length itself gave way, and
left his heart to feel;
And bursting, like a thunder-clap, on his
exhausted frame,
The dreadful certainty of fate upon the
sufferer came.

6.

His lips were parch'd and crack'd with
drought, his very tongue was dry;
No more the moisture in his throat the
wonted calls supply.
And oh! for that half-fainting wretch
'twas agony to hear
The gentle stream so pure, so cool, for
ever murmuring near, 790

He heard the wild deer slake their thirst,
and he lay dying there,
With the sound of waters in his ear, its
freshness in the air.

7.

Then hunger came with gnawing pains
to rack the inward part,
With aching of the dizzy head, and sick-
ness of the heart.
He raised his languid eyes on high, and
there above his head
The rich *Banana's* golden fruit in clus-
tering bunches spread:
Weigh'd by their own luxuriance down,
they trembled in their height,
While he lay famishing below with plenty
in his sight.

8.

There was a motion in the woods, and
from the streamlet's brink,
The monkey, mimic of mankind, had
snatch'd his evening drink: 800
He saw *LA GATA's* naked limbs, at once,
as one amazed,
With straitening tail and form erect upon
the wonder gazed;
Then gallop'd to the *Pawpa's* shaft, and
clambering there on high,
Look'd down and chatter'd at the
wretch, as if in mockery.

9.

There was a motion in the stream; *LA*
GATA's eye-balls strain'd,
And, writhing in their sockets round, the
water's surface gain'd:
Where still as burn'd and gnarled logs,
upon the streamlet's brim,
With shapeless heads and ridgy backs,
the alligators swim.
They saw the strange form on the bank;
at once without a sound
They dived into their native depths, and
all was silent round. 810
LA GATA struggled in his bonds; his
bonds his power defied;
Oh! misery may not loose the wretch,
whom fell revenge has tied.

10.

'Twas sunset, and the land-wind rose, a
weak and languid breeze;
And swarming from the swampy marsh,
and from the fostering trees,
With filmy pinions whirling round, and
shrill and worrying hum,
The new-born offspring of the stream,
the grey mosquitoes come.
Borne by dark instinct to the spot, their
destined prey they trace,
Float round his unprotected limbs, and
riot in his face,
Fix in his skin their points minute, and
gorge themselves with gore:
In vain! as one reluctant leaves, a hungry
myriad pour: 820

Till tortured by their poisonous stings,
and weakened by decay,
The sense of pain was wearied out, and
nature swooned away;
With form disfigured, features swelled,
and bleeding feet and hands,
The victim of a pirate's wrath lay faint-
in his bands.

11.

Time past: what knew the senseless
wretch of the career of time?
What roused him with a clammy touch,
and cold moist track of slime?
A something crawl'd about his limbs:
is it the viper's brood?
Or nauseous reptile of the earth, or re-
veller of the flood?
He knew not: but the bursting sweat
fell from his brow like rain;
His shuddering body strove to scare that
unseen thing in vain: 830
He tried to shriek; his parching lips the
sound of fear deny;
The wild deer had not left his lair for
that low feeble cry.

12.

There was a long growl in the woods:
the tangled jungle crushes,
As some fierce savage of the clime thro'
the deep forest rushes;
Far in the distance fell the sound; but to
the victim's ear,
That fearful howl, that heavy foot,
drew nearer and more near.
Forgotten was that unseen pest, unfelt
the insects' wound,
All terror in that one new thought of
runder danger drown'd.
His senses reel'd, his reason sank; and,
if he did not die,
The death-scene scarce could add a pang
to that deep agony. 840
Pause we! nor from the victim's close be
the dark curtain rent!
Grievous had been the pirate's crime,
dire was his punishment.

13.

A fisher, who that awful night past by
that fatal shore,
Had heard upon the ocean's brink a leo-
pard's hungry roar,
Mix'd with the agonizing cry of horror
and of pain,
Such sound as only madness draws from
the bewilderd brain.
He might not land, but quicker urged
his shallop's rapid flight,
And far the island lay behind before the
close of night.
But long and wide his tidings spread;
and yet, as seamen say,
The cruiser, who at still of night sails in
Honduras bay, 850

And makes the LEOPARD's lonely key,
 where once LA GATA died,
 Will hear strange sounds, and horrid
 shrieks float on the midnight tide ;
 And mindful of the fisher's tale, though
 night grows dark around,
 And scarcely may the struggling bark
 avoid the shoaling ground,
 Though loudly roars the wild North-West,
 and waves in mountains form,
 Will shun the pirate's angry ghost and
 bave the gathering storm.

XLI.

But they who wrought that scene of woe,
 On them what fortunes fall ?
 With pleasure does their cup o'erflow,
 Or is it steep'd in gall ? 860
 Mark'd you their chief, as o'er the bay
 He watch'd the shallop's track,
 Now speeding forth her islet way,
 Now shipward gliding back ?
 'Twas over : with exulting heart
 LATHARO paced the deck apart ;
 His soul's desire was satisfied ;
 The vessel, that had crush'd his pride,
 Had been defeated and defied ;
 Those who had dared his power to
 brave, 870
 Were swept into a bloody grave ;
 And, more than all, the bark he loved,
 Whose matchless points his skill had
 proved,
 At once, with all her hardy band,
 Return'd beneath his sole command.
 The sternness from his cheek was flown,
 With brighter fire his dark eye shone ;
 With more imperious step he stalk'd
 And laugh'd and mutter'd as he walk'd,
 Or dash'd his strong right arm on
 high, 880
 As death and danger to defy.
 Sudden he paused : before him lay
 An open chart ; he traced his way
 Eastward, where flow'd the streams afar
 Of swift BENIN and CALEBAR,
 As though within their sultry clime
 He sought a wider field for crime.
 Light o'er the coast his finger ranged :
 A thrill, and every feature changed :
 No more upon his lips there play'd 890
 The exulting smile ; a gloomy shade
 Clouded his brow : less keen, less bright,
 His eye-balls shot their piercing light.
 Had he a wish remaining still ?
 Or did he dream of future ill ?

XLII.

Worn by the excitement of the day,
 The RUBI's crew in slumber lay,
 Stretch'd in a noontide lethargy
 Beneath the bright and burning sky.
 Upward the chief his glances cast : 900
 The seaman on the lofty mast,
 Outwearied by the late retreat,
 And overpower'd by tropic heat,

A dull and drowsy watch had kept,
 And sighed and nodded as he slept.
 A sudden burst of hasty ire
 Glow'd in LATHARO's cheek like fire ;
 But, ere he spoke, his voice was drown'd
 In indistinct and mutter'd sound,
 As fear of something undefined 910
 Flash'd for an instant o'er his mind.
 The glass he round the horizon drew ;
 His gaze a moment steadfast grew.

Is it a passing speck,
 That rises o'er the distant main ?
 Again he looks, and yet again ;
 Then dashes on the deck
 The shatter'd glass, and thunders out
 His fury in one lengthen'd shout.
 The cry the laggart's slumber broke ; 920
 With a convulsive start he woke,
 And to the chief's impetuous hail
 Return'd too late, " A sail ! a sail ! "

XLIII.

LATHARO's carbine, quick as thought,
 Was to his ready shoulder brought :
 The piece with instantaneous aim
 Pour'd forth a stream of glancing flame,
 And did its work of vengeance well.
 The victim shudder'd, shriek'd, and fell ;
 With frenzied effort, as he past, 930
 Catching at rope, and yard, and mast.
 In vain ! he fell, fell headlong down,
 Struck on the anchor's iron crown,
 And left upon the spatter'd chains
 A mingled mass of blood and brains :
 Then bounded off, and in the wave
 Found both his death-pall and his grave.

XLIV.

Scarce had LATHARO's carbine rung,
 Ere on their feet the slumberers sprung
 With rage and wonder's mingled cry. 940
 The leader deigned not to reply,
 As if he deemed the bloody deed
 Nor notice nor defence might need ;
 But turn'd his piercing eyes again
 Intently on the distant main.
 " It is the frigate ! Sails like her's
 No meaner bark of England bears.
 Yet may she miss us. Idle thought !
 Not thus are English seamen taught,
 As our dull fools, to close their eyes 950
 Upon a rich and heedless prize.
 Her course is alter'd : Aye, she sees,
 And brings with her the evening breeze,
 Whilst we have scarce a breath to bear
 Our flimsy pendant through the air.
 Stun-sail on stun-sail crowds the mast ;
 Her lower yards are rising fast :
 A prince's ransom would I vow,
 If night or storm were round us now.

XLV.

" Where is the boat ? " he fiercely
 cried. — 960
 " Already has she reach'd the side. " —

"NORMAN, at once your tidings tell :
 "Is the deed done?" "It is." "'Tis
 well :

Cast off the boat : in hour like this
 Such consort would we gladly miss ;
 Nay, heave a cold shot through her
 floor,
 We need her services no more,
 Nor should she live to tell the tale.
 Now for your lives! Make sail! make
 sail!"—

Aloft the taunting canvass springs, 970
 And clothes the bark with spreading
 wings ;
 A flickering air the schooner feels,
 Gently her graceful figure heels
 Beneath its breath, and even now
 From the low key recedes the bow.
 Another air! She seems to creep,
 A living creature, o'er the deep.
 "Now blow the breeze upon our race,
 And we are free! Speed, speed the chase!"

XLVI.

Speed, speed the chase! The air is soft, 980
 Along the horizon creeping ;
 In fitful flaws it floats aloft,
 Nor mars old Ocean's sleeping.
 Now here, now there, the ripples show,
 As meadows bright and sheen,
 Where river-like the waters flow
 In glassy veins between.
 The bark springs forth from her resting-
 place,
 With the breath she loves so well,
 With the desert Antelope's step of
 grace, 990
 And the speed of the young Gazelle.
 But the stately ship with heavier keel
 Still holds her way behind ;
 For the air, that the schooner may scarcely
 feel,
 With her is the rising wind.

XLVII.

Speed, speed the chase! 'Tis a gentle
 breeze,
 Blows steadily o'er her now ;
 In shadowy waves the awakening seas
 Break smilingly round her bow.
 And over the deep her long dark
 hull 1000
 Glides evermore fleet and strong ;
 And her rounded sails are swelling and
 full,
 And carry her swift along.
 And the trees of the key are seen no
 more,
 And the key sinks fast from the view,
 And scarce may they trace the distant
 shore
 In the clouds of misty blue.
 But many a look on the seas and skies
 From the Rur's deck is cast ;

For the frigate's sails on the waters
 rise, 1010
 And the breeze is freshening fast.

XLVIII.

The breeze is fresh. Speed, speed the
 chase!
 See, every cloud's in motion :
 More desperate grows the narrowing
 race,
 More heavily heaves the ocean.
 The white sails strain in the rising gale,
 As if they would burst asunder :
 They may not loose a struggling sail,
 Though the hull is plunging under.
 But the boats are stove and useless
 now, 1020
 And they cut them from their quarter :
 The anchors, loosed from the streaming
 bow,
 Sink sullenly through the water.
 And forward the lighten'd schooner
 springs
 On the breath of the steady wind ;
 While borne on the gathering tempest's
 wings,
 The frigate is close behind.

XLIX.

Speed, speed the chase! The wind is
 strong,
 And all is dark around :
 And gallantly flies the bark along 1030
 With many a furious bound.
 The long dark hull is seen no more,
 Or shows as a shadowy speck,
 As at every heel the green seas pour
 In floods o'er her writhing deck.
 Her light sails, shiver'd in the blast,
 Float off in wreaths of snow ;
 While still aloft the burden'd mast
 Bends as a straining bow.
 Hark! hark! it falls with a crashing
 sound! 1040
 Is it rent with the storm asunder?
 The roar of the long chase guns is
 drown'd
 In the tempest's wilder thunder.

L.

"On, comrades, on!" LATHARO cries,
 With still unbroken energies :
 "Better to play a desperate game,
 Than yield us to disgrace and shame,
 And hear the crowd's exulting breath
 Hurl curses on a felon's death.
 Nay, rather let the weltering sea 1050
 Shield us for aye from infamy."
 Prompt at the word, an obedient band,
 With sturdy heart and ready hand,
 Light springing up the encumbered mast,
 Though o'er their heads the shot fell
 fast

In quick career of headlong war,
Cut from aloft the shatter'd spar :
While still unscathed by fire or gale,
The topmast bears its spread of sail,
Though many a gaping rent confest 1060
The shots' track through its swelling
breast.

The shades of night around them spread ;
Thick murky vapours hung a-head :
While thither with the speed of light
The RUBI held her hopeless flight,
And her last madden'd efforts made
To gain the shelter of the shade.
Too late the chance : for close behind
The EAGLE drove before the wind ;
Her tall sails, rising on the mast, 1070
Full on the chase their shadows cast ;
And both at once into the gloom
The pirate and the avenger come.

LII.

Nearer they come ; and now so near,
The RUBI's struggling crew may hear,
Borne on the fury of the gale,
The British captain's threatening hail ;
" Strike for your lives !" No voice re-
turn'd ;
The reckless crew the mercy spurned ;
Still held the schooner on her track ; 1080
And through the distance floated back
LATHARO's stern commanding tone,
" Hold on of all ! on, RUBI's, on !"

LII.

And shall she scathless hold her flight,
To vanish in the closing night ?
Shall the untamed and daring prize
Escape before their eager eyes,
To vaunt of England's humbled pride,
Her flag disgraced, her arms defied,
Her boats repulsed, their leaders slain, 1090
A pirate ruler on the main ?
The insulting thought may not be borne :
The mercy they have dared to scorn,
Were now injustice to the laws,
And insult to their country's cause.
The stern but strong necessity
Clouded the veteran's piercing eye,
And floated with a moment's trace
Of sorrow o'er his manly face.
Again his voice in mercy cried ; 1100
No answer to his hail replied.
With mutter'd threat his head he shook,
And his last course of duty took.
Four seamen at the chief's command,
For keenest eye and firmest hand
Selected from a chosen crew,
Aft to their destined station drew ;
And at the frigate's helm prepare
The startling violence to bear
Of that dire meeting ! All was stilled. 1110
A moment ;—every heart was chilled ;
Through the long decks no sound was
heard,
No breath was drawn, no foot was stirred ;

But with a new and harrowing dread
All turned their straining eyes a-head,
While full on the unyielding foe
Rush'd the tall ship's majestic bow.

LIII.

It rose upon the heaving swell,
Tossing and towering. Down it fell,
With heavy and o'erpowering dash, 1120
With awful and tremendous crash,
Join'd with an universal cry,
Borne wildly through the air on high
In frenzy, from that awful wreck,
As the sea broke upon her deck.
Beneath the ponderous keel o'erthrown,
The RUBI staggers, heels, goes down,
Suck'd in the abyss : while as a rock,
The EAGLE, heedless of the shock,
Of shatter'd foe, or dying groan, 1130
Holds her proud way resistless on.
They look around : what do they mark ?
Naught but the sky and ocean dark.
There is not on the waves afloat
A mast, a spar, a plank, a boat :
All, all within the vortex drunk,
In the deep sea for ever sunk.
So overwhelming o'er the scene
Had that dark frigate's vengeance been.

LIV.

And of the RUBI's crew alone 1140
Saved from the wreck, was seen but one,
One wretch, who in his drowning hour,
With his last moment's frenzied power,
In senseless desperation clung
To the loose ropes ; and there he hung,
Bleeding and bruised, scarce snatched
from death,
As that fierce schooner sunk beneath.
'Twas ALBERT, who in numbers free
Could fill his sea-notes wild,
Link'd with the breeze's symphony, 1150
Poetic fancy's child.
How changed, alas ! from that blithe boy,
Who, in the festive hour,
Had waken'd echo's voice to joy
In old ESTELLA's tower !
Oh ! had he still in virtue's ear
Address his generous song,
Nor sought mid deeds of shame to cheer
The Rovers' lawless throng,
Bright might have been his young 1160
career,
His life of honor long !
But now discover'd, when too late
To shun the universal fate,
Scarcely the seamen's ready aid
The sufferer on the deck had laid,
Ere mixed with wrath, with fear, and
shame,
A moment's recollection came,
When on LATHARO's name he cried,
Half prayer, half curse, and writhing died.

LV.

And she is gone. As fierce a brood 1170
Still hold the pirates' course of blood ;

But never on the western main
 So fair a bark was seen again.
 It was not her's to pass away
 In useless age, and dull decay !
 One moment, beautiful and free
 She bounded on the joyous sea ;
 Another, she had sunk to rest
 For ever on that mighty breast.
 One moment, o'er the daring way 1180
 Hot fiery spirits held their sway ;
 Another, still and cold they sleep,
 As children on their parent deep.
 But still where'er in tropic skies
 The pirate's blood-red banner flies,
 The hardy seamen love to tell
 How firm, how true, the RUMI fell ;
 Speak of a bark unmatch'd in speed ;
 A crew of bold and daring deed ;
 Of stern hearts faithful to the last : 1190
 And, as they muse on times long past,
 Amid their sires' remembered praise
 They mourn their sons' degenerate days.

LVI.

So let them mourn, in whose untutor'd
 breasts
 The inheritance of kindred passions rests !
 But much the bard would at his parting
 grieve,
 Such baneful moral for his tale to leave ;

To deem that he has wove insidious
 rhyme,
 To blazon a career of wrath and crime ;
 Or clothed a pirate in a hero's guise, 1200
 And claim'd for him a hero's obsequies.
 Not such his end :—from tales, his boy-
 hood knew,
 Fearful and harrowing, but alas ! too
 true,
 As oft confirm'd in manhood's ripening
 years,
 By sad experience of far distant spheres,
 Where the descendants of those lawless
 hosts
 Still sweep the seas, and awe the lonely
 coasts,
 His story sprang : which seeks in simple
 strains
 To paint the pirate as he still remains,
 Nor strives to clothe in forms of specious
 art 1210
 The murderer's bloody hand, and ruthless
 heart.
 If rightly has the song pursued its aim,
 No ill-judged pity will the Rovers claim :
 Hatred to vice, and justice to mankind,
 Will blunt the softer feelings of the mind ;
 And truth will praise the line that dares
 to tell
 How justly mid her crimes THE RUMI
 fell. 1217

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

BEING A FOURTH EXTRACT FROM THE LEGACY OF THE LATE F. PURCELL,
 P. F. OF DRUMCOOLAGH.

" All this he told with some confusion and
 Dismay, the usual consequence of dreams
 Of the unpleasant kind, with none at hand
 To expound their vain and visionary gleams.
 I've known some odd ones which seemed really planned
 Prophetically, as that which one deems
 ' A strange coincidence,' to use a phrase
 By which such things are settled now-a-days. "

BYRON.

DREAMS—What age, or what country
 of the world has not felt and acknow-
 ledged the mystery of their origin and
 end ? I have thought not a little upon
 the subject, seeing it is one which has
 been often forced upon my attention,
 and sometimes strangely enough ; and
 yet I have never arrived at any thing
 which at all appeared a satisfactory
 conclusion. It does appear that a men-
 tal phenomenon so extraordinary can-
 not be wholly without its use. We
 know, indeed, that in the olden times
 it has been made the organ of commu-
 nication between the Deity and his
 creatures ; and when, as I have seen,

a dream produces upon a mind, to all
 appearance hopelessly reprobate and
 depraved, an effect so powerful and so
 lasting as to break down the inveterate
 habits, and to reform the life of an
 abandoned sinner. We see in the re-
 sult, in the reformation of morals, which
 appeared incorrigible in the reclamation
 of a human soul which seemed to be
 irretrievably lost, something more
 than could be produced by a mere
 chimæra of the slumbering fancy, some-
 thing more than could arise from the
 capricious images of a terrified imagina-
 tion ; but once prevented, we behold
 in all these things, in the tremendous

and mysterious results, the operation of the hand of God. And while Reason rejects as absurd the superstition which will read a prophecy in every dream, she may, without violence to herself, recognize, even in the wildest and most incongruous of the wanderings of a slumbering intellect, the evidences and the fragments of a language which may be spoken, which *has* been spoken to terrify, to warn, and to command. We have reason to believe too, by the promptness of action, which in the age of the prophets, followed all intimations of this kind, and by the strength of conviction and strange permanence of the effects resulting from certain dreams in latter times, which effects ourselves may have witnessed, that when this medium of communication has been employed by the Deity, the evidences of his presence have been unequivocal. My thoughts were directed to this subject, in a manner to leave a lasting impression upon my mind, by the events which I shall now relate, the statement of which, however extraordinary, is nevertheless *accurately correct*.

About the year 17—having been appointed to the living of C——h, I rented a small house in the town, which bears the same name: one morning, in the month of November, I was awakened before my usual time, by my servant, who bustled into my bed-room for the purpose of announcing a sick call. As the Catholic Church holds her last rites to be totally indispensable to the safety of the departing sinner, no conscientious clergyman can afford a moment's unnecessary delay, and in little more than five minutes I stood ready cloaked and booted for the road in the small front parlour, in which the messenger, who was to act as my guide, awaited my coming. I found a poor little girl crying piteously near the door, and after some slight difficulty I ascertained that her father was either dead, or just dying.

"And what may be your father's name, my poor child?" said I. She held down her head, as if ashamed. I repeated the question, and the wretched little creature burst into floods of tears, still more bitter than she had shed before. At length, almost provoked by conduct which appeared to me so unreasonable, I began to lose patience, spite of the pity which I could not help feeling towards her, and I said rather harshly, "If you will not tell me the name of the person to whom you would lead me, your silence can arise from no good

motive, and I might be justified in refusing to go with you at all."

"Oh! don't say that, don't say that," cried she. "Oh! sir, it was that I was afraid of when I would not tell you—I was afraid when you heard his name you would not come with me; but it is no use hidin' it now—it's Patt Connell, the carpenter, your honour."

She looked in my face with the most earnest anxiety, as if her very existence depended upon what she should read there; but I relieved her at once. The name, indeed, was most unpleasantly familiar to me; but, however fruitless my visits and advice might have been at another time, the present was too fearful an occasion to suffer my doubts of their utility as my reluctance to re-attempting what appeared a hopeless task to weigh even against the lightest chance, that a consciousness of his imminent danger might produce in him a more docile and tractable disposition. Accordingly I told the child to lead the way, and followed her in silence. She hurried rapidly through the long narrow street which forms the great thoroughfare of the town. The darkness of the hour, rendered still deeper by the close approach of the old-fashioned houses, which lowered in tall obscurity on either side of the way; the damp dreary chill which renders the advance of morning peculiarly cheerless, combined with the object of my walk, to visit the death-bed of a presumptuous sinner, to endeavour, almost against my own conviction, to infuse a hope into the heart of a dying reprobate—a drunkard, but too probably perishing under the consequences of some mad fit of intoxication; all these circumstances united served to enhance the gloom and solemnity of my feelings, as I silently followed my little guide, who with quick steps traversed the uneven pavement of the main street. After a walk of about five minutes she turned off into a narrow lane, of that obscure and comfortless class which are to be found in almost all small old-fashioned towns, chill without ventilation, reeking with all manner of offensive effluvia, dingy, smoky, sickly and pent-up buildings, frequently not only in a wretched but in a dangerous condition.

"Your father has changed his abode since I last visited him, and, I am afraid, much for the worse," said I.

"Indeed he has, sir, but we must not complain," replied she; "we have to thank God that we have lodgins

and food, though it's poor enough, it is, your honour."

Poor child! thought I, how many an older head might learn wisdom from thee—how many a luxurious philosopher, who is skilled to preach but not to suffer, might not thy patient words put to the blush! The manner and language of this child were alike above her years and station; and, indeed, in all cases in which the cares and sorrows of life have anticipated their usual date, and have fallen, as they sometimes do, with melancholy prematurity to the lot of childhood, I have observed the result to have proved uniformly the same. A young mind, to which joy and indulgence have been strangers, and to which suffering and self-denial have been familiarised from the first, acquires a solidity and an elevation which no other discipline could have bestowed, and which, in the present case, communicated a striking but mournful peculiarity to the manners, even to the voice of the child. We paused before a narrow, crazy door, which she opened by means of a latch, and we forthwith began to ascend the steep and broken stairs, which led upwards to the sick man's room. As we mounted flight after flight towards the garret floor, I heard more and more distinctly the hurried talking of many voices. I could also distinguish the low sobbing of a female. On arriving upon the uppermost lobby, these sounds became fully audible.

"This way, your honor," said my little conductress, at the same time pushing open a door of patched and half rotten plank, she admitted me into the squalid chamber of death and misery. But one candle, held in the fingers of a scared and haggard-looking child, was burning in the room, and that so dim that all was twilight or darkness except within its immediate influence. The general obscurity, however, served to throw into prominent and startling relief the death-bed and its occupant. The light was nearly approximated to, and fell with horrible clearness upon, the blue and swollen features of the drunkard. I did not think it possible that a human countenance could look so terrific. The lips were black and drawn apart—the teeth were firmly set—the eyes a little unclosed, and nothing but the whites appearing—every feature was fixed and livid, and the whole face wore a ghastly and

rigid expression of despairing terror such as I never saw equalled; his hands were crossed upon his breast, and firmly clenched, while, as if to add to the corpse-like effect of the whole, some white cloths, dipped in water, were wound about the forehead and temples. As soon as I could remove my eyes from this horrible spectacle, I observed my friend Dr. D——, one of the most humane of a humane profession, standing by the bed-side. He had been attempting, but unsuccessfully, to bleed the patient, and had now applied his finger to the pulse.

"Is there any hope?" I inquired in a whisper.

A shake of the head was the reply. There was a pause while he continued to hold the wrist; but he waited in vain for the throb of life, it was not there, and when he let go the hand it fell stiffly back into its former position upon the other.

"The man is dead," said the physician, as he turned from the bed where the terrible figure lay.

Dead! thought I, scarcely venturing to look upon the tremendous and revolting spectacle—dead! without an hour for repentance, even a moment for reflection—dead! without the rites which even the best should have. Is there a hope for him? The glaring eyeball, the grinning mouth, the distorted brow—that unutterable look in which a painter would have sought to embody the fixed despair of the nethermost hell—these were my answer.

The poor wife sat at a little distance, crying as if her heart would break—the younger children clustered round the bed, looking, with wondering curiosity, upon the form of death, never seen before. When the first tumult of uncontrollable sorrow had passed away, availing myself of the solemnity and impressiveness of the scene, I desired the heart-stricken family to accompany me in prayer, and all knelt down, while I solemnly and fervently repeated some of those prayers which appeared most applicable to the occasion. I employed myself thus in a manner which, I trusted, was not unprofitable, at least to the living, for about ten minutes, and having accomplished my task, I was the first to arise. I looked upon the poor, sobbing, helpless creatures who knelt so humbly around me, and my heart bled for them. With a natural transition, I turned my eyes from them to the bed in which the

body lay, and, great God! what was the revulsion, the horror which I experienced on seeing the corpse-like, terrific thing seated half upright before me—the white cloths, which had been wound about the head, had now partly slipped from their position, and were hanging in grotesque festoons about the face and shoulders, while the distorted eyes leered from amid them—

“A sight to dream of, not to tell.”

I stood actually rivetted to the spot. The figure nodded its head and lifted its arm, I thought with a menacing gesture. A thousand confused and horrible thoughts at once rushed upon my mind. I had often read that the body of a presumptuous sinner, who, during life, had been the willing creature of every satanic impulse, after the human tenant had deserted it, had been known to become the horrible sport of demoniac possession. I was roused from the stupefaction of terror in which I stood, by the piercing scream of the mother, who now, for the first time, perceived the change which had taken place. She rushed towards the bed, but, stunned by the shock and overcome by the conflict of violent emotions, before she reached it, she fell prostrate upon the floor. I am perfectly convinced that had I not been startled from the torpidity of horror in which I was bound, by some powerful and arousing stimulant, I should have gazed upon this unearthly apparition until I had fairly lost my senses. As it was, however, the spell was broken, superstition gave way to reason: the man whom all believed to have been actually dead, was living! Dr. D—— was instantly standing by the bedside, and, upon examination, he found that a sudden and copious flow of blood had taken place from the wound which the lancet had left, and this, no doubt, had effected his sudden and almost preternatural restoration to an existence from which all thought he had been for ever removed. The man was still speechless, but he seemed to understand the physician when he forbid his repeating the painful and fruitless attempts which he made to articulate, and he at once resigned himself quietly into his hands.

I left the patient with leeches upon his temples, and bleeding freely—apparently with little of the drowsiness which accompanies apoplexy; indeed, Dr. D—— told me that he had never before witnessed a seizure which seemed

to combine the symptoms of so many kinds, and yet which belonged to none of the recognised classes; it certainly was not apoplexy, catalepsy, nor *delirium tremens*, and yet it seemed, in some degree, to partake of the properties of all—it was strange, but stranger things are coming.

During two or three days Dr. D—— would not allow his patient to converse in a manner which could excite or exhaust him, with any one; he suffered him merely, as briefly as possible, to express his immediate wants, and it was not until the fourth day after my early visit, the particulars of which I have just detailed, that it was thought expedient that I should see him, and then only because it appeared that his extreme importunity and impatience were likely to retard his recovery more than the mere exhaustion attendant upon a short conversation could possibly do; perhaps, too, my friend entertained some hope that if by holy confession his patient's bosom were eased of the perilous stuff, which, no doubt, oppressed it, his recovery would be more assured and rapid. It was, then, as I have said, upon the fourth day after my first professional call, that I found myself once more in the dreary chamber of want and sickness. The man was in bed, and appeared low and restless. On my entering the room he raised himself in the bed, and muttered twice or thrice—“Thank God! thank God.” I signed to those of his family who stood by, to leave the room, and took a chair beside the bed. So soon as we were alone, he said, rather doggedly—“There's no use now in telling me of the sinfulness of bad ways—I know it all—I know where they lead to—I seen everything about it with my own eyesight, as plain as I see you.” He rolled himself in the bed, as if to hide his face in the clothes, and then suddenly raising himself, he exclaimed with startling vehemence—“Look, sir, there is no use in mincing the matter; I'm blasted with the fires of hell; I have been in hell; what do you think of that?—in hell—I'm lost for ever—I have not a chance—I am damned already—damned—damned—.” The end of this sentence he actually shouted; his vehemence was perfectly terrific; he threw himself back, and laughed, and sobbed hysterically. I poured some water into a tea-cup, and gave it to him. After he had swallowed it, I told him if he had anything to communi-

cate, to do so as briefly as he could, and in a manner as little agitating to himself as possible; threatening at the same time, though I had no intention of doing so, to leave him at once, in case he again gave way to such passionate excitement. "It's only foolishness," he continued, "for me to try to thank you for coming to such a villain as myself at all; it's no use for me to wish good to you, or to bless you; for such as me has no blessings to give." I told him that I had but done my duty, and urged him to proceed to the matter which weighed upon his mind; he then spoke nearly as follows:—I came in drunk on Friday night last, and got to my bed here, I don't remember how; sometime in the night, it seemed to me, I awakened, and feeling uneasy in myself, I got up out of the bed. I wanted the fresh air, but I would not make a noise to open the window, for fear I'd waken the crathurs. It was very dark, and troublesome to find the door; but at last I did get it, and I groped my way out, and went down as easy as I could. I felt quite sober, and I counted the steps one after another, as I was going down, that I might not stumble at the bottom. When I came to the first landing-place, God be about us always! the floor of it sunk under me, and I went down, down, down, till the senses almost left me. I do not know how long I was falling, but it seemed to me a great while. When I came rightly to myself at last, I was sitting at a great table, near the top of it; and I could not see the end of it, if it had any, it was so far off; and there was men beyond reckoning, sitting down, all along by it, at each side, as far as I could see at all. I did not know at first was it in the open air; but there was a close smothering feel in it, that was not natural, and there was a kind of light that my eyesight never saw before, red and unsteady, and I did not see for a long time where it was coming from, until I looked straight up, and then I seen that it came from great balls of blood-coloured fire, that were rolling high over head with a sort of rushing, trembling sound, and I perceived that they shone on the ribs of a great roof of rock that was arched overhead instead of the sky. When I seen this, scarce knowing what I did, I got up, and I said, 'I have no right to be here; I must go,' and the man that was sitting at my left hand, only smiled, and said, 'sit down again, you can never leave

this place,' and his voice was weaker than any child's voice I ever heard, and when he was done speaking he smiled again. Then I spoke out very loud and bold, and I said—'in the name of God, let me out of this bad place.' And there was a great man, that I did not see before, sitting at the end of the table that I was near, and he was taller than twelve men, and his face was very proud and terrible to look at, and he stood up and stretched out his hand before him, and when he stood up, all that was there, great and small, bowed down with a sighing sound, and a dread came on my heart, and he looked at me, and I could not speak. I felt I was his own, to do what he liked with, for I knew at once who he was, and he said, 'if you promise to return, you may depart for a season;' and the voice he spoke with was terrible and mournful, and the echoes of it went rolling and swelling down the endless cave, and mixing with the trembling of the fire overhead; so that, when he sate down, there was a sound after him, all through the place like the roaring of a furnace, and I said, with all the strength I had, 'I promise to come back; in God's name let me go,' and with that I lost the sight and the hearing of all that was there, and when my senses came to me again, I was sitting in the bed with the blood all over me, and you and the rest praying around the room." Here he paused and wiped away the chill drops of horror which hung upon his forehead.

I remained silent for some moments.

The vision which he had just described struck my imagination not a little, for this was long before Vathek and the "Hall of Ebles" had delighted the world; and the description which he gave had, as I received it, all the attractions of novelty beside the impressiveness which always belongs to the narration of an *eye-witness*, whether in the body or in the spirit, of the scenes which he describes. There was something, too, in the stern horror with which the man related these things, and in the incongruity of his description, with the vulgarly received notions of the great place of punishment, and of its presiding spirit, which struck my mind with awe, almost with fear. At length he said, with an expression of horrible, imploring earnestness, which I shall never forget—"Well, sir, is there any hope; is there any chance at all? or, is my soul

pledged and promised away for ever? is it gone out of my power? must I go back to the place?"

In answering him I had no easy task to perform; for however clear might be my internal conviction of the groundlessness of his fears, and however strong my scepticism respecting the reality of what he had described, I nevertheless felt that his impression to the contrary, and his humility and terror resulting from it, might be made available as no mean engines in the work of his conversion from profligacy, and of his restoration to decent habits, and to religious feeling. I therefore told him that he was to regard his dream rather in the light of a warning than in that of a prophecy; that our salvation depended not upon the word or deed of a moment, but upon the habits of a life; that, in fine, if he at once discarded his idle companions and evil habits, and firmly adhered to a sober, industrious, and religious course of life, the powers of darkness might claim his soul in vain, for that there were higher and firmer pledges than human tongue could utter, which promised salvation to him who should repent and lead a new life.

I left him much comforted, and with a promise to return upon the next day. I did so, and found him much more cheerful, and without any remains of the dogged sullenness which I suppose had arisen from his despair. His promises of amendment were given in that tone of deliberate earnestness, which belongs to deep and solemn determination; and it was with no small delight that I observed, after repeated visits, that his good resolutions, so far from failing, did but gather strength by time; and when I saw that man shake off the idle and debauched companions, whose society had for years formed alike his amusement and his ruin, and revive his long discarded habits of industry and sobriety, I said within myself, there is something more in all this than the operation of an idle dream. One day, sometime after his perfect restoration to health, I was surprised on ascending the stairs, for the purpose of visiting this man, to find him busily employed in nailing down some planks upon the landing place, through which, at the commencement of his mysterious vision, it seemed to him that he had sunk. I perceived at once that he was strengthening the floor with a view to securing himself against such a catastrophe, and

could scarcely forbear a smile as I bid "God bless his work."

He perceived my thoughts, I suppose, for he immediately said,

"I can never pass over that floor without trembling. I'd leave this house if I could, but I can't find another lodging in the town so cheap, and I'll not take a better till I've paid off all my debts, please God; but I could not be asy in my mind till I made it as safe as I could. You'll hardly believe me, your honor, that while I'm working, maybe a mile away, my heart is in a flutter the whole way back, with the bare thoughts of the two little steps I have to walk upon this bit of a floor. So it's no wonder, sir, I'd thry to make it sound and firm with any idle timber I have."

I applauded his resolution to pay off his debts, and the steadiness with which he pursued his plans of conscientious economy, and passed on.

Many months elapsed, and still there appeared no alteration in his resolutions of amendment. He was a good workman, and with his better habits he recovered his former extensive and profitable employment. Every thing seemed to promise comfort and respectability. I have little more to add, and that shall be told quickly. I had one evening met Pat Connell, as he returned from his work, and as usual, after a mutual, and on his side respectful salutation, I spoke a few words of encouragement and approval. I left him industrious, active, healthy—when next I saw him, not three days after, he was a corpse. The circumstances which marked the event of his death were somewhat strange—I might say fearful. The unfortunate man had accidentally met an early friend, just returned, after a long absence, and in a moment of excitement, forgetting every thing in the warmth of his joy, he yielded to his urgent invitation to accompany him into a public house, which lay close by the spot where the encounter had taken place. Connell, however, previously to entering the room, had announced his determination to take nothing more than the strictest temperance would warrant. But oh! who can describe the inveterate tenacity with which a drunkard's habits cling to him through life. He may repent—he may reform—he may look with actual abhorrence upon his past profligacy; but amid all this reformation and compunction, who can tell the moment in which the base and ruinous

propensity may not recur, triumphing over resolution, remorse, shame, everything, and prostrating its victim once more in all that is destructive and revolting in that fatal vice.

The wretched man left the place in a state of utter intoxication. He was brought home nearly insensible, and placed in his bed, where he lay in the deep calm lethargy of drunkenness. The younger part of the family retired to rest much after their usual hour; but the poor wife remained up sitting by the fire, too much grieved and shocked at the recurrence of what she had so little expected, to settle to rest; fatigue, however, at length overcame her, and she sunk gradually into an uneasy slumber. She could not tell how long she had remained in this state, when she awakened, and immediately on opening her eyes, she perceived by the faint red light of the smouldering turf embers, two persons, one of whom she recognized as her husband, noiselessly gliding out of the room.

"Pat, darling, where are you going?" said she. There was no answer—the door closed after them; but in a moment she was startled and terrified by a loud and heavy crash, as if some ponderous body had been hurled down the stair. Much alarmed, she started up, and going to the head of the staircase, she called repeatedly upon her husband, but in vain. She returned to the room, and with the assistance of her daughter, whom I had occasion to

mention before, she succeeded in finding and lighting a candle, with which she hurried again to the head of the staircase. At the bottom lay what seemed to be a bundle of clothes, heaped together, motionless, lifeless—it was her husband. In going down the stairs, for what purpose can never now be known, he had fallen helplessly and violently to the bottom, and coming head foremost, the spine at the neck had been dislocated by the shock, and instant death must have ensued. The body lay upon that landing-place to which his dream had referred. It is scarcely worth endeavouring to clear up a single point in a narrative where all is mystery; yet I could not help suspecting that the second figure which had been seen in the room by Connell's wife on the night of his death, might have been no other than his own shadow. I suggested this solution of the difficulty; but she told me that the unknown person had been considerably in advance of the other, and on reaching the door, had turned back as if to communicate something to his companion—it was then a mystery. Was the dream verified?—whither had the disembodied spirit sped?—who can say? We know not. But I left the house of death that day in a state of horror which I could not describe. It seemed to me that I was scarce awake. I heard and saw every thing as if under the spell of a nightmare. The coincidence was terrible.

RITTER'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY.*

THE student is much indebted to Mr. Morrison for this valuable addition to his library. From the translator's praise there is nothing to be subtracted, on the score of faults which it was not within his province to amend; his praiseworthy labor, his knowledge of his author's language, and his perfect command of his own, are to be recognized throughout. And if among merits so unquestionable, we are to find occasion for critical captiousness, the worst we can remark is, that his scrupulous anxiety to do justice to his author, has sometimes betrayed him into the adoption of idioms, which, however expressive or just they may be in the

German language, are not English. Fortunately there is not much of this; yet enough to induce us to caution Mr. Morrison against it, in the continuation of his valuable labour. There is, indeed, much reason to suspect the real value of a notion, which cannot be expressed in the language of Locke and Stewart. The mind of Germany is yet marked by an indistinctness of thought, and a want of precision in reasoning, which, with all its vast capabilities, indicate immaturity of intellect. The torrent of its erudition exhibits but too often the *rudis indigestaque moles* of the unsorted library, rather than the methodized and connected train of

* The History of Ancient Philosophy, by Dr. Heinrich Ritter, translated from the German, by J. W. Morrison, A.B. Trinity College, Cambridge. Oxford, D. A. Talboys, &c. 1838.

statements and reasons, which belong to matured views, digested knowledge, and settled purpose. The distinction between conception and fact is too little to be found in the obscure and vapourous conglomeration of its abstractions; and if a governing principle of reason should chance to be distinctly stated, it is only as so much of the composition, and without the remotest view to its practical use. A little of the precision which belongs to the strictly logical method, and ascertained vocabulary of the more mature and disciplined mind of England and France, would act on the chaos of German metaphysics, as the spirit of a new creation, converting much of its confusion into the tangible realities of common sense, and dissipating the rest.

Unfortunately the reverse of this salutary process is now the tendency which prevails. We are living in one of the great transition periods of time; and revolution brings good and evil in its onward sweeping course. The expansion of the powers and wants of human kind, and the enforced adaptation of politics which is a consequence; the stimulus, too, attendant on the great advances of science and the arts of life seem to have kindled the intellectual activity of the civilized world into one fever of expectation and research. With reason, fancy, and invention, the superstition, fanaticism, and fantasy of heated minds, deserting their old cloistered haunts in the realms of poesy and romance, have precipitated themselves forward in the career of science, and float, like owls in day light, into the region of realities. The consequences on the public taste, are precisely what might be anticipated; among that vast undisciplined mob, "the reading public," the same disorder obtains in its due proportion at least; and there are, perhaps, always more ready to avail themselves of the cheap and accessible philosophy of empirical dogmatism and scepticism, than to perceive the spuriousness of their pretensions. Such, we write it with reluctance, is the main cause of the favourable reception, which so much crude and visionary metaphysics, chiefly imported from the German schools, has of late found through Europe. Such, and still more deep is the regret with which we say it, is the wretched instrumentality by which the spirits of rationalism and transcendentalism, like Milton's Sin and Death, have paved

themselves a way into the land of Bacon, Boyle, Locke, and Newton. London the ancient centre of honest old English common sense, at this moment swarms through all its lanes and courts with a glittering cloud of philosophic insects, which buzz in German metaphysics; and by their influence corrupt the taste and language of the received writers of the day, and infuse a cold-hearted, though irrational scepticism, into the morals and opinions of the people.

It is by no means from a thankless estimate of Dr. Ritter's valuable labors that we have thus prefaced our notice of them. In the more substantial portions of his most learned, intelligent, and elaborate work, there is little to suggest these opening reflections; but there is that little, and such reflections are never far from our pen. Before we lay it down we shall have occasion to notice the few, and comparatively insignificant errors, which have suggested them. But while our sense of what is due to truth, compels us to ascribe some portion of the continental reputation of this history to its minor demerits, we are happy to have it in our power to qualify this stricture, with the just admission of its great and substantial merits, on the score of which we shall warmly recommend it. His history has the important claim, which is judiciously put forward by its translator, "the absence in the native literature of a corresponding work, and the fitness of the foreign one in question, to supply the deficiency." If maintained by adequate learning, industry, and fairness of statement, this is enough to constitute a strong claim for Dr. Ritter, upon the gratitude of the student in philosophy. And to such we do not hesitate to recommend his work, as one which we have glanced over with much entertainment and some profit. His learning is considerable—his industry and zeal very great—and he has diffused a valuable light over that extensive portion of his subject, for which his studies had prepared him. Fortunately, too, this is the principal portion of the volumes before us. When he comes to the investigation of the authentic opinions and philosophies of the Greek schools, he displays much sound learning and discriminating criticism, together with that full and masterly command of his whole subject which demands our respectful trust.

In an introduction, which, considering its length, is not as full or

distinct as the subject demands, Dr. Ritter states the principles of his method of inquiry. There is much good sense, as well as much fairness of intent, in almost all his remarks. His outline is yet not one of the clearest we recollect to have met; and whatever may be the sagacity of his judgments in the selection of matter or opinion, he has not much of that method, connection and precision which impart luminous order and simplicity. To give an unembarrassed outline of his valuable exposition, would, for this reason, be to re-compose it altogether, and require more time, talent, and space than we can modestly pretend to. One, indeed, of the very curious peculiarities of his style of disquisition, is its frequent and sudden transitions from the profound to the frivolous; and the undue earnestness with which he sometimes enforces slighter distinctions, and passes others of more practical moment. Though we should find little, therefore, to censure or controvert; yet to select, to marshal, and to give completeness, is a task beyond the reviewer's customary walk. It will, therefore, be the utmost we can do to select some leading notions, which may serve to indicate the writer's views of his subject, and afford matter of interesting reflection for our readers.

That the present state of man is the result of all his former states, is a general truth which needs much modification, and many distinctions to render in any way available to the historian. "When," says Dr. Ritter, "the fresh stream of antiquity has flowed so far down, through the medium of many not very clear channels, it will seldom disembody. Absorbed in their course, it becomes difficult to trace to the ocean of the general consciousness, its tributary waters, which are received unperceived and unacknowledged." Such is no inaccurate representation of the progressive course of succession, in which the thoughts of human generations arise, do their office, and disappear. There are, however, two kinds of opinion, that which is permanent and that which passes away; those which are as the material, and those which are as the instrumental process and machinery of the structure of social being. There is the accumulation of transmitted knowledge, the collected wisdom of experience, and the expanded and prolonged records of time. There is the developed form and features of humanity, of which,

though much is transient, some at least is permanent. But in the whole series of mutations, from first to last, there is a clear thread of sameness, in which the fleeting succession of kind for ever continues identical, to the utmost limit that the waking vision of the historian can reach. Now in this distinction is to be found the true statement of the limits of historical scepticism and faith, and the defect of Dr. Ritter is the insufficient allowance which he makes for that which is permanent; but to this we shall be led in the course of this notice; and before we come to a conclusion, we shall be enabled also to illustrate our remarks by a signal example of the consequences of such an oversight.

But first, to enter with an understanding mind into the merits of Dr. Ritter's plan, requires a moment's consideration, on the import which he assigns to the term philosophy. The notion which all previous histories of philosophy have been adapted to impress, is hardly sufficiently comprehensive for the demands of a theory of such breadth as this. If the history of philosophy were presumed to be, simply as heretofore, that of the lives of that very peculiar class of thinkers, known by the appellation of philosophers; though we should admit that in the earlier stages of human progress, their relative importance in its history is far greater than in the later periods; yet we should be inclined to deny the views which elevate them to an undue importance. If the history of philosophy were assumed to be the history of that peculiar branch of inquiry which at present pretends to the title, a regular science leading to real results, and built up by a succession of discoveries from Confucius to Kant; however we might admit the truth and interest of *its statements* we should deny the existence of this visionary science, and (as applied to such) deny the correctness of Dr. Ritter's theory. We should say that he had evidently formed a most exaggerated estimate of the importance of his task, and struck out much unnecessary labour for himself in tracing connexions of thought and theoretic relations, where a little sober judgment in the collation of authors might have answered every rational purpose.

But to comprehend the real import of Dr. Ritter's view, it should be assumed, that the history of philosophy is designed to comprise the intellectual

growth of the human mind from age to age—a growth to which the main thinkers of every age, *however truly or falsely they have thought*, in some way contribute in their generations. If the history of this growth should be, in point of fact, identified with the history of individuals, it must be recollected that these individuals were the builders employed in the progress of the work, and whatever may be their respective merits, they are the main indications of the state of knowledge in their respective times.

A history of philosophy, thus considered, would be that of the collective state of human opinion in its progress through successive ages; and on the laws of investigation by which it should be traced out, many questions may arise. After taking some pains to explain the absolute criterion of that which is to be considered as belonging or not to philosophy: yet very justly denies that this connexion is clear enough for the purpose of scientific exposition. Some other principle of exposition is therefore to be sought, this he finds to consist in the abstract character of an idea, as the pure result of reason. He observes the condition of such ideas, by which they must have some systematic connexion. It is in his search of this that Dr. Ritter is led into some rather more interesting reflections on the principles of historical composition; to decide on the question by what method his materials may best be “moulded in due form.”

To determine this he enters on the consideration of two extreme notions, to which all “erroneous views of the mode of handling historical matters lead.” “With the one error they are justly chargeable, who profess to discover nothing in history beyond a loose and objectless variety of transmitted details, and which they continue to impart without seeking to seize and discover that internal unity by which they are held together, but which, escaping contemporaneous observation, cannot be made matter of immediate tradition.” The other is the reverse of this.

The first of these extremes leads to no comment, as applied to the history of philosophy, being, in fact, excluded by the definition which comprehends the idea of systematic connexion. With the second it is necessary to be more particular.

“It amounts,” says our author, “to

what has been called the construction of history. “The constructive method of history,” he continues, “professes by the evolution in their necessary co-ordination and succession of the single elements involved in the complex idea, to arrive at intermediate and ultimate states of its development. For the construction of history, therefore, the only materials are the idea, the ultimate end or destination (or whatever else it may be termed) of that which is the subject matter of history. Thus, from the idea and destination of humanity, there might, it has been pretended, be evolved the history of humanity, and from the idea of philosophy, the history of philosophy. Now, if we already possessed a complete idea of humanity, (i. e. one admitting of no further development) in that case assuredly it would be possible to evolve from our definition of the idea all that has claim to the name of humanity in its necessary order of succession, i. e. in its right relations of time; and such a deduction might be termed a construction of history. But this is not exactly the case with the attempts hitherto made at the construction of history. For much which may justly lay claim to the title of human, has not as yet been comprehended in any history, however widely and comprehensively constructed. Many details have been tacked thereto, borrowed from records preserved by tradition alone; and this, too, with an accompanying admission of the incompleteness and inadequacy of all history.”

The difficulty, indeed, of such a process cannot be too distinctly noticed. The materials which enter into the composition of thought and event, are not like the combinations of the chemist—indestructible substances, to be reproduced and recombined at the will of the experimentalist. Facts which may not recur in the same form, or again operate under similar states of knowledge, prejudice, and convention; notions which set peculiar minds at work, launch, as by a random stroke, the thoughts or passions in a given direction, and pass utterly from existence themselves; errors which conduct to truth; vices which lead to efficient beneficence; follies to useful results; accidents which propagate an impulse, which expands and becomes diffusive, but to which no mortal conjecture can trace the vast ramifications of consequence; acts which cannot be reacted, and thoughts which pass over the surface of other times, as idle wind. Different states of association, and, in effect, a whole different moral and intellectual nature seem to forbid the

vain attempt to return to the "consciousness" of the past, or to restore the broken and severed links, by re-entering into the past, and repeating its thoughts.

But we cannot help thinking that the peculiar design, and, therefore, necessarily contracted view of Dr. Ritter's introduction has, in some measure, turned his attention rather to the subtle and eccentric theories of his national philosophy than to the strait and practical view of history. In looking for imaginary links the true connections are likely to escape.—In the pursuit of original notions which never existed, the recorded beginnings are overlooked or lightly rejected.—In groping amid the confusion of a science which is but verbal at best, the real facts are lost; the actual records and the analogy of the whole vast and long descending outline of human history, by which the records of every portion of time are to be tested and understood—if these fail, there is, indeed, no resource. The great practical *element* (to use a word of his own) of history is the general analogy of human nature. It is not a theory to be ascertained either by subtle speculation, which is apt to guess all things, but to miss the plainest truths—or to be seen in the ultimate end of human progress: but consists in the well-ascertained affections of men, and in the returning combinations of circumstances, which are equally traceable in all changes through which humanity can be found to have passed. Processes which, from their constancy under all circumstances which actual observation and experience has known, and which are thence called *laws*, furnish in this, as in all things cognizable by reason, the measure of probability. All beside is vain refinement, which loses itself in the voids of speculation. That this complex system is itself the subject of continual change, may be objected by one who looks to words rather than facts; but the changes of time fall themselves within the comprehensive scheme.—They are, for the most part, gradual—taking place through lengthened periods; and to reduce them to the laws of event only requires that portions of this course should be ascertained and compared. Insulated and singular events, or circumstances which affect the fortunes of the individual, may, in the complex variety of possibilities, escape all human conjecture; but in the aggregate of human life accident

becomes eliminated, and the causal order of action and event become uniform. Some of these laws of human life are ascertained and constant—some, if not constant, yet uniform, and to be always recognized in the form of observable tendency—part of which can be inferred from known laws, part confirmed by authentic precedent. Now, all the objections which can really be opposed to this universal rule arise from that species of theoretical pedantry which loses sight of the subject in the science, real or imagined. When all the theoretical objections which can be thought of are made, their whole amount is, that there are limits to the inferences of probable reasoning.—This, too, would be harmless, if it were not for the indiscriminate application of this supposed uncertainty. It bears unequally on the particular combinations of incident or circumstance and on the broad succession of events; and though, in a given period, there may be little true statement as to the motives of agents, and the internal springs of policy, yet the whole of such errors lie within a narrow compass of known alternatives, and few are deceived who come to the study with minds prepared by experience and discipline.

There is nothing in this statement which favors the objectionable form of constructive history, or which in any way warrants the interpolation of facts, or the completion of imperfect narratives by conjecture, however sound in theory. It offers views perfectly distinct—it is elective, not constructive—its uses are to govern selection among many statements of imperfect authority and to distinguish the degrees of authenticity, of which it contains the law.—Without it the historian cannot understand or connect the records of different eras; and the inquirer who does not acknowledge it, should not venture to think of what Dr. Ritter calls the pre-historical portion of human existence. He will be sure to quarrel with the remote and isolated authorities of the primitive periods, simply because his mind must be devoid of all perception of the laws of analogy, in the satisfaction of which their authenticity is established. The one rule for the *actual* recording of facts depends on no science: it is the honest statement of the fact as seen and known by the historian. The philosophy of history—the balancing of statements—the application of precedents—the settling uncertainties and solving difficult-

and the generalizing the records of place and time into the history of man—constitute a different task, refer to other laws, and demand mental accomplishment and preparation of a more comprehensive cast.

Dr. Ritter justly observes that "the view which a writer entertains of the entirety of humanity, necessarily exercises considerable influence on his manner of treating any portion of that history." And from the different views of this nature which he enumerates, he selects and professes adherence to one—the assumption of a "continual progress toward the attainment of a fixed end."

Of this view, it may be observed, that its proof is to be derived from the law of tendency explained in our last paragraphs; and this, though overlooked by Dr. Ritter in his disquisition, will be found to be implied in his proof.

But this view, however just in theory, is unpractical in effect: it looks from an unascertained position—the future is its place; and though we cannot agree with Dr. Ritter in assuming that this final view of the human destination would do more than slightly facilitate the historian's labor, yet we agree with him in believing that it is not to be attained at any particular period before the consummation of all things. The tendency is ever present, but the age itself can but imperfectly perceive it.

As, nevertheless, it is just according to its conformity with the true direction and tendency of the course of human opinion that any general view of history can be true, the question thus seems to rise, as to the validity of any statement which falls short of a view which is confessedly unattainable. Dr. Ritter argues not merely from the necessity of the thing, in favor of assuming the standard of the present. But, from an obvious assumption, which we must state in his own language, he shews that it is likely to lead to just conclusions:—"For this end, we shall at once take for granted that the history of philosophy is first projected at a time when the human mind has entirely freed itself from those powerful restraints under the dominion of which it seems, as it were, in a state of sleep or sickness, and to lose all consciousness of the past progression. It is manifest that in such a state alone is a calm and impartial of philosophy possible. Of

such an age, we may also further say, that it may justly be regarded as the result of all previous efforts in pure science," &c. In this last observation is contained his proof in favor of the universality and theoretical truth of a history, of which the basis is the knowledge of a period itself favorable to the task. Having stated, in addition, the lofty qualifications essential to the historian, who, from a full mastery of the whole mind and knowledge of his day, is thus qualified to look out upon the past, he admits the description to fix rather the ideal standard than the reasonable demands which can justly be made on the historian, and professes a modest resolution to keep his own principles, thus stated, in view, by the faithful record and the careful study of events—to investigate first the accounts of facts, "and their external concatenation, previous to the attempt to determine the inner connexion which subsists between all events in obedience to the laws of the development of the human mind, so far as it is possible in the present state of our acquaintance with them." To this view of the duties undertaken by Dr. Ritter, we have nothing to object; and as it is our object to avoid lengthened comment, shall pass on to notice the general division of the subject contained in his first chapter, and to offer some observations on the manner in which he has treated the first portion of his task.

His first step is to mark the strong line of distinction which all must admit to lie between the general moral, and intellectual modifications of Heathenism and Christianity; and intimates his future intent "to shew that Heathen and Christian designate two distinct species of philosophy." We might take exception to the seeming irreverence of the phraseology which appears to class divine wisdom with the corruptions of human ignorance; but we take the spirit, not the letter, and assent to the justice of the division and the soundness of the basis of operation thus assumed. By Christianity here is only intended to be designated its exterior workings on the aggregate of human opinions, feelings, and institutions—the true soil from which the whole of the latter periods have sprung and germinated. But there is one observation of Dr. Ritter's on this point, which, though it lies upon the surface, and has (probably) therefore been often noticed, we extract, as in-

dicating the writer's soundness of intent :—

"At present, I can only call attention to the fact, that the great influence of Christianity would be less questioned, if it had not penetrated so widely and deeply into our entire being; while, if it had gained a complete supremacy, its power would be instantaneously and universally acknowledged. It is overlooked principally on these two accounts: first, because, on the one hand, there is in our habits and pursuits too much which is directly opposed to its spirit; secondly, because, on the other, we habitually bear about with us much that is exclusively Christian, which, however, having as it were become a second nature, is no longer looked upon as, in any wise, an influence of Christianity, but is regarded as an ordinary element of man's nature. But the one, at most, only shews that the Christian character, like everything else in humanity, develops itself gradually; and the other is an illusion, which will best be removed by an accurate and unprejudiced examination of the history of antiquity."

We next come to the consideration of that division which he terms the prehistorical portion of ancient philosophy. On this topic we shall not follow Dr. Ritter far into the details through which he thinks proper to venture, on what we must call very slender preparation. So obvious, indeed, is this, that it is not without some reluctance that we bring ourselves to dwell upon it. But to us it seems that the whole subject came upon him by surprise.—After the long and difficult labour attendant on the main investigations belonging to his plan, and the completion of his arrangements for the press, it probably occurred, or was suggested to the Doctor that his plan was defective; and he was thus, in the hurry of preparation, and, perhaps, the languor of concluded labour, induced to plunge, pen foremost, into the maze of an unexplored period of history. If our conjecture be right, the whole of the crude, perplexed, and illogical discussion of oriental philosophy is more easy to account for than to excuse.—It exhibits violations, indeed, of every canon of Dr. Ritter's philosophy, and we regret that it encumbers his valuable work. He gets rid, throughout this unworthy dissertation, of all the difficulties consequent on neglect, by comprehensive doubts, demands of inapplicable proofs, omissions of the plainest conditions, and the most authentic

records, and most authoritative writers. *Confessedly* unacquainted with the whole mass of oriental literature, he ventures to speak of pretended discoveries, and to ask for proofs more satisfactory. To those who are not entirely ignorant of the proofs which are extant he seems unaware of their existence. the most recent and sanctioned authorities he does not even mention. With a cursory and glancing appearance of affluent fulness, he drops the names of Manetho, Berosus, and Sanchoniathon, in such a manner as might induce the ignorant to imagine that the entire investigation lay in the discussion of these ancient historians. With the labors of Bryant, and the still more profound and authoritative history of Hindostan, by Maurice, which displays the mature fruit of the best qualifications with the best opportunities of investigating the remains of Asiatic antiquity, Dr. Ritter seems unacquainted. His remarks, and still more his note on Sir Wm. Jones, have all the tone of flippant and loose assumption which so often marks the assertions of those who choose to conceal ignorance by a confident manner. The phrase, "everybody knows," applied to Sir Wm. Jones, sounds strangely from the lips of philosophical scepticism. We would substitute for Dr. Ritter's imputation of theoretical enthusiasm, the general impression of the most competent judges on Sir William Jones's department of research in favor of that most profound, logical, and informed writer's cautious truth and impartiality in the statement or investigation of his materials. He was undoubtedly *a theorist*; but his theory was the fruit of knowledge. Dr. Ritter has (though this he may deny) ventured to theorize without it. Indeed, the most singular circumstance is, that the Doctor's inferences are at variance with his own data. On this we shall hazard one or two remarks.

Dr. Ritter professes (justly, we think) to infer that the philosophies of early nations originated in their religious dogmas. After this, in his scattered way, he specifies some of these dogmas, of which he pretends that the origin is not to be ascertained distinctly; he even assigns, in the instance of *sacrifice*, a possible origin in some old religion (Bhuddism), which he seems to insinuate (for he is exceedingly embarrassed upon the subject) as the earliest that can be traced. Yet, strange to say, this dogma, in

common with many others which he treats in the same way, is found among the first notions of the earliest, best authenticated, and most authoritative history of religion existing—the history, too, of primal religion, as first delivered to man from his Creator.—Now, as there is nothing in M. Ritter's pages (but indeed this) which would lead us to impute to him the degrading charge of infidel philosophy, but much to the contrary effect, we cannot easily reconcile this palpable oversight with the lowest assumption of knowledge, industry, and fairness belonging to historical research. There is a general and very justifiable prejudice against the application of Scripture authority to questions of philosophy. On such it is not, and was not designed to be, an authority; and the complaint has, indeed, arisen from the combined misconstruction of nature and the sacred record. But here, it is *the direct and primary authority*, affected by no obscurity, confirmed by the continuous chain of divinely-taught dispensations from Adam to Christ. The only distinct tradition resting on any authentic basis, through at least half the ages of time, laws, customs, and institutions, and finally, a written history further traced than any other ancient record, and more fully authenticated than all others, if their united authority were taken together. Such is the authority which M. Ritter has thought proper to overlook, upon a question of the primary dogmas of the Asiatic religions. We do not apprehend that M. Ritter places the authority of the Mosaic history among those "old opinions" which he describes as overthrown by modern discovery. But we more than suspect that he has written much under the fear of that rationalizing spirit which is the disease of his country. Its tendency is to discard authority and fact, and to reduce all knowledge into the mist and vapor of an indistinct and baseless transcendentalism, the very first principles of which are verbal fallacies, and the false notions of diseased minds—in which all the governing sense and tried maxims of experience are lost.

And, first, let it be distinctly observed, that, according to M. Ritter's assertion (which we agree with) of the want of authority in the written documents of Asiatic antiquity, there can be no positive conclusions drawn from them, to invalidate the inferences drawn from any other more an-

cient, or more warranted source. Either the discussion must be abandoned as leading to nothing, (as indeed has happened with M. Ritter,) or other grounds, in reason or tradition, must still be sought as the primary ground of investigation. Of these, the first which occurs is the sacred record, on the authenticity of which the evidence is so full as to leave no ground for cavil. As, however, this document is confined in its statements, and gives little or no direct information, beyond its immediate purpose—to establish and authenticate the one revealed religion—the next consideration is the application of the basis of fact, thus obtained, to a more extended structure. For this the materials are, a mass of traditions, philosophies and monuments, in which, if taken singly, there is a manifest and admitted obscurity; and the analogies of human nature and history, which must necessarily pervade the whole, whether perceived or not. The application of these latter to the former, is the true and reasonable investigation of the question discussed by M. Ritter; and there is no other, not absurd. The subject thus viewed resolves itself into two propositions of great simplicity, and obvious evidence.

First, as regards religions—The actual existence of any one religion, from whatever source derived, must have been the origin of a variety of others. The proof of this is the ascertained fact, that such a method of formation has been actually going on throughout the whole period of modern and authentic history, and that the causes in human nature are constant subject of observation. To pursue this point is superfluous; from this arises a secondary proposition—that the ancient superstitions of the primitive nations indicate such a derivation in their common agreement in certain dogmas and fundamental notions, not to be traced to any other source. The reader who is curious on this subject will find ample satisfaction in Maurice's History of Hindostan; a work which leaves nothing to be discovered, so far as this question is concerned.

Our second proposition is coincident with M. Ritter's opinion, that the first speculations of the human mind must have originated from religion. For, first, they could have no other origin; and, second, there is a very observable tendency in the mind to speculate on that class of topics which

have a near relation to the objects and dogmas of religion ; God, a future state, the soul, the law of right and wrong, &c. which have an interest always increasing in proportion to the mystery that hangs about their sources. In proportion to the ignorance of ages, or the inexperience of individuals, there is an increased tendency towards such questions, and a greater absurdity and positiveness in the inferences at which they fancy themselves to have arrived.

The disposition to inquire on those subjects which are least affected by circumstance, the simplest and most universal in their nature, is the simple result of ignorance of topics, and inexperience of their difficulty. The faculties will act when once set in motion ; the schoolboy begins by speculating on the infinite and eternal ; his curiosity and imagination are inflamed by their mysterious vastness. This tendency is increased by the first notions presented to the mind, being such as to bear a close affinity to these abstractions. The first dogmas of every religion present God as an object of dutiful regard, and a future beyond death as an object of hope and contemplation ; and, although there is nothing to be detected in human reason which could have originated those first ideas, yet having been once presented, they are obviously susceptible of all the varying forms which reason and passion may suggest.

The earliest directions of human reason, so far as they can be traced, were precisely such as might have been the results to be inferred from the primitive condition of mankind, as represented by the concurring authority of ancient history and tradition ; instructed in the first great elements of religion ; but rude and simple ; unversed even in the first rudiments of science or social polity ; actuated by passion and appetite ; and in mind as well as body, subject to the slightest affections which may arise from the agency of circumstance. In the lapse of ages, during the multiplication of nations and races, there was manifestly abundant time and occasion for the changes which can be so diffusively traced, from the simple tenets of a primeval worship, to the superstitions and barbarisms of after ages. The absorbing occupations of hunter and shepherd, the migrations, and vicissitudes attendant upon migration, with the well-known natural disposition of

man, (now, even as of old,) to degrade the law and knowledge of God into the superstitions of imagination, passion, and speculation. These, operating variously under varied circumstances and according to several distinct characters of mind, brought low and gradually eradicated from the savage races of perhaps a thousand years, the first few simple doctrines of religion, on which, in the meantime, imagination and fear, or desire, had also done their work.

Meanwhile, the primitive notions remained in some form transfused through all these changes, with greater or less distinctness. They endured both on account of their magnitude—their supernatural character, which rendered them indissoluble into the mass of notions, and also by reason of the smallness of the stock of human knowledge. They survived precisely as ancient rites of paganism still are found entire from the remotest times, among the lower classes of the people, in which they are preserved with veneration, though their intent and origin is forgotten, and transfused into the religion or the superstition of the age. Such is the precise view of the rise of ancient religions, to be derived from a plain, common-sense view of man's nature and general history ; and, if this fails, there is no other rational ground for reasoning on the subject. The Mosaic history, and the traditional documents of the earliest historians all go together in affirming the same inference ; all beside is crude conjecture and unwarranted assumption.

If we go on to view the first efforts of philosophy, they will evidently appear at work on the same first notions thus evolved. They possessed no material but that which thought itself, working on these same few and simple principles supplied ; seemingly near, because their real magnitude was unconceived. Science, the result of time and trial, had not lent the aid of method and rule, or experience matured the judging and observing powers, and ascertained the practicable from the impracticable paths of investigation. Such, in the course of human progress, were to be the results and ages, and the ripened fruits of distant generations. Yet, looking to this progress as the result of *final intent*, there is yet a place to be allotted in the scale of orderly advancement to the driftless speculations

the earliest philosophy. It was the first stage of intellectual development, and its immediate result was the invention and maturing of the first principles of reason. Insubstantial notions led to verbal refinements, and the subtle gymnastics of logic; and such was the principle of transition, which can be actually traced in far later ages; speculation on the impracticable bringing forth the sciences of reality; the frivolous logomachy of Greece gave system to the dialectic art; alchemy brought chemistry to light; astrology the more real and vast wonders of astronomy.

Further than this, the actual value of the ancient philosophy, from Thales or Pythagoras to Plato inclusive, is the sum of whatever general conclusions can be drawn from their reasoning and opinions, as to themselves, and the mind of their periods. Their thoughts are often sublime, just and true, so long as they are confined to the result of sentiment and observation. But their systems and philosophies are nought but the fancy of those readers who find in their writings, systematic designs which they never thought of; somewhat as men see castles in the clouds, or faces in the fire. Nothing indeed is more characteristic of the real source from which the truths of Plato are derived, than the singular want of connexion between premises and conclusions which so often surprise the neophyte in ancient philosophy. The imagination of antiquity was on the constant stretch for the elements of a science which, though it cannot be denied to exist, *in rerum natura*, is yet manifestly (demonstrably indeed) beyond the scope of reason. In looking for the reason of *the whole*, the great ancients too generally pursued a path which could never lead to the reason of any thing; and from the study of their writings nothing but the prodigious subtlety which reason can acquire, is to be learned. A just knowledge of their writings is yet valuable, both as a portion of the history of human reason, and because the errors into which they were led by the inexperience of their times, are still sometimes repeated by the ignorance or design of individuals. Between the ancient philosopher and his faded reflection in the gown of the platonic *Dominie* of the present day, there is an important distinction. The ancient had not learnt

what the worthy modern cannot see under his very nose. The ancient travelled into the chaos of abstractions, because the science of facts had no existence. The modern dwells in the cloud-capped region of perpetual theorizing about nothing at all; because he wants something of the common sense, instincts, and affections by means of which the mind of man is connected with the world in which he lives. In groping amid the lumber of past time, he loses all consciousness of the present; or, in reasoning on words he attains conclusions which are contradicted by his senses, or, at least, by the senses of every one else. He discovers that man is a rational machine without affections and passions; that there is no external world; no future state; no God; no revelation of his law to his intelligent creatures; and a variety of such useful and elevating dogmas, which must, in truth, be admitted to hang very aptly together; though it is easier to perceive their tendency, than to understand the premises from which they can be extracted.

Whatever construction the secluded and booktaught theorist may be led to put on the history of a world which he sees but through his loophole of distance; the history of man, moral, social, or intellectual, is alike the history of error, crime, and disaster, through which the steps of a blind progress through unanticipated stages are to be traced. Exercising within a minute circumference, a little provident intelligence that looks a few days doubtfully forward; the transitory intelligence of man goes on approaching results quite unthought of, yet so wisely ordered in their succession, that the design of which they bear the stamp, seems reflected from the mind of the generations of whose erring designs and unconscious tendencies they appear as the results. The architect is unseen, and the visible symmetry of the edifice is traced by human wisdom to the itinerant journey-workers he calls and marshals to their offices. But the day approaches fast, when this fundamental tenet, which is, to borrow a phrase from Dr. Ritter, the true historical "element," shall be as distinctly recognized, as it is fully understood by the better mind of the age. When a base and servile fear of that superficial and fantastic scepticism, which is the very froth of the troubled waters in which we live, shall not force wise

men to distort their teaching with inconsistencies which can be satisfactory to neither side.

It seems to be high time that man, who now views all things but himself with the eye of a sober, consistent science, should abandon in morals and psychology what he has abandoned in everything else; reasoning, without facts, or ascertained principles, the intangible position of notions and impressions, and the almost laughable fallacies of merely verbal definition. Towards this desirable transition a full, clear and connected history of the philosophers and their systems is an important first step, as being most clearly illustrative of the most fatal errors and fallacies of human reason; not the less fatal that they have ever been the produce of its most imposing faculties. The comprehensive review of these, which must necessarily be the main task of such a history, could not but convey impressions corrective of the pride and presumption of the dogmatist and sceptic; the two great

classes into which the errors of reason must ever fall. Such an achievement must also contribute to the historian some additional light, by the completion of that long-drawn chain of analogies on which all just reasoning is founded.

But we are fast approaching the violation of our promised brevity, and already we have but too much touched on topics which refuse a cursory notice. We shall be happy to meet with Dr. Ritter on modern ground, and we trust it may be in amity. Did we not believe his volumes to be already through the press, we should caution him against compliance with the prevailing fashion of his country's philosophy. We should tell him it is but a vapor which hangs around his University which he apprehends to be the color of the heaven; and that it is passing while his volumes are going forth into the world; when it is past, all philosophy which it taints, shall be as lifeless as the cycles and epicycles of Ptolemy.

ANTHOLOGIA GERMANICA.—NO. XIII.

M. KLAUER KLATTOWSKI'S PUBLICATIONS.*

THESE unrivalled little volumes have been lying before us for some time; and we now take them up in a state of the greatest puzzle-mindedness. Dare we attempt a review of them? We think not. The praise they demand is so enormous, that we despair of our ability to afford it. We certainly could not find room enough in a single essay to express our opinion of them. On the other hand nothing can induce us to damn them with faint praise. Such a proceeding would inflict too severe a shock on that fine perception of justice which constitutes a portion of our intellectual nature. Every page of these books merits an interminable panegyric. In what light, therefore, would a few meagre sentences of approval appear, except as an impertinence which no person of reflecting faculties could be

expected to tolerate? If we owed M. Klauer a thousand pounds, he does not suppose that we could have brass enough to tender him a groat by way of payment. No. Our sense of the magnitude of the debt would rather impose perpetual silence on us. Not one penny should we jingle against another before him. The mingled nobleness and perspicacity which have on many occasions distinguished us would enable us thoroughly to appreciate the delicacy of his feelings; and if he ever alluded to pecuniary subjects we should merely either cough him down at once, or inquire, with a considerate *nonchalance*, whether he could not do himself the favour of pressing an additional thousand on our acceptance.

The position we are placed in, he

* Popular Songs of the Germans, with explanatory notes, &c. By Wilhelm Klauer Klattowski, Professor of the German and Northern Languages and Literature. London, Simpkin and Marshall, 1836.

Select Lyrical Poems of the Germans, with explanatory notes. By Wilhelm Klauer Klattowski. London, Simpkin and Marshall, 1837.

Ballads and Romances, Poetical Tales, Legends and Idylls of the Germans, with explanatory notes. By Wilhelm Klauer Klattowski. London, Simpkin and Marshall, 1837.

will perceive, is, therefore, an embarrassing one. It is the more to be regretted too, for a reason which we shall specify. We possess, in a marvellous degree, the capability of expatiating to eternity upon a single topic. Our sentences meander onward right and left, like an unbroken stream of zigzag water through the mazes of a wilderness; and just as you, venerable Public, "see them on their winding way" now, so would you see them "an endless year" (as Moore says) hence, did not the barrier-walls of THE MAGAZINE restrain them. Give us but one pull from St. Leon's elixir-bottle, and ages might elapse, until the grass grew over the forgotten tombs of those who shall be still unborn in the days of our great grand-children, before our monotonous drawl should cease to astound and mystify mankind. Now, with such powers at command, with both ability and will to lavish everflowing laudation upon M. Klauer, it is torture to us to write in gyres—to be compelled to clip our syllables and curtail our sentences, and defraud our friend of his due. It is true we have been offered a field of sixty pages, or thereabouts, to gambol in, if so we choose. But such niggardly liberality would never answer views expansive as ours. The idea of compressing into four sheets a rhapsody that should be *répandu* through myriads of reams, is too ridiculous not to be discarded with eminent contempt. Nobody can dream of it. The thing is impossible. It cannot be. Mankind would scout it *en masse* as a humbug of intolerable magnitude. It is quite out of the question. He is, as the Persians would say, "the prince and father of jack-asses," who can for a moment contemplate its practicability or stickle for its fairness.

Nothing, then, M. Klauer, nothing remains for us except to adopt the plan of giving what are called "copious extracts" from the volumes themselves. And now, for the first time, it strikes us that this is not so very bad a plan. It will afford you, M. Klauer, some slight and beggarly compensation for your labours, and so far it must be gratifying to you. True, we must in

our selections, employ the Queen's English instead of the Emperor's German; but even through the medium of the vernacular the excellent taste you have displayed will be conspicuous. Besides, in thus anglicising, to whisper you the truth, we have a motive; and upon second thoughts we have another motive—and upon third thoughts, a third. We wish our readers to understand what they read. We wish to gain a prodigious deal of *éclat* by our translations, so called. Also we wish to embellish our originals, where they want embellishing. For it is now generally admitted by both Tyrian and Trojan that we have awakened a wide and deep, and intense, and permanent interest in favour of the literature of Germany, solely by the bold, arrogant, audacious, judicious, and original manner in which we have dared to improve upon its poetry, and hector its poets. We have blown soapbubble after soapbubble into their legitimate dignity of rainbows; and the rudest apparent grossnesses of our originals have dazzled the eye upon coming forth from our hands as gold when it issues from the furnace seventy times purified. There was music in them (the aforesaid originals), much music of the most soul-entrancing quality; but nobody guessed whereabouts it lay,—not a ninny could elicit a note of it,—until WE arose, and, using our long goose-quill as a wand, wiled it (the aforesaid music) forth to steep the senses of millions in Elysium; performing in this respect much the same service towards it as the thaw performed towards Baron Munchausen's horn, wherein, as you, M. Klauer Klattowski, a Professor, a Mecklenburg-Schwerinian, a man of extensive erudition, and, let us hope, a reverer of Munchausen, will please to recollect, the tunes of each player continued imprisoned and frozen until one of those gentler winds "that love to dally with Æolian lyres," came in pity to release the ethereal captives from their bondage of lethargy.

To begin, we call on HÖLTY for a song. The pleasantest Rheinweinliedersänger of his day shall attune his whistle to a Bacchanalian melody.

A Song concerning Rhénish.

HÖLTY.

To you, and not Love, O immortal Father Rhine,
I dedicate my rhyme and metre!
A kiss I acknowledge to be sweet; but wine
Like yours, Father Rhine, is sweeter.

And I feel about as merry as a roe on the brink
Of a sun-lighted fountain dancing,
When the table is spread and the beakers chink,
And the glasses and jugs are glancing.

I'm a humdrum soul until treated to a cup,
And my visage has a puttyish color,
But hand me the decanter and I soon flare up,
Till you'd swear old Democritus was duller;
For I laugh and I quaff to the wonderment and awe
Of my purple-beaked entertainer,
Who never in his time either listened to or saw
Such guffaws from a pottle-drainer.

O, what, after all, were this planet, let me ask,
But a stupid concern and a meanish,
If we couldn't now and then get our fingers round a flask
Of that jolliest of beverages, Rhenish?
The high-flying spirit mounts a fresh pair of wings
With every mouthful we swallow,
If beggars, we are lifted to the thrones of kings,
If bards, to the throne of Apollo.

This liquor is an exorcist of hippishness and pain,
And, according to my own idea,
Is for every affection of the stomach and the brain
An indubitable panacea.
Then lauded be the Fatherland, despite all its ills,
That yields us such wine in abundance;
And very, very long on its vine-covered hills
May the cherishing beams of the sun dance!

But a sadder and loftier influence which appeals to our hearts like sweet
even now asserts dominion over us; and music issuing at midnight from the
we lend an reluctant ear to a lay chambers of a sepulchre.

The Grave, the Grave.

S. A. MAHLMANN.

Blest are the Dormant
In Death! They repose
From Bondage and Torment,
From Passions and Woes,
From the yoke of the world and the snares of the traitor,
The Grave, the Grave, is the true Liberator!

Griefs chase one another
Around the Earth's dome:
In the arms of the Mother*
Alone is our home.
Woo Pleasure, ye triflers! The Thoughtful are wiser;
The Grave, the Grave, is their one Tranquilliser!

Is the Good man unfriended
On Life's ocean-path,
Where storms have expended
Their turbulent wrath?
Are his labours requited by Slander and Rancor?
The Grave, the Grave is his sure bower-anchor!

To gaze on the faces
Of Lost ones anew,—

* Mother Earth.

To lock in embraces
 The Loved and the True,
 Were a rapture to make even Paradise brighter ;
 The Grave, the Grave is the great Réuniter !

Crown the corpse then with laurels,
 The conqueror's wreath,
 Make joyous with carols
 The Chamber of Death,
 And welcome the Victor with cymbal and psalter ;
 The Grave, the Grave is the only Exalter !

Our original intention was to have reserved for the conclusion of our Anthology a certain queer and characteristic piece† by a nameless writer ; but as it has just now caught our eye,

we shall give it at once, lest, in postponing, we might omit it altogether ; for we cannot forget the warning of our friend GLEIM.

Tempus Fugit.

GLEIM.

From Procrastination flow
 Half the ills that make us grieve.
 Seize the moments ere they go ;
 Time's a fugitive !
 Sluggard souls have woe on woe ;
 Wise men labor while they live ;
 Where's To-morrow ? Dost thou know ?
 Time's a fugitive !
 Pluck the roses, then, that blow ;
 Take what Love and Fortune give ;
 Let no hour unwreathed go !
 Time's a fugitive !

The idea of the song we allude to appears to have been borrowed from the once popular French *chanson*,

"Je suis Dessaulx, j'ai quarante ans,"

the first stanza of which gallops thus :—

Dessaulx is my name ; I am forty years old ;
 I am handsome and witty ;
 My air is *distingué*, my manners are bold
 Where the ladies are pretty.
 I sing, play at faro, and dance ;—I am told
 That I shine at a ditty ;
 And I carry a walking-stick mounted with gold
 As I lounge through the city.

The ease, grace, and impudence of this are peculiarly Parisian ; but so far as a German could by possibility trifle with the formidable array of tooth-

breakers presented to him in his Rhyming Word-books, he has done so in the following lay :—

A Cosmopolite.

ANONYMOUS.

I travel about for the good of my mouth,
 And to gather effrontery ;
 'The world is my inn : when I'm kicked from the South
 I've the North for a country.
 To-morrow at court, in a pig-sty to-day,
 To! de rol, to! de rol, tara, lara, lalay.

† Popular Songs of the Germans, p. 118.

My spirits are good, let me sleep in a cot
 Or attend at a levee ;
 My schnappsack is light, and my pockets will not
 Be unpleasantly heavy
 To-morrow at court ;—in a pig-sty to-day,
Tol de rol, tol de rol, tara, lara, lalay.

My small odds and ends—all my snatchables—lie
 In my two breeches-pockets,
 And are destined, I guess, to lie there till I die,
 Unespied by the blockheads
 To-morrow at court ;—in a pig-sty to-day,
Tol de rol, tol de rol, tara, lara, lalay.

A pipe like a tub, of the size of my scull,
 A bad florin, much battered,
 An old pewter goblet, as empty and dull
 As the stuff to be chattered
 To-morrow at court ;—in a pig-sty to-day,
Tol de rol, tol de rol, tara, lara, lalay.

Though I'm black in the books of the cadgers and cooks,
 It don't greatly distress me ;
 The Philistines* trust me ; they like my good looks,
 And I'll dine, if they press me,
 To-morrow at court ;—in a pigsty to-day,
Tol de rol, tol de rol, tara, lara, lalay.

If the air of a town isn't good for my health,
 Let me get but an inkling
 Of what's in the wind, and that evening by stealth
 I grow scarce in a twinkling.
 To-morrow at court ;—in a pig-sty to-day,
Tol de rol, tol de rol, tara, lara, lalay.

When some soft-hearted huckster, my only resource,
 Smells a rat and then *stops* tick,
 I pack up my duds, and, for lack of a horse,
 Canter off on a mopstick.†
 To-morrow at court ;—in a pig-sty to-day,
Tol de rol, tol de rol, tara, lara, lalay.

So I ramble about, not much caring to fix
 In town, country, or village,
 Getting day after day fewer half-pence than kicks,
 But still living by pillage.
 To-morrow at court ;—in a pigsty to day,
Tol de rol, tol de rol, tara, lara, lalay.

The writer of our next song has not as yet attained "an European reputation." At least he is not much talked of in Dublin, Cork or Waterford. Even M. Klauer himself seems to know no more about him than his name. Is he a tangibility at all, or are we to regard him as one of those "bright-haired shadows" of which Cloudland is so prolific?

An Original Family-picture.

B. A. DUNKER.

Mein Herr Painter, will you now,
 Will you paint us right, sir ?

* Citizens.

† *Ritt ich auf dem Ziegenholze*, I rode on the bludgeon ; a slang phrase equivalent to our own—I galloped off on Shanks' mare.

Me, the goodman, and my frow,
 Wilhelmina Schweitzer,
 And our sons, Adolph and Joe,
 And our daughters, whom you know,
 Peggy, Lizzy, Kitty,
 Bouncing girls and pretty.

Paint the church exactly in
 Middle of our village ;
 Paint the lasses as they spin,
 And the lads at tillage ;
 Paint this house of ours and don't
 Fail to paint upon the front,—
Re-erected newly
 1800, July.

Sunday inside church for me,
 At communion-table ;
 Workday outside ; Joe shall be
 Helping in the stable :
 Paint our garden, trees and wall,
 And our daughters, paint them all,
 Kitty, Peggy, Lizzy,
 With their fingers busy.

As I love gay colors too,
 Like a decent fellow
 Paint my face a lively blue,
 And my wife's a yellow ;
 Paint our daughters red and grey,
 And for both our boys that they
 Needn't look like bumpkins,
 Paint them green as pumpkins.

Make the sketch look neat and nice ;
 Spare no pains or colors ;
 Schweitzer won't begrudge your price.
 Though it be two dollars.
 Mind and let the frame be strong,
 Six feet broad and ten feet long,
 Under piece and upper :—
 Now come in to supper.

SCHNEIDER's version of "Mynheer Van Woedenblock" is not bad ; but the metre almost spoils it ; and we infinitely prefer DRECHSLER's narrative. A poem of a hundred and twelve stanzas, however, is not transferable to these pages ; and the most that we can do is to submit a selection from its

beauties to the opinion of our friends. We take the opening of the poem, as the verses are neither worse nor better throughout.

After an invocation to the Muses and a stanza in ridicule of the same invocation, the story is entered on at once thus :—

III.

One time in M,D,C,XL and ten,
 That is, I reckon, sixteen hundred fifty,
 There dwelt at Rotterdam, with sundry men
 Of wealth besides, whose name I needn't give t'ye,
 The Heer Van Woedenblock, a merchant, then
 Just forty-eight years old,—snug, shrewd, and thrifty,
 And a most upright man where'er you met him,
 Until an awkward accident upset him.

IV.

In Rotterdam, as well as other places,
 It sometimes happens that a merchant breaks,
 And then his creditors put on long faces ;
 However, as I deprecate mistakes
 In this my tale, of which Fact forms the basis,
 Van Woodenblock, the gentleman who makes
 A figure as my hero in't, I beg
 To tell the public, merely broke—his leg.

V.

Thus 'twas :—A poor first cousin, whose affairs
 Were pretty well embarrassed, chose to come
 And persecute his relative with prayers
 For half-a-dozen crowns, or some such sum ;
 And Woodenblock, in kicking him down stairs,
 Completely lost his equilibri—um,
 And fell, and smashed his tibia : Aid proved fruitless ;
 The leg to poor Mynheer was thenceforth—bootless.

VI.

Three surgeons and one " eminent physician"
 Exerted all their skill upon the occasion
 To mitigate the pain of his condition,—
 And then they had recourse to amputation,
 And one took home the leg for exhibition,
 And said he had prevented mortification,
 Which was not true, because his patient swore
 He had never felt so mortified before.

VII.

He (Van) lay on his couch four desperate days,
 Commanding, countermanding, reprimanding,
 And worrying all within his reach or gaze ;
 And, as he felt his powers of speech expanding,
 Emphatically cursing in all ways
 The wretch who had destroyed his understanding.
 Whom he determined to get tried moreover
 And hanged for murder when he should recover.

VIII.

O, Fortune ! how we plague ourselves from birth !
 How Peace is overthrown and Life made leprous,
 Till even the things that should excite our mirth
 Are sometimes used as instruments to pepper us !
 Annoyances, no doubt, exist on earth,
 But still, I think that if we grow obstreperous
 Whene'er " a pasty falls,"—to use Pope's phrase,—
 It is because we are blind to Nature's ways.

IX.

*Im Uebel selbst steckt noch ein Preisz, wenn man
 Ihn nur zu finden weisz* :—*The words will bear
 This turn—that even in Evil, if one can
 But grope it out, there lurks a Good somewhere.
 This distich—which beginneth, or began,
 A verse—is quoted with a curious care
 In his own Memoirs by the Freiherr Trenck ;
 And 'tis a gift [*darin steht ein Geschenk*]

* Im Uebel selbst steckt noch ein Preisz,
 Wenn man ihn nur zu finden weisz.

Trenck's Leben, B. II.

X.

Priceless in worth, at least to all whose goal
 Is wrapt in storm and darkness here below,
 Markworthy, too, as from a man whose whole
 Existence was one truceless war with Woe,
 Which bowed, but could not overwhelm, his soul,
 And one who, though—as all his writings shew—
 A freethinker, was seldom a free actor,
 And perished like a common malefactor.*

XI.

Mynheer had never heard of Trenck, because
 He flitted threescore years ere Trenck was born ;
 But had he, he had given him scant applause,
 For he was not accustomed to adorn
 The workshop of his brain by those "old saws,"
 The teeth of which look latterly much worn
 From the incessant labours of the sawyers,
 Who are paid so much per *hack* by their employers.

XII.

He rather trusted to his own resources,
 However slight he might consider them,
 Than sought the succour of extraneous forces—
 A practice *they* will hardly much condemn,
 Whatever be the nature of their courses,
 Who look on self-reliance as the *stem*,
 Or, as Burns writes the sentiment, "the *stalk* of
 Carl hemp in Man," whose frailty we all talk of.

Turningpole, the mechanician ultimately employed by Van Woodenblock to construct a *Wunderbein* for him, is described as

—a man who made
 Arms, legs, feet, stomachs, palates, teeth and brains,
 For hire, or advertised to do so, rather.
 He was the seventh son of his old father,

XIX.

Who was a sev'nth son, too, and he (that is,
 Himself, and not his father) bore a sort
 Of character not very much to his
 Advantage in his native town :—in short,
 Men said he was a wizard ; and to this
 Odd charge poor Twistingstick could but retort
 By his eternal poverty, which merely,
 However, proved his heinousness more clearly.

XX.

He was a clever artist, ne'ertheless,
 As I remarked in stanza last but one ;
 And setting both his dress and his address
 (Which made no picture of his mother's son,
 And spoke of shyness and of shabbiness)
 Aside, I'd bet a pipe of wine that none
 Among the very handiest Rotterdammers
 Had skill to hit the right nail like his hammers.

* Readers are of course aware that he was guillotined, in 1793.

After this we have a portrait of the artist's daughter :—

XXIII.

He had a daughter, beautiful and soforth,
 As all the daughters people meet with are,
 But chiefly two descriptions—those who shew forth .
 In our *beau monde*, and those whose family-star,—
 Three-rayed, man, wife and child,—exhibits no "Fourth
 Estate," in shape of son and heir, to bar
 The right to dower and power of the young lady
 When her papa's sarcophagus is ready.

XXIV.

Miss Twistingpole, or Twirlingstick, or Turningstaff,
 However, *was* a beauty, although penniless,
 Slim, but not quite so slender as a churning-staff,
 And fair of face, at least you might find many less.
 And yet she would have proved a faithful journey'ngstaff
 O'er this world's waste to a Zeno or a Zany less,
 I really think, by reason of her beauty
 Than her just notions of a helpmate's duty.

XXV.

She was a pure, unworldly, guileless creature,
 Her sole fault being that total want of art
 Which suffers you to read in each soft feature
 The thousand varying feelings of the heart ;
 And not being one of those who love to cheat your
 Hopes, as a merchant cheats you at a mart,
 She ogled no one, and of course was carried,
 In *undue* time, to her last home unmarried.

XXVI.

Her father wished to get her off his hands.
 Poor struggler ! he was somewhat cross and selfish ;
 He had prized his wife, and, when Death snapped her bands
 Of life, he felt extremely like a shellfish
 Whom a retiring tide leaves on the sands ;
 And, his heart narrowing, he grew cold and pelfish,
 And grumbled at his beauteous duteous daughter,
 And at the world whereinto he had brought her.

XXVII.

Yet, reader, was this natural ! and such Grumbling
 Is, after all, Affection in Disguise :—
 It is a woe to see the high hopes crumbling
 Whose brilliancy once dazzled our young eyes,
 And bitter is the salutary humbling
 Wherewith Affliction purifies, or tries
 Her Chosen,—so the most of them turn rebels,
 And groan and curse until their misery trebles.

XXVIII.

And Turningpole, you see, was one of these :
 I am certain that at heart he loved his child,
 But his privations and calamities
 Had made of one once gentle-souled and mild
 A character as savage as you please,
 And he was vexed that when disasters piled
 Themselves on Gertrude's shoulders and his own
 She was not in her grave—and he alone.

XXIX.

'Tis human nature,—or,—if not precisely
 That,—it is nature as we find it in
 Those few who are said to love “too well, not wisely,”
 A something 'twixt a virtue and a sin
 Perhaps, if one could only separate nicely
 The bounds where virtues end and sins begin ;
 But sufferers are by no means analytical,
 And still less critical than hypocritical.

We have no objection to the prosaic flow of these stanzas—for the best poetry is that which most resembles the best prose—but there appears throughout the story a tendency to dilate unnecessarily upon trivialities and things of nothing ; and against this we must enter our protest. We notice also here and there an incongruous commingling of the Moving in *conception* and the Burlesque in *expression* ; as if, after some beautiful or exalted idea had occurred to the writer, he had deliberately set about clothing it in the most inappropriate language, as far as sentiment was concerned, that a poet could select. This style of writing is wholly German ; even Byron, in his worst fits of cynicism, never approximates to it. Neither could it ever become popular—or, perhaps, even intelligible—among us, were it introduced ; and we shall not perplex our readers by quoting specimens. They would hardly recommend themselves. We hate not sentimentality where it is genuine—where, though maudlin in itself, it is pervaded by a tone of sincerity ; but the hybrid kind of composition we have alluded to must ever be at variance with that singleness of purpose and harmony of

conception without which it is impossible for a man to be either a good serious poet or a good comic. Truth, indeed, compels us to admit that the great majority of German poets are, as sentimentalists, irreproachable. We have here, in M. Klauer's first volume, a song by SCHUBART, the excessive pathos of which would go far, if read aloud at a *conversazione*, to justify, except among the very stout, a general sympathetic syncope. *Wenn Hoffnung nicht wär, so lebt' ich nicht mehr*, If Hope were not, then I should exist no more ! begins the poet :—*Wie lieblich* (he adds) *erscheint uns ihr Schimmer !* How beautifully beams her light on us !—and the same affecting strain is pursued to the close. The touching tenderness of the original it is of course difficult for a translator to give in all its perfection ; but luckily for us the Lachrymose happens to be our forte ; and therefore, most complaisant Reading Public, you will kindly accompany us through our version, “sighing like furnace” as you proceed, and be good enough,

“If you have tears prepared, to shed them now,”
 over this dolorous ditty of

Pathetic Hypotheticks.

SCHUBART.

Were Hope all my eye,
 'Tis a fact I should die,
 Her light is much brighter than ten tallow-candles ;
 When crotchets and cares are consuming
 Some fanciful spooney, she takes him
 Where cowslips and daisies are blooming,
 And never entirely forsakes him
 Till Death lays him down in the box without handles.
 Handles, handles,
 The box without handles,
 Till Death shuts him up in his box without handles.

Were Friendship a hum,
 I could weep o'er my rum,
 For I hate to be mixing companionless tumblers.
 Even moles, quoth Buffon, are gregarious,

And cats, when they turn caterwaulers ;
Et moi, I like various contrarious
 Assemblies—both punchdrinking bawlers
 And sighers of sighs—both your grinners and grumblers.
 Grumblers, grumblers,
 Your grinners and grumblers,
 I have grins for your grinners and growls for your grumblers.

Were Love all a hoax,
 So that no one could coax
 A rich widow to wed, what could well be forlornner ?
 To be wheedling some innocent charmer,
 Who reckons her thousands by thirties,
 And hasn't the heart to wear armour
 Against Cupid's arrows, is, certes,
 Far better than moping alone in a corner.
 Corner, corner,
 Alone in a corner,
 More pleasant than kicking your heels in a corner.

Were Music a bam,
 I might chatter and cram,
 But a seal would be clapped on my Fountains of Feeling.
 Oh ! nothing melts bosoms at all like
 The exquisite tones of a fiddle !
 I hop round the room at a ball like
 A hen on a scorching hot griddle !
 Good lack ! I could bound from the floor to the ceiling.
 Ceiling, ceiling,
 The floor to the ceiling,
 Next night, faith, I'll bob my big head through the ceiling.

Were Wine all a quiz,
 I should wear a long phiz
 As I mounted each night to my ninth-story garret.
 Though Friendship, the traitress, deceives me,
 Though Hope may have long ceased to flatter,
 Though Music, sweet infidel, leaves me,
 Though Love is my torment—what matter ?
 I've still such a thing as a rummer of claret.
 Claret, claret,
 A rummer of claret,
 I laugh and grow fat on my buttermilk claret.

But, ah ! here is a song—a song, unsentimental as it is, we would not
 indeed—a song of the noble Tyrolean miss translating for the brightest gem
 who sacrificed himself to his country ; in the crown of Victoria :
 —a song, which, rude and stern and

Andreas Hofer.

SCHENKENDORF.

“ Victory ! Victory ! Innsbruck's taken
 By the Vintner of Passayer ! ”*
 What wild joy the sounds awaken !
 Hearts grow bolder, faces gayer ;
 Maidens, leaving duller labors,
 Weave the wreaths they mean to proffer ;
 All the students, all the neighbours,
 March with music out to Hofer.

* Hofer kept an inn at Passeier, his birth-place ; and even after he had taken up arms he always went among the peasantry by the title of *der Sandwirth*, the Publican.

Till the Chief, commanding silence,
Speaks, with tone and aspect sternest,—
“Men, lay down your trumpery villins!
Death and God are both in earnest!
Not for Music, not for Glory,
Leave I wives and orphans weeping;
Perish Hofer's name in story!
He but seeks *one* goal unsleeping.

Kneel in prayer, and chant your ros'ries!
Theirs is music meet to cheer ye:
When your hearts in speech that glows rise,
God the Lord may deign to hear ye.
Pray for me, a sinner, lowly,
Pray for our great Kaiser loudly;*
God keep Prince and People holy!
May both guard the sceptre proudly!

Me, my time is short for suing;
Shew God what and how the case is;
Count him up what Dead are strewing
Level plains and lofty places;
State what hosts yet shield the Wronger,†
And what clans of Tyrol bowmen
Speed the shout and shaft no longer:—
God alone can crush our foemen.”

“Down with these paltry violins! not all German hearts neither. Not
Death and God are in earnest.” A HÖLTY's assuredly, though his heart,
truly German heart alone could have also, he tells us, is German.
given birth to the thought. And yet

My Heart.

HÖLTY.

German and generous is my heart;
I feel and share a brother's grief,
And cast all selfish woes apart
To yield a weeping friend relief.

I love to succour, soothe, and cheer;
I shun all cold, unkindred souls;
I hand the thirsty pints of beer;
And give the hungry penny rolls.

I suffer pain without a sigh;
I envy not my neighbour's luck;
I speak out plump; am seldom shy;
And kick hypocrisy to Puck.

O, Virtue, only found below
In virtuous minds—we must not part!
To thee in joy as well as woe
I consecrate my German heart!

* Betet leise für mich Armen,
Betet laut für unsern Kaiser.

Viz:—Pray softly for me [a] poor [sinner]
Pray aloud for our Emperor.

We quote these lines because, upon casting our eye over the translation, “a
sinner lowly” strikes us as somewhat of an ambiguity.

† Buonaparte.

HÖLTV is probably also the author of the following, which we find on p. 24 of M. Klauer's Song-book.

The Days of Childhood.

Dear days of top and sucker,
O, linger on your flight!
Clad in my bib and tucker,
How intense is my delight!
I slumber without sorrow,
With a bosom free from pain,
And early on the morrow
Nurse puts on my bib again.

No self-upbraidings sadden
My hours as they depart;
My pleasure is to gladden
My dearest mother's heart:
In her my joys are doubled;
On her my hopes rely;
Hence, my spirit is untroubled,
And you see it in my eye!

I help my chirping sisters
And singing brothers mild
To inflict their vocal blisters;
And I grow a knowing child;
And my heart, unless I'm wicked,
Can never feel much pain:
O, days of hoop and cricket,
Might I beg you to remain?

Before we close our labours, we will borrow half a page from WEISZE, who M. Klauer informs us, *starb 1804 zu Leipzig als Kreissteuereintnehmer, und ist der geschätzte Verfasser vieler Schriften zur Bildung der Jugend.* Of these *Schriften zur Bildung*, these edifying productions, here is a nice little sample.

Lobe and Wine.

WEISZE.

Without the Tender Passion and a pitcherful of wine,
Life were a round of dull employments;
The bulk of our felicity I certainly opine
To be comprised in those enjoyments.

When one has eight and forty cards coercing one to dine,
Which is the house one surely goes to?
Of course the one containing the best women and best wine;
There's such a charming charm in those two!

In battle, drubbing, thwacking, and the like are mighty fine;
But when at home a Prince exalts his
Taste more by treating friends and foes to quantities of wine,
And staggering through quadrilles and waltzes.

To yield, with smiles and wine at hand, to Care is asinine;
Pilgrims make Despair a science,
But give me but my Phœbe and my complement of wine,
And I'll set Fortune at defiance!

Pleasant soul! How little, as he sits there with his legs under his mahogany, he reminds us of Pascal's type of Man—*un criminel dans un cachot, qu'on va exécuter.* The misfortune is, though, that nobody can be perpetually

making love or taking liquor, and that in our loveless and liquorless intervals, we are doubly susceptible of the uncomfortable-nesses attending apathy and sobriety. The sentence of Saturn alas! remains in full force against most of us at most times. But because this last sentence (our own, we mean, and not that of Saturn) may not be generally intelligible, we beg leave to supply an anapæstic elucidation of the obscurity from HERDER.

The Child of Care: An Apologue.

HERDER.

Care, wearied with rambling, lay lolling one day
By the side of a streamlet that babbled and ran,
When his fingers unconsciously shaped from the clay
A phenomenon figure—the form of a man!

"What is that, pray, old boy," queried Jupiter, seeing
A something that posed him, but pleased on the whole.
"Tis a mass that I wish to transform to a being,"
Said Care; "so I'll thank you to lend it a soul."

"To be sure, since you wish—There!—and now 'tis but fair
That I call this fine fellow henceforward my own."

"By my beard, you shall do no such thing," answered Care,
"He is mine, for I framed him, blood, body, and bone."

"Stuff," said Jove: "As the clapper's the life of the bellows
The *soul* makes the *man*. Why, you daily get stupider!"

"Well, then," quoth Care, "let us leave it to Tellus."

"Good:—Tellus will tell us the truth," observed Jupiter.

"Pray, whose is this gentleman?" Jove then demanded.

"My own," said the Judge, "for I furnished the pattern,"

"Humph! Worse and worse now," exclaimed Jove; "we seem stranded;
However, we'd better consult Daddy Saturn."

The Umpire was luckily then coming by,

And, the case being stated, he answered as thus:

"He belongs not to any particular—ly
But to each of you more or less (*minus* or *plus*).

Your's, Care, he shall be through his pilgrimage here,

And when Death puts a close to his perils and pain,

You, Tellus, shall claim your own clay from the bier,

And to you, Jove, his soul shall revert back again."

And the words were fulfilled; for, through thousands of years,

Man, companioned by Care, has incessantly trod

His dark way to the grave down this Valley of Tears,

And his spirit at death re-ascends to its God.

We could wish to transcribe here brief lyrical specimen or two. Here is a *morceau*, the peculiar tone of which would at once reveal the writer, no matter what name were to stand at the head of it.

STOLBERG's ballad of "*Agnes mit den gold'nen Locken*," (by the way, poets ought not to be so fond of making their heroines red-haired); but space fails us, and we can merely furnish another

Light and Warmth.

SCHILLER.

The Noblehearted sees in Earth
A Paradise before his eyes;

The dreams to which his soul gives birth
 He fondly hopes to realise ;
 And dedicates his burning youth
 To glorify the majesty of Truth.

But ah ! before he gazes long
 So mean, so paltry all appears,
Self soon becomes, amid the throng,
 The loadstar of his hopes and fears,
 Enthusiastic feeling flies,
 And Love is chilled, and droops his wings and dies.

Truth's beams are pure, but, like the moon's,
 They warm not with the light they shed :
 Where Knowledge is, her brightest boons
 Illumine less the heart than head.
 Blest, therefore, they who best ally
 The Visionary's hope and Worldling's eye !

In a short commentary on this poem, M. Klauer says : " A young man forms his ideas of men from what he has seen in the endearing circle of his relations and friends ; and as he met on all sides with love, he gave them love in return. Experience, however, soon shows him, after his entrance into the world, that the majority of men are narrow-minded and selfish. By degrees he retires into himself, and at last becomes in his turn an Egoist." Now, we cannot subscribe to this doctrine. Seventeen-eightieths of the men *we* meet are really right good fellows ; in fact, if they have any fault it is too great a readiness to become the dupes of such fine speeches and protestations of kindness as a regard to our interests occasion-

ally induces us to make to them. It is true, we formerly judged otherwise. When a young man, we formed our ideas of men from what we saw in the sneering circle of our friends and acquaintance ; and, as we met with sneers upon all mouths, we gave sneers to the sneerers in return. Experience, however, soon after our entry into Dublin, shewed us that the majority of men, and all the women, were narrow-mouthed and unsneering. By degrees, therefore, we wriggled ourself out of ourself, and at last became in our turnings a *We*-goist.

Instead of lamenting what is irremediable, poets should learn to advise, after the manner of the following verses :—

Guide to Virtue.

KOLUMBUS.

Youth ! Many a meteor beam for thee
 Will play along Life's path of gloom,
 But, pause and tremble, lest it be
 To lure thee to thy doom !

And when the siren smileth nigh
 Let not her witchery lull thy soul,
 But walk the way of Truth, with eye
 Fixed on thy heavenly goal.

Be watchful, thoughtful, firm, and slow,
 Lest all thy fairest hopes be crossed :
 How oft by one disastrous throw
 The Game of Life is lost !

But when thy duty bids thee arm
 For combat in a world of strife,
 Thou shalt not shrink through dread of harm ;
 Even worms will fight for Life.

Thine every deed and word employ,
That Good may flourish, Vice may cease ;
So shalt thou pass thy days in joy,
Thy placid nights in peace.

As our opening ditty was of Rhenish, so shall be our closing ; wherefore,
follow us, friends !

Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben, vollen Becher !
Und trinkt ihn fröhlich leer.
In ganz Europa, ihr Herren Zeeher,
Ist solch ein Wein nicht mehr.

Ah ! your silence rebukes our blunder—well, take the vernacular :—

More Rhenish.

CLAUDIUS.

Festoon your silver cups with plenty of green laurels,
And drink away,—drink, drink enough !
Throughout broad Europe's lands, ye tappers of red barrels,
This is your only genuine stuff !

It isn't waggoned hither from the hills of Poland,
Nor from the towns where men talk French ;
No ; you may take your oath it could belong to no land
Save that of Saxon *Mensch** and Wench.

The Fatherland alone is capable of giving
Birth to this wine,—a wine that could
Re-clothe a skeleton's bones, surrounding them with living
Vigor, veins, muscles, fat and blood.

Nathless, we don't observe it through all Deutschland growthful,
For divers mountains up and down
Are, as the great Saint Paul has termed the Cretans, slothful*****
(I s'pose you guess my starry noun.)

There are Thuringia's mountains,—those from the beginning
Of Time have given us wine I 'dmit ;
But, 'tisn't funny liquor ;—giggling, jiggling, grinning
And quizzing do not spring from it.

As for the Hartz, they 're humbugs :—deuce a grape they shew you
To wet your drouthy whistle,—while,
What's worse, when trudging that way, evil winds may blow you
Into the devil's domicile.

The Blocksberg is as barren and more dangerous rather ;
Cat-apes and kobolds haunt its caves ;
And on Walpurgis' Night conclaves of witches gather
There to cook hell-broth for their slaves.

Above the Rhine alone, there grows, there glows our treasure ;
O ! blessed, blessed be the Rhine,
Which feeds those noble vines, the source of so much pleasure,
The parents of this wondrous wine !

Then wreathe your silver cups with plenty of green laurels,
And drink away,—drink, drink enough !
Throughout broad Europe's lands, ye broachers of red barrels,
This is your only filling stuff !

It would be rather unfair, if now, at parting with M. Klauer, we should omit to recommend the handsome volumes from which our extracts have been made to all admirers of German literature in the kingdom. Though we have not space to praise them as we could wish, we have quite enough to acknowledge that they deserve our praise. Of the three we prefer the volume containing the Songs; and from this our specimens have been chiefly taken; but no country has hitherto equalled Germany in the Ballad; and when we state that the compilation in M. Klauer's last volume embraces many of the most popular

compositions in the ballad line, we have said enough to show that the book must be a treasure to all cultivated lovers of the original and marvellous. We should not pass in silence over the Lyrics, which may be regarded as a condensation of almost the whole poetic spirit of the author's country. Those persons also, for whom exterior decoration is an irresistible attraction, will be pleased with the getting-up of these volumes, which to quote a line that M. Klauer will recognise:

"Flüget zum Guten den Glanz und den Schimmer,"

and does infinite credit to the compiler's taste.

BY-WAYS OF IRISH HISTORY—CHAP. XVII.

EDUCATION OF ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS, CONTINUED.

"Besides the priests educated at Maynooth, we are informed that about one hundred and twenty students are in the course of education in other seminaries in Ireland. The greater part of these are at Carlow; others are at Kilkenny, Tuam, Waterford and Wexford.

"It appears, further, that there are about one hundred and forty students for the Roman Catholic priesthood now at different colleges on the continent. Seventy of these are in the Irish college at Paris; about twelve at Rome, and the remainder at Salamanca, Lisbon, and different French seminaries."—*Eighth Report of the Commissioners of Irish Education Inquiry, p. 9.*

THE above extract instructs us, that the establishment and endowment of the Royal College of Maynooth has not protected the country from the erection of seminaries for the education of Roman Catholic Clergy, over which the government exercises no species of supervision or control. The extent to which these independent institutions make provision for the priesthood, according to the testimony of the commissioners, may be learned from the following passage in the report:—

"The College of Maynooth supplies at present about fifty candidates annually for holy orders. It is stated to us, that eighty or ninety are annually required by the different parishes throughout Ireland."*

Hence it appears, that more than a third, according to the lowest computation, and probably little less than a half, of the Roman Catholic Clergy in Ireland, are prepared for their offices

by a course of education over which not only has the state exercised no authority, but into which it has not even instituted an inquiry; respecting the character of which, indeed, it remains, and seems contented to remain, wholly ignorant. We do not hesitate to declare our fixed persuasion that this indifference is, in the highest degree, impolitic and criminal. A government is assuredly inexcusable if it sanction the teaching of doctrines which, when converted into acts, it pronounces and punishes as capital offences. How far the British government stands chargeable with this crime, we shall leave to the reader's judgment, only premising one observation. The execrable Theology of Dens, as it has been ascertained by the Rev. Robert M'Ghee, is an *avowed* class-book in almost every seminary for the education of Roman Catholic priests in Ireland, with, perhaps, the single exception† of the Royal College of Maynooth. With the course of studies prescribed

* Report, p. 8.

† The exception is rendered more remarkable than it would otherwise have been, by Dr. Murray's apology for the publication of Dens, without an exception against

in continental seminaries, we regret to say that we are very imperfectly acquainted. We believe the Theology of Devoti is in general repute, and of the character of this classic of continental Romanism, it is enough to observe, that it is too intolerant to be acknowledged as an authority at Maynooth—the work having been intro-

duced by Dr. Troy, and rejected for its intolerance by the body of the trustees—rejected, however, as the philosopher would have Timon cast away his gold—not farther than it was recoverable: put away far enough for Dr. Murray to disclaim it, but placed sufficiently at hand to be employed by the professors.*

its objectionable passages. "This work, you are aware, was not written for the ignorant. It was written in Latin, beyond, of course, the reach of that class of persons, and designed solely for the use of professional men. Now those men had disavowed on oath the only opinion which could lead to any practical mischief. No student could be placed on the roll of Maynooth College without taking the oath alluded to in one of the letters which you will find in the Morning Register. (The oath is in these terms:—I, A. B. do swear that I do abjure, condemn, and detest, as unchristian and impious, the principle that it is lawful to murder, destroy, or in any wise injure any person whatsoever for or under pretence of being a heretic.)"—*Letter of Dr. Murray to the Rev. Maurice James, Sept. 21, 1835.*

The oath of allegiance is the antidote by which the poison of Dens is to be neutralized. But strange to say, the oath is taken where Dens and his poison are excluded, and where Dens is admitted the juratory preservative against him is not administered. In Maynooth, where the oath of allegiance is taken, *Dens is not* a class-book—in the other colleges, *where he is*, there is no oath of allegiance.

It may be well to subjoin the advertisement through which, as Mr. Mc'Ghee stated at the Hereford meeting, October 13, 1836, the adoption of Dens as a collegiate class-book was ascertained:—

"In a book which was purchased at the auction of that very priest whom Dr. Troy appointed to revise the notes of the Rhemish Testament, Mr. Walsh, I found the identical advertisement in question; it is a copy of Coyne's catalogue for 1814, and these are the words:—'A catalogue for 1814 of Catholic books published by R. Coyne, 16, Parliament-street (near Essex-bridge)—Dens Complete Body of Theology, in seven vols. 12mo. price £3. This comprehensive work is now read in the colleges of Carlow, Waterford, Limerick, Cork, and Cove. It has been adopted by the Catholic bishops, as the safest and best work extant, and from which the respective conference of each diocese is taken.' There have been, perhaps, one or two seminaries instituted since the date of Coyne's advertisement, respecting which we have not adequate information. We cannot affirm what is the course of instruction prescribed at St. Jarleth's, but are strongly disposed to believe that under the jurisdiction of John Tuam it is not likely to have been rendered, in the aspect it turns towards Protestants, 'too civil or too obligingly flat.'"

* Examination of Most Rev. Dr. Murray:—"Do you recollect any other books brought over by Dr. Troy at any time?—Yes.

"Why were they not used?—Because they were supposed to inculcate opinions too strong with regard to the interference of spiritual authority in temporal matters.

"And for that reason they were not used in the college?—Yes, for that reason they were not used.

"What was the name?—Devoti."—*Appendix, No. 67.*

"A list of works recommended by the Professors of the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth for the perusal of the students, or referred to by them in the course of their lectures."

"By the Professor of the Dunboyne establishment:

"Canon Law—Van Espen, *Devoti*."—*Appendix to Eighth Report of the Commissioners of Irish Education Inquiry.*

"Recommended or referred to" is a very comprehensive, and, at first view, it would seem, very unsatisfactory, phrase. The commissioners were desirous to ascertain the works by which the opinions and principles of students at Maynooth are formed. If the returns were designed to assist them, they should contain lists

1st —Of the class-books.

2d —Of books recommended.

It is much to be desired that our government should enquire into the state of education and the course of study pursued in all seminaries where candidates for the Roman Catholic priesthood in this country are instructed. In foreign countries, with which diplomatic relations are maintained, the enquiry could be prosecuted through the British ambassadors; and it is not to be apprehended that colleges and seminaries in Ireland and England would refuse to afford the required information. There might be difficulties respecting the Irish college at Rome, but of the character of instruction afforded in that seminary, little doubt can be entertained. It is, in all probability, conformable to the spirit and letter of the doctrines held in the *papal court*: what these are, ecclesiastical history has rendered abundantly evident, even to the general reader; and that they are the doctrines taught in the Irish college, the signal marks of favor extended to the seminary by the reigning pontiff, certify, (one would be disposed to say, considering the character of Gregory XVI., and of the chair in which he presides), with the decision of "infallible" authority.

The encouragement afforded by this pontiff to those who would qualify at Rome to become Roman Catholic priests in Ireland ought not to remain unnoticed. He found the ancient establishment for their instruction destroyed, and he restored, and, to some extent, we believe, endowed it.

"In Rome," according to the testimony

of the Rev. B. Crotty, President of Maynooth, "there was formerly an Irish college which had some funds of its own, sufficient probably to support a dozen students, and, as that establishment was entirely destroyed, even before the French invaded Italy, the government at present supports a certain number of young men in the College of Propaganda. I suppose there may be six or eight."*

Such was the condition of Irish students in Rome in the year 1826, when the Rev. B. Crotty gave his testimony. The Most Rev. Doctor Murray shall describe what it is now:—

"Of the singular affection which the Holy Father entertains for his Irish children, you will perceive, with gratitude, a splendid proof in the unsolicited grant which his holiness has recently made of the spacious college of St. Agatha, together with its annexed church and garden, for the accommodation of the Irish students at Rome. And perhaps I may be allowed to introduce here (what, from personal knowledge, I can aver) that those virtuous young men who, with their admirable president, have been the first to profit by this mark of pontifical regard, have conducted themselves in a manner so creditable to the Irish character, that they are pointed out, even in the holy city, as examples of piety: and *many of them*, even in that seat of ecclesiastical science, as rare instances of what talent and application can do for the extensive acquirement of those varied attainments which are likely to render them ornaments of their profession."†

Such favor from the Pope, such

3d —Of books referred to with approbation.

4th—Of books noticed for the purpose of being refuted or censured.

"Recommended or referred to" is a more convenient classification for one who desires to withhold information rather than to afford it. In the present instance, however, the classification is not so unsatisfactory as at first sight it might appear. Its ambiguity is corrected by a qualification annexed to a subsequent item in the returns. To the list of works returned under the head of logic, metaphysics and moral philosophy, the following observation is appended:—"Some of the writers mentioned are noticed by the professor, when *confuting the opinions maintained in their works*." No such qualification as this having been added to the canon-law returns, it is reasonable to conclude that none such was required; and thus it would appear, that the conduct of the trustees, which enabled Maynooth to disclaim Devoti, left its professors at liberty to recommend him.

* Appendix to Eighth Report of Education Inquiry, p. 82.

† Letter of Dr. Murray to the Roman Catholic, or, as the writer styles them, the "Catholic" Clergy of the arch-diocese of Dublin, October 5, 1836. The Catholic Directory and Almanack is not less careful than the Most Rev. Divine to make known to his holiness' subjects in Ireland the good-will of the "common father" towards the college established by him in Rome, and the advantages, also, accruing to them from the institution. The Catholic Annals of Ireland for 1837 report that on January 31 "his Holiness Gregory XVI. visited the Irish students at the college of St. Agatha, which he had graciously bestowed upon them. Cardinal P. Francoui received his holiness at the grand gate, whilst the Right Rev. Drs. Brown and Higgins (from Kilmore and Ardagh, in Ireland,) and the learned president, Rev. Dr. Cullen,

honor from ecclesiastics in the holy city, render it sufficiently manifest, that the principles in which the Irish students are indoctrinated, must be such as *the court* * of Rome has uniformly patronised and recommended.

Rome is not the only place on the continent where Irish Roman Catholics have been encouraged, or (perhaps we might be justified in saying) allured, to pursue their ecclesiastical studies. The interest taken by France in the education of these young persons was so great as to alarm the loyalty of Mr. Daniel O'Connell. We certainly are not entitled to expect a favorable reception for testimony borne by that learned gentleman when it suits our purpose to produce it. Yet, at the same time, in a country where the evidence of a guilty approver will be received, if corroborated by collateral testimony and by concurring circumstances, we think ourselves justified in submitting to the reader the sworn declaration of Mr. O'Connell, and letting it tell for what it may be thought worth.

"Does it occur to you that the equalization of political rights enjoyed by Catholics and Protestants would be conveniently and advantageously accompanied by some

legislative provision for the Catholic clergy, DEPENDANT UPON THE WILL AND PLEASURE OF THE CROWN?—YES, IT DOES.† I think it would be very desirable, in that case, that the government should possess a legitimate influence over the Catholic Clergy, so that in all the relations of the state with foreign powers the government should be as secure of the Catholic Clergy as they are now of the Protestant Clergy. I think, therefore, that it would be very desirable that the government should have that reasonable bond, that would bind the Catholic clergy in interest to them as well as in duty. *I should be very desirous myself of seeing government possess that influence.*

"Have you considered, and can you communicate to the committee, the details of any such measure?—I think a moderate provision for the Catholic Clergy, ascertaining that they were native born subjects, born within the allegiance. With the exception of individuals yet alive, and fit for offices, who have been partly educated abroad, my wish, and that of the Catholic noblemen and gentlemen with whom I act, would be, that the Catholic Clergy should be, means being found for that purpose which do not exist at present, educated within the allegiance, *so that all foreign influence, by reason of education, should be taken away, as well as foreign influence by birth.*

attended, in due form, to conduct the holy father through the college, who passed high encomiums on the faith of the Irish people, &c. and exhorted the students to persevere in their inviolable attachment to Catholicity."—*Catholic Directory and Almanack for 1838*, p. 426. The advertising section of the Directory shows that the advantages and honors of this favored seminary are attainable on terms by no means costly—"Terms for board and education, &c. in the Irish College, twenty-five pounds per annum, to be paid half-yearly in advance. For this sum the student is not only boarded and educated, but also supplied with furniture, clothes, the necessary school-books, medicines, &c. &c. A deposit of twenty-five pounds is required from each young gentlemen, which will be returned to him on his leaving the college." Such are the encouraging terms on which education in the holy city, and, it may be added, the blessing and perhaps the especial favor of the pope are offered to Irish students. The offers, however, are not made indiscriminately—"At a general meeting of the prelates held in Dublin, February, 1835, the following regulations were adopted." We extract two:—"1st. No subject who shall have studied for "any time in a college or seminary in Ireland to be received without letters from "said college or seminary, stating that he was distinguished both on account of his "studies and good conduct." 4th. "Those who have not studied in any approved "college or seminary, to be examined by the diocesan examiners, or other clergymen "approved of by the ordinary for that purpose, who will certify that, from their "proficiency in the knowledge of Greek and Latin classics, geography and history, "they promise to become distinguished students."—*Cat. Direc. Al. 1838*, p. 441. Thus, the Roman Catholic Bishops in Ireland appear as, in some sort, patrons to the students whose entrance into the cheap and honored seminary they facilitate, and thus, too, they can protect, by their knowledge and discrimination, the college, from the danger of having its secrets inconveniently disclosed by pupils not capable of thoroughly valuing them.

* The "Court," as distinguished from the "Church" of Rome, is a term too well understood to need explanation.

† "I would rather die ten thousands deaths than consent to degrade and vitally injure the Catholic religion in Ireland, by a connection with the state."—*Letter of Mr. O'Connell to W. W. Beaumont, Dec. 30, 1836.*

"Is it not generally believed that the members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland, who have been educated abroad, are as respectable and as well conducted in all respects, and as much attached to the constitution, as those who have been educated in Ireland?—Certainly, it is so believed, and I am convinced it ought to be so believed, for I would venture to say, I know that they are so; but I happen to know that, in future, it may not be quite so safe. The gentlemen thus circumstanced were educated while foreign influence, operating upon the Catholic mind, was checked by the natural anti-jacobinism, if I may use the phrase, of the Catholic Clergy. The revolutionary tendency on the continent was, to destroy the Catholic Clergy and the Catholic religion; and those who have been thus educated, at present are all not only perfectly loyal persons, but, if they have a fault at all, it is the exaggeration of that good principle. *But I have reason to fear, that there are means taking in a neighbouring country to educate a number of Catholic priests for Ireland; and there is certainly now no anti-Catholicity in that country, but the contrary; and I FEEL IT A SACRED DUTY TO SAY, THAT I LOOK WITH ALARM TO THE PROGRESS OF THAT SPECIES OF EDUCATION, unchecked as it would be in future by enmity between the Catholic Clergy generally, and the particular power to which I allude in the present instance.*"*

Such were the sentiments expressed by Mr. O'Connell on the subject of the dependance in which the Roman Catholic Clergy ought to be placed towards the state, and on the perils of foreign education. We may be reminded that the testimony of the learned gentleman is not of that kind on which we are disposed to place reliance; but when we contend for no more than that it shall be permitted to suggest the consideration of useful topics, which may not otherwise have been remembered, we do not think that we can be justly charged with overrating its importance.

There is another point of view in which we hold Mr. O'Connell's evidence worthy of notice. Whatever may be the value of his *testimony*, the suggestion involved in it, or deducible from it, is worthy of profound attention. In warning England against the influence of foreign education, he must necessarily have reminded those who directed that education of the uses to which it could be rendered subservient:

and it is not an unwarranted conjecture to believe, that, even if the statements of Mr. O'Connell were groundless and false, as *testimony*, they may, regarded in their *prophetical capacity*, have acquired an altered and an improved character, and realised for themselves a species of truth. Foreign countries may have profited by suggestions designed solely to put England on her guard; and foreign education may thus have become that against which Mr. O'Connell, in the exuberance of his loyalty, felt it a solemn duty to warn the British parliament.

There is, however, one part of the learned gentleman's testimony, which we believe to be an undeniable truth. It is that in which he speaks of the exertions made to provide an education for Irish priests, such as should cause loyal subjects of Great Britain to feel alarm. We believe that such exertions were made—we believe that facilities for imparting such an education were liberally provided—and we believe that numbers, far greater than those of the year 1825, are now profiting by the advantages of foreign education.

This, in the present estate of Romanism on the continent, is a matter of no little alarm. The political principles associated with Roman Catholic doctrine have undergone a very material alteration. In former times, ecclesiastics, in what were termed "Catholic" countries, had interests which they felt to be inseparable from those of good order and national prosperity. They had, everywhere, a country; and, if they could be regarded as siding with a party in the state, the party and the principles which they upheld, were what have, in recent times, from the power and success of revolutionary combinations, received the name, "Conservative." Accordingly, Romanism, in many countries, but especially in France, was modified, by restraints, and correctives, and precautions, which rendered it, to some extent, a national religion. The temporal interests of the clergy, or, at least, of those who influenced and led them, were the same with those of the sovereign, and the state had thus a guarantee for the faithfulness with which a distinction, which here, in Ireland, has served no other end than that of confusing hasty politicians—the distinction between temporal and spiritual power, and the independence and inviolability of each,—should be inculcated on aspirants to the priesthood. The relations between

* Lords Com. on Ireland, 1825. March 11, p.p. 154, 155. D. O'Connell, Esq

church and state are now materially altered. The clergy do not belong to the aristocracy—they do not associate with persons in what are called the upper classes—the links of “golden connection” with governments are worn so thin as to have lost the power to retain them—and placed, as they are, in the condition, but not in the dependence, of little better than paupers, by the state, they are reduced to the adoption of all the practices and the arts by which voluntarism is influenced to yield a sure and ample revenue. Thus Romanism has, for some time, been brought to *reflect* the political opinions of the people, and, it may with much truth be said, now, to have *adopted* them. The cause of legitimacy has ceased to be gainful—the people count for too much in affairs of state to allow of the confessional being made the cabinet—the classes who have become educated by study or business—gentry, merchants, soldiers, members of learned professions—have attained a position from which Romanism is hopeless of reducing them to submit voluntarily to her dominion: she turns, therefore, to the uneducated and uninstructed masses, and, adopting the political maxims of the middle orders, which constitute the *sovereignty of the day*, accommodates herself to the superstitious affections of the multitude, which is, in the natural course of

things, to become the *despotism of the future*.

Now, for the first time, it may be said, since the era of the Reformation, Romanism has separated her cause from the cause of civil governments, and has openly professed that she “fights for her own hand.” It is impossible to reflect with any degree of attention upon the efforts which she is making over the continent of Europe, without being led to discern a purpose and a plan in the well-timed and well-ordered enterprises, by which temporal authorities are checked and embarrassed, and nations are habituated to the aggressions of spiritual dominion. It is impossible to reflect upon the extent to which religious confraternities of laymen have multiplied in modern times, and upon the worse than childish absurdities, the drivelling superstitions, which serve as pretexts for such associations, without becoming biassed towards a persuasion that the professed, cannot be the real, purpose for which they have been formed; and that something is concealed beneath an absurd and fantastic pretence, of so much importance as to explain the conduct of rational men who lend the authority of their names to falsehood and folly, for the sake of some great end thus iniquitously promoted.* And, in truth, the end, at least the great effect of these sodalities, seems suffi-

* Henrion in his *History of Religious Orders*, a work of high authority in the Church of Rome, instructs us that it is “since the institution of the immortal society of Ignatius” these congregations have been formed, or at least have become effective, and that the rules of the congregations are generally conformable to those of the Jesuits, who were, if not their direct authors, at least their constant protectors. “The reason,” he adds, “is plain. The Jesuits were the natural enemies of Protestantism which had pretended to renew society—qui avait prétendu renouveler la société. These formidable antagonists opposed faith to freedom of judgment, charity to toleration and philanthropy,” (singular opposition truly, “la charité à la tolérance et à la philanthropie,”) “and as Protestants addressed themselves to the masses, to the inferior classes, whom they seduced by flattering their pride of intellect and the passions of their hearts, the Jesuits in their turn sought to renew the masses in a spirit of faith and charity (cherchaient à renouveler les masses dans un esprit de foi et de charité). For this they found it necessary to create for themselves auxiliaries, to secure points of contact with the people, and congregations thenceforth multiplied *ad infinitum*. “Gloire donc à la Société de Jésus,” is Monsieur Henrion’s exclamation. “Elle a été pour beaucoup dans le bien qui s’est opéré, elle doit être pour beaucoup dans notre reconnaissance.”—*Histoire des Ordres Religieux* Liv. Quatrième, chap. 1.

It would appear that during the period in which Jesuitism was apparently extinct, it was really existing under the name of some sodality or congregation. The society of the Sacred Heart, it is now known and acknowledged, served for some time as its mask and instrument. The Abbe du Pradt, Archbishop of Malines, had mentioned this circumstance in his *Jesuitism, Ancient and Modern*, and the tenor of the devotions, framed for the use of the confraternity, corroborated the Abbe’s statement. The matter is now placed beyond dispute or doubt by the testimony of M. Henrion. While it was somewhat less clear, all connection between the sodality and the Jesuit society was stoutly denied by the Maynooth professors. The sodality had been introduced into that seminary. Nearly two hundred members had been enrolled in

ciently apparent. They are eminently calculated to release minds from the prejudices of country and home; they facilitate the distribution of the multitudes, which constitute physical force, into manageable masses, and (a matter of some importance) they swell and sustain the amount of ecclesiastical income, supplying a machinery by which, if the moral evils of the voluntary system are not removed, the inconveniences at least, arising out of its precariousness and parsimony, are, to a great extent, counteracted. It is not matter of accident that societies, with such recommendations as these, have so multiplied of late years, as to have become the occasion of very ambitious speculation.

It is not matter of accident that priests and pontiffs have not been discouraged or dissuaded from promoting them by the impiety of the pretences on which they were professedly formed. And when it is found that, at the same time, the doctrines are exalted, which invest the spiritual power with temporal authority, thus releasing ecclesiastics from the obligations of allegiance to the sovereign or the state; and anticipations are avowed of the change to be effected through the agency of those confraternities which "efface nationality" from the feelings of the people; it is not easy to disregard, as a vain and thoughtless boast, the predictions which are too often heard, that a great

it. A Jesuit had for a time held high office in the College, and had exercised privileges of instruction, even after his connection with the seminary had ceased, such as were confided to no other stranger. These circumstances, perhaps, influenced the Commissioners to enquire more minutely than otherwise they would have thought necessary, into the character of the sodality of the Sacred Heart; but their examination was attended by no useful result, except the boldness and the frequency with which any connection between the sodality and the Jesuits was denied, may be thought to furnish a useful lesson.

The following is the account given by Mr. Henrion in the work already quoted, a work in such esteem that it has been reprinted at Brussels by the National Society for the propagation of good books, with the express approbation of the Ecclesiastical Censor. "The suppression of the Jesuits, to which Rome had reluctantly assented, had left in France poignant regrets in the hearts of the friends of religion; the revolution succeeded in fully exposing the imprudence of a measure which had taken away useful supports from the sanctuary. Full of these ideas, some young ecclesiastics, whom our first disasters had forced to fly into Belgium, (amongst others the Abbe Charles de Broglie, son of the Marshal, the Abbe de Tournely, of the Diocese of Mans) conceived the project of re-establishing a society which had rendered such services to religion and letters. By the advice of the Abbe Pey, an ecclesiastic *as pious as he was wise*, they did not take the name of Jesuits, that order having been suppressed by the Holy See, but "that of the Sacred Heart."—*Livre Troisième, chapitre 6.*

The examinations on the subject of this sodality, reported in the Appendix to the Eighth Report of Irish Education Enquiry, especially where the Rev. Messrs. Dowley and Kenny and the Most Rev. Dr. Murray were the witnesses, may interest the reader who can find time and inclination to study them. Mr. Kenny said "*this sodality has never been under the direction of the Jesuits, to my knowledge.*" Dr. Murray said, "I never understood that it was particularly connected with the Jesuits." These gentlemen may have been, no doubt, sufficiently unacquainted with the history of the Jesuits to be exculpated from the guilt of falsehood; but it is somewhat curious that the work of Du Pradt, Archbishop of Melines, had been published before their examination, and that in it the Sacred Heart is enumerated among the disguises assumed by the Jesuit society while preparing the way for its restoration.—See *Du Jesuitisme Ancien et Modern, chap. 22.*

The evil to be complained of is, not the clandestine use to which the sodality has been employed, but the impiety which it strives to perpetuate. Adoration of the Sacred Heart!! Adoration of a muscle!! of a bodily substance which had never included in its province functions of thought or feeling!! And this is to be adored! And a society is formed which is to take "a muscular part of the animal body," incapable of thought or apprehension, for the object of its worship, and thus make it a God. Surely if the anonymous advantages, derivable from the society, were not regarded as compensating a wickedness like this, the enormity would not be so long tolerated.

The truth is, Romanism is lapsing into Socinianism. Its politics and superstitions "that way tend." We may have, in due place, more to say on this subject; at present we shall merely add, that the rites of Romish worship accustom votaries to regard the Lord Jesus as one of many mediators, and thus insensibly prepare them to entertain doubts of his divinity.

and general revolution is at hand, and that Romanism is every where to guide it.*

In such a state of things it is impossible not to feel some anxiety and even alarm respecting the course of education through which students for the Romish mission in Ireland are conducted in the continental seminaries, especially those of France and Belgium. We believe that in these countries the principles of La Mennais,† with the exception only of those which favour personal liberty and freedom of worship, are almost universally adopted. The advantages of the Ultramontane system have recommended it to the acceptance of the entire priesthood. The fiction of papal infallibility confers real power, and in the present feebleness of the papacy, brings with it no practical inconvenience. Kings are outbid by the people in their offers for an alliance with the church; and thus Romanism has acquired a character, in some respects peculiar to these later times, a character in which the dogmas of religious intolerance have become reconciled with democratic principles, and with practices of the loosest popular license.

The temper of the age is favourable to the efforts which the Church of Rome is making. Infidelity, by which, some highly gifted interpreters of prophecy affirm, and probably with reason, she is finally to be subdued, now stands her friend. Indifference to what are termed religious or controversial discussions is not less characteristic of the upper classes of society, than an aptitude to receive impressions from their priests is descriptive of the multitude. Thus is the progress of Romanism facilitated. She can spread her snares for the illiterate, secure against disturbance, not alone from compunctious visitings of her "scared" conscience, but also from the inquiries or the rebukes of the reflecting. Provided that the engine does its work, he who looks to nothing but results, concerns himself little with the principle on which its power is dependant. Those, and they

are many, who see in Romanism nothing but a machinery by which society, in this present life is affected, are indifferent to the contrivances by which its purposes shall be accomplished. If it exert an influence upon masses of men by which useful results are attained, it has answered the ends for which they would have it established; and superstition, and even vice, become respectable in the judgment of political men, if they do the state the service of rendering its task of government easy.

Availing itself of this "indifference," Romanism has won respect, or at least, deference from those whose very contempt for the arts by which it has become entitled to their favour, was the means of rendering its artifices successful. It has appealed to the most ignoble sentiments and affections of man's nature, and in impostures too gross and palpable to be hazarded, if it felt itself jealously observed, has offered attractions to the credulous, and the crafty, and the superstitious, by which it has greatly enlarged its borders.‡ It has sounded the depths of human ignorance, and presented allurements to engage all the vanities and the corruptions of the human heart in its favour, and has, to a considerable extent, succeeded, by the variety of forms and fashions in which it has set forth modes and subjects of devotion, ever unedifying but ever new, in betraying all who are susceptible of religious influences into engagements of which it alone experiences the advantage.

Nor are its practices and arts altogether without some more plausible title to the success which has attended them. The priests and the confraternities they govern, have assumed almost the entire direction of public education. The most delicate duty connected with this momentous trust, appears abandoned to them by governments, and in numerous instances, willingly surrendered to them by parents. Those who have power given them over the coming generation, are seldom without power over that which

* Qui pourrait, en effet, nier la révolution qui nous enveloppe et nous presse de toutes parts? Nous voici au moment où, comme dit M. de Maistre, les peuples seront broyés pour être mêlés; nous voici à l'époque où à la corruption va succéder une réforme fondamentale dans la philosophie, dans la littérature et dans les lois. *Les nationalités s'effacent on ne veut plus être compatriote que de ses doctrines. Une pensée Catholique préside à ce mouvement universel, &c.*—Histoire des Ordres Religieux.—Avant propos.

† See By-Ways, chap. xiv. in our April Number.

‡ Not by conversions from Protestantism, but from indifference and alienation in countries called "Catholic."

is passing away. Parents, whose children are drawn by love towards their religious teachers, however they may despise the instruction, will be sensible of the kindness in which it is imparted, and will be grateful for it. Parents solicitous respecting their children's habits and morals, may be taught to think that the discipline of the school and the confessional is exercised only for good; while, through this discipline, discoveries may be attained respecting domestic secrets, such as render the preceptor and confessor truly formidable.

But yet, although they know the secrets of the mansion, their wish is not the same with that of Juvenal's Greek confidants, and, powerful as they are day by day becoming, they are not dreaded. Their power is growing up so tranquilly, that the wise in their generation look upon its increase with indifference and even with approbation. The objects of their sodalities appear frivolous; the doctrines by which they are recommended appear false; but the uses to which they serve both in church and civil government, are believed to be important and real. The myriad of religions in old Rome, Mr. Gibbon instructs us, appeared equally true to the multitude, equally false to the philosopher, and to the statesman equally useful. Modern Rome, perhaps, exhibits as diversified a spectacle; and the societies or "religions" into which it is distributed, are regarded with no less favour by the directors of the system to which they are made subservient—with no less contempt by the philosopher who discerns their absurdity and untruth—and with no less complacency by the politicians, who derive from them a temporary convenience. How is Irish Romanism likely to be affected, and how has it been affected by the acquisition of artifices and embellishments thus prevailing, and we might, perhaps, with reason, add, thus pernicious?

In addition to the one truth for which we have already given Mr. O'Connell credit, we are bound to acknowledge another. He stated truly that priests educated in France before the revolution, were trained up in principles of what might be termed ultra-loyalty towards the House of Stuart, but which, (Mr. O'Connell adds, and here we express no opinion,) on the demise of that race, merged into unaffected attachment to the reigning family. The successors of these loyal ecclesiastics were prepared for their duties by a more democratic training; but it would

be reasonable to surmise, so far as the France of the revolution or the empire could direct their studies, by a training less favourable to the development of ultra-montane predilections, by a training as little likely to promote a spirit of blind submission to the Pope, as to induce a hearty devotedness to the sovereign. But the revolution and the empire passed away. "Catholicism" (as in courtesy the papal schism is called) and kings returned, and with them appears to have come Mr. O'Connell's serious alarm lest the arrangements made for the education of missionaries to Ireland might prove ruinously successful in vitiating the loyalty of that "most exemplary priesthood."

Alarm is not, necessarily, groundless, because the individual who professes to experience it, is, or resembles, Mr. O'Connell. We confess ourselves not without apprehension; because we believe the Romanism of France to be, in its religious principles, if we may use the term, ultra-intolerant, and in its political, ultra-liberal—because we believe the system to be ultra-rigid in its enactments respecting professions of faith, ultra-lax in its license respecting moral practices—because we believe the course of discipline and instruction calculated to engender infidel opinions, and to teach the arts and familiarise the practices by which superstition may be imposed on; because we dread the combination, in one man, of priest, infidel, republican—and because we fear that the French seminaries are preparing such ecclesiastics for our afflicted country.

These considerations are sufficient to show that the sin committed by the British legislature, in maintaining a college for the education of the Roman Catholic priesthood, (like our other natural trespasses) is uncompensated by any political advantage. Iniquity, indeed, may complain that it has never had fair play in England. Its enterprises are uniformly stamped with a character of irresolution and incompleteness. It wades into the depths far enough to make manifest the criminality of its attempt; but it dares not struggle on to the attainment of its purposed object. There is always good enough in England to debar the nation the benefits which might have accrued from crime. Sin may prevail so far as to do a deed of partial destruction, but it has not, as yet, in instance, been permitted to carry its design by building up an edifice the ruins of the fabric it has demo-

ed. The virtue and religious principle of a people accustomed to truth, resume their influence before the work is finished, and render the effort abortive. Thus it happens that the politics of pure expediency usually have "ill luck" among us; "I dare not, waits upon I would;"—and a scheme of iniquity, ample enough to comprehend profit as well as crime, shrinks and contracts at the touch of principle or fear, so as, while retaining its character of guilt, to exclude all the expected advantages.

So has it fared with the sinful expe-

rimment of Maynooth. It has been anteduced by all the evil consequences anticipated by the unregarded wise men who vainly protested against it, and it has belied every promise by which it had been, if we may use the expression, empirically recommended. It has not improved the theology, or mitigated the intolerance, of Romanism. It has not conciliated the affections of Irish Romanists. It has not protected the country against the influence of foreign education. It has not relieved education from the secrecy* in which it is conducted here at home. It has,

* The information acquired from the professors at Maynooth was by no means clear or full, on matters of much interest and importance. It could not be learned from them, for instance, how students in the library were to ascertain the books which they were prohibited to study, although it appears that the introduction of improper books into the college was a crime incurring the penalty of expulsion. It appears, also, that the college keeps no record of expulsions, notwithstanding their frequency—four, at an average, taking place every year.

EXPULSIONS.—"No minute is entered or registry kept of the students who are either removed or expelled from the house. But every year an account of all expulsions is submitted to the trustees, and each bishop is made acquainted with the removal of any student who had been recommended by him. The number of those who have been expelled during the thirteen years in which Dr. Crotty has been president, may, he thinks, be estimated at from three to four in each year."—*Eighth Report of Com. p. 13.*

The trustees are all Roman Catholics. The acting trustees, we believe, are, almost exclusively, Roman Catholic Bishops. According to the practice of the college, therefore, notices of expulsion are given to Roman Catholics. The visitors (who are partly Protestants) on behalf of the crown, are left in ignorance. By the act of incorporation, passed in 1795, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Chancellor, the Chief Justices, and the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, were nominated trustees—by an act passed in August, 1808, they ceased to be trustees, and became visitors. Since the year 1808, therefore, government has, officially, known little of the expulsions which have taken place at Maynooth, or of the circumstances under which so extreme punishments have been inflicted. The following extract from the examination of the Rev. B. Crotty, president in 1826, is worthy of some attention:

"It has been stated in a pamphlet, published by Mr. Keogh, that between the period of the foundation of Maynooth College, and the year 1810, not fewer than ninety students had been expelled from the institution—do you consider that to be true?—I cannot say, not being in the house or the kingdom at the time," &c.

"Is there any minute made when a person is expelled?—None, except for the purpose I mention, of letting the trustees know at the end of the year."

"Is not there a book in which a minute is made for that purpose?—No," &c.

"Will you state, as nearly as you can, what number you think have been expelled since you have been president?—I have been president now nearly thirteen years, and I think, on an average, that the number expelled might amount to three or four each year," &c. &c.

"Have any persons been expelled, since you were appointed president, on account of their political principles?—Not one.

"Or for any political principles?—No."—*Appendix to Eighth Report, &c. pp. 60, 61.*

From 1795 to 1810, the expulsions amounted to ninety, and were, principally, occasioned by political causes. From 1813 to 1826, they amounted to forty or fifty, but were in no instance visited for political conduct or opinions. In the former period, Protestants, namely, the judges, were officially cognizant of these punishments—in the latter, the arrangements adopted at Maynooth excluded them from such knowledge. The problem will admit either of two solutions. The political opinions of students improved within the latter period—or else, Maynooth discipline is more indulgent, when relieved from the supervision of Protestant trustees.—*ibid.*

LIMITED BOOKS.—Dr. Crotty having said that students had been expelled

in short, fulfilled no one of the expectations which craftsmen and statesmen taught the country to entertain; but it has made England participator in a grievous sin, and it has armed Romanism from her resources, and emboldened Romanism by her concessions, and encouraged hopes, neither irrational nor inoperative, that the college which royal munificence had instituted and

endowed, was but the seed of a mighty establishment, by which, in time, all the land was to be overshadowed.

Language like this, when applied to the college of Maynooth, has now lost the character of novelty. Indeed there are but few politicians of modern times who would not introduce into the royal seminary some measure of reform. But, as to the nature of the

chiefly for violating college rules, mentioned, among the instances, that two had suffered "for introducing improper books." He was asked, during his examination—

"Have you, in point of fact, a list of prohibited books?—We have in the college library a list of prohibited books, which was printed in Rome; but we do not consider ourselves bound by it in this country; the president is supposed to have the right of prohibiting any books that are immoral, or against the Christian religion," &c.

"Is any list of the books they are forbidden to read shown to them when they come in?—No list is shown to them, but they get a knowledge of the few books that we insist on not being introduced. There is a general order that they shall introduce no books without letting the dean know what they are; if they show the book to the dean, they will be told that is not a proper book for them to have, if it happen to be a work of that description."

"Are the books that each student brings in examined by the dean?—Yes."
—*Appendix to 8th Ed. Report, p. 61, Rev. Dr. Crotty.*

Thus far the president. The prefect of the Dunboyne establishment, who is also librarian, testified as follows:—

"Is there a list of prohibited books?—*There is not, strange as it may appear.*"

"But the prohibited books were, I presume, originally pointed out by the president or librarian?—Such has been the regulation of the library before my appointment, and I have been forced to allow things to go on in the same way. I proposed certain regulations for the government of the library to the president, and even to the board of trustees, but they refused to sanction them, for wise reasons, no doubt," &c.

"Is it a part of the regulations that a student, wishing to take down any particular book, should apply to the assistant librarian, to apprise him of the fact, in order to afford him an opportunity of exercising his judgment as to whether the book is proper or no?—The permission of the assistant librarian, as to books, is not always asked by the students reading in the library; according to the existing regulation they have free access to all the books."

"Nor any permission?—Nor any permission whatever."

"Then how is it known whether the students are reading proper or improper books?—THE ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN KEEPS A WATCHFUL EYE ON THE CONDUCT OF THE STUDENTS IN THE LIBRARY, AND IF HE HAPPENS TO SEE THEM READING IMPROPER BOOKS, HE INTERFERES AND PREVENTS THEM," &c.

"What do you conceive the numbers to be that resort to the library one day with another?—I consider that one day with another, there may be upwards of an hundred who go to the library, for all the divines, as I mentioned before, are admitted, even those who have not been four years in the house, and the divines are at present, I think, about 170."—*Appendix to 8th Report, pp. 184, 185, Rev. N. Slevin.*

Two students were expelled, it appears, for the offence of introducing Roderic Random and the Emile of Rousseau—to read a work of anatomy or surgery would also provoke punishment; and the abominations and spuriousness of all the casuists are free to the youth, whose delicacy is thus carefully guarded. "To the pure all things are pure" might surely be pleaded in favor of Bell or Cooper, as well as in favor of Sanchez or Denis; but they order matters otherwise at Maynooth. The librarian, it appears, thought it desirable to have an *index prohibitorius*. To play the spy on a hundred students was neither an easy nor an agreeable task, and he would substitute for the ungentlemanly office assigned to him a test by which students could be more becomingly warned. The trustees, "for wise reasons," disregarded his suggestions. We cannot see the wisdom. This, however, was the effect—that the commissioners of inquiry were left in ignorance of the books prohibited and permitted.

THE BIBLE.—"Mr. Baptist Noel informs us that the students of every class are freely permitted to read the scriptures in their hours of leisure, &c. &c. No restriction is laid upon any student. So far, indeed, from that, it is, on the contrary, a rule

reform, opinions are divided. Some would endow the college so liberally as to amplify its accommodations to the full extent of the spiritual wants of the Irish people, in a hope that the institution so favored would recompense the bounty of the nation, by adopting, in its course of instruction, a more comprehensive and a more generous system of theology. Some, hopeless of being able to improve that which is, in its very essence, evil, call out, whenever they speak of it, for justice and judgment, "cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" Some, too conscientious to approve, too cautious to condemn, acquiesce, with a sigh, in measures which they would think it criminal to have originated, and do not protest against the annual trespass which they deplore, because it is now a habitual evil, and of forty years' continuance. All Protestants, however, of all parties, feel and confess that the maintenance of Maynooth, in its present condition, suggests matter for by no means comfortable reflection.

That this subject is not without difficulty, we freely admit; but the difficulty, so far from being insurmountable, is really not great, and appears formidable only, or chiefly, because it is not steadily looked at. It must, however, seem formidable, until a searching and comprehensive inquiry has been instituted into the constitution of the college, and into the character of its instruction. This is indispensable as a pre-requisite to the attempt at reform. The inquiry ought not to be denied or delayed. Roman Catholics could not honorably object to it, because the charges preferred against the college are grave and many. Protestants have a right to demand it, because they have a right to be satisfied that they are not taxed, as has been strongly insisted, for the maintenance of a seminary where principles flagitious and abominable are recommended as religion. Justice demands the inquiry, that it may be ascertained, whether the state can indeed be pronounced an accessory to the commission of crime, by its patronage

of the college that each student should furnish himself with a copy of the Douay bible on his admission."—*Ireland in 1836*, pp. 343.

In confirmation of this statement, Mr. Noel quotes the testimony of the president and some professors, who affirm that there is a rule such as he describes, and he gives a list of students examined before the commissioners, who, each of them, declared himself to be in possession of a bible.

"Each, also, of the following students, examined by the commissioners, said that he possessed a bible:—

Anthony Reynolds, humanity class.

Patrick Leahy, rhetoric class.

George Chapman, logic class.

Edward Haylward ("Aylward," the H is a "generous asperation") mathematical class.

Rev. Thomas Furlong, Dunboyne class."—*P.* 347.

In this chain of testimony, there is one link wanting. It is the link which should be found between Patrick Leahy and George Chapman, and which should contain the evidence of Mr. James William M'Gawley, a student in the logic class, the report of whose testimony occupies a page and a half interposed between that of Messrs. Leahy and Chapman. Mr. Noel appears most unaccountably to have overlooked it. Mr. M'Gawley is asked, "Are you possessed of a bible?" His answer is—"No; but I can have the use of one when I want it." This answer explains Mr. Noel's omission. He read Mr. M'Gawley's evidence—saw that he was not possessed of a bible—and very properly left him out in his enumeration. But how shall another omission be explained? Mr. M'Gawley is asked, on the 13th of Nov. 1826—

"Is not it the rule of the college that every student shall be possessed of a copy of the bible?—I UNDERSTAND IT IS, SINCE THE BEGINNING OF LAST YEAR, WHICH WAS, I BELIEVE, THE FIRST IN WHICH SUCH AN OBLIGATION EXISTED."—*Appendix to 8th Report*, p. 427.

This is strange. A commission to inquire into education in Ireland is appointed June 14, 1824. The College of Maynooth resolves, in 1825, that every student shall possess a bible. Various professors and students, in 1826, give testimony to the existence of this rule, but omit to notice its date; and Mr. Noel quotes their evidence. One student, whose evidence he must have read, shows how very recent was to which he had attached so great importance. The evidence of this Mr. Noel has omitted.

of a most vicious system of education?—whether it should be regarded as an accomplice of the culprit, whom, having first seduced into guilt, it punishes by ignominy or death.

These are cogent reasons for inquiry; against it we know of no valid objection. Timidity can create many which seem strong, and the weakest is not too feeble for indolence to be dismayed at it. All objections, however, in the least degree specious, have a vice which condemns them. They are all partial, or, as it may be said, one-sided. They have their origin in an insufficient consideration of the case—a consideration which assembles all the possible difficulties and dangers of inquiry, and dismisses all its probable advantages. We freely admit that an inquiry, to be prosecuted with effect, would be toilsome and disagreeable, that it would furnish occasion and topic for some agitating harangues, and that it would furnish a pretext for entertaining or encouraging, for a time, extravagant expectations; but we are sure, conducted as it might now be, with the lights of late years to direct it, it would end in disabusing multitudes of Roman Catholics, and would pour a flood of beneficial light on the parties into which the Protestant population of the empire is divided.

Romanism profits very sensibly by being protected against inquiry. In her outward materiel, her visible form, her machinery, if we may so say, she can accommodate herself to the necessities of the times. She can adjust the array of her “sections” according to the prevailing humour of the day. *We live in an age of light, as it is call-*

ed, and an age of utilitarian principle. Works of mercy and usefulness exceed in marketable value, works of mortification. Accordingly, squalor and mendicancy are withdrawn from the prominence assigned to them in happier days. Sisters of charity prosecute their benevolent labours in the city. Trappists and Josephians reclaim the rugged and ungenial soil in rural districts; and the economist and the agriculturist, and the liberal politician, are invited to judge of Romanism by the shows thus wisely contrived for them, and are often induced to say, with amiable indifference, that they have no time to inquire into dogmas, but are satisfied that doctrine cannot be wrong where the system works so admirably.

What they cannot do—what is not to be expected from persons busied in occupations such as theirs, and so engrossing, the state, because it has a clear duty, should take upon itself to accomplish. It can yet ascertain the character of Romanism as exhibited at Maynooth. It has yet the power to show Roman Catholics the doctrines they are responsible for holding, and the things they “ignorantly worship.” *This it can do—how long? It can do so now. Whether the period of power will be mercifully extended, we do not know. If it pass away unimproved, although we believe popery in Ireland will cease, because we believe it sustained by alien and unenduring supports, and unsuited to the times and to the natural character of the Irish people, we yet believe that it will endure long enough to inflict upon England sore vengeance for her neglect.*

POOR MARGARET.

FROM THE GERMAN.

At length we behold once more the festive eve of Whitsuntide, on which each year we used to retire with our mother to a countryhouse, situated some miles from the city, in one of the loveliest districts of Germany. My father's occupations detained him in town, and seldom permitted him to visit us on week days; yet he came regularly every Sunday evening to remain with us until Monday, and usually brought along with him as many guests as our fine commodious house could conveniently contain. A

merry time they made of it there, just like the life my parents lead in town during the winter, with card playing and endless feasting; for my father loved the pleasures of society and of the table. Our excellent mother, however, preferred the calm retirement of a country life, to which she had been from youth accustomed, to living in the city, although she never expressed such a preference before my father; she loved him too well not to accommodate herself to him in every respect, and that, too, in such a way

that he never was aware that her ideas and wishes were at variance with his own. Whilst my father remained in the country, we children were obliged to be kept neat and orderly; as to going beyond the garden, into the meadows or the woods, it was not to be thought on; and, accordingly, it was with no small pleasure we beheld, on Monday morning, the long train of carriages issuing from the courtyard; then we had once more our free and joyous life, for our mother used to say that children ought not to be watched too strictly, otherwise they would never learn to help themselves in case of necessity.

Pleasant as was our life in the country, yet we preferred above all days, that on which we visited our summerhouse, and we used to rank the festival of Whitsuntide next to Halloween, in the number of our most delightful feasts; indeed, we used generally begin on New-Year's Day to study the calendar, and count how many days must elapse before the arrival of that happy period. The confusion in the house on such days, in consequence of the packing and unpacking of articles to be brought with us into the country, was our delight; we used to show ourselves as busy as if we were the persons principally interested, and were every instant running in the way of the servants, preparing our own little packages, and seeing that none of our possessions were obstructed or forgotten.

All these pleasures we had on this day once more enjoyed, our numerous playthings were unpacked and ranged in order, we had already traversed our extensive garden, with its shady bowers and terraces, and had announced our happy arrival to each favorite tree and play-place, and were now standing idle. Our mother, however, had still many arrangements to make for the celebration of the morrow, when our father was to follow us, with an unusual number of visitors.

"Go out into the air, children; it is a fine evening," said she, reading in our countenance the exhaustion consequent on our unusual exertions; we did not require her to repeat her advice; I and Matilda took little Alexis between us, and strolled down the hill on which our house lay, across the meadows towards the little wood, on whose edge we were ever glad to pluck the lovely spring-flowers that grew there so abundantly. We were

not afraid of venturing so far, for I was now a sensible girl of eleven years old, and Matilda was only a year younger; besides, our mother was pleased that we should play over the wood. By means of a large telescope in the green-house, she could, from time to time, look after us, and see what were our pursuits, and thus, as it were, held us under her eyes.

As we approached the wood, I had gone a short distance to pluck a Forget-Me-Not which I wished to bring my mother, when I suddenly heard Matilda say to Alexis, "what's the matter, now? you need not be frightened;" and, upon turning round, I beheld a tall white figure rising from the mound which our mother had caused to be constructed for us on the edge of the wood, and slowly advancing towards us. It was a female, rather elderly, as I then considered, at least as old as our mother, whose thirty-second birth-day we were very soon to celebrate. This female was dressed neither as a lady nor a peasant; yet in such a peculiar way that I could make nothing of her. She wore a long, close-fitting white robe, very like a lady's, but she had no farthingale (a sort of short hooped petticoat without which no lady could beseen about forty years ago); besides, she had no hood on, and was neither frizzled nor powdered; her fair hair was parted and combed smooth on both sides, and tied behind in a thick sort of knot.

At the present time she might have shewn herself anywhere in such attire, without attracting observation, yet, then she appeared to us exceedingly singular. Her countenance was as white as her dress, and her dark blue eyes beamed with a melancholy smile, as she looked sorrowfully yet kindly towards us. All that our old attendant had ever told us of elves and fairies at this moment flashed on my mind, and from a whisper of Matilda's, I fancy she was not much better. Still I struggled for the credit of shewing myself a sensible girl—"Nonsense!" said I, "you know that there have not been any fairies this long time, and, even if there were, 'tis the wisest plan to be kind to them, and not to seem afraid; think of the three kings' daughters, the eldest of whom would not allow the poor old woman, who was really a fairy, to drink out of their water-pitchers, and out of whose mouths, ever after, there jumped a frog or a toad, every word they uttered."

Thereupon, though with some slight palpitation, I advanced resolutely towards this singular apparition, who did not look by any means so frightful, when near it, as at a distance; on the contrary, she seemed very handsome. I offered her my hand, and begged of her to sit down again on our grassy mound, seated myself beside her, and beckoned to my sister to do the same.

The stranger at first gazed at us with a curious and reserved air, without speaking, then turned aside towards the stream which flowed past at some distance, and followed its course with her eyes until it lost itself in the distant mountains; she then looked towards heaven and smiled at the small rose-coloured and violet summer clouds bordered with gold, as they seemed slowly to pursue the stream; her lips moved as though she were speaking to them, but we could not catch a syllable; at first we children were somewhat disconcerted by this singular conduct of this strange female, yet, as she continued friendly, although silent, we soon grew accustomed to her, and began to play as usual, and to weave garlands of the white and yellow flowers that grow in clusters in the woods. Before we had furnished ourselves, the female began to assist us, and wove them far more expertly than we could; she knew also where to gather, close by, much nicer flowers than ours; at times, too, she spoke to us, and the tone of her voice sounded as sweet and lovely almost as our mother's own, when she would sing of an evening beneath the linden trees near our house.

By degrees she became more intimate and talkative; at last she told us little anecdotes and tales, such as we had never heard before of flowers, and the brook, and the wild waterfall in the hills, and of the clouds which overspread the heavens; it seemed as if all nature were human beings, and yet she spoke of nothing but flowers, and clouds, and brooks, and waterfalls.

As everything she told us sounded so extraordinary, and yet so pretty, we listened to her so earnestly that we never thought of the lateness of the hour, until the full moon rose like a fiery shield, right above the stream—"We must go—we must go!" cried I, hastily. "Our mother will be uneasy about us." But now Alexis began to cry, complaining that he was tired and cold, and wanting me to carry him home. This, however, I neither could

nor dared to do, for our mother had forbidden it. I was in great embarrassment, not knowing what to do, when the strange female snatched up the little fellow from the ground. "Come, my dear boy," said she, "you are still young, and must be borne in tender arms; the time will come soon enough when thorns and briars will hurt your tender feet, and when you will have to find your own way over the rocks and raging torrents, poor little being! even you shall not escape the common destiny; enjoy the sunshine, laugh and play, my little lamb, that does not yet know whither his path leads him."

Matilda and I were much alarmed at her words, and clung to her arms on both sides, whilst she moved rapidly across the meadow with Alexis. "The fox is bathing, they say," said she, pointing to the mist which, after the heat of the day, was rising from the grass: "the people say so; but don't believe it, children; I know who is yonder spreading out his delicate veil to bleach it in the moonlight; I know it well, but I dare not mention it." Having said this, she went on quicker than before, we ran along with her, for we were very much frightened at heart; we soon reached the garden-door, before the hill on which our house lay, and she now set Alexis down on his feet. "Farther, I dare not," said she; "not into that great lighted house. In the dark wood, where night dwells, and the owl calls, there is my place, with the wild birds of the forest; on you, however, the rosy morning still smiles; may God protect you." She turned away, and was soon lost from our view amid the darkness.

Our mother came down the hill to meet us, and along with her, old Bridget, who had attended her when a child, and who now lived, both summer and winter, at our countryhouse. "You have staid out too long, my dear children," said she; "do not do so again; we should have been uneasy about you but that I saw you through the telescope, sitting quietly on the grassy mound: who was the woman that sat along with you, and carried little Alick in her arms?"

"We do not know her name," replied I, quickly; "but she is very good and kind; she played with us, and told us pretty stories, and wove such splendid garlands for us; only see how beautiful!"

"It must have been," interposed

Bridget, "the sister of the new forester who lives in the wood below, and who is here only since Easter; she sits every evening until sunset upon the young ladies' mound. I know nothing more of her, for the forester's people don't come much out of the wood, and ours have no time to trouble themselves about others; she must be from far, any way, for she wears a very strange and curious-looking kind of dress, the like of which has never been seen in this country; still, the new foresters must be fine people; even this sister sits the whole day at her bobbin-cushion, as I hear; and such lace as she makes is not to be matched for goodness, far or near; and so it is but fair to indulge such a fine industrious person, when she goes of an evening a little into the fresh air, after sitting the whole day cramped and tired.

The following day our father arrived, bringing along with him a numerous company of ladies and gentlemen; in those times this solemn festival was still celebrated with three holydays, during which all the strangers remained with our father; we were obliged to keep up stairs with the children who came with them, and durst not visit our favorite wood; yet, in the evening I used to peep once or twice through the telescope. Our unknown friend sat again in the usual place, and it seemed to me, as if she were looking round for us, and was uneasy at our not coming.

At length, the guests had once more departed, and as soon as evening approached, we sprang down to our grassy mound, enjoying in prospect the beautiful garlands, and the new stories which we hoped to hear; but we found the place deserted, and we waited a long while in vain, not only this evening, but many subsequent ones—the strange female appeared not. There now occurred some rainy days, on which mamma would not allow us on the wet grass; then came Sunday, when we were obliged to stay within. At last we made a new playground close by the garden wall, abounding in trees, where the loveliest violets and spring-flowers grew in countless profusion; and, in consequence, our grassy mound and the strange female were almost entirely forgotten.

One afternoon, however, whilst the sun was still high in the heavens, and I was looking through the telescope as

I used often do, I was quite surprised to perceive our unknown friend once more in her old place at this unusually early hour. I imparted the joyous intelligence to Matilda, and we hastened down the hill across the meadow towards the wood, taking little Alice once more with us, for he promised to be good, and not to annoy us again.

We made all the speed we could, for fear the female should go home, although it was so early; however, she did not think of stirring; she was so pale and exhausted that she was unable to rise from the mound to come and meet us, but she bowed affectionately to us as we approached.

"I cannot gather flowers for you tonight, my dears," said she; "I am sore tired, and have a long way before me—far, far, indeed!" though she smiled kindly as she spoke, yet there was something so melancholy in her tone, that Matilda and I burst into tears, and threw our arms round her neck, begging of her not to go; we promised also, to come every evening to the mound to wreath garlands, and have her tell us stories, and that we should so love her.

"Love me!" repeated she, and shook her head smiling, gazing on vacancy; "yes, that is it," continued she; "and so I will go into my own fair and lofty golden house, that is much more lightsome, and finer than yours; then shall poor Margaret no longer dwell in darkness, and she shall be loved again." As she said this, she turned her clear bright eyes towards heaven, and became at once so silent, as if she forgot that we were present; we were much distressed, yet we sympathized exceedingly with her; at last, I said, in a low tone—"we will pluck flowers for you, for we now know where they grow, and can you wreath us garlands today, and also tell us some story?"

"Pluck flowers! pluck flowers! before they wither; now is the time; go, go, pluck them for a garland," said she, somewhat more violently than she was accustomed.

We ran into the wood and soon returned to her with a number of beautiful flowers; I, in particular, had found in a small hollow, some, which I did not know, with graceful little stalks and white, yellow and reddish blossoms, and I brought her a whole bonnet-full of them.

"You have gathered lovely flowers,

my child," said she, kindly patting my cheek; "they neither wither nor change; they are the flowers of eternal truth. Leave them to me for a garland; I want such a garland, and I shall tell you the pretty story of the woodcock, whilst I am weaving."

I joyfully gave her the flowers, which I afterwards learned, and called "the everlastings," and we all three seated ourselves close beside her, to hear her telling the story of the woodcock.

"In a deep, dark forest," began she, as she wreathed the garland, "there once lay many single cottages; poor people, such as coalminers and woodcutters, dwelt in the gloom of the greenwood, and formed, as it were, a little village around poor Margaret's father's house; from one cottage to another was often more than a hundred paces; this was at times unpleasant; but still they maintained a good understanding together, like honest neighbours; helped each other in necessity, and were gay and joyous amid their poverty. Ah, me, it was a dear, and happy, and a merry life, in the dark green wood, but now it is gone for ever.

"Outside, however, on the very skirts of the forest, stood a lofty mansion, with an hundred windows, which gleamed as bright as the sun itself when sinking in the west; and, when night in her starry mantle was ushered in, then the light of an hundred waxen tapers from within, shone abroad over the country, and stole through the green leaves of the forest, as far as the little dark cottages of the poor people who dwelt therein. In this lofty mansion lived the father of a wondrous pleasing boy, with his family, in pomp and endless feasting, for he was great and mighty.

"The old people of the forest would at times shake their heads when this wondrous boy would spring past them so wild and daringly, crossing the rocky torrents and the chafing waterfalls, or on the highest cliffs chasing the roebuck from one to the other. We, young people, however, delighted in his bold beginning, and followed him as far as possible, wherever he went, but, above all, poor Margaret; how often has she tarried for him till the first dawn of morning? but he used ever be elsewhere than where he was expected. Often, when of an evening he seemed to have disappeared, so that no cry of anguish could reach his

ear, no eye could see him, poor Margaret has wept for him, until the brook before her father's house has been swollen with her tears, for she thought that he had fallen from the cliffs into some deep abyss and was lost for ever; but, then, when the blush of morning again appeared above the hills, to awaken the birds in the forest, there would the boy be sitting, high above Margaret's head, on a thick branch of the tallest beach, or rocking himself in the top of the slenderest fir, and singing his joyous song, in emulation with the birds, to greet the coming sun. We children called him, on that account, the Woodcock; and he long preserved the name, and he used ever smile with pleasure when he heard it; surely he deserved the name, for he had wings like a bird, although we saw them not, or like an angel perhaps; for angels, too, they say, have wings.

"His form was delicate as a dream, his eyes were clear and bright, and grace and elegance were in his every act. When he would entreat, his tone was low, but it pressed home all-powerfully to the heart; and yet, he was still more powerful when his lips were silent and his eyes alone were speaking; then he first seemed properly to live, then was he more eloquent without speaking, than others, though they had ten thousand tongues. When he sat silent on the grass with poor Margaret, she would take courage, at times, and beg of him not to range about so wildly, setting in danger that life which was her's likewise. But he would tell her of the wild waterfall in the deep rocky vales, with their giant heads full of trembling snow-white locks, which he so loved, and how, when near it, a name, which he knew not, was ever called, and he must then climb higher up the rocks, to hear the voice no longer, but that it never ceased, enticing him still further, over the blue sea, to the hill upon the forest's edge, which the sun loves, and which the blushing morn, when the cold of autumn comes, hangs her purple mantle on, farther, farther, still without any rest.

"Years passed away, and we grew taller, and taller; he no longer climbed the rocks or the lofty trees; he became more quiet, but more affectionate to all.

"Poor Margaret often saw from far, his beloved form disappearing in the dark shadows, and followed him; he

would sit by the brook, whisper with the waves, talk with the evening breeze, and wake the echoes. At night he went through the woods, a fair star went by his side, yet Margaret durst never draw near when this holy light was with him; once she asked him, with tears, to tell her the name of this fair light; her heart needed to know it, if it would not break. 'Alma,' whispered he smiling; a cold damp veil was drawn over Margaret's face, and when she again opened her eyes, he had disappeared.

"On her way home to her father's house, she saw him sitting at a distance on the grass by the brink of the blue waters; he was listening to the little golden bees, and smiling as he played with the grasshoppers, which were swarming around him, bringing him news perhaps of his light, of his Alma."

The stranger here suddenly paused, becoming quite still and serious. The rays of the setting sun shone upon the little hill on which we were sitting—and innumerable yellow flowers, with which the grass around seemed, as it were, studded, began to wave in the evening breeze, rocking themselves on their almost viewless stems, as though they were animated, and were dancing gaily in the rays of the evening sun.

"See ye not! see ye not?" began the stranger again, "the lights are kindled, the feast begins, the elves are coming!"

So used it be formerly. The boy—though we still called him Woodcock—had long before fallen into fairy realms; for, mark it well, children! it is only what is fleeting, is fair. The warrior's life is fair, because each day he sets it on a cast, and daily takes farewell of it—the rose is fair, because the west wind quickly scatters here and there its tender leaves—the rainbow is the delight of angels, who glide down to earth upon it, because the slender bridge dissolves behind them, whilst its dazzling colors are dispersed in air. Echo, too, loves sound, because it most speedily repeats it, ere it dies away; and so the fairies, also, love the sons of men, because their short and fleeting life flies through the endless existence of undying spirits, like butterflies through the boundless blue of heaven. And the boy associates gladly with the lovely sprites, and forgets that he once had lived on as though it had never been.

Alma was the daughter of

Spring's first sunbeam. The elfin-king was her progenitor, yet was her mother a mortal of a dark stem, like poor Margaret even; and so the fair sun-child loved poor feeble men, and oft with her sire glided down into the dark valleys and aided him to nurse the tender flowers. She found the boy, who was then called Woodcock, slumbering in the grass, and took him for a flower, and nursed his tender heart. And so her name, which he could not yet pronounce, long before he saw her, resounded through his dreams; it called him, and enticed him from rock to rock, from the waterfall to the deep dark wood, and he must ever seek what still remained unknown. Yet Alma, from fear of her progenitor, the cold, strict king, durst not venture to reveal herself unto the boy before he be grown up. She would lurk amongst her playfellows, the little waves, that curled on the sea, or hide in the deep cup of the lily, or between the wings of the hovering butterfly. But all her servants she sent after him, all her messengers were fain to tell him of her. The humming bees, the varied butterfly, the tiny grasshopper, the birds of the forest—all whispered, and murmured, and sang her name to him; the May flowers cried to him from the valley, the auriculas, the daisies and the cowslips all greeted him with a beam from their eyes. He knew her long before he saw her, and, full of ceaseless longing, followed in her steps; and so the boy grew up to be a youth amid his dark playmates, yet he continued good and kind towards all, even towards poor Margaret.

Now had he become a man, and ranged about freely; but the waves were silent—the breeze was hushed—the bees had nothing more to tell—and what the woodbirds sung he no longer understood. His heart became sad and melancholy; he thought that it would burst with longing, when suddenly the much sought-for form stood before him in the dark green forest, in the usual dress of its inhabitants—a high, yellow straw hat, that shone like gold, shadowed her rosy countenance. He had never seen her, and he heard not his heart which whispered her name to him—therefore he asked her how he should call her? "Alma is my name," said the fair daughter of the sun: and now he recognised the name and the sweet voice which had lured him all his life over hill and valley; he wist now that it was Alma, of whom the

waves and the breeze, the flowers and the birds, the bees, the butterflies and the grasshoppers had ever told him. Even if his own heart had not echoed the name of Alma, still he must have learned it from the voice of nature, which loved him also, because Alma, the daughter of the sun, was his friend, which, for Alma's sake, used constantly support him with a watchful arm, lest he should hurt himself in his early wild sports, and which made him tread secure when he pursued, from cliff to cliff, the vast boundings of the timid roe. Nature gave him power over the beasts of the forest, over the lofty oaks, over the waves of the sea—and, oh! over the heart of poor Margaret! all must adore him as their king.

Alma went and came; but his heart was ever with her. When she walked with him over the green turf, the golden flowrets gleamed around her, and, waving their tiny heads, offered her a friendly greeting; but he named her his star of the woods, and was happy. Every evening she walked by his side through the high arched halls of the dark green forest, and when night wrapped both their holy forms in her wide mantle, then Alma's yellow hat gleamed like a clear golden star through the darkness, and where she went and stood, there was light all around. Poor Margaret saw it nightly from the small window of her chamber in her father's house, where sleep no longer visited her; yet she wept not any more, for the lovely pair were happy; and although her heart would at times stand still, as though it were tired beating, what use was in it?

When spring was over, Alma was to follow her progenitor, the stern ruler, far into his airy kingdom. Yet on the last and fairest day of spring, she escaped from him, and her beloved concealed her in a cleft of the deep dark forest.

Alma laid aside all her powers of enchantment. She became, as it were, a mortal, and loved like one—for love is the mightiest enchanter, who overcomes all others, and Alma's heart was his dominion. Ah, me! but these were happy days—fair, golden days, which they lived together. Poor Margaret often thought her heart must break with joy, that the lovely pair were so exceeding happy.

Summer flew by, and autumn was ushered in. The sunbeams warmed the lovely pair—they sunk beneath the rainy clouds like love in mourning;

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but the pair heeded not. The beams returned, indeed, again, but ever more seldom, later less brilliant, and for a shorter space. The lovers were not aware of it; they saw not the cloud which was gathering thicker and more threatening. Then the forest groaned, the mighty oaks creaked, the tops of the tall firs bowed to their roots—the ancient beech shuddered, quivering in every branch—the earth trembled. The mighty monarch came upon his dark car of clouds, drawn by eight snow-white horses. The rocks shook beneath their feet—white flakes were loosened by their tread and covered the whole land far and wide. The lovers should part from one another.

"Separate!" exclaimed the angry monarch.

He hated the stripling, who took his dearest from him, yet he loved his own kindred, and would gladly have forgiven the sun's fair child.

"Leave him!" said he, commandingly, "and follow me into my remote and airy kingdom. Obey me, or be for ever excluded from my realms. Wander, poor and needy, like other mortals on the dark earth—lose all vestige of thy immortal race—thy everjoyous youth—thy playmates, and thy friends. None of all these shall follow thee into the waste in which thou shalt remain banished; and even there, but for one short spring is it permitted thee to live."

"And he?" demanded the poor fair daughter of the sun, with a melancholy sigh.

"He dies with thee!" returned the stern judge.

"And if I leave him, and go with you?" inquired Alma, turning pale.

"Ask no farther," resounded from the air above her.

"Woe is me! woe is me!" cried Alma, weeping. "Well do I know, that all is then over with his poor short human life! What can earth give him if he loses me?—if my presence no more continues as a blushing morn to dissipate his night? Away, then, with thee, thou latent tie, that binds me to the higher realms!—with my beloved will I perish as a mortal woman. Pronounce, then, my doom, thou ruthless king! Thou, my ever loved, shall feel no pain in dying—my kiss has awakened thee to an higher life—my kiss shall lull thee to a sleep that knows no waking."

Fearfully rolled the tempest—black

clouds covered the sun—and the roaring hurricane still echoed to the lovers the angry words of the departing monarch. Spring, however, once more descended upon earth in its unrivalled loveliness. The first sunbeam which announced its coming saluted his daughter Alma and her lover—a calm and blessed melancholy pervaded their hearts.

Then poor Margaret did not weep alone—tears glistened in the eyes of every flower.

As spring passed away, the life of the loving pair faded with the violets and May flowers. On its last day was the angel of death to summon them. "But, no! no! they died not," cried she aloud, and springing, as if inspired with new life, from the grassy mound—"No! they never died! they are not with the dead! The people only wanted to persuade poor Margaret so, because, after the furious storm upon the last day of spring, they were never since seen walking through the wood. Alma's pure love-offering appeased the pure spirits of air—her kindred, the sunbeams, entreated for the lovely pair, and in the storm sent their cloudy messengers down to earth. They wrapped the lovers in their broad, gold-embroidered robes, and bore them to the kingdom of eternal light. No person will believe poor Margaret; but yet she often sees them yonder, hand in hand, fondly hovering to and fro in the rosy-golden veil, that trails far after them; and when, at even, the sun takes his departure from the earth, they follow the everlasting luminary. Now even, see ye not? yonder, in the west, behind the wood, Alma's gold and purple veil is waving aloft. See! yonder, yonder!"

She sank back exhausted on the mound, whilst, with her dazzling white hand, she pointed to a small summer cloud rising in the sky behind the wood. Her eyes closed as though she were asleep, and we were standing in great embarrassment, not knowing what to do, when the voice of man behind us suddenly exclaimed, "My poor sister! poor Margaret!" and a tall, handsome man, in a huntsman's dress, advanced from the wood to the grassy bank. "My sweet, dear sister," continued he, endeavouring, with great tenderness, to relieve the sufferer—"we did not wish to let you come out, not here at least, but who could withstand your entreaties?—I cannot do it."

"Come, dear Margaret! come home before the dew falls!"

Margaret opened her eyes, and smiled affectionately upon him, whilst she attempted to sustain herself on his arm, but her strength forsook her, her knees gave way under her, and she again sank upon the grass.

"My poor, poor sister!" said the forester, with a heavy, heartfelt sigh, and continued standing for a while in deep thought near her.

"My dear young people," said he at last, "will you remain a little while beside my sister? I earnestly entreat you—my horse is not a hundred yards from this—I will go for help, and be back in a few moments."

He instantly disappeared in the wood, and we remained standing near poor Margaret. There she lay, quite pale, but beautiful as an angel—her eyes fixed on the clouds, which were every moment becoming more magnificent. We felt a solemn yet pleasing awe, as if we were at church.

The forester now returned with two others, bearing a large easy chair, into which Margaret was carefully lifted, and then carried away, her eyes still gazing towards the clouds, and fast in her hands the garland of everlastings which she had woven. As they were entering the wood, she looked once at us, and, with a friendly smile, motioned with the garland as if bidding us adieu, and then disappeared from our sight.

We proceeded homewards in silence—even Alexis did not say a word, though at other times willing enough to chatter. Our mother and Bridget came to meet us at the hill. Our unusually silent bearing surprised the former, and she enquired if any thing unpleasant had occurred to us? I told her that poor Margaret, with whom we had again been sitting, and who had told us a beautiful story, had been taken so suddenly ill that she was obliged to be carried home, as she was unable to walk.

"I wished," said Bridget, "some time ago to represent to my lady that the young ladies should not be allowed to have so much intercourse with this Margaret. I have been inquiring after the forester folk, and though they are very respectable people, perhaps too much so for their situation, yet this Margaret is not only sickly, but she is also not right in her head. She often talks in a very queer way, and she dresses so strangely, that any one

may easily perceive that she is demented.

"Bridget!" cried I, indignantly, "how can you malign the innocent creature so? Whoever says such things, either don't know Margaret or are themselves not right in their head. I am sure that none of them, nor even you, Bridget, could tell us such a story as Margaret told us to-night. Sick she is, I am sorry to say, but not crazy. When we go home I will tell mamma every thing that I heard from Margaret to-day, and she shall judge for herself. I know, dear mamma, that the story of the woodcock will please you, and I am sure you will perceive that she is in her right senses, and will not forbid us to hold communication with her."

My proposal was accepted, and as soon as we were ranged as usual around our mother, I proceeded to fulfil my promise. My memory, which was considered extraordinary during my childhood, on this occasion rendered me good service. I did not forget even the slightest circumstance, and I repeated the story in Margaret's style almost word for word as I heard it from her lips. My mother listened attentively, and once or twice I imagined I saw tears glistening in her eyes.—Bridget, who sat as usual in a corner with her distaff, at first attended to my words, but at last began to nod.—Matilda, also, and Alexis were sleepy, and were obliged to be put to bed, so that towards the conclusion of my tale I was left alone with my mother and the sleeping Bridget.

I continued my narration, whilst my mother wept in silence, no longer able to conceal her tears. I was exceedingly concerned, and would have ceased, because my narrative so affected her, but she would not suffer it. I was obliged to continue, until I came to the place where the spirits of air waft the lovely pair in their broad mantle of clouds up into the heavens—

"No more, no more!" exclaimed my mother now—"it is enough, Francesca; forbear, my child!"

She continued to weep copiously for some time longer, whilst she drew me towards her, and pressed me fondly to her heart.

"You have told me a very pretty story, Fanny dear," said she at length, wiping her eyes; "but you need not be uneasy that it should so affect me as to cause me to shed tears. It has awakened my recollections of times

and occurrences long since past—of which you know nothing, but which I shall now impart to you. Every day you are growing bigger, and it is time that you should learn something of life's more serious character. In the morning we shall both go and visit your friend Margaret. I believe I shall find in her an old acquaintance of my youth. Bridget, do you remember the old forester, Hubert, at Lichtenhouse, and his two children, Antonio and Margaret?"

"Yes, my lady! the new forester in the wood below is called Antonio Hubert," answered Bridget, half asleep.

Yet upon my mother's repeating her question, she roused herself completely, picked from the floor her fallen distaff, seated herself at the table near us, and of her own accord hit on the idea, that the forester, Antonio Hubert and his sister Margaret, were no others than the children of the forester at Lichtenhouse.

"How forgetful people grow in their old age," said she. "Who would have thought that I should forget the old forester Hubert, and not recognize his son Antonio, whom I myself held at his baptism, when I was with my blessed master, the high huntsman, in the castle of Lichtenhouse? Oh! Miss Fanny, you should have seen your grandfather's castle—that was the place! It lay high up on a mountain, and you had the loveliest views from every window far over the country for miles—underneath, close to the castle hill, there was a vast and noble forest, and in it a village, in which the forester Hubert possessed the only tolerably decent house. Many a hundred time have I ran down the steep hill to ask the forest folk if they knew anything of young Theodore, when he would remain till late at night in the forest. What anxiety Theodore has caused me in my life-time! He was a precious wild boy, but so good and kind, and beautiful as an angel, and then he was so early taken! but I must speak no more of him, as it grieves my mistress."

"Good, indeed! and kind and beautiful as an angel," repeated my mother, lifting her eyes towards heaven. "Yes, indeed! such was my dear brother. Yet think not, Bridget, that I am sorry to be reminded of him. I often think of him in silence, and would not forget him, even if I could—at all events, I would hold his memory in respect; and therefore I shall, in the morning

seek out Margaret, who, I am sure, can be no other than the daughter of our old forester at Lichtenhouse. I will take care of her as a sister, for she loved my brother dearly, as he did her likewise. I will do all in my power to soothe and heal her poor broken heart, and then I trust in God her scattered senses will be restored again. I have often desired to be near her, if I could but have discovered where she has hitherto been living. Now, however, she is found, and from my heart I am delighted at it. Good night, dear Francesca! early in the morning we shall go with Bridget to visit poor Margaret."

The sun was scarcely risen next morning when I awakened my mother. As I went down the hill clinging to her arm, she commenced telling me the history of my uncle Theodore, which, she said, would teach me to discriminate between the actual and the story-world, although both of them were more nearly related than most persons were willing to believe.

"Lichtenhouse, my father's castle," said she, "where I was born, and where Bridget carried me in her arms during my early years, was just such as she described it to you yesterday evening, and Margaret has, in her story, meant nothing but our castle by her lofty, airy mausoleum! My brother Theodore was about a year younger than I, and of the same age with Margaret, the daughter of the forester, whose children were our play-fellows. Her brother Anton, however, was six or seven years older than we were, and consequently was less with Theodore. Our father had very early designed Theodore for the chase, for he was himself passionately attached to it, and an experienced sportsman, who considered a free life in the woods and forests the happiest on earth. On this account he never quitted his lovely country seat, to exchange it for the city, as his equals usually did. We resided both winter and summer at Lichtenhouse. My brother spent the greater part of his childhood ranging freely through the forest—that so his frame, by nature delicate, might, in the open air, acquire health, pliability, and strength, and that he might learn the proper use of his limbs, as every hunter must. All hours were alike to him—morning or evening, day or night. My father never expressed the least concern, though he came home late, or even many times staid

out all night. He knew, that all the people in the country, far and wide, loved the boy and watched over him, that he might receive no hurt. But his most devotedly-attached and most constant attendants were the children of the wretched village in the forest underneath the castle.—Margaret, the forester's daughter, followed him like his shadow in all his excursions—through ways, too, where the boldest and most active boys would stay behind. She was his favorite amongst all his play-fellows. She was a lovely, but singular child, and early distinguished from the other children by a certain warm sincerity, whilst her intellectual capacity was improved by her excellent and sensible father to a degree of refinement which persons in her rank but rarely reach. Theodore was altogether just as she described him, if we deduct a very few story-like improbabilities. I now recollect, too, that the children of the village had given him some surname—they used to call him woodbird or woodcock, because he took such pleasure in singing his joyous songs from the tops of the highest trees, after they had sought him long enough in vain beneath, and he used to delight in being called so.

As he grew older, indeed, his life took a more serious turn; he had teachers, amongst whom my father was first, to educate him for his intended profession of the chase and woodcraft, and he durst no longer range all day through the forest. Margaret remained his favourite; but she also was growing up, and becoming a maiden of uncommon, I might say captivating beauty—her whole being wore an impression of melancholy reverie, which gave her a very interesting appearance, but her former joyous, natural disposition seemed to be completely changed.

I was now eighteen years of age, and having married your father Francesca, removed with him to this country, then quite unknown to me, far away from all my friends, from whom I heard but seldom. Theodore indeed wrote to me at times, yet there seemed to me to be much that was wonderfully dark in his letters, as if some strange and heavy mystery was weighing upon his mind. This continued for two years, and I fell into great anxiety about my beloved brother, of whose exact circumstances I could learn nothing positive. An in-

describable longing for my friends, a homesickness inexplicable even to myself, took possession of me, and threatened to destroy my health, so that at length your good father thought it advisable to let me go home for some time, that I might convince myself that all was well there. The year was already far advanced, and winter was approaching with rapid strides, but my inward uneasiness would not suffer me to wait for the return of spring—I set out, despite of storms and tempests, so soon as I received your father's permission.

The day before I reached Lichtenhouse, I was assailed by a furious hurricane, such as had not been witnessed by the oldest people of the present century. The tempest uprooted the mightiest trees, snow and rain were mingled together, whilst the forked lightning thickly flashing, rent asunder the low black clouds, and seemed to announce the destruction of all living. Excessive anxiety overpowered me—it was not the natural terror occasioned by such an uproar of the elements that affected me, it was a deep presentiment of an approaching misfortune, the precursor whereof I beheld in this storm. With a painfully beating heart I descended from the carriage at Lichtenhouse; yet how different I found all there from what my fretted imagination had previously represented them.

My father came to meet me more joyfully than I had ever before seen him. Theodore's eyes beamed with inward happiness, and my sisters and other friends pressed around me with loud and joyful exclamations. In the midst of this dear circle I observed one stranger, of more than earthly beauty; such a lovely, delicate form, or a countenance with such an expression of heavenly purity and goodness, my eyes had never before witnessed. Theodore led her forward to embrace me—he bid me greet her as a sister, and called her his own Amelia, now for some hours his affianced bride! I almost sank under the joy that poured upon me from all sides.

I had never before seen my brother's bride. She belonged to a family with which we had no intercourse, although their castle lay but a few hours' journey distant from ours, on the opposite side of the forest, in a valley of exquisite beauty. Amelia's mother had received it as a present, upon the marriage of the crown prince, with whom she had

previously lived in an improper intercourse, but which was now abandoned. Amelia was the prince's daughter—her mother had afterwards married some one else; and there was so much infamy told of her and her way of living, that all proper persons avoided her society, and shunned coming at all in contact with her.

Amelia, however, was of a nobler nature. As a child she had respected and loved her mother, whose irregularities gave her much distress; and when she grew up, and her mother continued to plunge deeper in extravagancies of all kinds, she withdrew herself into the strictest solitude in a secluded wing of the castle, which was assigned for her occupation, and never appeared to the boisterous company, by whom, too, her presence was gladly dispensed with. Solitary walks in the neighbouring woods were her daily and only recreation. There it was that she and Theodore found each other—and now scarcely a day passed in which both did not meet in some silent lonely valley. No person knew the secret of their intercourse, except poor Margaret, and she preserved it faithfully and in silence. Yet what she may have felt in consequence of it, is known to God only, who beheld her tears.

My poor brother was not to be blamed for these tears. He had no idea of what was passing in her mind, and always continued attached to her with a brother's love; but his love for Amelia was different—her he loved as his life—as the apple of his eye—as his future happiness—as poor Margaret loved him!

The coarse, dissipated life which Amelia's mother led in the castle, had reached such a pitch, that her pure-minded daughter could no longer endure it—not only because she was daily persecuted by those who despised her for her loftier notions, but because she saw herself exposed to dangers, of which your innocence, Francesca, can form no idea. Theodore once found her in tears, on the brink of despair—she declared to him that she was resolved to fly as far as her feet could bear her, and that she would rather meet death itself than return to that abode of vice, where there was no longer any security for her. Thereupon Theodore placed her on his horse, and by wide circuits, succeeded in leading her unseen into his father's house. The castle was large and spacious, and

although our family was numerous, yet there was a suite of rooms entirely uninhabited. In one of these Theodore might easily have kept his love concealed for weeks, or even months—none of the domestics whose assistance he might require, would have betrayed him to my father! such was their inconceivable love and attachment to himself. This bold measure was his first idea; he wished to gain time, in order by degrees to make his father acquainted with his relations with Amelia, and to dispose him favourably to his love. But Amelia most indignantly rejected such a proposal—every sort of secrecy was hateful to her soul, and she had already suffered enough from being heretofore forced by her unhappy circumstances to see my brother at all in secret. She insisted, therefore, that Theodore should lead her that same hour to my father's presence, to intreat his protection for her. My father at first was furious—he called the step on which she had ventured rash and reprehensible; yet her enchanting loveliness and winning grace, her warm and humble supplications that he would not plunge her again into destruction, disarmed him. He promised her his protection, and consigned her to the care of my aunt, who since my mother's early death, had filled her place towards me and my sisters. He now endeavoured as soon as possible to gain more accurate intelligence of Amelia's mother, and of her mode of living. What he learned on that head, convinced him that Amelia was but too well justified in the extraordinary course she had adopted; and he hastened to the Crown Prince, by whom he was well known, to inform him of his daughter's present abode, and to request his permission for detaining her.

Amelia's princely father, being drawn away by other connexions and other inclinations, had almost entirely forgotten his former love, and his daughter's existence. He was now first, after a long while, reminded of the latter, and that in a way which awakened his most lively sympathy. He immediately ordered a great hunting party in the forest, which was under my father's surveillance, and made use of it as a pretext for visiting my father at Lichtenhouse, and for becoming acquainted with his daughter, whom he had scarcely ever seen. In the midst of the storm which overtook me on the road, and which was, indeed, of more fatal im-

port than even I myself could then anticipate, the Prince arrived at Lichtenhouse. What shall I tell you farther, Francesca! Theodore's pure and deep-felt love, and the touching resignation wherewith Amelia left her destiny to her father's heart, overcame prejudices of many kinds, which at first rendered both parents unfavourable to the marriage of the youthful pair. Amelia and Theodore were solemnly affianced to each other. Amelia herself was protected from all pursuit on the part of her incensed mother, and attended by the blessings of his children, the Crown Prince left my father's mansion a few hours before my arrival.

Happy, happy times now followed. Oh God, how unutterably happy we were all then!—how joyous were our hearts!—how calm, how free from all apprehensions of the fatal, withering, calamity that impended over us!

My brother's nuptials were appointed for St. John's day, when he completed his one-and-twentieth year. My husband gave me leave to remain until then with this circle of beloved friends. The long-expected day arrived. In pursuance of an old family custom, the marriage was to be performed at midnight. On a large open space in the forest there were tents erected for us, and the inhabitants of the country round, that we might there enjoy with our friends the pleasures of this gay occasion. The air was sultry, and the sun intensely hot; the bridal pair walked out alone into the shadow of the cool wood; the rest remained in the pavilions. Oh my Francesca! a storm that had long been threatening at a distance, suddenly burst over our heads, the rain poured down in torrents, the lightning gleamed, flash on flash, succeeded by incessant peals of thunder. Of a sudden the universe appeared to be in flames—we all trembled in silent awe—And now all was once more still—quite still.

"The wood is on fire," exclaimed one of the huntsmen. The people rushed out of the tents: a few paces off, the lightning had shivered the oldest and tallest oak of the forest! and oh, more still, far, far more!—the young bridal pair lay leaning against its trunk, in the highest bloom of happiness—God had called them to a better world!"

My mother having ceased speaking, dried the tears which slowly trickled down her cheeks, and proceeded before me in silence. I saw well her efforts

to subdue recollections too vividly excited, and would not dare to interrupt her, even if I could; but I myself was unable to speak a word—deep melancholy and secret awe oppressed me. At length we reached the forester's dwelling—a neat little cottage, with green jalousies, surrounded with woodbine, roses, and jessamine.

The forester, who was sitting at the door, stood up on our approach, and saluted us respectfully. My mother looked closely at him for a moment, and then went up to him, and kindly offered him her hand.

"Antonio Hubert!" said she, "don't you recollect Clara von Lichtenhaws?"

"It is she, indeed!" cried Antonio, surprised; "yes, it is yourself, lady. You are still the same, good and kind as you ever were. When I heard your name mentioned, I supposed that it was our own formerly loved and respected Miss Clara. Twenty times I was in the act of going to see you—but it could not be—it might have been very well—but it could not possibly be; and now you come of yourself, and just to-day too," added he with an half-suppressed sigh.

"My mother seated herself on the bank before the door, and compelled the forester to sit down beside her. She asked him to tell her something of Margaret, and of her intermediate life, before she should visit her herself.

"My children," said she, "have already formed her acquaintance, and love her with an affection inherited perhaps from me. I heard that she was not very well yesterday. How is she to-day?"

"Well! surely very well!" replied the forester, with solemn earnestness; and after a short pause added, "her history since that awful day is told in a few words. You may, perhaps, recollect, lady, that even some time before it, Margaret used to glide about pale and silent as a shadow, and at last never left her chamber, without still complaining of her peculiar weakness. The people said she was growing deep-sensed. What they meant by it I do not well know—before time there was always a deeper sense in whatever Margaret said or did—but I knew well that she was good and virtuous, and continued so, even though she seemed more reserved than formerly, and at times said things which all did not understand. I, however, always knew her meaning.

"That ever to be lamented occur-

rence crushed her entirely. It was, indeed, no wonder—it almost cost my aged father his life, and he did not recover the shock for a long time, for he had been standing quite close to the unlucky tree. You yourself, lady, were dangerously ill; and altogether things were so mournful through the whole castle, that in comparison we considered ourselves fortunate; and so we found it natural enough that none of you could think of caring for poor Margaret, who meanwhile lay motionless upon her bed between life and death. After two months, she recovered, indeed, so far, as to move about again; she saw after little matters in the house, and resumed her lace-making once more; but no entreaties, no questions, no representations, could gain a single word from her. Deep sighs, and plaintive looks, full of inward sorrow, were her only speech; and the deadly paleness that overspread her face when she heard the shocking tidings, never left it since. Never since that day have I seen her cheeks blushing with a trace of her once lovely complexion.

"In order to tear my sister from a place where each stone and tree served but to awaken the most painful recollections, I offered myself for a huntsman's place in a remote district—I obtained it, and Margaret willingly removed with me, as she always cheerfully did whatever I desired her. I got married in my new residence; my excellent wife paid every kindness to poor Margaret, and relieved her of every domestic task, in order to spare her health, which was growing every day more delicate. God sent us a pair of healthy children, that rendered our little circle more lively. The entire alteration of her mode of life, and the sight of things completely strange to her, had such a favorable effect on Margaret, that at last she began to speak, and even to evince some interest on what was passing. People who did not know her well, said she had not recovered her senses properly; but I understood well the meaning of her words, which were not by any means so confused as they seemed to those who did not know as I did, her heart and her sad story. She often spoke, sometimes with the birds of the forest, but oftener still with inanimate objects, with the flowers and the clouds. This, however, she had done from childhood. All nature seemed alive to her, as well as to him

also, who grew up in familiar intercourse with her, and won her heart's affections from her. The people however, never considered that; as for the rest she continued ever calm and gentle. It was only when there was a storm in the air, that we saw her moved by painful and restless anxiety. Who could censure her for that? In order to remove her from unpleasant remarks and inquisitive looks, I accepted some years after the situation offered me here, where I hoped to live in greater solitude. I thought too that a warmer climate and a prettier country than where we had been living, would be of use to Margaret, whose health visibly suffered in that cold bleak territory. I never dreamed, lady, that by such a resolution we should also come into your neighbourhood."

"My good Antonio!" said my mother, "hasten to prepare your sister for my presence. I long to see her again, and yet would not wish to give her a shock. I will weep with her, and console her. I will love her, and cherish her as a dear sister."

"You are very kind, lady!" said the forester, visibly affected. "You may see her now. There is no occasion for preparation," added he somewhat hesitatingly; "but to comfort poor Margaret is no longer in your power, my dear lady! God has already comforted

her; at midnight she departed softly without any pain."

He opened the house door—my mother followed gently into the chamber. There lay Margaret on her snow-white bed, dressed as I had always seen her, with her hands folded and her eyes closed—a smile upon her countenance, and looking more beautiful than ever. The wreath of "everlasting flowers" which she wove the day before, adorned her hair.

I wept aloud, and would have thrown myself upon her, but Antonio held me back.

"Disturb not," said he, "by loud lamentations, the calm quiet of the dead."

My mother drew me towards her—we knelt down together by the bedside. Antonio also sunk upon his knees opposite to us. In this holy position we prayed low, and long, and fervently.

My mother caused a simple cross of white marble, with Margaret's name engraved, to be erected to her memory above the grassy mound, which was her favorite seat. It is still standing. Of an evening I often sit there and watch the clouds passing over the wood, and think of poor Margaret. I think, too, of my dear and excellent mother, and of all the beloved friends who have gone before me to eternity.

THE STUDENT OF LEIPSIK.

Die Burschen sind frey.

Student's Lied.

IN the ancient and far-famed city of Leipsic, there lived a certain Jew, Isaac Eldersohn by name. By a long and unremitting life of industry in the various and conjoined occupations of banker, bookseller, merchant and usurer, he succeeded in accumulating an enormous fortune, which continued to increase, not only by the great gains of his business, but also by the strictest parsimony and avarice on his part. He inhabited a large mansion in a deserted and neglected suburb of the city; it had formerly been the residence of one of the nobles of the land, and had come into his possession as payment of a debt. A high court-yard wall separated the house from the street; and within that dark enclosure no friendly step ever trod. Not even one brother of

the faithful tribe entered to greet the owner of this melancholy mansion, or gladden the hour of his solitude by social intercourse. Every morning at a certain hour the low wicket of the massive entrance-gate would open to permit the exit of the old man as he went forth to his daily occupations. Then might he be seen with the tall calpak of the Polish Jew upon his head, a coarse garment of Mohair girt around the waist by a broad black leather belt, from which hung an ink bottle and a purse; his hands crossed upon his breast, half concealed by the folds of his squalid raiment, and half by the long and glossy beard; while his dark and deep set eyes glanced rapidly from the ground to cast a scrutinizing look at the passing stranger, with a mixed

expression of duplicity, aversion, and fear.

If the old usurer neglected no opportunity of increasing that wealth which he worshipped, and scrupled at no means provided he attained the accursed mammon, yet, on the other hand, was he profuse and lavish to excess on one point—the education of an only daughter—he spared no expense in procuring for her the best masters of the University; and, although debarred, both by religion and rank, from partaking in the pleasures and amusements of the better classes of the city, he provided her with the most costly jewels and dresses which could be bought. As for her, she was no less amiable than beautiful; and the same fame which gave to the father the reputation of being the most cruel and inexorable miser, proclaimed the daughter as the benefactress of the poor, and the comforter of the wretched inhabitants of the miserable suburb where she resided, and thus rescued from total execration the name of her parent.

She but rarely if ever appeared in the city; but when she did so, the crowds of young nobles and students who followed her steps, or anxiously got before her to catch a passing glance at her dark eyes, proclaimed her as the most beautiful of the daughters of Israel; while the immense wealth, which it was naturally supposed she would inherit, made her no mean object of attraction in a land where the very highest ranks of the nobility are not over-burthened with riches.

Her only friend and acquaintance was an old Jewess, a distant relation of her father; in her company she always made her excursions into the city; with her too, occasionally, she was permitted, by way of relaxation and amusement, to walk on the ramparts; where the bands of the Jager regiments usually played every evening; and once her duenna, who was, indeed, doatingly fond of her young charge, and greatly compassionated her for the melancholy seclusion she was condemned to, ventured on bringing her to one of those gardens outside the town, where the young, the gay, and the fashionable resorted every evening. Rachel had often listened with delighted ears to the accounts of these pleasant retreats; and 'twas now with a beating heart and elastic step that she entered the garden of the Leopoldstadt,

then the most brilliant and fashionable in Leipsic.

Wherever she turned, groups of well dressed and happy-looking people met her eye; some were waltzing under the shade of the linden trees, others sat at supper within the cool and shady arbours, dimly lighted by lamps of various colors, tastefully suspended from the branches; and many, too, sat in little knots and coteries around the beautiful fountains which are every where to be met with in these gardens. All was gaiety, pleasure, and enjoyment; and, unaccustomed as she had been through life to scenes of this nature, she believed it to be a perfect Elysium.

While wandering thus through the garden, each moment discovering to her delighted mind some new and hitherto unknown source of pleasure and amusement, she unexpectedly approached a part where a large party were resting themselves after dancing. Desirous of witnessing a waltz, she took her place among the crowd of spectators who stood around in a large circle, and who, from her apparent eagerness and anxiety, made way for her to the front rank, to which place she gladly advanced, perfectly unaware of the *etiquette* on these occasions, which forbids any one to occupy such a position who is not desirous of dancing.

The music at length began; and while she observed the ceremony with which each cavalier led out his partner, she was surprised when a lady approached where she was standing and introduced a partner to her for the ensuing waltz; so amazed was she at the occurrence, she could not find words to reply, and fearing that to decline might be considered a breach of those laws of *bon ton* of which she knew nothing, with a deep blush she accepted the proffered hand of her partner, and stood among the circle of the dancers. The courtly address, the elegant, but unassuming demeanour of her partner at once, however, divested her of the embarrassment she had at first felt, and made her feel at ease with herself in this novel situation.

The dance was over; and scarcely had he led her back to her place beside her friend, when several students presented themselves, cap-in-hand, to claim the honour of dancing with her the next waltz. To this request she gave a firm but modest refusal, and

expressed her determination of returning immediately home.

Adolph von der Decken, her late partner, overjoyed at the novelty of the adventure, for he now learned the name of his fair companion, tendered his services to escort her, and claimed the honor as a privilege of a partner so successfully, that this proffer, like the former one, was accepted, from the fear of a refusal giving offence.

In the society of her new acquaintance, on whose arm she now leaned with the confidence of years, she felt not the distance which separated her from her father's house. He had much to tell of balls, fêtes, carnivals and assemblies, of all of which she had often heard before, yet never from one so intimately conversant with them, and so calculated from air, appearance, and address, to participate in all their pleasures and fascinations.

It was already dark as they reached the tall, massive, and melancholy portals of her father's dwelling; and with a beating heart she felt the gentle pressure of her hand, which he gave her at parting, and started with surprise as he whispered, "And when again you may be tempted to visit the Leopoldstadt, may Adolph von der Decken have the honor of escorting you?"

"Adolph von der Decken," said she almost aloud, as the heavy wicket closed behind her; "Adolph von der Decken, and is this he, of whom I have heard so much? Is this the wild and reckless youth who raised large sums of money from my father at enormous interest? Is this he, who at his own cost entertained the Elector, at the great fetes on the Breitenberg? How strange that I should have met him. And then he is so different from all I should have thought him—so mild—so agreeable—so encouraging—how much they have wronged him!—I'm sure he never was the profligate spendthrift my father called him." And with this feeling she retired to sleep, and to dream of all the pleasure of that happiest night of her existence, amid every thought of which the image of the handsome young Baron was mingled and identified; and when she awoke on the following morning, she had come to the decided resolve that Adolph von der Decken was the most wronged and maligned man that ever lived.

"What they call extravagance," said she, "is, I am certain, but liberality;

and then his high rank and future great expectations may justly entitle him to indulge in excesses, unpardonable in men of smaller fortunes and inferior rank."

And she was, indeed, not far wrong in her estimate of her new acquaintance, for although one of the wildest, most refractory students of the University, his character for a high sense of honor and principle, according to the students' interpretation of these qualities was unblemished and irreproachable to a degree; and his extravagant expenditure of money resulted more from the fact that he lent to all who asked him, than from any personal outlay reserved for himself alone. Besides that his father was reputed the richest Baron of the Empire, and himself encouraged his only son in all his most lavish plans for spending money.

To her father he had become known merely as raising large sums of money at the most usurious interest; and he never mentioned the young student without quoting him as one of those unprincipled spendthrift fellows, who would spend thousands upon thousands in the most useless and unprofitable amusements; and when the old usurer would read in the Morning Journals of the city, of any bold and reckless piece of profligacy, any breach of law, and desperate opposition to the authorities of the state, or any wild mad feat, he was accustomed to say that Adolph von der Decken was not far away then, and firmly believed him the planner and prime mover of every desperate freak and wild folly played off by the mischief-loving students of this ill-restrained University.

As for Adolph himself his feeling for the old usurer was nothing more advantageous: he believed him to be, what he really was, merciless, cruel, and unfeeling; and nothing could have given him more pleasure than any opportunity of playing off a successful trick upon the old miser. As for the daughter, although he had heard much of her beauty, he never had the good fortune to meet her until that evening at the Leopoldstadt; and at his most urgent request, he prevailed on a lady of rank of the party to introduce him as a partner, and who acceded to his wishes, rather from the suspicion that he was prepared with some secret and well-contrived joke on the occasion, than from any inclination on her own part to pay so distinguished a mark of attention to the follower of a despised

tribe; while Adolph had nothing further in view than the wish to dance with one who justly deserved her title of the Belle of Leipsic.

When, therefore, he left them at their homes, he at once returned to his friends in the garden; and although expecting and anticipating some quizzing and badinage for his attentions, yet, not until he actually experienced it, did he think that their pointed and sarcastic allusions to her dress and manner could have given the least pain or uneasiness. And he soon left the garden, firmly convinced that envy only could incline persons to detract from the merit of one in whom, so far as either he or they had seen, there was so much to esteem, and even love.

Several days now passed over without his seeing her, and although he each night repaired to the garden, yet she did not appear, and he felt, he knew not why, fretted and disappointed. He endeavoured to combat this feeling and shake off the cloud which hung over his spirits, but in vain; he sought the society of his companions, but as they only alluded to his altered manner, and hinted at his late adventure as the cause of it, he felt no longer happy in their society, and was driven to avoid them. Such was his state of mind as he was one evening returning from the garden, after a fruitless endeavour to meet her, when he perceived her a short distance before him on the ramparts, walking hastily homeward with her former companion; in a moment he was beside her; and in her surprise at their unexpected meeting, she appeared delighted to see him. After a few salutations had passed, he took her arm, and they walked on together though at a less rapid pace than before. He reproached her mildly for her breach of faith in not again visiting the garden; described in glowing terms the misery he had experienced in night after night returning and not finding her there, and vowed never to re-enter it without her.

She knew but little of the language of gallantry, and taking for literally true all he protested, told him how much she feared her father's discovering that she had ever visited the Leopoldstadt; and although she feared to see him there, yet she would, perhaps, meet him occasionally in her walks on the ramparts which she took every evening. This was all Adolph sought for, and with a half-extorted pledge, to

be true to her promise the following evening, they parted.

Their acquaintance, thus casually formed, continued to increase, and every evening brought them together for some time, which, however transient, served to maintain and further the intimacy which grew up between them. From this time Adolph became changed in his whole character and demeanour, and although the same gay and open-hearted *bursche* to his friends, ready to assist them with hand and purse, yet was he no longer foremost in every wild and student adventure, which formerly had been the glory and the pride of his existence; in fact, he was, and that ere he himself knew it, or would even confess it, irretrievably and irrecoverably in love!

As for her, she had begun by admiring his talents and enjoying the pleasure of his society, and the steps by which she had gone on from admiration to esteem, and from esteem to real affection, were as sure as they were imperceptible.

Such was now the feeling which subsisted between them, when suddenly she ceased to take her accustomed walks on the ramparts. He was there every evening, and waited long and anxiously for her coming, but in vain; he walked the streets of the city; he haunted the suburb in which she lived, but all in vain; he a thousand times resolved to go openly to the house and ascertain at once what he so dreaded, lest sickness might be the cause of her absence. Again he would determine to scale the courtyard wall, and at every hazard rid himself of the doubt and uncertainty which embittered his existence; but then, the thought that his rashness might destroy every future hope of seeing her, deterred him, and thus distracted by opposing hopes and fears, he wore away two melancholy months, when one morning a letter arrived from his father informing him that he at length succeeded in procuring for him an appointment he had long ardently desired—*Attaché* to the Prussian Embassy at Paris—and furnishing him with a supply of money to reach his destination, and present himself suitably at the French Court.

The letter admonished him to lose no time, and it was expected he was to take immediate possession of his office; and thus a new source of misery arose to his already distressed mind; however, he resolved not to leave Leipsic

without having seen Rachel, and if possible induced her to accompany him, and become his wife. Scarcely had this determination been made when a number of his fellow students entered his room to request if he did altogether intend to cast off his old associates, that he would that day take his place at the head of the Landsmannschaft, who were going to celebrate the birth-day of their Prince, "The King of Prussia," about five leagues from Leipsic. Much as he now wished to escape from such a scene, there were no means of doing so, for his rank at the University, as well as his great talents, had obtained for him an acknowledged superiority among his companions, and he could not, without giving offence to many of his friends and countrymen, decline the proffered honor, and he was accordingly obliged to array himself once more in the costume of these festivals, and for the last time be a Bursche.

It were foreign to the object of my tale to trace the wild work of that day. Adolph himself, changed and altered as he was of late, no sooner felt himself constrained to join his former companions, than he determined with more than ordinary exertion to contribute to the festivities around him, and thus again assert his character as a thorough bursche and student; besides he wished, in the gaiety and dissipation of the moment, to drown all recollection of the many circumstances which pressed heavily upon him, and as it was the last occasion in which he would join the revels of student life, he contributed most profusely to the funds devoted to the festival.

The party assembled at a small village called Geismar, where they dined, and the evening was spent in drinking, gambling, and passing challenges for duels on the following day. Adolph, as their president, was obliged to exert himself much; the wine he drank, from his late temperate habits, affected his head; he made foolish bets, and lost large sums, and quarrelled with his best friends when they remonstrated with him, and finally concluded a farewell speech to the Landmänner by declaring his right to pay all the expenses of the entertainment; this announcement was received with loud cheers, and amid the warmest encomiums of his companions, mixed with regrets for his approaching departure, he was conducted back to Leipsic, and laid almost insensible upon his bed.

When he awoke the following morn-

ing, what were his feelings as he called to mind the proceedings of the last night; the fact that he had spent in a noisy and disgraceful debauch the liberal supplies of his father, upon whom his demands for money had of late been more frequent than ever! Of a large sum which he possessed but yesterday there now remained but a few Louis d'ors. Many of the students were, it is true, his debtors, but then they were no less embarrassed than himself, and besides he could not violate student regime so far as to ask for payment, did he want it ever so much.

In this state of mind he bethought him of the old Jew from whom he had often before raised large sums; but then he had always given some valuable pledge, or sometimes a bond. Now, however, he had nothing of any value to offer as a hostage, and the old miser had, for sometime past, declined receiving any student's bond, on account of some losses he had sustained by them. However, as no change which offered the least prospect of success was to be neglected, he commissioned a friend, for such was his abhorrence of the old usurer that he never went personally to him, to call on old Isaac, and endeavour, by a melancholy tale of distress, to melt his heart into something like compassion.

With what anxiety did he await the return of his friend! He came at length, and briefly told him that the old man directly refused to lend anything without security, and that, on his mentioning the name of the Baron von der Decken, hoping to gain him over by his great reputed wealth, the old man interrupted him, and said, while a dark smile of malignity crossed his features—"if the Baron will give me a mortgage on his paternal estates, he shall have enough for another drunken carouse;" for the Jew had that morning heard a full detail of the festival of the Landsmannschaft.

Nothing could equal the rage of von der Decken, at the insolence—the inhumanity of this message, and he swore that if he lived to have it in his power, he would never forget the debt of revenge he owed the Jew; and, in the very height of his ill-temper he wandered from his house, not knowing or caring which way he went; so completely was he wrapt up in meditations on his misfortunes, that he knew not where he was, till he was roused by a voice near him. It was that of a beggar who sat under one of the tall poplars

shadowing the street, and implored blessings on the Lady Rachel, whose bounty he was that moment receiving from a servant. Adolph now looked up, and perceived that he actually stood beside the house of his beloved; the door through which the servant had that moment come out, lay still open; he hesitated but one instant to see that he was not observed, and then sprang in, determined not to lose such an opportunity of either seeing or hearing of her once more. As he crossed the neglected and grass-grown court, he was struck with the dilapidated and desolate condition of the ancient mansion. Nothing bespoke the fostering hand of care and attention save a jasmine which overhung a now open window, and had been gracefully trained and festooned across it. As he cast a passing glance at this, he beheld a female figure sitting at the window. She appeared to be reading; he came nearer; it was Rachel; with a cry of joy she recognized him, and was in a moment in his arms. The first moments of surprise over, she proceeded to inform him that on the day after they had last met, her only friend had been taken ill; for several weeks she continued to grow worse, and, at last, died—that, her whole time was devoted to tending and watching her, and fear lest her father should discover their intimacy, had prevented her from trusting any one as a messenger to him.

Having thus satisfied the mind of Adolph that he had not been forgotten, he told her of the unfortunate dilemma in which he was placed; he had never before spoken, or even alluded to the possibility of separation, and she now, for the first time, felt the misery it would cost her; for, even after the death of her old friend and companion, the anticipation of one day seeing her lover had cheered the weary solitude of her hours, and made her look forward with hope to happier days. But now she had only received the consolation to lose it for ever; she was about to lose the only one who ever loved and cared for her—for her father had of late been even more than ever estranged from her; and, so entirely had the accursed passion of accumulating riches laid hold upon his heart-strings, that he had neither a kind thought nor an affectionate word to bestow upon his only child.

Under these circumstances it may naturally be supposed that the prospect of Adolph's departure was listen-

ed to with a heart almost breaking. He himself having said thus much, saw the misery and wretchedness he had caused, and cursed himself again and again for his rash and ruinous imprudence.

In a frenzy of doubt and uncertainty, almost bordering on desperation, he paced up and down the apartment; not a word was spoken on either side—he threw himself into a seat—on the table before him lay numerous papers, open letters, bills, accounts, &c.—he cast a casual and rapid glance at them, and started, as he thought he beheld before him a letter in his own hand-writing—he drew it towards him, and perceived it was a letter from a French banker, “*Le Brun*,” to his friend and agent, Isaac Amstein. After discovering the letter was not his own, by reading the signature of the writer—he threw it from him—the similarity of the hand-writing struck him as being wonderful; and, while musing on it, he was startled by Rachel asking if the hour were late, and warning him of the probability of her father soon returning.

Again he walked hurriedly to and fro. What to do he knew not; time passed rapidly on; and, if the present opportunity were lost, when might another occur of his seeing her? A sudden thought seemed to flash across his brain; he walked to the table, and taking up the letter which he had before supposed to be his own; looked at it attentively for some minutes, then hastily turning round, he said,

“Rachel, would you fly with me if I possessed the means of taking you—that is, if—I gained your father's consent?”

“My father's consent,” cried she; “you speak of an impossibility; he never would consent to our union; you know him not.”

“But,” said Adolph proudly, “methinks Isaac Amstein, rich and wealthy though he be, might stoop to an alliance for his daughter with—”

“Dearest Adolph,” interrupted she, “do not mistake me. It is not your rank he would object to; but he has heard—he believes, that is, he thinks that you—”

“In fact,” said he, “simply, your father believes me to be an extravagant, wild scapegrace, unfit to be the husband of such a rich prize as you are. Well, but granting all that, will you promise me to come, if I not

only obtain his permission, but also prevail on him to give us money for our journey, and guarantee our passports at the Bureau?"

"Why," said she, laughingly, "if you really promise all that——"

"Well, I do; and now swear—swear solemnly that you will be ready to leave this with me for Paris, three days hence."

"Oh! you cannot mean, Adolph, what you say; I know there is more in your words than I can comprehend, but still I will trust you, and promise as you wish. But, stop, here comes my father; follow me, and I will let you out through the garden:" and with these words she crossed the hall, which opened on a narrow flight of stone steps into a large, weed-grown garden, at the upper end of which was a small strongly-barred gate; this she opened, and he now stood upon the ramparts. "Here, then, dearest Adolph," said she; "here will I meet you; and now let us say adieu, for we must part for the present."

"Well, farewell," said he; "but forget not your oath." He turned to go, walked some paces, and then irresolutely turning, said, "Rachel, I cannot—I will not deceive you. When I promised all, I knew it were in vain to hope to effect it by fair means, and I intended to pass a cheat upon your father; but I cannot betray you; no—this must be our last meeting—we must indeed say farewell."

"What, then," cried she; "did you mean him harm?—Was he not my father?"

"No, dearest Rachel, no harm, but merely to borrow a small sum of money which I should one day pay back with interest. Nothing more. Will that content you?"

"Well," said she, after a pause of some seconds, "it does content me, and I will believe—implicitly trust you; and do you but be faithful to your promise, and I shall not forget mine."

"Then, at all risks be it; farewell, then, dearest Rachel, till then;" and with these words, the heavy gate closed behind him.

The morning after this interview old Isaac Amstein, as he sat at his morning's meal, received among his letters a large packet which, from the handwriting, he discovered to come from the French banker, Le Brun; in

the corner of the envelope the word "private" attracted his attention, and he hastily opened it, and read, with an ever-changing expression, the following, occasionally interrupting the tenor of it, with interjections of surprise and wonder. It ran as follows:

"Dear Friend,—Allow me to trespass on your friendship, for the execution of an office, at once the most painful and most delicate. My youngest son has eloped from Paris, carrying with him bills and other securities for property to an immense amount. He has fixed on Russia (I understand) for his retreat, and intends passing through Leipsic on Thursday or Friday evening. You will be ready on the arrival of the Diligence to seize on his person, and have him conveyed to prison; where let him be confined for the night, and kept apart from all intercourse with strangers, lest this unfortunate affair should gain publicity. On the next morning you must see him, and get possession of all the papers; and having admonished him of the awful nature of his crime, and the dreadful and certain punishment which awaits it, impress upon his mind, as far as possible, the misery his own misconduct has brought on him; and at last acquaint him that you will intercede with me for him, if he faithfully promises amendment for the future, and that you will supply him with 600 florins to pay his expenses back to Paris; and also guarantee his passport under a feigned name, and thus save all unpleasant scrutiny, for a report of the occurrence has even now reached the depots of the passports." And after some further directions respecting the mode of detecting the person of the delinquent, the letter concluded.

On the Friday evening following, as the Diligence from Frankfort and Paris rattled up the Breiten Gasse, a main street of Leipsic, old Isaac might be seen awaiting its arrival, accompanied by three of the armed police. The heavy rumbling vehicle at length drew up within the port coché of *der Schwarze Adler*; and at the same time the door opened, and a tall young man, in travelling costume, sprang out, and looked anxiously about him. Old Isaac scanned his appearance with a most scrutinizing glance, and carefully taking the lantern from its place beside the inn door, held it up within a foot of the stranger's face, and in an instant cried out—

"Here we have him—seize him—

attach him at my suit—arrest him!” cried the old man eagerly.

But ere the officers of justice could approach, the youth darted from the spot, and ran with full speed towards a long quay which led off from the main street. The pursuit was, however, immediate; and, encumbered by his long travelling cloak, his pace gradually slackened, and he was soon overtaken. At first on being arrested, he made the most violent and powerful resistance; but when he found from the strength and number of his assailants that it was impossible, he turned his whole attention to divesting himself of certain documents which he had concealed about his person; but in the very act of throwing a large packet of papers over the quay wall, his hand was arrested and rifled of its contents.

Nothing could equal his rage and disappointment at this. He raved, stamped, and repeatedly swore he was not the person they supposed him, and demanded by what right, and at whose suit he was thus made prisoner.

“By mine—I will be responsible for all,” said Isaac, as with his arms folded within his ample robe, he placidly looked on the desperate but ineffectual efforts the youth made to escape. “Now to prison,” said he to the gens d’armes, and he marched on before them at a pace much quicker than his usual.

The enormous wealth of the Jew had acquired for him so much influence in a city where most men of rank and influence had been his debtors, that on his arrival at the prison, no examination or inquiry was entered into by the authorities, but the prisoner was at once admitted, and provided with an apartment whose high grated windows and strongly barred doors precluded every thought of escape. Thus was he left for the night—as Isaac had very properly supposed his own reflections would be the most unpleasant company he could have, and in his solitude, grief for the rash act he had committed would have a more lasting effect upon his mind. Morning, however, had scarcely dawned, when the bars of his cell were withdrawn, and the Jew entered. No sooner were the heavy doors closed behind him, and he found himself alone with his prisoner, than he proceeded to tell him the circumstances under which he was arrested; and after some further observations on the inutility of any effort at

escape, asked him what he had done with those bills and papers of which his father’s letter spoke.

The youth endeavoured still to persuade him that he was not the person supposed; but when the old Jew deliberately produced the packet which was taken from the prisoner the evening before, he appeared overwhelmed and motionless before him, while Isaac drew a seat to the table, and proceeded to con over the papers one by one.

All was now still, save when the low muttering of the Jew was heard commenting on the contents of the packet before him. The papers were merely memoranda of various large sums of money bills, mortgages which had been invested and lodged in several banks, merchants’ offices, &c.—no other documents being found on the prisoner’s person.

“Ha!” cried the Israelite, as his eye glanced on a scrap of paper on which the words “80,000 livres sterling. 3d May,” were written—“ha! what didst thou with them? We have no mention of where they are.”

“Lent them out on usury, old Moses and Aaron,” said the youth, as a scowl of irony curled upon his lip.

“Out upon thee, out upon thee,” said the Jew, who felt the reproof, and still went on with the search. “Here is a bond mentioned here for 1700 guilders. What of that?”

“Paid to a Jew who had lent me 600 guilders three weeks before. Lawful principle and interest was it not?”

The dark eye of the enraged Israelite cast one swarthy glance at his mooker, and then reverted to his task.

“Now tell me,” said he, “what brought thee to Leipzig? Why come thus far out of your route, on your way to Russia?”

“Why in good truth, Moses, you seem to know all about me, and I will have no farther concealment with you;” and with these words he drew his chair beside the old man, whose countenance now brightened up with the thought that he was about to elicit all his prisoner’s secrets. The youth placed his arm on the back of his chair, and approached his lips to the old man’s ear, and with a low confidential whisper said—

“In fact, I only came here with another object—no less a one than to run away with a rich heiress.”

“Ha, good, good,” cried the old man, losing his sense of the character

he was acting, in his admiration for one whose schemes for money making were far deeper and bolder than his own. Well, go on," said he eagerly, "go on. Who was she?"

"Why, indeed," said the youth, laughing, "that is the worst of it. The girl, to be sure, they say, is handsome, for I have never seen her myself; but then her father—her father is an abominable old usurer, and, worse than all, will you believe it, a Jew."

"What! ha! ho! what said you?" cried the old man, leaping from his seat, and retreating to a distant part of the room. "My daughter! my daughter!" but the imperturbable look of the young man, who never stirred from his place, gave the old man confidence that he was not known, and he muttered, as he resumed his place, "that is the daughter of my tribe, I should say."

"Egad, my old friend," said the youth, "you seem surprised, and you may well be so; but, I faith, to confess the truth, I'd much rather she were not a Jewess. But, then, the money—old Moses, think of the money."

"Christian dog! thou'lt have the gallows first!" muttered the Jew between his teeth, as he once more cast his eyes upon the table to examine the papers.

"Now, my old friend," said the youth, clapping him familiarly upon the back, "I've been frank with you, and told you all my affairs, 'tis but fair I should know a little about yours. Who and what are you, and why do you take such an overwhelming interest in all that concerns me?"

"That," said the Jew, with a grin of exultation, "will not take long to tell. Read this"—and so saying he placed in the young man's hand the banker's letter.

"But softly, softly, my friend," said the youth, as deliberately he folded up the letter after reading it—"How know you that I am the person here mentioned?"

"Of that I will take all the responsibility on myself," said Isaac.

"And do you know the consequences of falsely imprisoning a free student and a noble?" said the youth.

"I know all, and am prepared for all the consequences," said the Jew hastily. "But now let me warn you, if you do not instantly confess yourself to be what I already know you are, and deliver up those papers and bills of which this letter speaks, I shall

despatch you under a guard back to Paris, and leave you to be dealt with there as the law may dictate."

"Well, and," said the youth musing, "what conditions are you prepared to offer, provided I say all you require?"

"Why, in that case, I will provide you with means to return to Paris, and shall be security in your passport against all arrest on the road; and more, I shall also obtain your father's pardon for the rash act you have committed."

"Why," said the youth, interrupting, "why, as to that, good Moses, it will not be a very difficult task. My father is not, by any means, the implacable old fellow you suppose; and I have every reason to hope he will soon forget and forgive this trick of mine. But as to the first part of the treaty, my liberty and the money, I agree. But how much am I to have? You must be liberal, for I am not accustomed to travel poorly."

"Well," said the Jew, "here are my conditions: I will advance you the sum of 500 guilders, and you will give me the receipt for one thousand, and thus neither of us will be losers; and your father is rich, and he will not object to paying it."

"Execrable old knave," muttered the youth, and then added aloud—"Well, it is a bargain; I consent; but as to the passport—you must not insert my name, for this affair must, as far as possible, be kept a secret."

"I will care for all that," said the Jew. "Write the receipt, and here is the money in this bag. And here," said he, "is a blank passport," producing one as he spoke—"What name shall I write?"

"Why, I faith," said the youth, "I care not. What say you to your own, master Jew? It's current, I doubt not, for adventurers of this sort, and will well befit such a rogue as I am."

"No, not mine," said the Jew, hastily; "bethink thee of some one thou knowest."

"Whosoever you like, then, old Moses; and if one does not soon strike you, bethink you of the wildest scapegrace of your worthy students, and his name will do me for a season as well as a better."

"Be it so, then," said the Jew, as a dark smile wrinkled his hard features. "Then will I give thee that of the wildest youth I wot of here—Adolph von der Decken."

"Well, write it," said the youth, "'twill do admirably," and laughed loud and long as the Jew filled up the passport.

Few words now completed all arrangements between them; and the Jew, having procured the release of his prisoner, took his leave of him to return home, rejoicing at the advantageous bargain he had just accomplished.

It wanted but few minutes to ten o'clock on that same evening, as the youth, of whom we have so lately spoken, approached that part of the ramparts on which the door of Isaac Amstein's garden opened. A female figure, completely enveloped in a large travelling cloak, awaited most anxiously his coming. As he drew near she asked, in a voice trembling with agitation, "Adolph, isn't you?"

"It is, dearest Rachel," said the youth, "and all is arranged, and let us now lose not an instant."

"One word, Adolph, ere I leave the home of my fathers for ever. I have trusted you—believed you in all things, how confidently, let the very place we meet in say. Tell me, has my father been deceived by you? Suffers he aught of ill?"

Adolph hung over his head—his arms fell listlessly to his sides, and in a low and broken voice replied—

"It is true—too, too true."

"Then," said Rachel proudly, "what all the prayers of all my tribe had not effected, the words you have spoken now will accomplish—the spell is dissolved, and for ever. Oh! had I met this from any but you! I will not ask how you have wronged him: it is enough that your own poor heart rebels at its treachery. But why should I upbraid you? I was his daughter—for me he toiled and labored—for me he bore the reproach and scoff which bowed him to the earth—and I dare to call another by the name that better suits myself. But stop! We part not thus: I would ask one favor—my first, my last. Will you refuse me this? No, no; you will let this kindness be your parting gift to me—that when far, far away in the gay world you are destined for, I may lay it to my heart and be comforted. Adolph, you consent?"

"To all, Rachel, all and every thing you ask," said Adolph, passionately.

"Come, then," said she, "come to

my father—tell him, that despite all the wrongs you have borne from him, you could not, would not injure him. Comfort him, for he has fears—his sleepless nights of watching tell this too plainly. Say that you would repay evil with good, and that you sacrificed the love you bore me rather than be dishonored. Say this, and ask forgiveness. Ay, start if you will, and strain your proud figure to its loftiest limits; but again I say, and to your swelling heart repeat—ask his forgiveness for the wrong you would have done him. You say shall the proud baron of the empire kneel and bow his fourteen quarters beneath the footstool of a usurer, a miser, and a Jew? Ay, you would have injured him whose daughter would have died for you!"

Adolph seized her hand, and pressing it ardently to his lips, led her within the gate. They walked through the garden without speaking, and in silence trod the dreary and desolate hall of the ruined mansion. Rachel stood at a door, and as her hand grasped the lock she turned one look of mingled sorrow and affection upon her lover.

"Adolph," said she, "here for the last time we speak, methinks. But no, it is not a dream, and in another hour and we are as though we never met—farewell!"

The door opened as she spoke. The old man sat in a remote part of the room, weighing gold coins which lay about him in shining heaps. The lovers stood for a moment, resolving how they should proceed, when Rachel slowly approached the table.

"Father!" said she.

"What! hah! Who's there?" said the old man, springing from his chair, and holding his lamp at arm's length towards the door.

"It is Rachel, sir—Rachel, your daughter. And here, sir, comes one who is leaving Leipsic this evening, perhaps for ever. He has come to ask your pardon for wrongs which, though only designed, well demand such atonement."

"What! who is he? Ah! what does he here? Is mine house, then, open to every thief? Am I not protected within my walls? Say—speak—how came you here? But, methinks, thy face is not strange to me. Art thou not the son of my friend Le Brun? Did I not guarantee thy passport? Why do you tarry in this city?"

"Sir, it is true. I am the same you

spoke with, and here is my passport. There is a blank here for another name—that was intended for your daughter. Even so. At her request am I now come to tell you this, and ask forgiveness of my crime.”

“And does thy father, then, dare to think that the outcast of his house?”

“My father,” said Adolph, “may have dreams of greatness, even as you say. But much may be forgiven him who claims that wild youth, A. Von der Decken, as his only son. Read this”—and with these words he placed in Isaac’s hands the commission and appointment to the embassy.

Isaac rubbed his eyes, looked from the paper to the youth again and again, and at last said—

“And hast thou come to revenge thyself for the injury I have done thee? I know,” continued he bitterly, “the punishment that awaits a Jew who dares to imprison a noble. But you shall have gold—much gold and jewels. Bring me not to the torture.”

“You have wronged us both,” said Adolph. “I have come to ask pardon for my only crime against you. I loved your daughter, and would have stolen her from her home. For this I have stooped to the trick which has deceived you—for this I forged the letter which you believed was from Le Brun—for this I suffered the indignity of a prison—and for this I now kneel and ask your forgiveness.

The old man stood like a statue—he looked from one to the other as

they both knelt before him. He passed his hand across his brow, and seemed laboring to understand all he had heard—then, gradually recollecting, he said—

“You come not, then, in anger, Sir Baron?”

“I come in shame and sorrow,” replied Von der Decken. “It is true; I might not have sued for your forgiveness so eagerly did I consult my own feelings only; but”—and here he turned towards Rachel, whose look met his own beaming with love and tenderness, and he stopped.

“Father,” said she, “say you forgive him and me—say we are pardoned—speak, I beseech you.”

“I do,” said the old man, with an effort—“I do.” And then, slowly raising himself from his chair, with clasped hands lifted above his head, he said—

“God of my fathers! do I live to hear and see this! Can a Christian be merciful to a Jew?”

He then raised them both, and said: “Sir Baron, you said you loved my daughter.”

“Dearer than life I love her.”

“Then she is yours.”

Adolph stood for a second, unable to speak, and then clasped his beloved bride to his bosom, while she whispered in his ear—

“Alles was recht ist
Das best ist.”

“Honesty is the best policy.”

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF IRISH LIFE.*

THOUGH so many distinguished authors of the present day have devoted their talents to describing the habits and feelings of the Irish, there is, perhaps, no class of writers whose works exhibit greater variety, or who have infringed each so little on the province chosen by the others. It is almost as easy to know the works of Miss Edgeworth, Carleton, Banim, Lady Morgan, and, though last not least, Mrs. Hall, from each other, as it is to distinguish between the styles of *Hudibras* and *Paradise Lost*. They have, each, their peculiar merits and peculiar faults: with these, however, it is not now our busi-

ness to meddle. It is at all times a most invidious kind of praise that extols one author at the expense of another; and Mrs. Hall’s high character as an Irish writer, is so long established, and so generally admitted, that it could not add to her fame to depreciate her cotemporaries. There are, however, one or two characteristics which distinguish her works from those of several other writers on Irish subjects, which we cannot avoid remarking. One is the total absence of all appearance of party prejudice, or, what on the stage would be termed “political clap-traps,” from everything she

* *Lights and Shadows of Irish Life.* By Mrs. S. C. Hall, author of “*The Buccaneer*,” “*Uncle Horace*,” “*Sketches of Irish Character*,” &c. 3 vols. small 8vo. London: H. Colburn. 1838.

has published. It has become so much the fashion to associate the term *Irish* with certain principles in politics, that many who affix it to their books seem to consider it indispensable to make them the vehicle of violent political sentiments of the same stamp. Just as the title "*Irish members*" is assumed exclusively by the section of our representatives who profess *liberal* opinions, the epithet "*national*" is selected by authors who choose to purchase the approval of one portion of their countrymen by exhibiting a bigoted hostility to the other. No one can read the works of Banim or Lady Morgan, not to mention any more recent and more violent, without being painfully sensible of this. From this fault all Mrs. Hall's writings are perfectly free. She has no party objects in view; she can be national without being politically bigoted; she can shew herself the friend of Ireland without being the enemy of England; and can exert her talents to inform and interest her readers without pandering to their party prejudices. Her sole object seems to be, in truth, what it professes to be, "*To make the character of the Irish more extensively known and better understood—to excite a generous sympathy for their sufferings, a kind indulgence towards their faults, and a just appreciation of their virtues.*"

Another characteristic which distinguishes Mrs. Hall's writings is, that she always dwells on the foibles of her countrymen rather as subjects of sympathy than of ridicule: her characters are calculated to interest our feelings, and not merely to excite our laughter. The time is, indeed, now past, when the unnatural absurdities of Teagues or O'Blunders can pass for genuine pictures of Irishmen; and we now seldom find an Irish character introduced in a tale merely to amuse by his extravagance and discharge the humble task of the buffoon in an old play. Miss Edgeworth set the example; and modern authors can generally find something too solemn for ridicule in the strength of feeling that distinguishes the Irish peasant, and the forcible, though, perhaps, uncouth language in which Irish metaphor expresses it. But still it is too common an error to sacrifice the interest of a story for the sake of introducing too much that is ludicrous. This Mrs. Hall never does. Her sketches contain many scenes of genu-

ine humour—they would not be Irish without them—but then they are so brought forward as not to interfere with the interest of the plot. She knows the value of the precept—

—non satis est risu diducere rictum
Auditoris—

and while, in every tale, there is enough to amuse, there is still more to love and admire.

The best illustration of our remarks, and, indeed, the surest means of securing the reader's praise for the subject of our criticism, is to extract some of their contents from the volumes before us. They are a collection of tales and sketches, some of which, as the preface informs us, have appeared in print before; but their merits are such as amply to entitle them to a republication. The tale which occupies the first volume, "*The Groves of Blarney*," has since its publication been adapted to the stage; but is too long to attempt its abridgement, so as to give any idea of its real beauties, in our limited space. We will make an extract, at random, from the chapter of "*Ruins*," in vol. ii. We do not select it as the best sketch in the volume; but it is a good specimen of the author's style. It is part of the tale told by an old man whose sole delight is to restore the crumbling monuments of by-gone days. Like "*Old Mortality*," he wanders, lonely and desolate, from ruin to ruin, replacing the tottering stones and patching up holes in the old walls. His head is always bare, though, to use the language of his own forcible metaphor, "*the four winds of heaven have been blowin' upon it for these sixty years, till they have hardly left a grey hair to cover it.*" The poor wanderer's name is Clooney Blaney. We have seldom met anything more pathetic than the picture he draws of what had passed in the scene of his youth. His former patron, Terence O'Toole, of Mount Brandon, he describes as "*the handsomest man ever born in Ireland, and that's sayin' a bould word*," high-spirited and generous to an excess, feared by his own sex and loved by the other. His father had left him "*a power of lands and a power of debts*," and his reckless generosity continues to increase the latter, at the expense of the former. After sketching his character, the old man proceeds:

"These were his young days, and, I suppose, he thought they could never have an end; and, to be sure, every one

in the country thought it high time for him to marry, but he did not think so himself, for his eye was set on a farmer's daughter on the estate, a young and beautiful girl, who loved him as no one ever loved him before or since. She proved that by bearing shame for his sake; and, God knows, the memory of that poor girl's love is told by the ould people of Connemara to this day, the same as they'd tell of a ghost to warn their daughters from danger. Her father was a could, proud man, of an ancient family, and she was his only *dote*, and proud he was of the admiration bestowed upon her by high and low; though little he thought what was to follow: but when it was made plain to him, he said no hard word to her, but he took her hand and walked her out of their house, and took the key out of the door, and nine straws out of the thatch, and he left her weeping in a neighbour's house, and went up to the Mount, which was thronged with company, and walked straight into the hall, where they were at their wine after dinner; and the mather never saw him till he stood at the foot of his table, white as a sheet, and his teeth chattering. And the ould man laid the key of the farm and the nine straws upon the table without a word; and, having done that, he knelt down on his bended knees, and he riz his long lean arms above his white head, and he cursed Terence O'Toole with a curse that came slow and heavy from his lips, and that no one in all that grand company had power to stop: and when he had finished his cursing, he turned his back upon them all and stalked right away, without another word or a sigh. It struck the mather, that if he acted so, he might ill use the poor girl, upon whom his heart had been so set; and as soon as he could he got away to see after her. He heard that she had been taken suddenly in her trouble in a neighbour's house, and that now she had a babby on her bosom. Well, to be sure, he ordered everything for her, like a lady, and went home, consoling himself for the sin, and thinking all the good he would do for her and for every one else; and how he'd get her proud father over. But, before the morning broke, he was waked by the small cry of a babby under his window, and he called up the ould housekeeper, for his heart mistrusted, and she took it in; and there was a taste of a note from the grandfather pinned on its breast; and when he read the note (no one ever saw that scrap from that day to this) he flew to the cabin she'd been in, and there was the woe of the world; for the ould man had first stole away the babby, coaxed the stupid woman

that had charge of it to let him have it to show its father, come back in no time, and, while the nurse slept, rolled his poor, feeble, helpless girl up in a blanket, as she lay, and carried her, God knows where. Well, to be sure, O'Toole roused the country, and for that the snow lay deep on the ground, they tracked the ould man's steps to the border of the broad lake, and there, lady, the mark of the feet ended; but the ice of the water was broken and destroyed at the edge, and under it——"

"Good God!" I exclaimed, petrified with horror.

"Ay, sure enough, lady, the proud ould man had buried his own and his child's dishonour under that ice! The gentleman took no pains to hide his sorrow; and the monument to *her* memory was put up of beautiful white marble; and some talked of her end, but more talked of O'Toole's generosity."

The old man then describes, in simple but pathetic language, the effect of this incident in changing the character of the gay and generous O'Toole. To drown recollection, he goes into parliament, and marries a "weakly, conceited little lady," for the sake of her money. At length, he loses an election, gets wounded in a duel, and ruin stares him in the face.

"Where is your mistress?" said the mather to the ould housekeeper, and she handing him a drink of whey. 'My lady's in her own room, very bad with the nervous disorder,' replied the ould woman. 'And my sons, where are they?' 'Indeed, then, they are just amusing themselves with shooting each other, now the election is over.' 'This is not wine whey?' said the poor gentleman. 'My grief, no sir; but it's good two-milk,' she made answer: 'Sorra a drop of wine in the cellars; and the devil of a marchant has sent in an execution, over eleven hundred, for his bill, and no one here strong enough for to keep it out; only I oughtn't to be telling you the trouble, my darlint mather, while the wakeness is on you.' She might well think of the wakeness, and he almost fainting. 'Where's the boy?' said he again, and by 'the boy' he meant me. 'He's below,' she said, 'after hiding some of the plate under the turf rick, for fear of them vagabonds seeing it.' 'Send him up,' says the mather; and though I'd the run of the house all my life, it was the first time I was ever had up before him. He called me to his bedside, he put his hand upon my head, and looked for full five minutes in my face; he then

sighed from the deep of his heart, and turned upon the bed. 'May I go, your honor?' I said. 'Aye,' he made answer, 'do; why should you not go, poor boy? Those I trusted in are all gone.' 'Maybe your honor would let me try to turn the luck by staying,' I made answer. He held his hand over the side of the bed; I fell on my knees and kissed it, and I never left him from that day till the day of his death.

"The old man, overcome by the full gush of remembrance, laid his head on his hands, and continued silent for some minutes.

"The young gentlemen (he had but two) were fine, proud, wilful boys; that on the tip-top of an English education had been learnt what faults their father had done; and, indeed, they did pretty much the same themselves, only in a different way, siding with their mother against him; and she had none of that love for her husband which makes people cling to the trouble sooner than leave the troubled. She soon took herself and her children off to England, to her relations, poor wake lady! The best property that could be sold, was sold; and at last, if it was't for the tenants who had been made over with the land to the new proprietors, the house of Mount Brandon would have been badly kept; but they were ever and always sending a pig, or a sheep, or something on the sly, to the housekeeper, who knew they were for the master's use, and he none the wiser. Oh! it's untould what I've seen him suffer—trying, in his grey-headed years, to swallow the pride; and when, at last, we found that some, though they knew he had nothing but his body to give, wanted *that* to rot in a jail, we were night and day on the watch to keep them out. And one night the master says, in his strange way, 'It's a fine clear night, and I should like to walk to the ruin by the side of the monument.' I couldn't tell you how his health was gone, and his strength along with it—everything but his pride! And the ould housekeeper and myself went along with him, and he romanced so much, as he went, that I thought the trouble had turned his brain. He sat down on an ancient stone, as this might be, and he says—I remember the very words—

'Boy,' says he, 'the time will be, and that not long off, when what little respect belongs to ould families and ould ruins will be done away intirely; and the world will hear tell of ould customs and the like, but they will look round upon the earth for them in vain—they will be clean gone! If I had my life to begin over again, I'd take delight in restoring

all them things. No wonder I should have sympathy with rains—I, who have ruined and am ruined.'

"Sir," says the ould housekeeper, who was hard of hearing, and stupid when she did hear—"Sir," said she, 'sure Michelawn and the boys might mend the ruins up of this ould chapel, if it's any fancy for it ye have.' So he looked at me, and smiled a sort of smile, could and chilly, without anything happy in it—like the smile you see sometimes on the lips of a corpse when the mouth falls a little—a gasping smile. 'Sir,' keeps on the ould silly crayther, 'come away home, for it is not safe for you to be anything like out of the house, which you hav'n't been for many a long month before.' 'True,' said he, 'true—just let me look here;' and he turned to where the little monument stood, to the poor girl's remembrance, and he laid his hand on the marble urn, which was at the top, and drew it back on a sudden, as if he had not thought it would have been so could. He then rooted with his stick among the buttercups and daisies that grew about it; and, with a quick thought, flung off his hat, and fell on his knees upon the grass. As he fell so, four men, vagabonds of the law, sprung upon him. Whether he felt their hold or not is between him and heaven; but this I know, that when I looked in his face, as they held him up off the grass—he was dead!

"And that was the end of the most beautiful and accomplished Irishman of the last century?" said I.

"It was his end, God help us! and the murdering villains kept possession of his body for debt. The neighbouring gentry would'n't suffer it, and offered to pay the money; but his ould tenants would not hear of that. They rose to a man, over the estates that once belonged to him and his; bolted the limbs of the law out of possession, and gave the master the finest funeral the country had seen for fifty years. There was a hard fight betwixt them and the constables, when the body was moving; but they bet them off—and then, whew! who'd follow them to the Connemara hills?"

"What became of his sons?"

"They are both dead; and there's not one stone on another of Mount Brandon."

"But your obligation?"

"Ay! didn't you hear that *he* wished the ould ruins of ould Ireland looked to? and didn't he who was so high and so great die, that bitter night, bareheaded?"

"One other question, Clooney—the poor girl's child—the baby who wailed beneath his window?"

"'Didnt he call me 'boy,' and give me his hand to kiss? and don't I do pilgrimage through the world for the sins of my father and my mother? The poor girl's baby was the only child who loved him!'"

In the character of O'Toole, some of our elder readers, who can recall the memory of "old times," may recognize a strong resemblance to the fate of a gentleman who died, some time since, in France. He was one of the last and best of the Irish gentry of the old school, who still retained over his tenantry that extraordinary influence almost peculiar to feudal authority.—The leading incidents of his career, except the circumstances of his death, were very similar to those which the old man tells of his former master, and might have suggested to the authoress the subject of her tale.

But it is in the description of her own sex that Mrs. Hall particularly excels. The finer and gentler feelings of the female heart she paints with a truth and delicacy that is strikingly beautiful. The character of Moyna Roden, in the story of "Harry O'Reardon," is as exquisite a delineation of the constancy and purity of a woman's affection as we have met with. There is none of the desolate melancholy and wild devotion which distinguish the sketch of Clooney Blaney, but there is a meekness and firmness exhibited by the gentle and lovely victim of another's pride, that is even more affecting. Some idea of Moyna's character may be gathered from the leading incidents of the tale. Harry O'Reardon is a poor Irish farmer, to whom his ancestors have bequeathed their pride, without the means of supporting it. To avoid the shame of "demeaning himself among his own people," he goes to Dublin to seek his fortune. Moyna is his inferior in rank, being the daughter of a tailor, and, though they are devotedly attached to each other, O'Reardon's mother is too proud to suffer them to be united. His coolness and courage interest a gentleman in Dublin for him, who procures him a situation in a merchant's office. This his false pride induces him, after a time, to resign. He then goes to Liverpool, where accident again procures him a situation, connected with the steam-packets. Moyna is, at the same time, in Liverpool, a servant in a gentleman's family. Both rise rapidly in the esteem of their employers. Harry has almost forgotten his pride,

and they are on the point of being married, when his mother again appears, upbraids her son, and insults poor Moyna, who, heart-sick, is induced to change her situation for another in a nobleman's family in London, where her good conduct and gentle disposition soon make her a great favorite. O'Reardon has too great a respect and affection for his mother to find fault with anything she does, though her pride and improvidence continually harass him. At last she persuades him to overlook some smuggling conducted by a party of his countrymen. He loses his situation, again becomes an outcast, and, in despair and disgrace, repairs to London. Here Moyna's passing him by, without seeing him, induces him to believe that her good fortune has taught her to scorn and forget him; and he leaves the scene of his disappointment, stung almost to madness. His mother, conscious of the ruin which her own misconduct had brought upon her son, by her urgent entreaties prevails upon his employer to promise his assistance to procure him a situation in New York. Convinced that he had gone to seek Moyna Roden, she follows him with this offer to London. She arrives just after he had gone; and in her eagerness to follow him, the old woman breaks her leg, and having spent all her little means in a vain attempt to support her imagined rank, is indebted for the supply of her wants on her death-bed to the kind-hearted Moyna—to her whom it had been her constant habit to despise and mortify, but whose enduring affection still clings to the proud woman's son, through all his faults and all his misfortunes.—Every one of these incidents is described with a force and pathos that makes each in itself a tale of intense interest, but still contributing to heighten the effect of the whole. We will give the closing scene as a specimen; premising, however, that it is hardly possible to form a just idea of the real merits of the story from such a mutilated extract:—

"Several years passed, and Moyna heard nothing of Harry. She had prospered exceedingly; she had visited her home, contributed to the comforts of her family, and even lingered in the lane, and wept bitterly at the stile where she and Harry parted. Her mistress had bequeathed her a handsome legacy, but she could not, after what had passed, return and dwell with her own people.

Her heart yearned towards those to whom she owed so much, and her fidelity and truth secured her a sincere welcome when she re-entered their household.—*Why she never married?* was a question now but seldom asked; and all the young girls of her acquaintance had dubbed her a confirmed old maid. She had not seen our acquaintance Peggy for some time—though that person still vegetated in the Fulham fields.

"Peggy, however, had evidently been lying in wait for her one Sunday evening, at the hour she usually went to church. 'God save you kindly,' exclaimed her cracked voice, as Moyna came to where she was leaning against a post, her arms folded in her Sunday red shawl, her bonnet flattened by the pressure of market baskets, into a shape peculiar to basket-women, and one foot resting upon the other—the established lounging position of Irish peasants. 'God save you kindly—my eyes are wore out of my head watching that gate.'

"Oh, Peggy! why did you not ring and ask for me?"

"Ax at a house like yon for you? Augh, Miss Moyna, I know better than that; keep your distance, says the moss-rose to the blackberry, when he called her cousin."

"Moyna smiled, and waited for Peggy's communication, which, she rightly judged, would not be long coming.

"I took a turn to the strong box in the city, to see a neighbour's child, that the police have cotcht, just for nothing, and who do you think I saw there?" she enquired, looking eagerly at Moyna.

"Moyna Roden felt as if a thunderbolt had fallen at her feet. She never met Peggy that past scenes and past events were not recalled to her mind; and now, though she made no reply, the expression of her countenance satisfied the woman that she was understood. 'Sure enough,' she continued, 'there he was—lonely and proud, as if he was standing on the top of Carrickburn, wid no companions but the cloude.'

"To come to this," murmured poor Moyna, with ill-suppressed agitation—"to come to this, he that was so high in his mind and notions, to come to this!"

"*Aigh e voya!*" sure there's no passing one's luck," exclaimed Peggy; 'it was before him, poor boy, from the first.'

"Of course you did not make yourself known to him," said Moyna, her natural delicacy revolting at the idea of the prying eyes of one so coarse and common penetrating his distress.

"In course I did, though—why shouldnt I? Masther Harry, sis I, going up to him, I'm above all pride, sis I, and give me your hand, I sis, all

as one as if you warn't here. My dear, he turned as black as my brogue, when it's clean, and after a minute as red, and then as white; and I was going to turn away, when he held out his hand—oh! dear, oh! dear, it's little we know what's before us.'

"Little, indeed," groaned Moyna.

"Why, the Lord save us," ejaculated Peggy, 'I wouldnt have tould you on a sudden if I'd have thought it would have turned you that colour, miss honey.'

"Go on," she replied, 'I am quite well now.'

"After a bit he tould me how the morning he left the Crown—that unlucky day—he found out a relation of his mother's at Woolwich; and, from all I could guther, I think he led him to no good—but he's very close. He said that the thought of his mother's death was a great relief to his mind. By that I judged that he had a dale of throuble—to rejoice that one he loved so much was gone out of the world! But, my dear, he knew nothing of the partiklers till I tould him—"

"You surely," interrupted Moyna, in a tone of deep feeling, 'did not tell him of his mother's distress?"

"Faix I did, though. I insined him into every thing about her poverty, and your goodness, and—"

"My God! my God! Peggy, how could you be so lost to every feeling of propriety?—I mean that you must have wounded Harry's feelings," added Moyna, anxious to avert the storm which she saw was coming.

"Wounded his feelings! Faix, I wish that was his worst wound—sure he's wounded in the arm! Oh! thin, don't look so down—sure I'm sorry for him. But I wanted to tell you how, that when I got to the end of my story, he had covered his face with his brow hand, and his grey hair (for it's as grey as my own now) was streaming over it, and yet I saw the tears raining like hail through his fingers. 'She was ever an angel,' sis he, 'too good for me,' sis he, 'and God knew it. As you know where she lives,' sis he, 'take her this.' He drew a lock of hair, which I guessed from the color was yours, from his bussem, and parted it in two halves—'give her this,' sis he, 'she'll mind when she gave it to me, and she'll see that, bad as I have been, I've taken care of that token. Ax her, for the love she once bore me, to come here on Monday at two: I want to spake to her once more in this world—I dare not hope it in the next.' 'Take the hair,' added Peggy; 'see, it's your own.' She held it to the braid that banded Moyna's forehead. 'My God!'

exclaimed the woman, while tears gushed to her eyes, 'you are gray as well as him; he with the sin, you with the sorrow.—Oh! it's a weary world.'

"Moyna Roden did not feel the shame of entering the sepulchre of sin that yawns in the midst of our great city.—*He*—despite the events of years—*he*, the long-cherished of her heart, was there. He had been before her as a dream that night, in the freshness of youth and the brightness of an unblemished reputation. She now saw him sinking beneath premature old age and a blighted character.

"It was pride, Moyna—pride from the first," he said, when the agitation of their meeting had subsided.—Pride that made me leave my country, where, if I had condescended to go as steward to the estates, I might have been rich and respected as he who accepted what I refused. It was pride made me in Dublin scorn the King's service. It was pride made me ape the condition of a gentleman at Liverpool. It was pride that drove me hence—I was ashamed of the discovery, not of the sin. My mother's relative was a scoffer at the law, but rich; we've long carried on the traffic, but believe me, had I known of the offer my poor mother bore, I would not now be here. My character was gone—I could not starve—I could not beg—I had not the means to reach America at first. Had you spoken to me?"

"I did not see you—how could you think I did?" said Moyna.

"It is all over now," he answered; 'the only consolation I have is, that though my crime is illegal, there is no meanness in it: I laboured in the bold free trade.'

"Let us not talk of the past," murmured Moyna, as he poured out his acknowledgments, 'let us think of the future. Can nothing be done?'

"Yes," he said, and his eye kindled; 'yes, Moyna, we shall meet no more. This very night three of us have planned our escape. Ay! you may scan the walls, high as they are we will overstep them: once free, I leave England for ever! Will you not pray for my escape?'—she turned away her face to weep. 'I know you will—I know you will. I have trusted you with my secret—and—if my prayers, my gratitude prevailed at all—he could not finish the sentence. Moyna pressed her purse into his hand, and he had not time to return it ere she was gone.

"The next morning she hurried into the city, watching like a poor criminal for sentence to hear the news. It was soon heard. People were talking at the

corners of the streets of the daring attempt of three prisoners to escape from Newgate. One got clear off—one was retaken—one, whose arm was in a sling, fell from the wall and was killed upon the spot.

"Hunger," says the proverb, 'will break through stone walls.' So will the love of woman.—'Let me have that body, to bury it!' said Moyna to the keeper.

"Was he your husband or your brother?"

"She could not reply—her eyes were fixed on the rigid form and features to which her heart had clung through evil report and good report.

"She was here yesterday," observed one of the turnkeys, 'and when she was gone I heard him say she was the only friend he had in the whole world!'

"She buried him in his mother's grave! A blue slab has simply this record—

H—O'R—,
Æt. 39."

Solomon has said, "there is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman." We may say, with equal truth, "there is no love like the love of a woman." There are thousands of instances on record of its outliving every other feeling—the very circumstances which make all else desert the object of a woman's affections appearing but to confirm her attachment—

"Like the ivy to the oak,
Still in ruin clinging round it."

The character of Moyna Roden is not in the least overdrawn; indeed, the truth of the sketch is one of its greatest beauties.

In the "lights and shadows of Irish life" there are fewer specimens of the *brogue* than are usually found in Irish stories. This arises partly from the nature of the subject chosen, and partly, perhaps, because the author wishes to adapt her book to the comprehension of English readers, who are not so much accustomed to the cutting and clipping of the English language which characterises the phraseology of her native country. But she shows a perfect acquaintance with what is of much greater importance—the habits of thought and natural quickness which make the conversation of an Irish so different from that of an English peasant. This cannot fail to strike the reader in every dialogue. The turn of expression, the choice of metaphors, the little irrelevant sentences, suddenly introduced, the natural consequence of strong feelings operating on a lively imagination, the

skilfully-managed compliments—all, in fact, that is peculiarly Irish in an Irishman's conversation, except his accent, is sketched with admirable fidelity.

In several parts of the work the author has taken opportunities of analyzing different thoughts and expressions which she has observed in Ireland. This has given her an extraordinary power of delineating points of character, merely by the language used by the speaker in a dialogue. The attachment which the Irish feel for any thing that has been endeared to them by domestic associations is well known. What could express this feeling more strongly, than the following address of a poor peasant, to the bailiff who was seizing the scanty remainder of his furniture for rent?

"God bless you," he exclaimed, "and don't take that, *it's nothing but a kish*: it's not worth two pence to you; its fallen to pieces; but it's more to me than thousands: *it's nothing but a kish*; but my eldest boy—he, thank God, that's not to the fore to see his father's poverty this day—he slept in it many a long night, when the eyes of his blessed mother hadn't gone among the bright stars of heaven, but were here to watch him: *it's nothing but a kish*; yet many a time little Kathleen crowd, and held up her innocent head out of it to kiss her daddy: *it's nothing but a kish*; but many a day, in the middle of my slavery, have I and my wife (the blessed saints take her soul to glory!) and five as beautiful children as ever stirred a man's heart in his bosom, eat round it, and cut the praytie and salt out of it fresh and wholesome; and when I had my six blessings to look on, it was little I cared for the slavery a poor Irishman is born to: *it's nothing but a kish*; but it has been with me full, and it has been with me empty, for many a long year, and its used to me, it knows my troubles; for since the bed was sold from under me for the last gale, what had I but it to keep my head from the cold earth? Don't take it, *it's nothing but a kish*."

There is not much to make the reader laugh in these volumes. Their general tone is rather melancholy; still there are several scenes that contain a considerable quantity of humour, and they have one great merit—they never degenerate into coarseness—there is not a line that even the most sensitive prude could censure. But it is, certainly, not in the lighter portions of the work that we are to look for its chief beauties. It is on the attributes of the heart, not of the head, that Mrs. Hall

delights to dwell; and even where the gay and sprightly imagination of her Irish characters appears through the workings of their strong and irritable passions, it is often a "smile through sorrow's beam" almost too melancholy to unite in.

From her residence in England, Mrs. Hall has acquired a habit of contrasting the conduct and opinions of the English and Irish. The result of the contrast is sometimes not very favorable to her own country; but the reproach is conveyed in such a spirit of kindness, that it is impossible to regard it otherwise than as the advice of a friend. "It has always been impressed upon my mind," says the author, "that I ought to write for the Irish as well as for the English reader; with this feeling I have never hesitated to exhibit and condemn in my countrymen and countrywomen that which I considered wrong and capable of alteration. If I have at times seemed to adhere but slightly to the old caution 'be to their faults a little blind,' I trust it cannot be said of me that I have been aught but 'to their virtues ever kind.'" It is only to be regretted that she has never availed herself of a better opportunity for effecting the object she desires, by devoting her talents to the composition of a "novel," the scene of which was laid in Ireland. The necessary limits of a short tale or sketch, are too narrow to allow sufficient scope for the delineation of character, or to admit of much variety in the incidents introduced, and for the reasons given at the commencement of this notice, we think there are few writers whom we would rather see engaged in the production of a *national* novel.

In concluding our remarks we may add, that whatever expectations the name of "lights and shadows of Irish life" may excite in the reader, from its resemblance to the name of the exquisite volumes on Scottish life, which bear a similar title, it is not too much to say they will be satisfied. The author modestly apologizes for this name as not chosen by himself, and adopted with reluctance when suggested to her. The apology is unnecessary. There is nothing which requires an excuse, in endeavouring to do for her country what Professor Wilson has done for Scotland; and even if she had put forward her book as a rival to his, it would scarcely be too high praise to congratulate her on the success of her undertaking.

LEWIS' TOPOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.*

We have, for various reasons, hitherto deferred a notice of this work. Its appearance created an excitement in the midst of which the calm voice of criticism could scarcely perhaps expect to be heard. The excitement, indeed, amounted to all the heat of a party contest; and we confess that in the very heat of the conflict we had no desire to take a share. Circumstances, too, occurred which made it impossible for us to interfere without appearing to take part against many whom we would naturally regard as our friends. We believe, however, that the time is come when we may venture on the task without much danger of provoking angry feeling. The excitement has, in a great measure, died away, and public opinion, or rather public feeling, has returned to a calmer and more reasonable tone. Whatever observations we may deem it our duty to offer to the public on the subject will have the advantage of being addressed to a less prejudiced tribunal.

To a considerable extent we must, in the course of our remarks, express an incidental opinion on the cause of the dissatisfaction which existed. It must, at least, be a part of our business to inquire how far it owes its origin to the execution of the work. We can scarcely avoid touching on extraneous causes which led to the excitement of public feeling. It will, perhaps, be seen, in the course of our review, that we believe that there were faults on all sides. It cannot be denied that in many instances the opposition made to Mr. Lewis's claims, by dissatisfied subscribers, was characterised by circumstances which, in strictness, it would be difficult to justify. But, on the other hand, allowance must be made for the excited feelings of men who believed, however unjustly, that there was an unfair advantage taken of them; and it must be acknowledged that some of the agents of Mr. Lewis were, to say the least of it, indiscreet in the manner in which they acted their part—disregarding either the dissatisfaction or satisfaction of the purchaser with his bargain, and haughtily standing on the

obligation of a legal document, signed upon, perhaps, importunate solicitations some years before. We have no doubt that a little pains and gentle treatment at first would have induced most of the subscribers to take their copies of the work without demur. Perhaps Englishmen, on the other hand, did not understand the necessity of adopting such a mode of proceeding to induce men to fulfil their engagement. It was very unfortunate for their employers that they did not. We are confident that a mild representation of the real nature of the transaction to each subscriber would have induced almost all of them to feel that they were honorably as well as legally bound to the publishers of the work. But when some of the agents, relying on their legal right to force payment of their demand, attempted, on the strength of that right, to bully men not accustomed to have their honor questioned, they did not know human nature—certainly not Irish nature—or they might have calculated that they would raise a feeling of indignation against them, amid which even the possession of the legal right might, for a time, be lost sight of by men of the highest integrity and honor.

But, perhaps, we are anticipating: certain, however, it is, that if the creating a sensation be the test of the merits of a book, there can be no doubt of the excellence of the volumes before us. It is long since an equal sensation has been created by the appearance of any work, great or small, even before a single copy found its way into the country. From the very moment that its issue was announced as a thing speedily to be expected, *Lewis' Topographical Dictionary* has been the subject of conversation in every circle, the theme of discussion in the columns of every newspaper. The interest of the last new work was forgotten, the excitement of the last bit of fashionable scandal was merged in the all-absorbing event—the expected appearance of this wonderful dictionary. If notoriety be the object of an author's labours, few have been so successful as Mr. Lewis; there is not a corner of the land so

* A *Topographical Dictionary of Ireland*, comprising the several counties, cities, boroughs, corporate, market and post towns, parishes and villages, with historical and statistical descriptions, by S. Lewis. London, 1837.

remote as not to be agitated by his fame; no hamlet so obscure, or village so retired as not to have heard of his books; no glen or valley so solitary as not to have echoed to his name. In all places, in all quarters, and in all ranks in Ireland, Lewis' Topographical Dictionary has obtained a degree of attention unprecedented in the history of literary speculations.

Truth obliges us to add that this sensation was excited not by any thing in the book itself, but by the fact that somewhere about 8 or 9,000 persons found that they had pledged themselves to pay for it; and more, that amid all the outcry and tumult, very little was known of the character or merits of the work. The principal opposition has been given by persons refusing to receive their copies of the work, and who, therefore, could have no opportunity of forming an opinion on its execution. By some means or other popular feeling became excited against the work, and popular feeling, when properly excited, does not often wait to inquire. Thousands swelled the outcry who had never seen the outside of the books they were joining most vociferously to condemn. Charges of fraud in the obtaining of orders were unscrupulously made and believed without examination; the minor charges of gross errors in the execution were repeated to the echo; the book was pronounced a cheat, its authors impostors, and their agents rogues. The scene of the celebrated resistance to Wood's half-pence, or the American resistance to the tea tax was enacted on a small scale; the books were thrown into the street, and the agents turned out of doors; and a patriotic resolve appeared to have been entered into to resist the impositions of the obnoxious volumes. Of course the press was not wanting to second and to excite the popular feeling, and we believe there are individuals who have borne as conspicuous and, *parvis componere magna*, as effective a part in exciting the feeling against Lewis, as Dean Swift himself did in creating the spirit against the half-pence of William Wood.

Notwithstanding this exordium, we are not, we assure our readers, inclined to treat the subject in a jesting tone. It is one which has imposed on us a serious duty. We feel that both the publishers and the public had a right to expect from this journal an opinion upon the agitated question as to the

merits of the book; and though we have waited a favorable opportunity, we had no desire to shrink from this duty. We have devoted to the work more attention than perhaps otherwise we might have been inclined to bestow. We have endeavored to give to all the circumstances connected with its appearance our best and most impartial consideration; and believing that public opinion has been unjust towards Mr. Lewis, we feel it to be our duty to endeavour to place the case in a form in which every one can judge of it without passion or prejudice.

We are, at the same time, very far indeed from pronouncing the opposition to have been in any sense discreditable to those who were engaged in it. No doubt some of them have been guilty of acts which it is impossible not to censure. But, at the same time, it must be recollected, as we have already hinted, that some acts of the persons engaged in collecting subscriptions were very foolish and indiscreet. They seemed resolved to dragoon a whole country into paying them their demand—there was no attempt to conciliate or to shew that the book was value for the money—like Shylock, they would hear of nothing but the bond. This naturally put men upon imagining that the book could not be worth the price that was exacted from them. From this it was an easy step to believe the procuring of the order as fraud—the natural dislike to be the subject of imposition was excited in the breast—and men, who would be the last in the world to dispute their engagements, were induced to contest what they believed to be an unjust demand.

But more than this—the conduct of the agents, in some instances, was represented as domineering in the extreme. Respectable men were brought as felons to the bar of a criminal court, on account of some foolish act committed in a squabble with these gentlemen. Public opinion could not, of course, discriminate between the claims of Mr. Lewis and the indiscretion of his agents; and the natural hatred of oppression became enlisted against him. Irishmen did not understand being bullied and dragooned; and, in the indignation excited by what was believed to be such an attempt, it is not to be wondered at if the justice of Mr. Lewis' claims were overlooked.

A little time, no doubt, has wrought a revulsion. The acts of these agents

have been very properly put a stop to—and public feeling is now beginning to take part with the publishers as the injured party—men who have embarked a large capital in a stupendous undertaking—who have devoted years of labor and anxiety to its completion ; and who, when they expected to reap the just reward of their risk and toils, are met with obloquy and an opposition which, if successful, must involve them in total ruin. The Irish are a people that love justice ; and the very same feeling which made popular opinion run strongly against Messrs. Lewis, when they believed them oppressors, will make it run equally in their favor when it is discovered that they are, in reality, the oppressed.

The real merits of the question, however, are quite distinct from a consideration of the means by which public opinion was led to a particular side of that question. While we cannot acknowledge that the opposition to his demands reflect any discredit on our country—while we believe it to have been in a great measure provoked by indiscretions on the part of persons engaged in distributing the books—we still are convinced that their demands are just, and this conviction we feel ourselves bound to state. We are not without hopes that our humble efforts may be useful in enabling many who are prejudiced on the subject to form a correct and an honest opinion for themselves.

There is another reason which has induced us to step out of our way to notice this work, so as to place the case fairly between Mr. Lewis and those who are prejudiced against him. Nothing could be more injurious, in a national point of view, than that persons engaged in undertakings like Mr. Lewis should meet with unjust treatment ; what the violence of some of our mechanics has effected in the case of mercantile and manufacturing speculations, would thus be accomplished in those of a literary character. No one will, it is said, embark his money in a country where an outbreak of popular fury may smash his machinery and destroy his buildings ; and no man will embark capital in a literary enterprise with the risk of meeting with annoyance and obloquy, such as has been the lot of Mr. Lewis ; for this reason, deeply interested in the prosperity of Ireland, we are anxious to use our humble efforts towards allaying the tumult which has been excited.

We confess we look upon every attempt to delineate the localities of Ireland with a favourable and an indulgent eye, because we believe every such attempt directly to contribute to the national prosperity. Even the gains of commerce and the wealth of all classes in a country are not independent of literature. No one ever yet has calculated, no one ever will calculate the debt which the improvement of Scotland owes to Sir Walter Scott, the power of whose genius brought to notice her neglected scenery, and invited to her unknown mountains and glens the steps of the stranger, who brought with him the refinements, the civilization, and the wealth of another country. Something has been done for Ireland in the same way.—C. O., in every sense the first of Irish sketchers, has left on record his varied pictures of some of her romantic valleys and wild glens ; some few have followed his example ; but how little, after all, has been done to bring into notice the neglected but unrivalled scenery of our native land. If ever the time comes when some master-genius shall make that scenery the home of glorious fiction, and invest every mountain and valley of our wild and magnificent highlands with the interest of romance—Ireland will owe such a man a debt of moral and physical improvement, far greater than she ever will owe to the noisiest of her political agitators or the loudest of her political patriots.

We do then proportionably regret every thing that can tend to discourage the direction of literary enterprise to such subjects ; we are, we confess, apprehensive that the reception which Mr. Lewis' Dictionary has experienced may have this effect ; apart then, from all considerations of justice to the individual consideration of which, however, we should be ashamed to lose sight, we feel ourselves called on, upon national grounds, to endeavour to obtain justice for his work. We have but a few pages to devote to this duty, and we shall endeavour to discharge it as briefly as possible.

The impressions injurious to Mr. Lewis which have got hold of the public mind are principally two—that a system of fraud was adopted in gaining the names of subscribers to the work—and that the work was so grossly inaccurate as not to be what it professed to be. These, as far as we can collect the import of any thing so vague and indefinite as public opinion, are the

impressions which have created an opposition to Mr. Lewis. It is difficult to deal with any thing so unsubstantial as public rumour; but unquestionably it is public rumour that has created the prejudices in this case. We have been led to examine into both the impressions to which we have here alluded.

First, then, as to the charges of fraud which we so constantly hear, or rather did hear insinuated against the publishers of this undertaking. The most exaggerated and groundless rumours have gained some degree of credence; it has been said that persons who subscribed for the work, under the impression that it was not to exceed two guineas, unexpectedly found that they had been induced to sign a document pledging themselves to pay five.

We desire of course that we should not be understood as bearing testimony on any point on which we have not full opportunity of satisfying our minds. However improbable we may believe it, it is clearly impossible for us to say that in no case was artifice employed to obtain signatures. Agents were sent out for the purpose of procuring subscribers, and no person can say of his own knowledge that some of these agents in any instance resorted to artifice to gain their end. It may be enough to remark that no instance of the kind has ever been substantiated, and every lover of justice will pause before, on mere indefinite rumour, he gives credence to imputations at once so serious and so vague. We must deal, however, with the impression as we find it—that a general system of imposition was planned and adopted—and upon this we have no hesitation in expressing a decided opinion in the negative. We have had the testimony of many persons who had been waited on by the canvassing agents, both of persons who were induced to put down their names, and of those who refused; some of them complained that the agents employed a degree of solicitation which they considered undue, to obtain orders for the work; but all agreed that the price of the book was fairly and honestly mentioned, and that nothing like artifice was employed to entrap them into signing the document ordering the work.

Indeed a glance at one of these documents is in itself sufficient to satisfy any reasonable mind of the groundlessness of these charges. The document is as clear, distinct, and ex-

plicit as it is possible for any document to be; the price is set forward in capital letters; we believe that imposition was perfectly impossible even if it was designed, and we are sure that there is no person who will just take the trouble of glancing at one of these documents who will not agree with us that it is drawn up and printed in the most perfect spirit of fair dealing, and with the full expectation that no person could sign it without being fully aware of what he was about.

Another fact, however, which is perfectly and entirely decisive upon this point, is this—that at the very time when the agents were canvassing the country for subscribers, advertisements were inserted in all the principal Irish journals, printed in the most conspicuous manner, stating the form and terms of the work. It was almost impossible for any reader of the newspapers not to have been attracted by these advertisements, in which all the mechanical appliances of the art of puffing, such as large type, conspicuous headings, and capital letters, printing across the columns, &c. were abundantly put in requisition. We have seen a copy of *Saunders's News-Letter*, of January 25th, 1838, in which a large and pompous advertisement of Mr. Lewis' is, to use the technical phrase, "displayed to the very best advantage."

Our readers will perceive that we have taken some pains to satisfy ourselves upon these points; without having done so we would not venture to express an opinion. In relation to the charge of fraud, we are perfectly satisfied that there never was an imputation more cruelly unjust; and we have no doubt that all persons, who will give themselves the trouble to examine, will agree with us.

Now, a few words as to the mode of obtaining subscribers by a canvass which has been in this instance resorted to. The system is this, persons are employed at a liberal per centage, to travel through the country and obtain orders for a work either published, or in course of publication. Of course men are selected of gentlemanly manners and good address. As the gains of these persons depend upon their success, it is only to be expected that they should do their best to obtain orders; in some instances, we know by experience, they carry their solicitations to importunity; in fact, this is involved in the very nature of a

canvass. It may, of course, not unfrequently happen that persons may thus be persuaded into ordering a book at an expense beyond that which, without such importunity, they might feel willing to incur; when the time comes round for payment, the natural consequence is, that some dissatisfaction may be felt. In the case of a work like the "Topographical Dictionary," which was not to be completed for a long period after the order, the chances of such dissatisfaction were materially increased. Persons are often more easily persuaded to incur an obligation which is not to be discharged until an indefinitely distant period, and as years will, after all, move on, and the day of meeting even rash engagements will come, they are proportionably inclined to be annoyed when the time for payment comes round. We can, for these reasons, very readily understand, that many subscribers, obtained by an importunate canvass, were naturally disposed to catch at anything that might supply them with a reasonable excuse for dissatisfaction with their bargain.

While we state these disadvantages as inevitably attached to the system of canvassing for subscribers, we express no opinion on that system generally. It is unquestionable that there are works which cannot well be undertaken on any other plan. It could not be expected that a person would embark the great capital and enterprize which has been expended on the "Topographical Dictionary" without having legal security for an adequate return. To the system of publishing by subscription we must, therefore, frequently be indebted for many valuable works; but, on the other hand, it is very hard in a canvass, to distinguish between the limits of a legitimate application and unfair importunity, and a zealous agent, who acts up to his duty, will be very likely to go beyond it. The system of circulating books by the means of itinerant agents is one that is now, to some extent, superseding the regularly established business of book-selling, and certainly the agents who are employed in carrying it on, in some instances, by the blandest persuasion actually worry people into purchases. Perhaps after all, if the books thus forced upon the public be good ones, no great harm is done. Many persons are induced, or forced to become readers who never would have bought books through the

regular channels. These compulsory emissaries of literature compel people to her service. Like pioneers before an army, they will scarcely be recognized as a portion of her regular troops; but, like pioneers, they find their way into places where, but for their assistance, the regular troops would find it hard to penetrate. In Ireland, perhaps, there is more room for their exertions than in any other country. A taste for reading has yet to be formed or forced among her people; and if we may borrow an illustration from another source, it is found in this, as in every thing else that is good, that the voluntary principle is not altogether effective in creating it, and that people will acquire literary tastes much sooner when books are brought to them, than when they are left, if they please to come for the books.

Nor must it be forgotten, that apart altogether from the system of canvassing, there is an objection to the system of publishing books by subscription. It is making a bargain all on one side, and many persons have adopted a rule never to subscribe to a work, but if they wish for it to purchase it when it comes out. It is said, that few valuable works are printed by subscription, while many bad ones are pawned upon the public. Much is to be said, perhaps, on both sides, but we have not space to say it—we must not forget the "Topographical Dictionary." Mr. Lewis' case must rest, of course, upon questions perfectly distinct from the legitimacy or illegitimacy either of canvassing or subscription. If these systems are to be put an end to, we must do it by refusing either to purchase or subscribe to a book for the solicitation of a canvasser, not by disputing the obligation when we have subscribed. On the imputations to which we have alluded, we have no hesitation in stating our clear and distinct opinion, that they are altogether unjust, and that, no matter how much any subscriber may regret having permitted himself to be persuaded to accede to the canvasser's request, he has nobody to blame but himself for his facility in yielding.

Upon the subject of the merits of the book itself quite as much misapprehension exists. There is not, we believe, in existence, a more accurate or full topographical account of any country; the information which it contains is minute, and the book was calculated to fill up a most important

desideratum in Ireland. Unquestionably, it is not without its errors; but no topographical work was ever yet, perhaps none ever will be, published free from mistakes. We know not whether perfect accuracy is attainable; but we are sure that it never has been attained, and perhaps Mr. Lewis has come as near it as any of his fellow-labourers in the same department. The inaccuracies bear a very small proportion, indeed, to the correct information. In a work of such magnitude, it is impossible to avoid errors; the misfortune, however, is, that while in 10,000 instances of the accounts given in the Dictionary, there may occur but one error, the single error may be pointed out to every body, while only a few will bear in mind the 9,999 places in which it is correct. Nothing, therefore, is easier than to excite an outcry against the inaccuracies of any work of the kind; but it is only by comparing the errors with the mass of information, that a correct judgment can be formed. On the whole, the book is a good one, and most of the errors which have crept in, are trivial and insignificant. In point of statistical information it is more satisfactory, and we believe more accurate, than any work as yet extant on Ireland. Let any one acquainted with Ireland compare Mr. Lewis' county articles with the corresponding portion of Mr. McCulloch's statistical account of the British empire; a work which has been somewhat anomalously published by the "Society for the Diffusion of *Useful Knowledge*," and he will easily satisfy himself of the advance in our statistical knowledge which has been made by Mr. Lewis's labours. Whatever be Mr. McCulloch's deficiencies, a want of industry is not among them. If we are to take, as we believe we may, his book as a fair specimen of the accuracy of the knowledge to be derived from existing sources, we have little hesitation in saying, that Irish statistics are largely indebted to Mr. Lewis.

It is but fair, also, to observe that the mistakes do not argue any deficiency of outlay on the part of the proprietors. Some of them are, perhaps, unavoidable—a few are, no doubt, the result of carelessness on the part of the compilers or collectors of information.

"Quæ aut negligentia fudit
Aut humana parum vitat natura."

The work, however, is evidently the

result of an immense expenditure of capital and labour—and, we repeat, that in accuracy and completeness it is above the ordinary standard of such works.

We have thus endeavoured to do justice to all parties in this matter. We trust that the few observations we have thought it our duty to make on the subject may be attended with beneficial effects. The subject is one which, we confess, we would have much preferred to pass by in silence. We know that the side we have taken may be unpopular, we would, perhaps, have pleased some of our readers more by an exposure of the inaccuracies of the work; but we have taken that side which we believe justice and the interests of the country require—and sooner or later we know that public opinion will go with us.

A word, however, to Mr. Lewis. We have done him full justice in acknowledging that he has fulfilled his contract—that he has supplied a Topographical Dictionary of Ireland, which is generally correct; but, at the same time, the errors which it contains impair its general value as a book of reference. If the work reaches a second edition a little revision will obviate this defect. In the meantime, it would not be a difficult matter to collect together information as to any inaccuracies into which the present edition has fallen, and publish a correction in an appendix. The list would not be a long or an alarming one; and such a correction, if carefully made, would make the volumes unexceptionable. As the work stands, however,

"With all its imperfections on its head,"

it is a valuable and important publication; and, after a little time, we have no doubt it will be justly appreciated by the public.

We have endeavoured to avoid all allusion to the merely mercantile part of the transaction—we must not, at the same time, forget that immense capital has been expended in this undertaking, on the faith of Irish punctuality. Apart, however, from all national considerations, our advice to any of our friends who have been induced to become subscribers, would be, that whether they repent it or not, they should not persevere in opposition to Mr. Lewis' claims. The engagement is one which, we suspect, there is no possibility of evading; and for this reason, if for no higher, it had better be fulfilled. A

little acquaintance with the volumes will, however, satisfy most persons that they had not been so much imposed upon as they had been led to believe.

We have said that we look with peculiar favor on any attempt to delineate the localities of our country. In her picturesque beauties Ireland possesses a store of wealth. With the increased facilities of communication, which every day is developing, increased multitudes of travellers must visit our shores. While English travellers have visited almost every mountain land of the habitable globe, in search of some new enjoyment, they have, comparatively, neglected the island beside them; and yet, where is the country that abounds more in the beautiful, the majestic, and the grand? In Cunnemara and in Donegal there are glens, and mountains, and cliffs,

which might vie with many of the most celebrated of our continental regions. And when the press has done its duty—the *University Magazine*, in its department—our friend C. O. perhaps in our pages—in delineating the natural beauties which need but to be known to be sought—we believe that many an English family that now waste their summer on the continent, and bring home with them the frivolity of French manners and the contagion of French licentiousness, will seek their summer's recreation on the shores of Lough Swilly or the banks of Lough Corrib, and take home with them nothing worse than, perhaps, a little Irish warmth of manner and of heart.

There is not an Irish reader, however he may differ from us about Lewis' Topographical Dictionary, who will not join us in this wish.

SONGS OF THE TRUE BLUE.

NO. I.

NO SURRENDER.

Air—"Blue Bonnets over the Border."

March! march! shoulder to shoulder—boys,
Firm, in the ranks that no treason can sunder.
Ne'er met hearts or hands bolder—boys,
Round the true banner, that never went under.
Still shall we fearless smile,
Ne'er shall we falter while
Freedom hath such gallant sons to defend her.
Oh! there is magic still,
Ev'ry true heart to thrill,
In our old battle cry, Never surrender!

Fame, fame, fame to the trophied dead;
Honour to those in the dark grave, who moulder.
Pure, pure the blood, that each hero shed
Freedom to raise,—and shall we not uphold her?
Bright be each warrior's fame,
Cloudless each honoured name,
Peace to the grave of each noble defender;
Those who have wisely thought,
Those who have bravely fought,
Those who have welcomed death, scorning surrender.

Boynes! Boynes! long as thy currents flow,
There is a voice rising sweet from thy waters,
Telling the glories of those who now slumber low,
Freedom who won in thy streams' ruddy slaughters.
Telling of bright deeds done,
Telling of honour won,
Telling of William, fair Freedom's defender,
Telling of liberty,
Telling of victory,
Telling us *now*—rather die than surrender!

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

A TALE OF FACTS.

It is certain there are realities in life as extraordinary and incomprehensible as the most lively or fanciful imagination could invent ; and the following narrative is an illustration of the truth of this assertion :

It was on a brilliant morning, towards the end of summer, that the bells in the little town of —, in — shire, rang a joyous peal. The cottagers of the surrounding country assembled in holiday attire—nature herself seemed to harmonize with the scene, and deck, with her gayest smiles, the nuptial day of her own sweet favorite, the young and lovely Ellen.

Sir Richard and Lady de Lisle, the father and mother of Ellen, resided in the north of England. They possessed wealth and consequence, with the many advantages that follow in their train. Ellen was their only child, and never did parents shelter one fairer or more cherished. Beautiful alike in face and form, she was amiable as she was lovely. Candour, innocence sat enshrined on her open, modest brow, and gave to her countenance an expression so celestial, she looked as if the guardian angel of purity in her very cradle had touched her features with its spotless plume. Nurtured in an atmosphere of affection, she had not as yet known one of the cares or sorrows of life. Such a gifted being was not long destined to bloom a lonely flower in the shade of retirement.—Early in life she captivated the hero who had this day received her hand at the altar. General D—— was brave, handsome, and accomplished : he had just returned from gathering laurels on the field of battle ; but the conqueror was conquered ; he wooed and soon won the heart of the gentle Ellen. Though he had nearly numbered twice her years, she saw not the disparity, for she loved the gallant soldier. Her parents, while they mourned her loss, approved her choice, and blessed it. On returning from church, ere Ellen retired to prepare for quitting the home where the light hours of youth had passed, scarce ruffled by a sigh, the General, taking her hand, placed in it a small parcel, which, he said, contained a few baubles he hoped

to see her wear for his sake, at the same time drew from a curious Indian box a row of remarkably fine pearls, and presented it to her, saying he ventured to recommend that ornament particularly to her care, as he valued it highly from its having belonged to his own lamented mother. “ Preserve and value it, my Ellen, in memory of one who, had she been spared to witness my felicity this day, how would she have rejoiced—how would she have blessed and cherished my lovely bride ? ” With deep emotion he pressed her hand to his lips and turned away. In a few hours all smiles, all gaiety had disappeared—Ellen had left her home.

Months passed away borne on the bright stream of love and joy. General D—— brought his fair bride to London, and introduced her to all its gay and splendid scenes ; the most admired rose in its garden of beauties was his blooming Ellen, and he wore the sweet flower next his heart. As summer approached they took a handsome place near London, and in a short time were joined by Sir R. and Lady de Lisle ; this was alone wanting to complete the happiness of Ellen : her father could not long remain, but Lady de Lisle could not resist the soft pleading of her beloved child not to leave her so soon, especially as General D—— was called on to attend some regimental duties, likely to detain him many days from home.

Reluctantly he parted from his Ellen, and she saw him go with a feeling of sorrow unaccountable even to herself, aware as she was how short would be the period of his absence ; she wept long and bitterly in his arms, and as he tore himself away from her embrace, his own depression wore the appearance of some strange presentiment of evil ; he endeavoured to conquer his uneasiness, reflecting he left her well in the care of her fond mother and surrounded by every comfort ; he tried, therefore, to banish all ideas but *that* of his speedy return. Amongst the servants left to attend on Ellen was a black, who had lived many years with General D—— ; he had purchased him as a slave when in India, and soon after made him free, a benefit never

forgotten by the faithful Peter, who had not left his service since, and had attended him with constant fidelity and attachment; to his care the General particularly confided his lovely mistress ere he left his home. There were few days, when dressed for dinner, that Ellen did not place round her neck the precious string of pearls, and during her husband's absence she took particular pleasure in wearing it constantly.

General D—— had not been gone a fortnight when Ellen received a letter from him announcing that in a few days he hoped to return to the dear home and heart *his* throbbled to meet again; that of Ellen beat high with delight; she retired early, impatient for the solitude of her room to enable her to read over and over again the welcome epistle. Lady de Lisle soon followed her example, and in a short time all the inhabitants of the mansion appeared sunk in deep repose. It was late, however, ere Ellen could resign the cherished letter, even to the soft bosom on which it was destined to rest; she dwelt over every fond expression, till at length, after pouring forth the gratitude of her sinless soul to that Almighty Power who had thus blessed her happy existence, she retired to her couch.

Surely if life have a rapture, or the heart a joy, it is the anticipation of meeting, after a separation, the object of our fondest love! Even in future days when the impression of other happy moments has faded from our memory, *that* still remains so deeply engraven on our mind, that the very recollection brings with it a feeling of renewed and fresh delight.

The chamber of Lady de Lisle was at some distance from that of her daughter, and at the opposite side of a long gallery where most of the sleeping rooms were situated; towards the middle of the night she was awoken by what appeared to her like a stifled shriek; she started up, and listened in breathless alarm, but no sound again met her ear; all was still, so still she could almost count the throbblings of her heart, which beat in time with the mournful ticking of a clock that stood in her room; imagining at last she must have been dreaming, when she thought she heard a cry, she once more lay down, and after watching for some time longer, finding nothing occur to excite her fears, she soon again was wrapt in sleep.

Lady de Lisle rose early the next morning, and on returning from a walk in the garden, she was met by Ellen's attendant, who expressed some surprise at her mistress not having yet rung her bell, it being past her usual hour of rising. Lady de Lisle advised her to go softly into Ellen's room, but if she slept, charged her not to disturb her rest. Scarcely had the woman been gone a minute when piercing screams reached the ears of the horror-struck mother; she flew wildly up stairs; on entering the room, merciful heaven! what a scene was presented to her view! Ellen, the loved, the blooming Ellen extended on the bed, covered with blood! cold, disfigured, murdered by some barbarous hand, in all the pride of youth and beauty, the scarce-blown flower torn from its stem, already faded and decayed. An express was sent off to the bereaved husband, who arrived in a state of distraction in a few hours. It is not my wish to try to paint scenes of deep distress; there are few who have not known the agony of losing some object of affection, some cherished being of a fond doting heart, and few have loved like General D——. For the stricken parents! hallowed be their grief. Sacrilegious were the hand that would attempt to draw aside the veil retirement interposed between their sorrows and the world! One hope alone remained on earth for them, that ere long they would be laid in peace by the side of their lost treasure.

It may be supposed that a strict investigation took place as to the author and cause of such an atrocious and singular crime; but nothing could be found out to throw any light on the dark mystery. The throat of the innocent victim had been severed from ear to ear; there was no mark of any other injury; and from the way in which the body lay, and the appearance of the bed, it was judged very little struggle had taken place. Ellen's writing box, which contained a large sum, was untouched; her clothes and jewels were in their usual places, all, save the *pearl necklace*, which had totally disappeared! To suppose *that* had been the only object which had led to the commission of such an inhuman murder, seemed absurd; yet what other opinion could be formed? The servants were taken up, examined, searched, in vain; nothing was discovered to criminate any one of them or cast suspicion on a human being;

no noise had been heard on the fatal night by the inhabitants of the house, save the scream that had awoken Lady de Lisle. The inconsolable attendant of Ellen, as also all the other servants, slept at too great a distance from her chamber to hear any sound from thence; as for the black, he seemed bewildered by the blow, refused to eat or drink for many days; his senses absolutely wandered; he accused himself of neglect, and prayed forgiveness as if he were in fault for not watching more strictly over the precious trust confided so much to his care.

All efforts proving vain to discover the assassin, the heart-broken husband at last reluctantly abandoned further inquiry, and having resigned the place he had near London, the detested scene of such a tragedy, he discharged all the servants, save the faithful Peter, obtained a year's leave of absence from his military duties, and bade adieu to England, in hopes, by change of place, to lull in some faint degree the regret of heart that rendered his very existence a burden.

He had been absent about six months, when he got letters informing him that a ray of light had been cast on the late unhappy transaction which promised to lead to a discovery of the murderer; the present occupiers of the place he had lived in having had occasion to remove a great quantity of rubbish that lay in the stable yard, there had been found, thrust into the middle of the heap, a large knife, which, though covered with rust, visibly shewed it had been stained with blood; near it was also dug out an Indian box, which the maid, who had lived with Ellen at the time of the murder, had identified as that in which the *pearl necklace* was kept; he was also informed that circumstances had arisen to throw strong suspicion on his *black servant*, and was therefore advised to return to England without delay, and bring Peter with him, not allowing a syllable of the intelligence he had received to transpire. No expressions could be found to portray the feelings of the horror-struck General on reading this account, not that he credited the accusation against Peter, who had been so long his tried and faithful attendant, but the very idea chilled his blood. He lost not a moment in obeying the summons, and his heart oppressed with a misery time had not had power to soften, he set off on his return to England.

Immediately on reaching London

he prepared for the painful task of again endeavouring to bring to justice the murderer of Ellen. The circumstance that had appeared to criminate the black in particular was, one of the grooms who had lived with General D— during the short period of his married life, having sworn that he had seen the knife, which had a remarkable handle, in the possession of Peter, that he knew it belonged to him, and that two days before the murder was committed he had perceived it on a table in his apartment; orders were immediately issued for the apprehension of the black, but the guilty wretch saved them all farther trouble; the moment intimation reached him of what was going on, he threw himself at the feet of his master confessing his crime, that he was the sole perpetrator of the catastrophe that had plunged so many into misery, the midnight assassin of the helpless being he was bound to protect! He delivered up the necklace, which he had kept ever since, and gave himself into the hands of justice.

When interrogated as to the circumstances of the deed that had disgraced even savage nature, he declared he could not account for the irresistible desire to possess the necklace that had seized him from the moment he first saw it. So strong did the temptation become, he at last determined to steal it whenever an opportunity presented itself for so doing, and the absence of General D— seemed a fitting time to accomplish his wishes. While deliberating how he could best fulfil his purpose, he heard the intelligence of his master's expected return. He reflected if he did not take advantage of the present moment, he might lose all chance of securing the coveted prize—that Ellen slept at a distance from the rest of the family; and he resolved at once, on the very day that brought his master's letter, to make that night the attempt that had ended so fatally. He solemnly declared he had no intention of injuring his mistress at the time he formed the plan, and had merely taken his knife with him that he might defend himself in case of meeting any of the other servants up or about the house. He crept softly to Ellen's chamber, unclosed the door with caution—all was silent—she slept—there was a light burning on the dressing-table, which gave to his view the cabinet, open and unlocked, that contained the box in which was deposited the necklace. In snatching it too hastily, the

lid fell off and rolled upon the floor. Ellen stirred, and opened her eyes. The consequence of detected guilt flashed on his mind—horrid feelings began to struggle in his breast—his unhappy mistress started up in her bed, and, with a look of mingled terror and astonishment, exclaimed, "Robber!" It was her last word. Driven to frenzy, he tore the knife from his pocket, darted to the bed, and instantly drew it across the throat of the hapless Ellen. One scream, and all was over. He fled from the room with the feelings of a maniac, and from that hour remorse had pursued his every footstep. The necklace he had dipped his hands in blood to obtain, had become an object of abhorrence to him. He now resigned himself to his fate. Death, he declared, would be a relief, for life had been a curse since the fatal deed. He was tried, condemned and executed, within a week from the time of his confession.

Soon after, General D—— contrived to get an appointment abroad. Ere he left his native country, as he hoped for ever, he gave into the care of his only sister the pearl necklace—the hated cause of all his misery.

For some years Miss D—— kept the deposit carefully laid by; but as the remembrance of the past faded, and its horrors became softened by time, she occasionally wore it herself. One evening, at a large party, a wayward child insisted on climbing into her lap, that she might view the beautiful necklace nearer. She snatched at the string with violence—it broke—and some of the pearls fell on the ground. Miss D—— anxiously sought and gathered up all that were scattered. She brought them the next morning to a jeweller, and with many charges as to his care of them, she ordered them to be strung, and the necklace repaired. Some days after she called for it, and was told it was ready, and should be brought out immediately. Many minutes elapsed, and the man not returning, Miss D—— grew impatient, and, alighting from the carriage, passed into the shop, where she found the jeweller and his people in the utmost consternation searching for the pearls. But they sought in vain—it had vanished—not a trace of it to be found! Miss D—— was outrageous, and not to be pacified. She was offered any compensation, but nothing could make amends to her for the loss. The necklace was invaluable; it had been

confided to her care; she blamed herself for having worn it; she could not be comforted. This necklace seemed destined to be a source of sorrow and anxiety to the whole family. Time wore on, but brought no tidings of the pearls. Miss D—— had a maid, a firm believer in witchcraft. Seeing her mistress so uneasy, and having heard of a famous fortune-teller then in London, she determined to consult her privately, and endeavor, through her skill, to discover the fate of the missing necklace. Accordingly, she went, and, crossing the woman's hand with a piece of silver, told the tale, and begged her assistance as to this perplexing affair. The fortune-teller, after asking divers questions, retired from the room, and on her return, in some minutes, gave her a folded paper, which, on opening at her going home, she found contained the following words:—"To-morrow, at 12 o'clock, go into the hosier's shop, No. 3, Oxford-street; you will there find the object of your search, but beware how you seize it too hastily." Delighted at the hoped-for success of her visit, the girl carefully concealed the whole business from Miss D——, fearing she might forbid her seeking the end of the adventure. At the appointed time she sallied forth, found the shop to which she was directed, entered and looked with anxiety around. Nothing met her view but stockings of every size, form and kind. While thus employed, a woman entered the shop, holding a child in her arms, which she set down on the counter while speaking to the mistress of the house. The maid, hearing the voices, turned round quickly, but no sooner had she cast her eyes on the infant than, tied round its neck, she perceived the identical necklace—the object of her anxious search! Forgetting the warning she had received, she darted suddenly with a scream of joy at the child, attempting to tear the pearls from its neck. In her agitation her fingers became entangled in the string; the more she endeavored to extricate them the tighter she drew it round the infant's throat. It gasped—its little face grew black—the woman of the shop flew to procure knife or scissors to cut the string; but it was too late. On her return the luckless babe was lying in the maid's arms a breathless, distorted corpse! Immediately on hearing the necklace claimed, the woman to whom the child appeared to belong fled from the shop, leaving

it in the arms of Miss D——'s maid, and, abandoning it to its fate, was never heard of after.

The fatal pearl necklace, as well it may be called, having thus caused

the death of three persons, is still in the family of the general officer to whom it belonged, though, from a very natural superstitious feeling, not one of them have ever ventured to wear it since.

POEMS BY ELIZA MARY HAMILTON.*

THE successive periods which are distinguishable in the history of English literature carry, on their surface, the plain indications of general progress. Their catalogues of illustrious names are numerically richer, and their effects on the minds of the time more widespread and durable. The brilliant generation of Scott, of Southey, Wordsworth, Byron, &c. has passed, or is passing, and we are (perceptibly enough) advancing into the commonly silent and dark pause of intellectual light that is, in the probable course of things, to follow. But it no longer comes accompanied by the same dull gloom and dreary stillness, "as when the moon deserts the night, hid in her vacant interlunar cave." Our night, if so we may be allowed to speak, comes ushered in by her softer though fainter light—her dewy scents and late warbling birds. The vast and varied excitement of the passing age has broadly and profoundly diffused itself into the mind; and as those more powerful and prominent geniuses have passed, and while we were yet lamenting the leaden reign that was anticipated to follow, a new and beautiful undergrowth of poetry has been richly and freshly springing up about us, like the younger and more delicate vegetation that follows where the trees of the forest have been removed. Of this, the character is, indeed, mainly such as to give an almost literal force to this seemingly fantastic language.

Amidst a profuse luxuriance of minor poetry, which every mouth and every corner of our land brings to light, while by far the larger portion manifests nothing more than the general growth of literary cultivation, there is also no inconsiderable display of graceful and highly-refined and accomplished taste. Amongst these latter, some proofs of a higher power and more native and self-moving genius may,

though, of course, more rarely, be discerned: and amongst this more high and gifted class, we have no hesitation in placing Miss Hamilton. There is, throughout her book, a constant recurrence of those veins of profound and characteristic reflection, which never arise in the artificial process of capping borrowed phrases into trite verse, which is so much of the fashionable poesy of the time. From this she is altogether free—the tissue of her verse flows as it is woven from the mingled thread of reflection and sentiment—sometimes very beautiful, always pure from affectation, imitation, and the paltry tricks of the rhyming trade. Her thoughts are manifestly her own—her feelings she has felt. Without any very unusual command of mere expression, or gift of verse, there is, in Miss Hamilton's poetry, that which is never found except in spirits of the higher order, which breathe in purer realms of thought, "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot"—we mean the characteristic tone which enchains the reader more than the more harmoniously modulated verse or the most sparkling combinations of words. We rather feel the presence of mind and heart, than sit in judgment on composition. This little book, which, for form, bulk and pretension, may be easily confused with the torrent of light volumes, which are the pride and reproach of the day, contains pages of very rare original power, which cannot be read without leaving deep impressions on every mind susceptible to the charm of imagination and sentiment. Such poetry as this will always be read as the faithful record of the moments in which it was conceived. It is tinged with the very hue of phantasy, and tells of feeling that never is felt but by the poet. The subject is the moon seen by day:

"What art thou like, oh! solitary thing?
Something is in thee touches much my heart—"

* Poems. By Eliza Mary Hamilton. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, College-green. 1838.

Bending its reeds of feeling with a wing
 Cold as the winds that have sad music's art,
 Among those green, wild river-flutes, that taught
 The lip of man to imitate their sigh.—
 What is in thee of bitterness, oh! what,
 Angel of silence in day's gaudy sky!
 To bow my spirit thus o'erwhelmingly,
 Beneath the meaning of thy mournful smile?
 What likeness, as I gaze, grows clear the while
 In thine to other features,—of a fate
 As high, as strange, as proudly desolate?
 Which, as it diadems the drooping head
 With light and sound, but dims, and maketh dead
 The glory nature gave to her who wears
 The sweeter power that no such sceptre bears "

The poem which stands next in Miss H.'s collection, *Julie de M—*, contains undoubted proof of very great power of narration, as well as skill in tracing the deeper currents and vicissitudes of human feeling. But what we would chiefly recommend to notice, is the vivid truth with which a story is told, without the help of a line of

detail. Extracts can give no notion of this; but we offer some for their delicate expression of the most refined and delicate affections of our nature under the influence of fancy. The stranger is supposed to compare the scenery around with that of her native Alps.

"Yes, they were like, but *her* hills swelled
 Proudlier far; and then on our's
 Where was the breath of her free, wild flowers?
 That magnificent one, whose deep blue urn
 Keeps the crystal dew till the mid-noon burn;
 It grew by thousands all up those hills,
 And beside the gush of their many rills;
 And still in its sickness it was dear,
 When she met it pale in our gardens here."

There is great truth and beauty in which occurs in a description of Alpine one touch of picturesque splendour, scenery,

"And the forest walk in the noon's hot hour,
 When the solemn darkness would burst and show
 The broad gold lake, deep, deep below."

In the "silent one" it is easy to detect the poet's fancy, which is so apt to endow the objects of external sense with a deeper and intenser life of its own.

Deeply silent 'midst the loud!
 Silent as the blessed dead!
 Thou amid the restless crowd
 Art a poem to be read.
 Thou art like a statue lit
 With inward radiance exquisite;
 To the spirit's glance acute
 Thy lips alone are marble-mute;
 Thy very quietude intense
 Disturbs the heart, like eloquence;
 We vaguely feel, we dimly see,
 That solemn secrets dwell with thee.

The whole of the following stanzas in which the mystery of the "silent" have much fancy and poetic feeling; one" is disclosed.
 but we cannot pass the closing stanza

There is One Name—I heard it spoken;
 And then I saw at last
 That depth of stillness round thee broken,
 As by a clarion's blast.

It was the one mysterious word
 Thy bosom's fountain's to uncloze,
 Troubling with overflowing love
 Thy fathomless repose.
 Thine eye,—at that despised Name,
 Worshipped in heaven,—more full of light,
 With sacred dew suffused became.
 No more the breathless hush of night
 Seem brooding round thee; well didst thou,
 With no cold lip, nor coward brow,
 Bear witness to the only "True,"
 "Whom none of this world's princes knew."

There is no test of originality so true as the power to touch that which is common and trite with vigor and effect. This, we think, appears in several of Miss Hamilton's pages. For examples of this, however, we must be content to refer to the volume, in which the reader will find many sweet and clear currents of feeling and contemplation, which may scarcely bear the mutilation of extracts. The working up of single passages of great power, in the form most favorable to this purpose, is not the highest of the poet's gifts. In many of the noblest efforts of moral poetry, when every verse has been followed with sympathy and growing admiration to the end, we have often looked back with surprised disappointment over the same pages, to discover the secret of their power over the heart, and to find the separate touches of the master-hand, which exalted our imagination, kindled our feelings and fascinated attention. For too often has it occurred that the charm, which was addressed to the heart while it lay resigned to the stream of true feeling, seemed to melt away and become insensible to the scrutiny of analyzing criticism, which is never so successful as when applied to the contrivances of art and the refined artifices of composition. It is for

this reason, that we may pass here many strains of deep natural truth and feeling, which will be read with intense effect by the reader of Miss Hamilton's volume, and yet, could not with any justice be offered as specimens of its merit. As examples of this we may refer to "A Few Years," p. 44, which, if read as our readers might read it here—that is to say, critically—would exhibit a just and affecting train of sentiment and reflection, somewhat marred in the delivery: but met in its proper place, and read with the heart, not ear, it will touch the spirit with its deep and thoughtful tone, like the far-heard murmur of the stream of other days, breathing sadness as they roll away from us.

These remarks may explain why having commended the tone of deep moral reflection, which gives to Miss Hamilton's pages much of their character, we yet rather make our selections from passages of a less characteristic though more easily appreciable vein. In the following two stanzas there are, we think, some happy reflections on the appearance of an ancient field of battle.* We do not feel ourselves precluded from doing them justice by the accident of their having appeared in our own pages.

Gone is the sound that shook yon winding glen,
 Yon wooded hill, and all the quiet ground:
 Where are the banners now? the armed men?
 The tramp of horse, in scornful music drowned?
 The foe's so firm encampment on yon height,
 Now guarded only by the golden spears
 Of sunny corn? All, all has past from sight!
 Thus, too, shall pass thy tumult and thy tears,
 My country! thus on thy sweet face remain
 Only glad memories of a shattered chain.

Bright, bloodless river! on thy bosom pure
 There broods indeed the shadow of a day,
 When no still swans, slow-moving thus secure,
 Crowned thee like lilies on thy peaceful way.
 But through thy silver depths, for more than life,
 Brave men were pressing; from thy grassy brink

* Battle of the Boyne.

Plunged the calm leader in that righteous strife,
 In Truth's bright armour all too strong to shrink :
 " Conqueror beloved ! " e'en yet fast following rolls
 A full stern torrent of unwavering souls.

We pass by many pleasing lyrics and a tale of the Scottish rebellion, replete with power and exhibiting a deep familiarity with the human heart, to extract a very striking little poem,

of less power, indeed, than the thrilling tale of broken and bruised affections contained in the former, but strongly evidencing the distinctive contemplative habit of Miss H.'s mind.

KNOWLEDGE.

Yes ! 'tis a majestic thing,
 Soaring on its heavenward wing
 Through illimitable space :
 Yet methinks its godlike grace,
 Passing o'er the unfolding heart,
 Makes its rest too often start ;
 Disturbs it with too rude a might,
 O'erpowers it with too cold a light,
 For mortality to bear
 And leave us what we early were.

We catch the faded, languid tone,
 Of life too passionately known,
 And walk too soon beneath the sun
 With surprise for ever done,
 Too curiously we ventured near
 The fountains of delight and fear ;
 Too eagerly we sought to taste
 Existence ; 'twas a fatal haste !
 What is there remains to try ?
 Nothing, nothing, but to die !

Oh ! if there were something new,
 To give our life its early hue ;
 Any fresh emotion's lore,
 Any thing unfelt before ;
 If the heart had yet a page
 In its altered volume sage
 Unopened, unperused, to show
 Depths there that we did not know !
 But the highest, lowest note

We have touched : we know by rote
 All sensations it contains,
 Its subtle sympathies, and pains,
 And sweetnesses ; and powers that wait
 The rich developing of fate,—
 And infirmities that creep
 O'er it like resistless sleep.
 We know the thoughts of others now
 By merely glancing at their brow ;
 And worse, we know ourselves, and see
 We are not all sublimity.

Alas ! the poetry of thought
 Too much of science soon has caught ;
 Leaf by leaf, we tear away,
 From feeling's home, the veil that lay
 O'er it to our childhood's view.
 We shake to earth the drops of dew,
 And search the only opening bud,
 Till every part is understood.
 Then,—first we faint beneath the blaze
 That bursts upon our mortal gaze ;
 And then grow weary in our souls,
 As time monotonously rolls—
 Like a tale from mystery's pen
 That we have read and read again,
 Till we would cast it quite away
 From sickening sight, and coldly say,
 What is there remains to try ?
 Nothing, nothing, but to die !

We have selected this, not merely from a sense of its truth and poetry, but for the glimpse it appears to give of the features of an intellect of a higher order, than generally is to be discovered in the deluge of female poetry, which is, indeed, one of the signs of the time. The language of poetry has itself derived from this some new and beautiful expansions, which will never fully appear till some mind of superior mastery again appears in our literature. The refined expression of sentiment, which has always appeared more peculiar to the female pen, has thus received much improvement, and the form of woman's mind been more vividly, correctly, and completely portrayed by the hand of female consciousness. The fervor of the passions has acquired a pureness

and delicacy hitherto unknown, and a softness and grace has been imparted to the breathings of enthusiasm. Of much of this Mrs. Hemans might be cited as the best illustration. But there is, generally speaking, in this new department of poetry, an utter want of real depth and vigor, which no fluency of expression, or no force of passion can give. The signs of searching, forming, and creative powers which appertain to the intellect, are too little to be found in those spring-flowers of female fancy. Reason, analysis, the broad and steady gaze of contemplation, the grasp of comprehension, seem for the most part to be masculine attributes, and, with few exceptions, wanting in the efforts of the female writer. Amongst these exceptions Miss H.'s

little volume gives her much claim to be placed. With the refined and delicate tones of sentiment, which are proper to her own sex, she seems also conversant with the more strictly intellectual moods of philosophy; and many of her compositions forcibly indicate the probable future result of such a combination. It is, indeed, more or less visible throughout her volume—the least successful of her efforts, still shewing a mind that looks into the depths, and not upon the surface of the

subject. Her volume is, indeed, far too rich for extracts; and its contents go on improving toward the end, till there is scarcely a poem that it does not seem injustice to pass by. The two little poems of "The Poetic Gift" have infinite truth and beauty. The lines commencing "We two have sat together" are solemn, graceful, and pathetic. The lines "To Happiness" display a sweet combination between fancy and moral observation.

"TO HAPPINESS.

"Beautiful dove! they chase thee through the air,
Thinking to lay their sacrilegious hands
Upon thy purest wings!—they proudly dare,
With glittering fetters and with gorgeous bands,
To furnish forth a prison, where thy voice
May haply send its music to their heart,
And teach even them, like angels to rejoice.
But no, thou holy and thou free!—depart!—
Fly in the silence of thy meek disdain,
Fly unalarmed—though heavily they rain
Their golden arrows round thee: they shall bind,
Sooner than thee, the rainbow, or the wind!

Fly to thine own green solitudes of peace,
Which this world knows not—to the hearts as still
As forest-depths—whose verdure doth not cease
With summer's glory: unto Zion's hill
Speed thee away! and to the river Death,
Where, soothed at last, its cold and gloomy waves
Rush into seas of light!—And oh! be with
The lonely soul, that well and nobly braves—
Not the last struggle, or its rapturous strife,
But sin's fierce combat with the life of life!
Be thy soft pinions then, as wings of eagles strong,
To bear it up on high, above the touch of wrong!

Or, if thou leave us for a little while,
Let the sad eyes that watch thee on thy flight,
Through many a bright immeasurable mile
Follow thee onward, into realms of light
They else had never pierced,—till we shall say
'Return not here, sweet spirit! come not back,
Except to take us with thyself away,
Along that glorious never-ending track!—
Oh! like those men of Galilee who stood
Up-gazing into heaven—one brotherhood
On earth is yet, who still the promise hear,
'Wherefore, ye sad ones, stand ye gazing here?
Bliss hath departed from the sons of men,
But tears are not for you—your Lord shall come again!'

We have with great pleasure observed that Miss Hamilton's poetry is honorably distinguished from that of her poetic sisterhood, by its pervading character of intellect. We may add that it loses no hue of fancy, or no touch of delicate female sentiment by this alliance with reason; but we have still greater satisfaction in giving our

heartly approbation to the Christian spirit which gives truth to her moral reflections, and dedicates her poetry to its first and highest object. Of this we could offer many beautiful examples did our space permit. The verses on Obadiah, v. 4, at p. 195, are indeed an awful warning to the gifted, when in their exaltation they forget God.

"Yes! thou indeed art as an eagle, cleaving
 High solitudes profound,—
 Thought's mountain summits, far beneath thee leaving,
 And who of earth shall bring thee to the ground?
 Thy wings of intellect are dazzling-bright,
 Oh! earliest loved, I know not where they soar;
 I veil mine eyes before the splendid sight,
 I only know that this must once be o'er.

For take thy flight, which hath a glorious seeming,
 Upward and upward, wandering through light!
 Smile in thy heart at faith's prophetic dreaming,
 That aught shall pluck thee from thy sovereign height!
 Go to thy throne amid the stars of heaven,
 Where death itself shall never touch thy crown!
 One dwelleth there—with Him if thou hast striven,
 Shall he not cast thee like the weakest down?

Is there around the lofty habitation
 Of thy bright spirit any guard from him?
 Canst thou defy the inward desolation
 With which his wrath all brilliant thoughts can dim?
 Hast thou a heart that would not much be wounded
 Should burning arrows fall on it like rain,—
 Should love be crushed, and deepest trust confounded,
 And memory's self become unsleeping pain?

And what shall then those glorious wings avail thee,
 Bleeding, and faint, and powerless to rise,
 When all the refuges of this world fail thee,
 And coldly glitter the approachless skies?
 Oh! ere that hour, 'a little child' again,
 Become in wisdom's renovated youth,
 And rise, an eagle, among fearless men,
 For Him who is 'the Truth.'"

But it is time to conclude. We sincerely hope that this volume may have the success which we know it deserves; and that Miss Hamilton, who seems to draw from a fountain as

full as it is clear and pure, may follow it up by the more sustained exertion of those powers of which the present one leaves no doubt.

THE ART OF WAR.*

AMONG the many peculiarities which have marked the progressive diffusion of thought and knowledge in the present age, we hold as not the least remarkable and important in its general influence on society that spirit which is so strongly prevalent in leading men to reveal the arcana of arts and sciences to the mass of mankind, through the medium of popular and familiar treatises. Despite the flippant criticism, the wholesale and untenable arguments, and superficial and sententious cant of interested opposers of the system, it is impossible to deny, as a general proposition, that the commu-

nication of knowledge in a popular form and through an extensive medium can fail to exercise a beneficial influence on the community at large, unless we are also prepared to defend the anomaly that barbarism is a state superior to civilization, or repudiate the principle that knowledge is power. Hence it is that though such treatises are, and of necessity must always be, to a certain extent, imperfect, and often display occasional faults of execution and detail, we are yet even disposed to view with favor each successive attempt as an accession to that moral force which, with a speed constantly accele-

* An Historical Sketch of the Progress of the Art of War. By Richard Nicholson Magrath, Lieut. 3d Regiment, East Kent, or Buffs. 1 vol. 8vo. Dublin: Wm. Curry and Co. 1838.

rated and ever uncontrollable, is urging forward the human mind in its approach towards that congenial though unattainable spiritual perfection from which no secrets are hid.

The volume to which we propose to devote a few of the following pages is one of the class of which we have been just writing, though not, indeed, as ostensibly so as many of the works emanating from the Committee of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." To the reader whose pursuits are peaceful—and such, for the most part, are they who study the history of nations—much of the matter with which such works abound—campaigns, battles and sieges—present little else than a confused mass of incomprehensible facts, from which he is in most cases unable to extract any available information. He, therefore, who would essay to enlighten the path and clear away the difficulties and obscurities that perplex such a reader, contributes, in no small degree, to advance the value and utility of these studies. Mr. Magrath has, with much modesty, but considerable success, put forward this attempt as a popular elucidation of the art of war, and though he has not been enabled to draw very largely on his own personal experience or active service, yet has he abundantly supplied that deficiency by extensive reading and accurate research. Nor are we disposed to view this volume as useful merely to the general reader. The junior member of the military profession, in his first efforts to acquire an acquaintance with the principles of the art of war, will find it a valuable introduction to the course of his studies, supplying a deficiency, which the author himself assures us, and which we believe the experience of others in similar circumstances will corroborate, has been long sensibly felt.

The author's purpose is to trace through its progressive stages the art of warfare from its first rude origin in the ages of ignorance and barbarism, till, aided from time to time by the

mechanical sciences, and, in fine, by chemical discoveries, it has at length grown up into a system, both in practice and principles, of noble and profound art, requiring in those who profess it in its highest branches as well the most extensive abilities and acquirements as the most superior mental and moral qualifications.

"To trace," are the observations of the author—"to trace the operation of those sublime principles in the success or defeat of armies, cannot surely be useless; and their truths must be carried home to the student's mind with the more firm conviction, when he observes that they have been always invariable, although the practice of the art has varied, in varying situations, ages and climates."

The progress of the art of war divides itself not unnaturally into three great eras, and of these the author has availed himself in his historical sketch—the first era from the creation of the world to the fall of the Roman empire—the second, the period of the middle ages—and the third, from the time of the invention of gunpowder to the present day. Under the first of these divisions are discussed the modes of warfare and military tactics and weapons of the Egyptians, Jews, Persians, Scythians, Numidians, and other early nations of whom any authentic records are in existence; but the more civilized and enlightened state of the art, as practised by the Greeks and Romans, of course claims the greatest portion of the author's attention. This latter is a subject of no small difficulty, seeing that few subjects have ever created more angry discussions between learned tacticians than the nature and modes of Grecian discipline; and wedges, orbs, triangles, rhombs and geometrical orders of battle have successively inflamed the erudite disputants. Yet we are bound to admit that Mr. Magrath has acquitted himself most creditably. The renowned Macedonian phalanx, of which Philip is commonly but erroneously supposed to be the inventor,* is fully and accurately treated

* This opinion is supported by Diodorus Siculus, who alleges that Philip conceived the first idea of this body from a well-known passage in the Iliad.

"Λασις ἄρ' ἀσπίδ' ἱεῖς, κορυὶ κορυὶ, ἐνερὰ δ' ἀντὶ
Ψαυὶ δ' ἴσπετομαι κορυβὶς λαμπροῖσι φελλοῖσι
Νινοῦται ὡς πυκνοὶ σφραγισκὶ ἀλλήλοισιν."

Iliad, N. 131.

"An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields;
Armour in armour locked, and shields in shields,

of by our author chiefly relying on the writings of *Ælianus*.

"The real phalanx was so disposed, preparatory to the attack, that on coming to the charge, the *sacriæ* or pikes of even the seventh or eighth rank should project beyond the front of the body, thus bringing as great a number of weapons as possible to bear upon the point of attack. This arrangement being well imagined, and based upon the correct principles of war, was formidable in the extreme upon a level plain, where nothing occurred to interrupt the advance or cause disorder; but on ground in the slightest degree intersected, it is obvious that such clumsily-formed bodies could not for a moment preserve their compactness in movement."

It seems probable that the various other formations of the Greek infantry belonged rather to the theory of tactics, and were never employed on actual service. This much, however, is well ascertained, that there were three distinct species of infantry—the *Oplites*, *Peltastes*, and the *Psillites*. Of these, Mr. Magrath gives the following account :—

"The *Oplites*, or heavy armed, (of whom the phalanx was composed,) wore helmets, breastplates of hammered iron, with greaves on their legs, large shields of wood or folds of bullocks' hides covered with plates of copper or brass, and they carried pikes and short swords. *Iphicrates*, general of the Athenians, about the year 357 before Christ, made considerable alteration in these respects, diminishing the size of the shields, substituting flaxen armour (which must have resembled the quilted sabre-proof jackets now used in Asia) for the iron plastrons or breastplates; and increasing the length both of the pikes and swords. The *Peltastes* were more lightly armed, and had shorter weapons than the first species of infantry, carrying small round targets, from which they derived their name.—The *Psillites* were the light infantry, who wore no defensive armour, and were variously armed with darts, arrows, and slings.

"This division of their infantry was a very judicious arrangement; for their

light armed foot could skirmish with and harass the enemy, performing all sorts of detached duties, and, when supported by the *Peltastes*, were capable of preventing any small parties of the enemy from annoying the main body of heavy-armed infantry on their march. *Zenophon* relates an example of the excellence of this disposition, when the ten thousand Greeks, on their celebrated retreat, were opposed in their passage through the country of the *Carduceæ*. The heavy infantry was divided into as many as eighty distinct bodies, who advanced up the mountains, their intervals being covered by the light armed, protecting those little battalions from hostile slingers and archers, and in their turn receiving support from the solid bodies."

The comparative merits and advantages of the two great rival formations of Greece and Rome have been long a debateable subject. *Polybius* has entered into a very learned and minute examination of the former, and acknowledges that as long as the soldiers of the phalanx were able to preserve their disposition and close order they were invincible—it was impossible for an enemy either to sustain the weight of the phalanx, or to open and break it. It happened but rarely, however, that the phalanx was able to maintain its integrity of formation, as it required a flat even spot of ground, of large extent, without either tree, bush, entrenchment, ditch, valley, hill, or river, circumstances which could all be rarely found combined. In this respect the Roman army possessed a vast and obvious advantage over the other, for being divided into small bodies calculated to execute with ease and rapidity, and in more circumscribed ground movements of which the large, dense, and cumbrous phalanx was incapable, it was able to take advantage of all places and situations, to sever and unite at pleasure, and as a whole or in detachments, go through such evolutions as the occasion might require. These latter qualities it was that enabled *Paulus Æmilius* to obtain his celebrated victory over *Perseus* at *Pydna*. The

Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng;
Helmets stuck to helmets, and man drove man along."

Pope.

There is, however, good reason for holding that Philip only new-modelled and disciplined a formation with which the Macedonians, in common with the rest of Greece, were long previously acquainted. Indeed the lines above quoted may seem to indicate a very remote origin of the phalanx. On this subject see *Leland's Life of Philip of Macedon*, p. 45 and seq.

phalanx presented a rampart of brass, and forest of pikes, impenetrable to the Roman general's legions, and which as he owned* filled him at first with terror and astonishment. Thus while the Greeks maintained their form close and unbroken, the slaughter of the Roman soldiers was dreadful; but the moment the unevenness of the ground and the length of the battle front caused several openings and intervals in the phalanx, that moment it was shorn of its strength. The Roman General poured in his light detached bodies, and by numerous contemporaneous attacks, broke through the phalanx and gained the victory†

To return, however, to the work before us. Mr. Magrath, amongst many other excellent observations on the subject of the Roman tactics and discipline, offers the following remarks with a view of shewing that the system of promotion adopted exercised a considerable influence on the character of the Roman army, and was admirably calculated to insure good discipline and subordination.

"In the first place, the soldiery being divided in three classes, the honor of being allowed to pass from the junior or inferior, to a superior class, was a great incitement to good conduct in the men. With regard to the officers, they of a superior grade chose those who were to serve in the next inferior rank to themselves. To explain this—the people, or state, elected the consuls or commanders-in-chief, they again chose out the military tribunes, who commanded legions—they also appointed the centurions, who were the officers that commanded maniples or companies—and these last chose their own subalterns or tergiductors, whose duty was to close up the rear, as do the *serre-file* ranks of our modern battalions. It is very obvious, how, under such a system, merit must have been the chief, if not the only passport to advancement, for the personal character of a consul was deeply concerned in the choice he might make of the military tribunes to command the different corps under his orders; and he would naturally seek to have his own fame and honor, and his own plans and dispositions in war, supported and carried into effect by the valor and ability of officers of distinction. In like manner, a military tribune was deeply interested in the selection of gallant, prudent, and skilful centurions to command the maniples of his legion, and so on to the junior ranks of officers. This system of

promotion, which establishes such a beautiful chain of subordination and attachment between the inferior and superior officers, could most probably never be applied to a modern army, on account of the difference of our manners and state of society; but its principle might and ought so far to be adopted as to leave to every general-in-chief the selection of his own generals of division, and to these again the choice of their own divisionary staff, whether personal or general. Thus, in each command, the principal officer would be surrounded by men whom he knew, and in whom he had confidence, and in whose respectability his own character for judgment or penetration would be very much concerned."

Passing from this subject we arrive at the second era, when the flood of northern tribes poured in upon Rome, sweeping away in their desolating course the arts and sciences of Greece and Rome, and substituting throughout civilized Europe the stern despotism of the feudal system. Based upon this foundation was reared up the fabric of chivalry which assumed gradually a disciplined appearance, and is associated in recollection with all that is noble, generous, and brave. The infantry formed a small and insignificant portion, being composed of the serfs or bondsmen, while the whole strength of a feudal army lay in the men at arms, or heavy armed cavaliers, who were emphatically styled "the battle." Mr. Magrath gives us the following description of the appointment of the latter:—

"The offensive weapons of a knight or man-at-arms were usually an extremely large wide-bladed sword, sometimes accompanied by an *epée à l'estoc*, or stabbing-sword, of French origin, which was attached to the pommel of the saddle, a falchion or else a dagger with a very broad blade tapering to a point. Some knights used heavy maces or *bâtons ferés*; and others again carried short battle-axes. But the principal weapon which a good and true knight relied most upon, was the long and stout lance, so much celebrated in the songs of the days of chivalry. A couple of the knight's mounted attendants were commonly armed with cross-bows, or else common bows and arrows.

"The defensive armour of the feudal cavalry varied a little in the different countries of Europe; but I shall endeavour to describe that most commonly

* Plut. in Paul. *Æmil.* p. 265.

† Livy, l. xliv. n. 41.

used in England and France. A cavalier, for the protection of his head, wore a helmet of iron with a vizor or grate. Leaders and standard-bearers wore beavers with thin plates of iron fastened on before the face. The body of a man-at-arms was protected by a coat of fence called mail, composed of a wambais, i. e. a tunic wadded with wool or tow and stitched lengthways, over which was placed an iron shirt, formed of iron links interlaced so as to prevent an arrow from penetrating. These iron rings or links had joints at convenient distances, and so contrived as to move upon each other with the greatest facility. This species of armour, which came into fashion about the middle of the eleventh century, maintained its ground, according to some authors, till the fifteenth; but Mr. Grose affirms that both in France and England the plate armour was completely introduced about the year 1370. Even after the introduction of plate armour, however, many gentlemen chose to arm themselves *mi-partie*, that is, partly in one kind of armour, partly in the other. Plate armour consisted of different pieces of thin but strong metal to cover the back, breast, shoulders, arms, hands, thighs, legs and feet; each piece called by a particular name; and they were usually fastened together by steel rivets with heavy brass knobs. Milan was the town of all Europe most remarkable for the manufacture of good armour.*

It must be admitted, however, that the warriors of the middle ages never arrived at any eminent skill in tactical formation; and the principles of strategy were but very imperfectly understood. Whoever reads the wars of France and England, in the chronicles of Froissart* and Lord Berners, will at once agree with us in the assertion.

With the invention and application of gunpowder to the purposes of warfare, a total revolution in the principles of war, offensive and defensive, was necessarily effected. This forms the commencement of the third era into which Mr. Magrath divides his investigation, and which he has treated at greater length than the former, and with a minuteness and skill that prove a considerable acquaintance with his

subject. There is a very interesting historical account of the progressive improvements in fire-arms, from the first invention of the rude cannon formed of iron bars bound together with strong hoops, to the present exquisitely wrought rifled barrel guns; and the rules of projectiles, as applicable to gunnery, are also alluded to.

"One of the greatest modern improvements (remarks Mr. M.) in the fabrication of fire-arms, is the method of making rifled barrels, which, though from various causes inapplicable to great guns, has produced the most formidable description of small fire-arms yet known. The invention was probably suggested by the observed fact, that a ball is often very much deflected from its straight course by the whirling motion on its axis, acquired from the friction against the sides of the piece. Now, it was known to every body, that the feathers of an arrow were always placed in a spiral form, in order to make the arrow spin around its axis, with which it could not possibly move in a straight direction. In order then to make a ball revolve in this manner, on its longitudinal instead of its transverse axis, a rifled piece has its cylinder cut with a number of spiral channels; and these are in reality female screws, varying from the common screws only in this, that their threads or rifles are less deflected and approach more to the figure of a right line, it being usual for the threads with which rifle barrels are indented to take little more than one turn in their whole length. The number of these threads is various in different countries, it being a matter of little consequence, so that the spiral motion be given to the ball."

In this portion of the work the subject of fortifications claims a prominent place, and the author has devoted a considerable portion of his work to an explanation of the improvements of Marshal Vauban, Coehorn, and other eminent engineers, which receive further illustration from several plates appended to the volume.

The following is a just eulogium on the skillful disposition of one of the greatest generals that ever adorned any age or nation :

"But the most remarkable and most

* We have received great pleasure from the numbers that have already appeared of the excellent quarto edition of those admirable *Chronicles*, now in progress of publication by Mr. Smith of Fleet-street, London. The whole, when complete, will place in the hands of the public, in a cheap and accessible form, one of the most delightful portions of the "*Romance of History*," that has been ever contributed either by poet or historian.

glorious example of the advantages to be derived from a well-disposed chain of redoubts or other natural obstacles, was furnished by the Duke of Wellington, in 1810. His celebrated lines of Torres Vedras were planned and constructed on the best principles of field fortification, and played a most important part in the sublime combinations, by which, with very inadequate means, he delivered the Peninsula from the dominion of France. They stretched completely across the Peninsula of Lisbon from the Tagus to the sea, blocking up every approach to the city, and covering a considerable tract of country in the rear. Independently of the works thrown up at the fort of St. Julian to cover an embarkation in case the British should be forced to such a measure, there were two grand chains of works in front of Lisbon. The outer or advanced chain was traced from the mouth of the little river Zizandra, over the mountains of Torres Vedras and Monte-Agrafa to Alhandra on the river. Torres Vedras and Monte-Agrafa were the two grand keys of the position, and were fortified accordingly with such care as to be converted into petty fortresses; the little fort and two dependant redoubts at the former place mounting forty pieces of cannon. The extent of this line, following its contour throughout, was twenty-nine miles. The second line was of less extent, measuring twenty-two miles, stretching from Via Longa on the Tagus to the mouth of the St. Lorenzo, and occupying the mountain passes of Mafra, Montechique, and Bucellas, through which run three of the four great Lisbon roads. This chain was guarded by sixty-nine redoubts, mounting 272 pieces of cannon, and requiring more than 17,000 men for their garrisons; while the advanced line, besides the forts of Torres Vedras, and Monte-Agrafa, included sixty-five redoubts and other works, mounting 319 guns, and requiring for garrisons 18,000 men. These garrisons consisted chiefly of the Portuguese militia and ordonnance; while the regular British and Portuguese troops were cantoned in such situations that they could speedily concentrate in force on any threatened point."

We believe it may be safely asserted, that some of the most important revolutions ever wrought in the art of war are attributable to the great Frederick of Prussia, during the memorable seven years' war; and although since the conclusion of that war a period of sixty years have elapsed, during which, it is true, numberless improvements have taken place in all the minor details of military organization, and in the prac-

tice of military evolutions, still it may well be doubted if the art, in all its higher branches, has since attained any greater degree of perfection.

"The excellent tactical arrangement (observes Mr. Magrath) introduced by him, both into his infantry and cavalry put an end to all fantastical discussions amongst speculative tacticians, concerning cohorts, phalanxes, rhombs, and wedges; and caused the formation of troops in battalions to triumph, and to be generally adopted in the armies of Europe. The Prussian system of evolutions became the model, and the steadiness and precision of the Prussians were objects of universal admiration. Frederick effected the great improvement (in minor arrangement) of reducing the depth of his infantry to three ranks, and the general principles of his evolutions were pretty much the same as those upon which our infantry now move. His dispositions for action were most masterly; his troops being so arranged that he could attack the weakest point of the enemy's line with superior force, while the rest of his troops were kept in check by demonstrations. This object he commonly effected by means of an oblique order of attack, which I before suggested that he most probably copied from the example of Epaminondas at Leuctra and Mantinea."

The manner of forming this oblique attack is well explained by the author, but without the aid of diagrams cannot be presented to the reader; but it was by attacking in this order that Frederick gained many of his victories, and especially those of Rossbach and Leuthen.

"The order of march which the great Frederick used, to establish his army obliquely upon a flank of the enemy, was extremely simple, but not the less sublime in its conception, and it bore a very strong resemblance to that adopted by Hamilcar, when he attacked the revolted mercenaries under Spendius, as I remarked in the first section of this work. At Leuthen Frederick defeated above eighty thousand Austrians with only thirty thousand Prussians, having attacked them by the oblique order. His army moved forward in four open columns, having a strong advanced guard considerably in front; the first or right column being composed of the two lines of cavalry of the right wing, (excepting some detachments with the advanced guard); the second column consisted of the two lines of the right wing of the infantry; the third column was formed of the left wing of the infantry, and the fourth of the left wing of

the cavalry, both in two lines. The Prussian advanced guard, after carrying the village of Borna, found itself in front of the right of the Austrian position. The king then reconnoitred the enemy, and observing his right to be strongly covered by a wood and marsh, resolved to direct his efforts against the left. But the Austrian outposts having been driven in upon the right, Count Luchesi, who commanded the wing, conceiving that he would be seriously attacked, solicited reinforcements from Marshal Daun, and as the Marshal could not discover the movements of the Prussians, who were concealed by some heights, he at last marched with the reserve to his right. The king of Prussia now caused his four columns to change direction obliquely to the right by a simple wheel of each division successively; so that the four columns were thus converted into two long open columns, the one consisting of the first line, the other of the second, and in this order he continued to move, till he found himself beyond the Austrian left flank, when a simple wheel into line, by divisions and squadrons, placed his army in that commanding oblique position represented by figure 2, plate 5."

We are disposed to regret that Mr. Magrath has not enhanced the value of this work, by entering somewhat into the tactical arrangement and organization of troops in our own day, as well in the English as in the other European armies. It is true there are already extant many able treatises on this subject, but they are chiefly foreign, and of these but a few, as the works of Von Bismarck and Suasso, have been translated into our own language. The opinions and practice of the two great generals of the present age, Wellington and Napoleon, during the great war

terminated by the battle of Waterloo and peace of 1815, would have afforded ample materials for such a discussion. We do not, however, forget that it is not the object of the author to present his readers with a complete military history, and it must be conceded, that within the limits which he has, in the commencement of his labours, prescribed to himself, he has executed his undertaking with much ability, exhibiting a very considerable and creditable acquaintance with classical authors of every age, as well as with those who have more particularly made the science of war their study. It is, indeed, always to be desired that a liberal and academic education should be the preliminary education of the soldier. Unless in the rare instance where an uncontrollable and mastering genius breaks through and surmounts all the obstacles and disadvantages of early neglect, we hold it that such an education is indispensable to the attainment of any eminent position as a theoretical professor of an art that involves in it a large and profound range of the mathematical sciences, and for which a knowledge of the ancient as well as modern languages of Europe is eminently necessary. In these several respects Mr. Magrath is evidently fully qualified for his task, and the research he has throughout displayed, as well as the style in which the volume is written, would lead us to pronounce, without the aid of his own assertion on the subject, that he had, "as a student, walked the courts and hall of an university long before he ever saw the white canvass of a camp, or marched with measured pace upon a parade ground."

A PROPOSAL FOR INCREASING AND STRENGTHENING THE LIBERAL INTEREST
IN IRELAND.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ. M.P.

IN submitting the following hints to the consideration of the distinguished individual whose attention I venture to call to them, I feel some degree of diffidence. I am not a professional person, and yet much of the value of my plan depends upon legal points. I can, however, see no flaw in any of my positions; and I am sure I can confidently reckon on the best attention of Mr. O'Connell, when I say, that my plan, if feasible, is one by which almost

all—if not all—the counties in Ireland can infallibly be made to return members devoted to the interests of Ireland.

My plan, it will be observed, applies only to counties, and counties of cities and towns. In these I think I will be able to shew that it is possible, by a very simple plan of operation, to gain an ascendancy for the liberal interest which no efforts of the anti-Irish party can possibly subvert.

I trust the circumstance of my being

an unprofessional person will not create any preliminary distrust in the soundness of my conclusion. All I am anxious for is, that my positions should be carefully examined, and I am satisfied they will be found irrefragable. It must be remembered that the great law point which carried emancipation—the point that a Roman Catholic might be elected to parliament, although he could not sit there—was discovered, not by a lawyer, but a country gentleman. It was the discovery of this point that obviously led to the Clare election. It will be singular if it should fall to the lot of an unprofessional individual again to discover a point of law by which Orange oppression may be effectually extinguished.

Though not bred to the profession of the law, I have turned a great deal of my attention to the state of the law affecting the registry and the franchise. I have acted on committees of the liberal party, and have, of course, practically acquired a tolerable knowledge of the different ways of evading the unjust restrictions of the franchise. I need not explain, of course, the different devices by which this laudable object has been attained. It was not, however, until lately that I accidentally struck out a plan so simple that I wonder it was not long since thought of, and yet so efficacious that I do not see how it could by possibility be defeated.

With regard to boroughs, to which my plan does not apply, I think we are safe enough. The last elections of Dublin and Cork have set that matter at rest. By the wise and liberal decisions of the registering barristers the intolerable restriction of the franchise has been effectually remedied. It will help to make clear my proposal about counties if we fully understand what has been done in the case of towns; and I must therefore trouble the reader with a few words on the subject.

By the reform act the right of voting in towns is granted to all persons who occupy a house "*bonâ fide* of the clear yearly value of not less than £10." It is quite clear that this was framed under an aristocratic influence, and with an unjust intention of excluding from the franchise the most intelligent and independent class in the community; and had not the wisdom and liberality of the registering barristers intervened and put upon the statute a construction more according to equity and wisdom, no doubt many valuable

and steady voters would have been lost to the cause of Ireland.

It has, however, always been the glory of the constitution of Britain that the narrow provisions of the illiberal statute law have been liberalised and made just by the equitable construction of popular judges. Thus the aristocratic law of entail was defeated by the noble invention of fines and recoveries; and sundry other instances will no doubt occur to the learned reader. Just in the same way the unjust intention of the framers of the reform bill has been defeated by the liberal construction put upon that measure by those great constitutional judges, who reflect honor on the present age—the assistant-barristers of Lord Normanby—such men as Mr. Fogarty, Mr. Gibson, and Mr. Hudson, who deserve the everlasting gratitude of posterity for having, by their wise and liberal and philosophical construction of the reform act, secured for ever the liberties of the people of this country.

The principle adopted by these great men is simply this—that a house of "*bonâ fide* the clear yearly value of £10" does not mean that such house would set for £10 a-year, but that its occupant can, in some way or other, make £10 while living in that house—a decision clearly in accordance with equity and common sense, since no man could live if he had not a house to cover him, and no man could make £10 a-year if he did not live; therefore no man could make £10 a-year if it were not for his house—which clearly proves that his house is worth £10 a-year.

This great principle I regard as now settled and established, and, indeed, questioned by no one but some of the Tory bigots, always the enemies of improvement. I do not doubt that one-third at least of the registered householders in the boroughs of Ireland are registered under this principle. I, therefore, shall assume it as a settled principle of construction, and one from the analogy of which I may argue. If it required any other confirmation than its own reason and equity, I might remark that it has been put beyond all question by the recent decision of the house of commons, which has abundantly recognised the principle that a house of the yearly value of £10 a-year does *not* mean a house worth £10 a-year, and rejected, with becoming indignation, the propo-

sition of Sir Robert Peel to the contrary—a proposition unparalleled in absurdity, except by Sir Boyle Roche's celebrated motion, that a quart bottle should hold a quart—a motion which has justly condemned the memory of its proposer to the ridicule of all sensible men.

The same principle has been carried into the county franchise. The reform bill has granted the franchise to all who have an interest of £10 a-year over and above their rent. This, too, has been liberally construed by the judges, so as to mean, not that their holdings would set for £10 a-year over and above the rent, but that the tenant makes, while occupying them, £10 a-year over what he pays as rent. Of course the analogy of the principle to that in towns is obvious; but it appears to me that its application has not yet been carried to the limit which it naturally ought.

It has been held repeatedly that whatever a man makes on his farm is to be accounted in estimating its annual value. A man feeding a pig may compute the profit he gains by the pig, deducting whatever he has to pay for the feeding. This has been over and over again decided; and of course if the gain of feeding one pig should be computed, so should the gain of feeding twenty.

Now, I hold it also equally evident that the value of land is to be regulated, not by what a man *does*, but by what *he might do*, with it. The man who keeps his ground all under flower-beds and gravel walks, is not, on that account, deprived of his franchise. If, therefore, I have a plot of ground large enough for me to build on it a sty in which I could feed 21 pigs—and if, on each of these pigs, I could make 10s. profit in the year, and that I pay 10s. rent, it is indisputable that by virtue of that little bit of ground I am clearly entitled to my franchise in the county, since its value is clearly £10 a-year, for without it or some other bit of ground I could not feed my pigs or make my £10 a-year.

Now, if we suppose that I have an acre of ground—it is clear that I might, by a proper disposition of the ground, feed on it a thousand pigs—and supposing that after the cost of the pigs for a year, I could make by each of them £1, which is above supposition, it is clear that that acre, in estimating the franchise, must be

considered as worth £1000 a-year, or equal to twenty £50 franchises.

Now, this brings me to the point I am anxious to urge. Let any one in each county, possessing a farm of 100 acres, just allot each acre to twenty good patriots, and let each of these patriots go and swear a £50 freehold before the judge of assize, and we have at once 2000 freeholders created, *whose votes no earthly power can remove*.

I think I have satisfied any reasonable mind that, according to the best decisions of our most enlightened judges, each of these persons is entitled to his franchise. If the cottier who feeds one pig in his cottage is allowed to estimate his gain in the value of his holding, why should not another man who feeds fifty likewise estimate his gains. But if the cottier is so comfortable as not to like the annoyance of a pig, to which his poorer neighbour submits, his superior wealth surely will not disfranchise him; he may estimate the possibility of his making the gain in his franchise; then so may the man who has the possibility of feeding fifty; therefore, if I have a spot of ground on which I could possibly feed fifty pigs, I must estimate the gain I might thus make in the value of my holding.

If any pious Catholic, however, from the inability to comprehend abstract reasoning, should hesitate about taking the oath, I would advise him to apply to his clergy—the estimable and patriotic Catholic clergy of Ireland—and *by all means to abide by their decision*; for I should be sorry indeed to be supposed to encourage men to swear lightly. Better that the liberal cause should perish for ever than one false oath be taken.

The course for a farmer to pursue is this;—let him let an acre of his ground to fifty tenants, who may reside anywhere, and each of these, I have shewn, can go at once before a judge of assize, and, taking the affidavit required, they at once are registered, *without any question or examination whatever*, and, being once placed on the registry, no power can remove them; election committees will not open the registry, and for eight years they must vote without either question or possibility of defeat.

It may, indeed, be suggested that a prosecution might be entered into for perjury, and that an Orange jury, and one of those Orange judges who are

the curse of this unfortunate country, might carry their bigoted, and bloated, and rampant Toryism so far as to find a man guilty of perjury who would swear himself a fifty-pound freeholder on the twentieth part of an acre. Alas, alas, that such judges, and such juries, should pervert justice to their savage passions—it is horrible to think of—but all their malice will not avail them—the indictment could not possibly be sustained. Of all things it is hardest to prove a negative; and, if the business be managed with common caution, it is utterly impossible to give evidence that would convict in a criminal court that the person making the oath was not possessed of a clear rental of £50 a-year in the county. He cannot be called on to prove that he is; the prosecutor must prove that he is not; and, if the business be managed with common prudence, the most Orange judge on the bench could not possibly convict of the crime of perjury in such an affidavit.

In all other respects the plan is perfectly secure from defeat; there is no possibility of question at the registry; the affidavit is made and the registry is compulsory; there is no question allowed at the election; there is none allowed before the election committee in the event of a petition. Nay, even suppose the extremely improbable case of a conviction for perjury, *this would not invalidate the vote.* Having once sworn the affidavit, for any county in Ireland, no power on earth can remove the voter from the poll.

This is simply the plan which I propose to the consideration of the liberal party in Ireland; I cannot see a flaw in any one of my positions; and, if my advice be acted on, it is clear that the triumph of liberalism is secured for ever. We need fear no

retort, for the Protestants have such foolish prejudices that they could never understand the matter of the oath.

I feel satisfied that this discovery will entitle me to the gratitude of all lovers of justice and purity of election. It will perhaps expose me to the calumnies of the lovers of speculation, and perjury, and corruption—the blind and bigoted Orangemen, whose fell and unrighteous supremacy will thus be trampled in the dust.

I have, however, no wish to take any merit to myself. To the men of the Queen's County the first merit of the discovery is due; they, when refused by a Tory assistant-barrister to register as £10 freeholders, went before the judge of assize, and swore themselves £50 freeholders, and voted at the election.

And this conduct was sanctioned by the House of Commons; the Orange candidates were base enough to bring this fact before the election committee of the house; but they had a committee who loved justice and law, and they refused to interfere, and all their votes were good, and every one of these £50 freeholders secured their votes for the cause of freedom.

We will proceed then, with the sanction of a pure and reformed House of Commons. In the name of truth and freedom, of purity and religion, with a hatred of all corruption, and the love of justice, let all Ireland imitate the Queen's County—let every man who wishes to vote for his country, do as I have said—let him swear himself a £50 freeholder before a judge, and for six years he will vote as well as the haughtiest landlord in the country, and *no power on earth can prevent him voting, while the registry laws continue as they are, and election committees refuse to open the registry.*

MEMORANDA OF THE MONTH.

COUNTY TIPPERARY.

MURDER.—A respectable and industrious young man named Hogan, was overtaken in Pound-street, Nenagh, at an early hour on last Friday, by a man named Kelly, who, without the slightest provocation, gave his unsuspecting victim a blow of a stone which fractured his skull; he died on Thursday, and the police are in active pursuit of the murderer.

The prevailing opinion is, that Kelly was a hired assassin.

Three persons have been committed to the gaol of Nenagh, for other murders.

A man named Michael Donohoe, with his family (living within one mile of Nenagh, on the lands of Lisbony) attended at the petty sessions of Nenagh, for the purpose of prosecuting a party for assault, and, on return-

ing home, between five and six in the afternoon, beheld his house, with what it contained, consumed to ashes. Donohoe had, some time before, ejected a tenant from the premises.

OUTRAGE IN TUAM.—As the police were escorting some prisoners convicted of riot and assault at the last quarter sessions of Tuam, from the bridewell to Galway gaol, on Saturday last, they were met by an immense mob, who threatened them and shewed every disposition to rescue the prisoners. They were constrained to retire to their barrack, and to remain there until James Lynch, of Windfield, Esq., a magistrate for this county, arrived. He ordered them to bring out the prisoners, directed them to prime and load, commanded the mob, in the Queen's name, to disperse, and warned them of the consequences. They reluctantly obeyed the mandate.—*Galway Advertiser*.

MALICIOUS BURNING.—On Friday night week two houses, on the lands of Cappa, in this county, the property of Vere Hunt, Esq., were maliciously burned by a party of the rural legislators, who were seen on the same night in the neighbourhood, with their faces blackened. We have not heard any reason assigned for the destruction of these houses, which were situated within a musket shot of a military and police station.—*Tipperary Constitution*.

COUNTY LIMERICK.

On Sunday the 10th instant, as the Rev. Mr. Lloyd was proceeding with the family of the Rev. Chas. P. Coote, on the latter gentleman's car, to Doon church, in this county, for the purpose of officiating in the place of Mr. Coote, who was unwell, four men, three of whom had their faces blackened, and the fourth a piece of black crape covering him, all well armed, stopped the car on which Mr. Lloyd was, and examined the party on it, expecting to have found Mr. Coote there, but being disappointed, they allowed it to proceed. Mr. Coote, whose life had been formerly attempted, had been for some time unwell, and being unable to officiate on that day, had asked Mr. Lloyd to do duty for him; and were it not for this circumstance, there is not a doubt but Mr. Coote would have fallen a victim to those wretches. There is little doubt but that the contemplated attack was well known in the neighbourhood.—Two men, with their faces blackened, were observed lying in a ditch close to the house of the Rev. William Scott, of Pallas, in this county,

in the middle of the day on Saturday last. It is supposed that their object was to commit murder, as they were well armed.—Head-constable John Coe arrested three young men in Tallow, county of Waterford, on Sunday last, on their way to America. On searching them he found in their possession £1040 in gold, £10 in notes, and £8 in silver, which, it afterwards turned out, they had robbed a large establishment of in Cork.—*Limerick Standard*.

“Bruff, June 21.—A band of ruffians, in number about nine, made a daring attack on the house of two highly respectable maiden ladies, of the name of Balie, who reside on Loch Gur, in this neighbourhood; they were no way disguised, but entered the house in the most determined manner, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, when it was yet daylight; each man was armed with a pistol, or bludgeon, and upon entering the house they demanded a gentleman of the name of Hatchell to be given up to them, as they were determined to have his life; upon which one of the ringleaders laid hold of one of the old ladies, and holding a pistol to her head swore to shoot her if she gave any alarm, but if she kept quiet nothing would be done to her, as it was only Hatchell they wanted. They took three stand of arms and two swords from the house, and left without any further depredations, swearing to have this young man's life yet.”

RIOT IN DRUMSNA.—On the 22d ultimo, the fair day, the town of Drumsna was thrown into confusion by the conduct of a mob of disorderly rioters, who were parading the town and abusing and beating every person against whom any of their party entertained a pique of any description. The police, under the direction of head constable Irwin, several times dispersed the rioters, and exerted themselves to preserve the peace, in which they partially succeeded, until they entered the public-houses in order to expel those who were drunk and riotous. At that moment a simultaneous and concerted attack was made on the police, at whom stones and other missiles were pelted in abundance, and from which several injuries were sustained. At length, after much endurance, the party were obliged to have recourse to their fire-arms, and in order to protect their lives were compelled to fire some shots. We have heard that three or four persons were slightly wounded. Several of

the rioters are in custody, and will be brought forward for trial at the quarter sessions of Carrick-on-Shannon. This is the second attack made on the police since the withdrawal of the military from the county of Leitrim.—*Roscommon Gazette*.

COUNTY OF ROSCOMMON.

REVOLTING OUTRAGE.—A few days since, as the remains of Miss Mac Dermotroe, of Alderford, were being conveyed to the family cemetery, in the church-yard of Kilronan, a second edition of the notorious Tuam riot occurred. It appears that on its passage to the grave-yard the hearse should pass the parish church, into which it was intended by the friends of the deceased that the body should be brought for the purpose of having the burial service read over it; but this course did not suit the views of the children of the holy-mother church, and it was determined they should have every thing their own way. They seized the horses and endeavoured to drag them on at once to the "ould berrin' ground," with ferocious and savage cries. Several gentlemen interfered to preserve order, but they were instantly beaten and knocked down, amid increasing confusion and riot. James Dodwell, Esq. of Knockranny, was beaten from his horse and severely injured, and the infuriated mob seemed to have gained their point, when a renewed effort was made by several gentlemen to bear the body into the church, but without succeeding, for, as they were bearing the coffin on their shoulders, they and their inanimate burden were hurled into an adjoining ditch, where renewed punishment awaited them. Notwithstanding this, however, the coffin was at length brought within the church-gate, which was then shut against the populace, till the last rites of religion were performed. In a few hours after the riot, a servant of Mr. Dodwell's, on his return home, was waylaid and dreadfully beaten by a party of the rioters, two of whom have been arrested by Mr. Dodwell himself, who came up at the instant.—*Roscommon Gazette*.

MURDER.—On Friday evening, a young man, son to Mr. Thos. Power, residing at Kilkeoghnan, near Waterford, was brutally and premeditatedly murdered by a servant named Grant, by a slab or stone. He lived a few hours after he received the blow on the temple. This act was attended

with circumstances of an aggravating nature. The culprit has not yet been arrested.—*Waterford Mail*.

DISTURBED STATE OF LONGFORD.

"LONGFORD, July 9.—Yesterday at 11 o'clock, the grand jurors for this county were sworn in.

"They immediately proceeded with the fiscal business of the county. The following presentments were granted for the malicious destruction of property since the last assizes (very little more than two months since), which may give the public a very fair picture of the alarming state of this county. In most instances (as usual) the victims are Protestants.

"To Robert Mc'Cally, Esq. to reimburse him for the malicious destruction of five horses, six cows, two mares, a quantity of potatoes, oats, a winnowing machine, and other various articles, £126 8s. 8d.

"To Thomas Shan, to reimburse him for the malicious destruction of a quantity of potatoes, which were on board a boat in the harbour of Longford, the boat having been sunk, £62 11s. 4d.

"To Patrick Brenan, to reimburse him for the destruction of hay, straw, and turf, which were burned, £12 10s.

"To Alexander Dwyer, for the malicious destruction of two houses; and several articles, also four cows, two two-years' old heifers, and two goats, £36.

"To John Diamond, to reimburse him for the malicious destruction of two cows and one three-year-old heifer, £30.

"To John Reilly, to reimburse him for the destruction of two houses, £6.

"To John Mullery, for the destruction of a house, two asses, two pigs, potatoes, &c. £6 10s.

"To Owen Mc'Cann, for the malicious destruction of a forge and pair of bellows, £6 10s.

"To Andrew Brock, Esq. to reimburse him for the malicious destruction of a sheep, £2 1s. 10d.

"There are 114 prisoners in the gaol, 81 of whom are for trial at the present commission.

"Of this number 10 are for murder, 14 for attempts to murder, 2 for manslaughter, 16 for taking arms, administering unlawful oaths, and other ribbon offences. In the cases of murder there is little chance of conviction, if the government still adheres to its fatal policy of allowing the prisoner to select his own jury.

The *Dublin Gazette* of the 13th July offers the following rewards:—Forty pounds for the apprehension of persons who, on the night of the 6th instant, set fire to a school-house in the parish of Ardstraw, county of Tyrone. Fifty

pounds for persons who, on the 9th instant, set fire to the dwelling-houses of William Cole and William Gee, of Clonagh, parish of Edgeworthstown, county of Longford. Fifty pounds for persons who, on the night of the 29th ultimo, beat James Healy, at Boulea, county of Tipperary, who died of his wounds on the 2d instant. Fifty pounds for persons who, on the night of the 5th instant handed a threatening notice to Mrs. Gibbon, of the town of Sligo, whose husband is in the employ of Mr. Sims of Colloony.

QUEEN'S COUNTY.

SAVAGE ATTACK.—A young man, named Clarke, a Protestant, from the neighbourhood of Coolbanagher, on his way home from the Heath races on Tuesday evening, was set upon by a number of fellows, near the Dublin road: he gave his assailants no provocation, nor did he, we believe, know them. Before, however, they could knock him down, he broke from them, and running off, escaped into the house of a man named Fitzpatrick, on the verge of the Heath, whither the savage ruffians pursued him. Two of Fitzpatrick's sons, not wishing to see a person coolly murdered on their hearth, went out and attempted to close the gate against the fellows, whose ferocious disposition shewed them to be intent on blood. The savages attacked the young Fitzpatricks with stones, and left them for dead. The young men were next day conveyed to the county infirmary, where they now are, we believe, in a very dangerous condition.—*Leinster Express.*

COUNTY OF CORK.

MALICIOUS BURNING.—On Sunday night, July 8, the paper mills of Ballincollig, near Riverstown, together with the dwelling-house, machinery, &c. attached thereto, the property of Thomas J. Cleary, Esq., were maliciously burned and destroyed, the doors and window-sashes having been taken away, and the water-wheel cut on the previous night. At the Middleton sessions Mr. Cleary got a decree of possession against these premises, and ejected persons of the name of Meade, who occupied them.—*Cork Constitution.*

COUNTY DERRY.

DESPERATE RIBBON OUTRAGE.—Draper's-town fair, held on the 6th instant, passed over quietly till about eight o'clock in the afternoon, when a strong body of Ribbonmen, who remained congregated, proceeded to wreak their vengeance on a young

man, a Protestant, who, it seems, had during the day, given offence to one or two of the brethren.

COUNTY LOUTH.

TREASONABLE CONSPIRACY—EXISTENCE OF RIBBONISM IN IRELAND.—At the late assizes, the two Traynois, who our readers will recollect were arrested, together with their revolutionary papers, by that active chief constable, Mr. Hutton, of Navan, were put on their trial, charged with treasonable and seditious designs against her Majesty's crown.

Annexed is a copy of a revolutionary proclamation found on the prisoners.

"Irishmen! you all know the sanguinary and despotic system by which we are governed! You have read the laws lately proclaimed by William L. Mackenzie, to the opposed and persecuted people of Canada! They have fourteen millions of acres—so have we, make ready then! Imitate their glorious example! Make haste! Arise! Arise! Arise! This is the last expedition!"

The Crown lawyers have, however, postponed the trial for the present. We trust that the proceedings will not be lost sight of by the government, be they Whig or Tory, that may be in office at the ensuing Spring Assizes.—*Drogheda Conservative.*

COUNTY WESTMEATH.

MURDERS.—The following murders, perpetrated in Westmeath, are recorded as follows in the *Dublin Gazette of the 17th July.*

"It has been represented to the Lord Lieutenant, that on the night of Wednesday, about twelve or one o'clock, the house of John Macken, of Golden Island, parish of St. Mary, county of Westmeath, was attacked by a party of armed men, about sixty or one hundred in number, who fired upwards of thirty shots, one of which wounded a man named Patrick Ward, in consequence of which he has since died. Two men, named Thomas and Patrick Finneran, suspected of being with the party, have since absconded."

The second proclamation relates that "on the morning of the 13th instant, between five and six o'clock, the body of a man, named Peter Dixon, was found lying dead on the high road near Athlone, in consequence of violence inflicted on him by some person or persons unknown, at a place called Aughafan, about one mile and-a-half from the town of Athlone, in the county of Westmeath."

Adverting to the result of the Assizes which have just terminated in Longford, the *Westmeath Guardian* has the following remarks on the state of that county:—

“There are six transportation cases from this Assizes. There were fourteen presentments for malicious destruction of property, amounting to a very large sum of money, to be levied off the county. The sufferers in almost every instance were Protestants. The half-yearly expense of the police force with which this county is now burdened, amounts to nearly £2,000, and the taxes in several baronies are so high as nine, in very many instances, ten shillings per acre.”

RIBBONISM.—A correspondent informs us that on Monday last upwards of three hundred Ribbonmen, with a Popish Priest at their head, marched in procession in the neighbourhood of Belleek, committing several outrages and excesses. Some of the fellows have been recognised, and warrants issued against them.—*Fermanagh Reporter*.

We learn from a correspondent, that the Meath and Monaghan borders of the county of Cavan are in a very disturbed state, in consequence of open and daring displays of large armed bodies of Ribbonmen. In the little village of Kingscourt there is a strong force of police, five chief constables, and a Stipendiary Magistrate stationed, with orders to be in readiness for immediate service. Hack jaunting cars are also engaged throughout that district in order to pour an overwhelming force of military and constabulary into any place where the slightest appearance of an Orange procession is likely to take place.—*Fermanagh Reporter*.

ANTI-TITHE MEETING.—Another of the series of Normanby legal mob meetings against the Established Church, was held on Sunday last in the barony of Iverk, county of Kilkenny. The numbers assembled, according to the *Kilkenny Journal*, amounted to 60,000; and the character of the people is thus described by the same authority:—“All who are acquainted with the hardy and primitive race, within whose parish this meeting was held, will admit that a more resolute, better organised, patriotic, brave, and powerful body of men cannot be found than the Iverkeans. Foremost on every important occasion, they have rendered the parish of Moncoin distinguished in the annals of agitation. For this they are indebted to the zeal,

ability, and energy of their excellent pastor, the Rev. N. Carroll.”

Priest Carroll, at the head of this organised array, moved Mr. Rivers, of Corbally Lodge, into the chair—Priest Quinn seconding the motion. Mr. Rivers, in the course of an inflammatory speech, said that the present Tithe Bill was based upon the same principle as that which had procured for Lord Grey's government, from Mr. O'Connell, the title of base, bloody, and brutal. Why, he would ask, was the character of the present government to be compromised for the sake of the Church? He called upon them to open a penny subscription, like that of the Catholic rent, in each parish, which would procure them emancipation from tithes. He concluded by recommending that cattle seized for tithes should be bailed and branded with the word “tithes,” and they could not be sold in any part of the United Kingdom.

The following resolutions were then carried:—

“That the tithe church is the main prop of every abuse. That the plan for perpetuating tithes by a rent-charge has aroused us to a sense of our danger, and forced us to proclaim our unalterable resolution, never to pay tithes under any name or shape.

“That we publicly bind ourselves to assist our countrymen in any lawful or constitutional way, to abolish tithes—that sore remnant of our slavery and mark of our bondage; and that to carry out our pledge we recommend that a stock purse be instituted in every parish for all purposes not prohibited by law.”

Priest Carroll, in supporting a resolution, thus defended the desecration of the Sabbath:—“They were by dire necessity obliged to trespass on the holy Sabbath, in assembling to cry out against injustice. They were allowed by the Creator to perform any indispensable work on that day, which could not be performed on any other day of the week. He would conclude by calling for three cheers for their young Queen, three for their good Lord Lieutenant, and three for him who had a place longest in their affections—Daniel O'Connell.”

After shouting in obedience to the commands of the priest, the meeting separated.

On Sunday next the barony of Shillelogher will meet upon the race-course, and on Sunday week there will be a meeting of the barony of Galmoy. Sunday fortnight is proposed for a

meeting at Rosbercon. Other meetings are also in contemplation. So much for the state of the country under Lord Normanby's "legal" administration.

THE REMOVAL OF MAGISTRATES.—The *Kilkenny Moderator* states that since the dismissal of Mr. Doyne from the commission of the peace, Borris, where he resided, has become a scene of the wildest riot and disorder. The same effect has followed in other places.

From the Dublin Gazette.

"JUNE 20.—On the night of Friday, the 1st instant, at about half-past ten o'clock, Edward Coughlan, of Keenahan, parish of Emlafad, county of Sligo, was struck by some person or persons yet unknown, with stones, which fractured his skull and caused his death.—One Hundred Pounds."

"On the 10th instant, four men, with their faces blackened, one of them armed with a pistol and small sword, two with guns, and another with a case of pistols, were seen traversing the country in and near the townland of Coogy, parish of Doon, county of Limerick.—Fifty Pounds."

"JUNE 23, 1838.—On the evening of the 18th instant, a man named Owen Dooly was waylaid near his own house, at Tomb parish, in the county of Louth, by a number of persons yet unknown, by whom he was severely beaten, from the effects of which he died on the following evening.—Two Hundred Pounds."

"T. DRUMMOND."

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE REV. M. G. BERESFORD.—An attempt was made on the life of the Rev. Marcus G. Beresford, Vicar-General of the diocese of Kilmore, and son of the diocesan, on Sunday 22nd July, while on his way to perform divine service at his parish church, Lara. Two fellows rushed from a place of concealment towards Mr. Beresford, on his approach to the town, and one of them fired a pistol, whereupon the servant of Mr. Beresford ran in the direction of the assailants, who fled, but soon after made a stand, wheeled round, and threatened instant death if the pursuers should not retreat. During the pursuit, several persons who saw the affair, shouted—"Mad dog, mad dog," for the purpose of intimidating the reverend gentleman and his servant, and the assassins, one of whom was armed with a carbine, were thus permitted to escape. There is reason to believe that the assassins are known, and to hope that they will be rendered amenable to justice.

IRISH TRANQUILLITY.

The following is extracted from papers lately laid before Parliament, connected with the comparative increase of crime in Ireland, and authenticated by the signature of Col. Shaw Kennedy:—

CRIMES.

	1836.	1837.	Increase.
Murders	219	228	19
Firing at the person . .	68	91	23
Attacking houses . . .	346	529	183
Committals	23,891	27,996	3,505
Convictions	18,110	10,529	Decrease—7,581

CRIMINAL PROCLAMATIONS.

Rewards offered in 1836–1837	520
Ditto claimed in do. do.	19
Unclaimed	501

The *Mail*, in commenting on the document, remarks as follows:—

"It appears, then, from these returns,

"1st. That crimes of the most heinous nature, and arising from political disturbances, are increasing at a rate much beyond 10 per cent. per annum.

"2d. That whilst committals are also increasing at an equal ratio, convictions are diminishing at such a rate as to prove the general and powerful organization which intimidates witnesses from attending, and jurymen from discharging their duty; while, in many instances, the

Crown prosecutors permit the kinsmen of the accused—in some the participators in his guilt—to be amongst those whose verdict is to decide his fate. This also is demonstrated by the unclaimed rewards of the *Gazette*—and we believe that a more awful or dangerous phenomenon was never exhibited in any country than the increase of crime through unbridled licentiousness, and its impunity through intimidation. Yet such are the fruits of nearly three years and a half of O'Mulgrave government."

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VOL. XII.

THE LAST SESSION.

ON Thursday, August 16th, her most gracious Majesty closed the first session of her first parliament. Nine long months had elapsed since that parliament assembled, and never, we will venture to say, was the time of 658 gentlemen employed during the better part of one whole year with so little profit either to themselves or others as was the time of her Majesty's faithful Commons since last November. As to pleasure, we can scarcely bring ourselves to believe that any one of the 658 could possibly find any thing like gratification in sitting for so many tedious hours of each night in an atmosphere both morally and physically foul—wasting the energies of life in listening to stupid speeches, and forced to witness scenes, to be present at which was something like degradation.

In the retrospect of the session there is just as little to give pleasure to the mind of the patriot. More clear and painful symptoms have been exhibited of the extent of the disease that is preying on the energies of Britain, and drying up the springs of her prosperity and her life. We do not mean the increase of democratic power—this is a matter of secondary moment. The real disease of the country has a deeper seat and a more dangerous character—it is the deterioration in the tone of national thought and the standard of national feeling—the gradual disappearance from the public stage of the old-fashioned principles of integrity and honor—the gradual endurance of conduct and of exhibitions which would, in better days, have doomed the actors to everlasting dis-

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grace—in one word, the progress of national demoralization. If the state of public feeling be vitiated—if the tone of public morality be lowered, we hold it a matter of very secondary moment by what form of government the country is managed. It is the absence of high principle—it is the endurance of political turpitude—it is the unblushing and the unrebuked exhibition of unprincipled faction, that indicates the real danger to the country.

We have not space for general reflections. Our purpose is to take a brief and homely review of the proceedings of the session. Let Englishmen, ay, and Irishmen, too, find what pleasure they can in the retrospect—there is matter for profitable, though it may be painful, reflection.

First—We must consider the election petitions. It is a subject which we will dismiss with as few words as maybe—but it is one that ought not to be forgotten.

At the last general election in Ireland many seats were gained by the radical party by means utterly subversive of all purity of election. Fictitious votes, the manufacture of hard swearing by the claimant, and easy decisions by the assistant-barristers, were tendered in abundance—seats were usurped by perjury and fraud, and men, unduly elected by these fictitious votes, were returned, to the prejudice of the rightful electors. To seek redress for this wrong, the usual remedy by petition was resorted to. The hopes of the Protestant party were great—they were not unreasonable—they calculated on altering many of these returns

T

procured by means fraudulent and illegal.

The election petitions came on to be tried before the committees of the House of Commons. In every single instance in which the Whigs had a majority they decided in favor of the Whig suitor. In more than half the instances where the Tories had a majority they decided against the suitor of their own party. But in every single case in which a majority of Whigs were on the committee, the Whig was successful. In many cases, charity itself cannot hope, that the decision was made irrespective of the politics of the party.

Indeed, the shameful and indecorous partizanship of many of these committees is too notorious to be denied. The Roxburgh committee have left on record their decision, that the murdering of electors, after their return from the poll, could not possibly be considered as intimidation to deter others from braving a similar fate—it being always understood that the murdered voters were Conservatives. The Hull committee outrivalled even the Roxburgh—refusing to entertain the list of objections to the votes of the Whig petitioners, because there was a mistake in the designation of some of the petitioners in the heading of the list—although it was admitted that this heading was not necessary at all—and that the list was valid without any. This was bad enough—but this was not the worst. Next day it was discovered that there was a similar mistake in the heading of the list of objections furnished by the Whigs, upon which the committee positively attempted to reverse their own decision of the day before, and were only prevented by the indignant and manly denunciations of the Conservative counsel, who dared them to commit such foul injustice; and by the mere force of honest eloquence deterred them from their meditated design.

Let us turn, however, to the Irish petitions—those nearer home. The Dublin committee consisted of eight Radicals to three Conservatives—and Mr. O'Connell retains his seat. Never, perhaps, was a clearer case submitted to a tribunal than that on which the petitioners relied—so clear, that we are credibly informed Mr. O'Connell's agent had his instructions, unless he obtained a favorable committee to give up the seat at once. We have not space to go over the extraordinary decisions of this committee: they did

not even affect the form of impartiality. The members, we have been told, cheered the counsel for Mr. O'Connell in his arguments, and stopped the counsel for the petitioners by announcing that their mind was made up.

In Carlow and in Longford Whig committees did their business equally well—they refused to open the registry—that is, they would not go into the case at all. This refusal to open the registry is, by the way, an expedient very lately thought of. For some sessions after the reform bill it never occurred to any committee, Whig or Tory, to refuse to investigate the right of any disputed voter to the franchise; but in the present session the Whig committees invariably decided that they would not do so—that the admission of the claimant by the assistant-barrister should be capable of no revision or appeal—nay, that in the case of a fifty-pound freeholder his own simple and unquestioned affidavit should be conclusive evidence of his right to vote.

Connected with the history of the Carlow case there is something curious. The fate of the petition turned altogether on the question of opening the registry. When the committee was struck it was found that it consisted of six Radicals and five Conservatives; but of the Radicals one had, on a former occasion, been a member of a committee that unanimously decided on opening the registry. What, then, was to be done? This noble lord was chairman of the committee, and he could scarcely give his casting vote in the teeth of his former decision. When the day came for arguing the question the noble lord *fell sick!!* By a manœuvre it was managed that one of the Whigs on the committee should be substituted as chairman. The members were, five for opening the registry and five against it, but the substituted chairman gave a double vote, which decided the question and the fate of the petition.

We have no wish to pursue further such details. It is enough to observe that this was the first session of Parliament in which political partizanship became the regular system of men sworn as a tribunal to try a question on its merits—this was the first session in which experience proved that it was utterly impossible for a Conservative to obtain even the forms of justice from a Whig-Radical committee.

It was curious that in an immense

proportion of cases the Whigs had the majority on these committees—it is still more curious that this majority they obtained by the excuses made by Conservatives for not serving. This opens up another singular episode in the history of the session.

Mr. O'Connell broadly declared that all Tory committees were perjured, and he repeated the declaration in his place in the House. Never was there a charge so absurdly and so flagitiously false. We have already said that in more than half the cases in which a majority of the committee were Conservatives the decision was against the Conservative candidate.—The falsehood of the charge was nothing, however, to the purpose—it answered the end for which it was designed—it deterred timid Conservatives from serving on election committees when they would be exposed to such a charge—and to this principally is to be attributed the success of the opposite party.

It is very true that this charge provoked the censure of the House of Commons; and notwithstanding all the efforts of the ministry to screen him, the House, by a considerable majority, passed a resolution branding distinctly the author of the charge as a liar and a slanderer.

But it is instructive to observe that even they who joined in this vote were influenced by the feelings to which we allude—and while they were ready to join in stigmatising the slanderer, they shrunk from the discharge of a solemn duty from a reluctance to expose themselves to the annoyance of his slander. We note these things not without regret. The policy of Mr. O'Connell has long been, by the use of vituperation of the grossest kind, to act on the natural dislike of most persons to be the objects of scurrility, and thus deter the timid from opposing him. This is the secret of all the unmeasured beastliness of language with which he assails his enemies. He tried the experiment on the House of Commons, and it was completely successful.

We look on these transactions with deep and undisguised alarm. They indicate a depravation of public morals, which bodes ill for the nation. There was a time when the sworn tribunals of the House of Commons were as free from suspicion as any other judicial tribunal in the land. Even in the last parliament justice was done fairly and

honestly by the election committees. With the commencement of the present session we may date the era at which the members of the revolutionary party first exhibited themselves as ready to carry their partizanship into the election committees. It is impossible that the scenes presented by the election committees could have taken place unless the tone of public feeling were deeply injured—it is perfectly impossible that they can have occurred without exercising a reflex influence on the national feeling. There must be abundance of disregard of principle out of doors when senators venture on conduct such as this—but the open exhibition of such profligacy in high places cannot fail to give countenance to the profligacy in the country which created it.

And what hope is there, judging from the events of last session, that this process of public demoralization will be stayed? Did we see men of stern and unaccommodating virtue—of unyielding boldness and unswerving integrity in the House of Commons, we might believe that their rugged and manly honesty might yet arrest the progress of our degeneracy. But it is not by the puny and gentlemanlike Conservatism of modern days that the work can be done—it is not by the men who would refuse to sit upon the Dublin committee, and thus virtually defraud the citizens of Dublin of their right, lest, perchance, they might expose themselves, by an honest discharge of their duty, to the foul words of one whom they themselves had voted a slanderer and a liar. And it is owing to such unmanly temporising that Mr. O'Connell is now member for Dublin. It was just because some sentimental Conservatives would not put themselves in the way of his abuse that all the efforts and all the sacrifices of the honest citizens of Dublin at the last election went for nought. Electors were found then to peril their little all—to expose themselves to the risk of ruin—to defy the threats of the government, and to brave the fury of the mob—in the cause of the Constitution. Candidates were found to leave the retirement of their homes, and devote nights and days, and health and strength to the harassing duties of a contest—all this was done, and done in vain, because Conservatives in parliament would not run the risk of being called hard names by Mr. O'Connell. These men may be very

virtuous, very high-minded, and very amiable—very valuable men in “the piping times” of peace, when nothing is to be braved and but little to be done; but poor, indeed, in days of emergency, are the defenders who will be scared from their post by the fear of a common slanderer’s ill word—

“Non tibi auxilio non defensoribus istis,
Tempus eget.”

But to our task. Among the events of the session we must devote a few words to the proceedings with regard to Canada. We have no intention even of glancing at the questions involved in these proceedings relating to the general state of the colony, or the circumstances of its recent disturbances.—These questions have been fully and ably discussed in a former number of this journal.* The matters connected with them have been brought too recently before the public to be forgotten. Nor can we do more than present our readers with a very slight sketch of the proceedings last spring.

It will, of course, be recollected that the liberal ministry found it necessary to bring in a bill for suspending the constitution of Canada and appointing a dictator—that last resource of the clumsy system called popular government. It must not, however, be forgotten, that when their bill for accomplishing these ends was brought into parliament a material difference of opinion arose between Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel. This difference Lord John Russell declared to be fatal to the principles of the bill. Sir Robert Peel persevered in his amendment, and ministers succumbed, accepting the measure as altered, indeed we might say framed, by Sir Robert Peel. However, it will be seen that this was not the only instance during the session in which the government of the country has been virtually carried on by the Conservative opposition. The ministry are content to keep place on these terms. But more of this again.

The settlement of the civil list for the new reign, occupied of course the attention of parliament, at an early period. The question of the pension list was brought before the house in a manner not very creditable either to the ministry or the House of Commons. When the civil list was settled at the beginning of the reign of Wil-

liam the Fourth, provision was made for the payment of all existing pensions, with the understanding that all future pensions should be granted under the control of parliament; to this arrangement the faith of all parties was supposed pledged. It pleased however the Radicals and the Ministry at the settlement of the new civil list to disregard this understanding, and to suspend the payment of all pensions until a committee should report upon the propriety of continuing them. A committee was accordingly appointed, with power to inquire into all the circumstances under which the pensions were granted—to scrutinize the poverty of the parties to whom they were payable—to expose to the public eye the private circumstances of parties that had seen better days—all this was done during the last session, and done apparently with no other object than to gratify the spite and malice of the radicals by an exposure of the misfortunes of their betters.

In this creditable and gentlemanlike enquiry, Mr. Spring Rice took the leading part. The committee, after the most searching enquiry, were forced to report that the pension-list was not the roll of corruption which it had been represented; on the contrary, they stated that some even of the pensions which appeared most suspicious, were found to have originated in circumstances honorable alike to the granters and the grantees. The Chancellor of the Exchequer congratulated the house that by this enquiry the purity of the pension list had been vindicated—that it had been found that even when the grant of a pension rested on the secret and irresponsible advice of the minister, it had been but seldom abused; this is some advantage it is true—it is a testimony to the integrity of those ministers called Tory, which, we will venture to say, posterity will never bear to the colleagues of Mr. Rice. Mr. Rice ought indeed to have recollected that this was nothing more than a testimony to the uprightness of the system, by “enormous lying,” as to the corruption of which he and his party obtained office. The testimony has had its use. But we hold its use too dearly bought by the violation of national honour which the inquiry implied—we would hold it too dearly bought by the rude outrage upon the feelings of the recipients of

the royal bounty, which this enquiry entailed. Widows and orphans were forced to expose their poverty to the ridicule of a committee who entered on the enquiry in a spirit that seemed to regard all pensioners as plunderers and beggars. Mr. Rice read, in the House of Commons, some letters received from persons who were the subjects of the enquiry, which ought to be preserved to complete the history of this discreditable transaction. Our readers will peruse with intense interest the two following letters addressed to the Chancellor of Exchequer; they will themselves explain the circumstances and the characters of the writers; the first is an extract from the letter of Lady Popham, widow of the late Sir Home Popham.

"Was I in any case to attempt such a task, my feelings would very soon incapacitate me, not only for it, but for the statement of simple facts which I do venture to make, as follows:—The pension was granted by Mr. Pitt (unasked) for services performed not only in the navy, but also in the conduct of a confidential and difficult mission to the Emperor Paul of Russia. At the time of making the grant, the minister's discernment led him to foresee that the curtailment of Sir Home's life, and thorough neglect of his private affairs, must be the inevitable result of his devotedness to the public service, and therefore he gave a remainder to his widow. How fully that discernment was borne out by fact is told in a few words. Although several years of brilliant successes followed the period of the grant, so little provision had Sir Home been able to make for his family, during those years, that on receiving his last command, when his private affairs were pressed upon his notice, after parting with all his property in England, he found his fortune to consist of his pension and his sword, and he was constrained from motives of economy to take his family with him to Jamaica. Thus, having toiled beyond his strength, he sunk beneath the loss of a son and of a daughter, of whom the climate had bereaved him: and collecting all that an unskilful economy had just placed within his disposal, he was permitted to return with it to England, there to receive again the approbation of his king, and, leaving to his widow his pension and his name, to bless his children, and to die. His name is history; no thousand pens can blot or mar it. His pension has given to his children such an education and such advantages as its limits could, all directed,

to make them worthy their country's bounty and their father's name; and I am confident that no royal person, no House of Commons, no minister, will say that pension should expire before I expire. No, sir, the remnant of my days shall still be soothed by the words your letter quotes—'It is honourable in a just cause to be thought worthy of reward.' I do not undervalue by any means the pecuniary advantages of a pension; with my family and my wants that were impossible; have I not ere this borne heavier privations, and for my country? I have. But I do value high and above all the touching testimony to the merits and to the memory of Sir Home Popham, borne in the continuance of that pension by a grateful country, ministered by a royal hand to his widow, and that because he was as true an officer as ever left a widow in a nation's care.—I have the honour to remain, sir, your grateful and humble servant,

"E. W. POPHAM."

The next is from the daughter of General Carey.

"Vienna, January 11, 1838.

"SIR—Living, on account of the smallness of my income, in the most retired manner at the above place, I have nothing to offer in justification of the liberty I take in addressing you but the information I have received through the medium of the newspapers, that all of that despised and degraded class called pensioners are desired to send to you, sir, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, an account of their several claims to the pensions they have hitherto received. Taking it then for granted that I am rightly informed, I beg your patience to the enforced recital. My father, the Hon. General Lucius Ferdinand Carey, commanded at the taking of the Island of St. Lucia from the French, in the year 1780, and died of his wounds on the day of its capture.

"The pension which was granted to his daughters was not obtained through the favour of any minister, but was given by the voice of parliament, and the consent of our ever-respected sovereign George III.; it consisted of £80 each, and was bestowed as some small remuneration for the incalculable evils which fell upon a family of infant daughters by the loss of a father just as he became able to provide for them—by the loss of a father's protection and all the comforts of a father's house; nor did the wide-spreading evil end here; the neglected, almost as if (by high and rich connexions) unacknowledged, children, in process of time became patronless young women without friends, protector,

or introduction; and, to make the measure of their affliction quite full, were deprived of their rank as viscount's daughters by the premature death of their parent, and left to wander about the world in helpless degradation, and something nearly allied to want. I must not, however, suffer this melancholy enumeration to make me forget that which I must ever remember with gratitude—viz., that this pension, which in these dear times furnishes me with little more than daily bread, and obliges me to obtain that, to live in banishment, was yet the means of procuring me the religious and solid education adapted to my fortune, which has enabled me to bear up against all the sorrows of them. I have indeed enjoyed it long, perhaps the gentlemen of the committee will think too long; but that has been the will of God, and not my fault; and it is true that, as it is my only resource, I should be glad to retain it, if I can be allowed to do so with honour and without reproach, and to receive it with that dignified thankfulness with which the daughter of an usefully brave British officer may accept a national testimony of her father's deserts; but if this cannot be, and his services are considered as having been too long remunerated, why, then, Sir, I can cheerfully resign that which I shall hope may lessen the distress of some younger and weaker child of affliction; and being by God's blessing able, both in body and mind, to seek my own subsistence in the education of the children of some more fortunate family, as I was obliged to do in Mr. Pitt's time, when the pensions were at times four, five, or six quarters in arrears, I may, perhaps, find an answer to the quarterly question of my mind, whether such wages as I should then receive for my honest service were not more honourable than the degrading reception of a pension so grudgingly bestowed. Leaving this weighty matter, under your sanction, in the hands and choice of the gentlemen of the committee, I beg leave to subscribe myself, Sir, your obedient humble servant,
 "LAVINIA MATILDA CAREY MORTIMER,
 Aged 67.

There is not a man of feeling in the country who will read over these letters unmoved. But what are we to think of the mind of the man—the author of this enquiry—who could read these letters as proofs that the investigation had not hurt the feelings of those who deserved their pensions!! We were prepared for much want of feeling in a Whig; the constitution of mind which Mr. Rice must possess is one which, we can readily

understand, excludes an acute perception of the generous and the refined; but we could not believe it possible that the dulllest being, endued with human form, should be so utterly devoid of sensibility as not to feel the bitter, although the mild rebuke, which these letters contain, to the vulgar and unfeeling spirit which prompted such enquiries as those to which they replied. But Mr. Rice, the chancellor of the Exchequer, actually read these letters to the House of Commons, without perceiving that they proved anything more than that the widows and daughters of British officers could refer with pride to the services of their relatives!! Shame upon the age in which such a man has ever been honoured or advanced.

A saving, it is true, has been effected to the country. About £3000 a-year has been gained, principally by pensions thrown up by the holders in preference to submitting to the humiliating investigations of the committee. The saving to each individual in the country amounts to about one twenty-thousandth part of his present taxation. There is not perhaps an individual in Britain who will be saved five shillings in the year; the great majority will not be saved five farthings; is there a man with a generous breast who would not have given ten—twenty times his individual gain to have spared Mrs. Carey Mortimer the pain which wrung from her the letter we have printed above.

The Irish measures are, however, the great glories of the session. The tithebill has been passed; the poor law has been enacted, and the corporation bill has been left unsettled. These, we repeat, are the great glories of the session; a few words must suffice for each.

First, as to the tithe bill. Our readers know already that it is just the bill proposed by Sir Robert Peel in 1835. He was met by the Whigs with a resolution of the House of Commons that no such bill could be satisfactory to the country. Sir Robert gave up his bill, and resigned office—and now after having thus gained office on this question, and after, for three long years the entire of Ireland has been harassed and agitated by the collision of a tithe war, the very bill which the Whigs rejected in 1835, they pass in 1838. Never, perhaps, in the history of England, was there such an instance of undisguised faction. In opposition

they declare that no minister should take on himself the responsibility of passing a tithe bill without the appropriation clause. By this declaration they obtain office themselves, and then pass the very measure to which they had before objected.

Our readers, no doubt, remember the language of the far-famed appropriation resolutions; it was not that appropriation was a good thing; no, but that no tithe bill could be satisfactory either to the house or the Irish people that did not contain this principle; no pledge less definite and stringent would then have answered their factious end. In three years afterwards they fling their darling—their indispensable principle to the winds. It was, it is, impossible to pass a tithe bill without it;

“But what’s impossible may come to pass;”

and the Whigs have settled the tithe question without the appropriation clause. This was not all; Sir Thomas Acland, a plain straight-forward country gentleman, did not understand this contradiction. He did not know how they were to pass a tithe bill, and at the same time hold themselves pledged not to pass it. He, therefore, proposed that they should rescind the appropriation resolution, and thus leave the house at liberty. No; the Whigs refused; they declared that the pledge should still stand on the journals of parliament that no tithe bill, without the appropriation clause, could be satisfactory.

This, perhaps, was all right—there was a sentimental chivalry in the resolution with which they adhered to the memory of the departed appropriation. It had done then good service in its life. It was an honorable feeling that prevented them from casting a slight on it, after its untimely death. The Whig ministry and appropriation had made a solemn league of everlasting friendship—they were to live and die together—but alas for the instability of human friendship—the ministry contrived to outlive their friend. We might have expected that on the tomb that contained the cabinet and the principle, we might have inscribed “they were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided;” but such constancy is not to be expected, this at least we must admit, if the Whigs would not die with their darling appropriation, they did not at least

forget to do honor to his memory even in his death.

Who will blame their affectionate regard?

“Oh! what are thousand living loves,
To one that cannot quit the dead.”

It was, it is true, a little inconsistent that the very ministry which thus pertinaciously adhered to the appropriation resolution, put into the mouth of the sovereign in her closing speech, the expression of her confidence that the tithe bill would be satisfactory!!

The bill which Sir Robert Peel introduced in 1835, has been passed in 1838, after three years of a harassing tithe-war in Ireland, and three years of the blessing of a Whig government in England.

Our remaining comments must be brief. On the poor law we do not wish to say much; it is not our part to embarrass the experiment, let it be fairly tried. A number of Whigs and Papists will at least be provided for at the cost of the Protestant gentry in Ireland. In this sense, at least, the bill will feed the hungry, and clothe the naked. Many a hungry Whigling will gorge himself in “the viands mercifully supplied by this poor law bill for his support; and the bread will not be like that intended for the poor, a coarser description of food. If the workhouse branch of the charity have not many applicants, no fear of wanting applications from the beggars of the other class—the Commissioners, Assistant Commissioners, Inspectors, Secretaries, and travelling Inspectors—these are the real poor for whom the bill provides; the voice has gone forth through all the brood of hungry Whigs and priests’ nephews; the vultures scent the prey from afar, the flapping of their wings is heard as they come ready to pounce upon the properties of the landed interest of Ireland.

The circumstances connected with the passing of this poor law bill ought not, however, to be passed over with so brief a notice. It has been passed in defiance of the unanimous opinions of the people of Ireland—all ranks and classes agreed in repudiating it—it has been forced upon us by Englishmen. The convenience of party struggles made it expedient for both parties to agree in passing it—and in Irish measures, we believe this is all that is ever thought. Ireland has been the field upon which contending parties have ever fought

their battles, and like all the countries which are the seat of war, we do not find our position an enviable one. Our church is to be destroyed, because Whigs find an attack upon it a convenient stepping stone to office. A bad poor law must be forced upon us, because Conservatives want its rating as a convenient instrument of settling the corporation question. This is the way in which all Irish questions are dealt with, not with reference to the interests of Ireland, but to the convenience of English parties, and this will be the case until the Irish Protestants take up a position for themselves.

We have said that the poor law bill was passed because the Conservatives wanted its rating as a convenient instrument for settling the corporation question. This is perfectly well understood. The curious part of the transaction is, however, that after inflicting on us the poor law they did not settle the corporations. We have, we confess, little patience to comment on the debates connected with this question. It was, in the end, reduced to a miserable squabble about shillings and pence. All parties had agreed to confiscate charters—all parties had agreed to hand over to "the popular party" the corporations formed for the support of the English and Protestant interest in Ireland.—Providence, however, interposed in our behalf, and when no human means appeared available to avert the threatened blow, we have unexpectedly gained at least a respite of another year.

Our review of the session has been brief. It has not been encouraging. We see nothing in what has occurred to justify the language of those who exult in the triumph of Conservative principles. It is true that something like Conservative policy has been affected by the ministry—or rather the Conservative opposition has managed the parliamentary business of the country. But, meanwhile, Ireland has been handed over to Mr. O'Connell and the priests; and let politicians say what they will, the day of our deliverance is not approaching—it will not come until we work for it ourselves. Matters cannot go on another year as they have done the last. Every day is deepening the peril of Protestantism in Ireland, and the imperial triumphs of Conservatism are but adding to that danger by disguising it.

It may, perhaps, be sometimes allowable for a political writer to refer to

his own predictions when time has shewn that they were not false. Just one year ago we sketched out events as they have occurred. Our warning was unheeded at the time. Perhaps it may now serve to make men reflect on the past. What we wrote last year we may perhaps venture to repeat; and let men judge whether our anticipations were then correct. We wrote just after the general election of last August:—

"The question now occurs to the mind of every one in the empire, WHAT WILL MINISTERS DO? It is a question to which we confess it is not easy to suggest a satisfactory reply. The answer that would suggest itself to every honorable mind is, they will resign office. We fear, however, this supposition is too favorable to the character of Whiggery. The wretched creatures who have been for two years back prostituting the patronage that they might pocket the pay of ministers of the crown have manifested too inglorious a tenacity of office for us now to suppose that any consideration of honor or honesty will induce them to abandon it. We are rather inclined to believe that they will attempt to carry on the government of the country—if it be correct to apply the expression to a wretched official existence without any of the functions of vitality. But we do think that they will cling to place, and endeavor to accommodate their policy to the altered circumstances of the times, so as still to receive the salaries which they love.

"We know that our calculation in this respect is different from that of most of those upon whose judgment in most matters we would feel inclined to rely. The opinion that the Whigs will retire from office is one in which many very intelligent observers of passing events concur. We are not, however, inclined to give them credit for so much of common honesty as such a step involves.

"If ministers meet the parliament, how are they to proceed? they will not be able to carry any one of the measures which, last session, they declared vital ones. On the church-rate question they will have a large majority against them. The appropriation clause—their charter of office—will be indignantly rejected by a majority of the new house. The Irish corporation question they will carry by a small majority, and this only on condition of their securing the Irish church; the very course to which the Conservative leaders, last session, whether right or wrong, assented. Whatever party are in office the policy pursued must be Conservative. The ministers may retain

office by abandoning every profession on which they gained it—they may keep the name, and patronage, and pay of her Majesty's ministers by carrying into full effect the policy of her Majesty's opposition.

"This is, we confess, the policy which we think it most probable that they will pursue; they will avoid defeat by bringing forward no measure upon which the Conservatives will oppose them; they will abstain from aggression, and calculate upon the timorousness of the Conservatives for security from assault.

"In the meantime, however, an important question will arise as to Ireland—while they affect a Conservative policy as regards the empire at large—will they continue to delegate to Mr. O'Connell the government of this country? If they do, the Protestants of Ireland will gain but little by the change; Ireland will still be in the hands of the popish party; the patronage of the crown will still be employed to reward the emissaries of sedition. Protestants will still be oppressed and insulted: and at the very moment that the attack upon Protestantism appears to be discontinued, the deadliest blow will be struck at its existence. The battery of legislative measures—the formidable apparatus of the assault may be removed from before the muniments of Protestantism; but the mine will be secretly and silently springing beneath the citadel.

"We feel it necessary, distinctly and emphatically, to put the Protestants of Ireland on their guard against this dangerous and insidious policy, which we have little doubt will be that pursued towards them by ministers. By a concession to the more Conservative spirit of the age, they will purchase the right of continuing to oppress and insult us. They will make a truce for a moment with the spirit that is too strong for them. They will abstain from legislative attacks upon Protestantism only that they may wield with the more effect the power of the executive for its subversion.

"This is the policy which Mr. O'Connell will recommend to the ministers; it is the policy which that master-spirit has been endeavoring to impress upon the cabinet which is composed of his tools. He has invariably taught them as far as possible to avoid collision with the Protestant spirit of the British people, and to content themselves with the power of crushing and weakening Protestantism through the corrupt and tyrannical influences of the government in Ireland. His advice to ministers last year was, to accept the tithe bill without the appropriation clause. He sees clearly that the

work of destroying Protestantism can be done more surely through the castle than the senate; and while he has a slave of his own on the viceregal throne, he will press no legislative measure to risk the tenure of his power. Hence we have seen him ready to give up the appropriation clause; he is ready to-morrow to give up the corporations, provided that the demanding of them would risk, in the slightest degree, the stability of his administration. All this is perfectly consistent with his ultimate ends—his object is to lower Protestantism, no matter by what means—the great engine which he works for that purpose is the executive influence of government. He would be either very foolish or very honest did he risk the possession of this power for the assertion of any principle whatever. We do not suspect him of being either; and so long as his black mail is paid to him in the disposal of the patronage and the government of Ireland, he will not press his vassal for any legislative services, the exaction of which might prove inconvenient.

"This, we repeat, is the policy which we expect ministers to pursue by a tacit, if not an expressed, compromise with the Conservatives in parliament; they will take care to bring forward no measure which will expose them to defeat; the consequence of this compromise will be, that the government of this country will still be left in the hands of Mr. O'Connell. This policy will throw the Conservative party on a line of conduct for which we fear they are not well adapted; they have hitherto acted almost exclusively on the defensive, they must now learn to change their tactics, and no longer content themselves with arresting the progress of evil measures in the senate.

"We have thought it right to raise the voice of warning to the Protestants of Ireland—we have cautioned them that they must be prepared for a policy both dangerous and insidious. The last election has arrested the progress of revolution in the senate; but the Protestants of Ireland must be prepared for the attempt at compromise which we believe in our souls Mr. O'Connell will make; the attempt by abandoning encroachments in parliament to secure to himself a little longer the power of wielding the executive of Ireland to oppress and injure us."

Our readers will, perhaps, excuse the length of this extract. Have our predictions been verified? Men talked then as they do now of the speedy retirement of the ministry from office. We did not believe it then—we do

not believe it now. Let the Protestants of Ireland indulge in no such delusive hopes: they must now rely upon themselves, and on themselves alone. Until they learn this stern lesson of duty, we repeat that the government of Ireland will remain in the hands of Mr. O'Connell and the priests.

If we could believe that even now

Protestants would know their danger and feel their responsibilities—if they would now exert themselves, and be persuaded of the truth, that if they do not defend their own interests no one else will do it for them—then, indeed, we would be satisfied that the tyranny that overshadows us is drawing to its close.

SONGS OF THE TRUE BLUE.

NO. II.—THE ORANGE AND BLUE.

AIR—"Haste to the Wedding."

Though darkness be o'er us, though tempest before us,
Still fearlessly onward we'll hold our way,
For the spirit of light and of loyalty 's o'er us,
And darkness to him is the splendour of day.
Princess of earth may be false or true,
But he will never be faithless to you,
Then God bless the Orange and Blue.
Still in Liberty's garden the lily shall wave.

They say they have scattered, dismayed and disarmed us;
They dream they have won back the trophies of Boyne;
But the breath of detraction, thank God, never harmed us,
And millions are thronging, our standard to join.
We fear not what hirelings, as traitors, can do;
We know them, we scorn them, we'll conquer them too.
Then God bless the Orange and Blue,
Still in Liberty's garden the lily shall wave.

And if by the will of the God that's above us,
The darkness of Popery triumph once more,
He grants it the power but to try, and to prove us,
He'll bless the true cause, as he blessed it before.
We'll renew those bright days, when our banner so true,
O'er valour and loyalty cheerily flew,
Crying, God bless the Orange and Blue,
Still in Liberty's garden the lily shall wave.

ORIGINAL LETTERS—SWIFT—NO. I.

THE letters of great men are always valuable, for with some few exceptions (as in the case of Pope) the mind of the writer is exhibited, as it were, in *undress*, and appears before us in the easy attitude of familiar conversation; and thus, more of the real motive, feeling, and character of the individual is ascertained, than could be conveyed by the most philosophic analysis, or antithetic summary of his qualities, or by folios of formal biography. This is peculiarly true of the letters of such men as are mixing in the strife and turmoil of the political world, who have neither time nor inclination to write letters for effect, and who rest their fame on greater things than the balance of a sentence, or the turn of a compliment—the letters of such men are faithful and valuable portraits. It is right to state, that in laying these documents before the public, we confidently pledge our literary character for their genuineness; and it is also due to ourselves to state, that we have studiously abstained from a custom but too prevalent, that of conveying such reliques as the letters of Swift and the like, before the public, in company with some imaginary and common-place introduction, it may be, describing the possessor of these literary treasures as confined to his bed by a severe fit of the gout, and at length being driven, through sheer *ennui*, to rummage the contents of some dirty fusty box of musty papers, and forth come the letters—as if their collector believed that the public would nauseate their literary curiosities, unless, like drugs, they be administered (to use the apothecary's phrase) "*quovis vehiculo*"—forgetting, too, that in such cases it is not always easy to detect where the fiction ends and the reality begins. We believe that the instruction to be derived respecting the characters of their writers, from the genuine letters of the illustrious dead, who have thought wisely, and acted nobly, and whose names history has taken into her sanctuary and rendered imperishable, is of too solemn and too deep an interest to be innocently sported with or weakened. We, therefore, in a spirit of seriousness, and with reverent hands,

lay the following letters of Swift before the reader:—

To the Rev. Mr. Chamberlayn, Gragnogorman.

"SIR,—One of the Grattans told me to-day, that you were so kind to object against some passages in the monument intended over D. Schomberg. The first was *ut hæredes Ducis*. I varied that expression often, but made it equivocal whether the heirs or the chapter desired such a monument might be made. I have changed the word *erigi* for *erigendum*, as Mr. Grattan said you desired. *Hunc ipsi lapidem*, that is to avoid the being equivocal—*ipsi* meaning the chapter. *Quantillâ in cellulâ*, these diminutives I was wrong advised in, because it was rightly observed by another friend, that the cell was good enough—it was in Lord Cork's tomb—but the fault was that the ashes lay unhonoured and forgotten, and therefore I have changed that passage in the copy to *other side*.

"I forgot to mention that some of the chapters, going with me into the church to-day, disliked the place intended for the monument, which was a space of white wall between the bottom of the east window and the top of the altar-piece, and, therefore, another place was resolved on, which is over the arched door which carries you the shortest way from the chapter-house to the altar, and is three yards distant westward from Lord Cork's tomb, therefore, instead of *Hic infra situm est*, I begin, *Sub altari situm est*.

"This trouble given you is a just punishment for your skill in criticism. It is dangerous writing on marble, where one cannot make errata, or mend in a second edition. I shewed to many persons what I first writ, and was printed; but except one friend, no other would find any fault. I am therefore much obliged to you, and desire by your skill to save me from the reproach of blunders. I send you the first copy as it was printed, and the second as I altered some parts, and the third at the back of this, where I altered more. I intreat your judgment and correction, for I shall have all the scandal upon any slip. If you please

to send me your opinion to-morrow, I shall be much obliged to you.—I am with true esteem, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

“JONATH.

“Deanery-house, May 20, 1731.”

We do not intend criticising the latinity of Swift's epitaph upon Schomberg, nor yet are we prepared to trace to their several authors the suggestions respecting it, which were severally adopted; but the foregoing letter is valuable, as it serves to shew that Swift could be courteous and deferential, where courtesy and deference were due, and it is also pleasing, as it displays the frankness with which he could not only tolerate, but submit to criticism. The following letter to Sheridan shews more of the man, being written upon general subjects, and with all the freedom of perfect intimacy.

March 24, 1735.

“Sometime before your letter of Feb. 23d, my deafness came on me, and my head was out of order, although not in the violence that you have known it. I am now somewhat better. I rode out yesterday in a most violent cold day, which flattered me till I got on horseback, which I had not been for a month; and yet to-day I could hear Mrs. Ridgeway's voice, which is none of the loudest. I still live in the old way—*nine* days every week I dine at home, but in revenge I forbid the Sunday spungers, whom in the lump I never loved to see, and cared less to hear, when I could not hear at all. And so you pretend to reproach me for unadvisableness. *Teneare Damasppe tuiste*. How could I stay longer in your town, where there is neither house, nor country, nor town, nor garden to walk in. I had a present lately from Cavan with a letter; I suppose in a female hand, well writ, and a present along with it of two leverets, but no name. I guess it came from my dear Mrs. Donaldson;* but fearing it came from another, who might have steeped the leverets in rats-bane, I made Mrs. Ridgeway eat with me, that we might both be poisoned together; but coming off safe, I am sorry that I injured Diabolesam. I fully allow one part of what you challenge, I mean your fame of following the worst advice, but the other of giving the best, is not yet come to my knowledge. I have

not yet spoke so fully to Mr. J. Rochfort as I intend to do; but I was too ill to see any company at all. In some days I will let you know the result of his generosity. I doubt the Rochforts, both male and female, have no very strong sense of feeling upon the score of avarice, but I could wish you would give categorical answers to every single objection of theirs, which I repeated as far as my remembrance went, in one of my letters, particularly of Lady B——'s, that when the boy had sold his horse, you bought him a pair of boots. What a mischief had you to buy him a horse, directly against Lady B——'s advice, who strictly desired you to hinder the townsman from trusting him. Another thing, how came you to write a letter to Lady Betty, and commended the boy above the skies for every virtue, as well as excellent parts? and that which you write when I was with you, only barely saying that he was something mended, and had a little capacity. This I mentioned before, but you answered nothing. As to your lease money, which I am to receive in July 20, next, I am satisfied with it; but pray know that I was tenant, and have a title to the rent, which, however, I give up, if my money be duly paid; perhaps you are ignorant that I never was without a good sum of ready money about me, till you stripped me so bare that I am forced to borrow upon interest, for I have not a tenant from whom I have not got all my rent that I can reasonably demand. I have not seen Dr. Helsham, above once since I got your letter, and then it was not in my memory to ask him about your purchaser Jones.

We have lost that poor young man Mr. Harrison, to my infinite sorrow and disappointment, and to the very near breaking of his mother's heart. It proved a spotted fever, which is near as ruinous as a plague. The doctor found no bad symptoms; then out came the spots; then says the doctor, he does not *lose ground*, and so on till he *got ground*, which was a grave. I proposed much satisfaction in seeing the young man often, and leading him in his own virtuous way. Upon his death I ordered the account of it, with his impartial character, to be printed in Faulkner's newspaper. I have since seen the mother and Miss Molly

* Mrs. Donaldson kept an inn in Cavan.

once—the latter succeeds to his estate, which will soften her sorrow much. I have not yet seen Mr. Bond, nor do I know anything of him. Did I tell you that I much esteem your younger son, but thought him a little too much on the *qui vive*, which I would have you reform in him. I know no other fault in him. He is an English boy, and learned it there. Pray let me know who sent me the leverets, and my service to Mrs. Donaldson, Mrs. Adreen, Mrs. Everybody, I forget their names, but do you tell them by name, and to the barrack gentlemen. I am ever your, &c.

I had forgot your second, that letter* wherein you speak of young Harrison's death. I wonder you should write to me about concordat for old Mr. Price. A dog in your street hath as much power as I to do any thing for any friend; but that is the weakness of all recommenders; and the Duke and I talked much of the indiscretion of that kind of people this very morning."

These letters are characteristic of the man, but particularly the last, which contains striking evidences of the prominent peculiarities of his mind—it breathes throughout the dictatorial spirit which his friendships generally assumed; but where he speaks of young Harrison, his more amiable qualities are strongly displayed, and, mingling with his mind's habitual tone of satire, there appears the deep and affectionate regret of a heart capable of warm friendship, and of keen sympathy. It is curious and worthy of remark, that there scarcely exists a page of Swift's writing in any form, which does not evince, more or less, by some slight, it may be, but always bitter touch of satire, the prevailing and always morbid habit of his mind.

There is a peculiarity in the character of Swift's satire which is worthy of observation; he did not censure only the follies and the vices which education may have engendered, or custom superinduced—his was a mournful and a humiliating task—it was to expose, to decry, to ridicule *human nature itself*. Others had laughed at the pompous trappings or the motley vest; but he with searching eye, and unsparing hand, anatomized the nerves and sinews which lay beneath; detected and ex-

posed whatever was base or feeble in humanity, and laughed at, as matter of scorn, the evidences of weakness and of corruption, which should be to mankind a subject of wonderment and sorrow. No doubt his predilection for that species of satire which is peculiarly his, must have been of gradual growth; attracted to it by the same curiosity which leads us to explore the secrets of the charnel-house, and wins us on from one spectacle of corruption to another, until our mind becomes filled with images of death and of decay, and we can behold nothing goodly in the comeliness of flesh and blood; he toiled in the noisome and unnatural vocation to which he had devoted himself, until he could see nothing but what was despicable or revolting in human nature; and thus was created in his mind that bleak want, which is discernible throughout its melancholy history, and which, of necessity, begot those feelings of bitter isolation, those mysterious repinings, which are the allotted punishment of him who has looked too far into the secret things of nature, and thus in a measure unfitted himself for the state in which he lives. For there is a feeling which should be regarded, because God has given it largely to us, which should be valued because it is necessary to our living here, as God would have us live, which should be cherished, because resistance or even neglect may for ever kill it, and that is a certain feeling of respect for human nature—the power of seeing it, not as an unvaried mass of what is sordid, despicable, and base, but as it is, the strange combination of opposites, the melancholy and mysterious union of strength and weakness, beauty and deformity, glory and shame—the wish among all the jarring elements of our constellation to see, to acknowledge, and to honour the fragments of a grander and angelic nature; but in the mind of Swift that feeling was withered and gone, almost before the mind itself had attained to maturity.

It is a melancholy spectacle to behold the alternate yearnings and recoils of a mind thus self-divested of sympathy, the incompleteness of all its friendships, the conflicting struggles of the double nature, the ever-wakeful repinings, the ever-recurring bitterness,

* The letter here referred to in the 13th vol. of Sheridan's Edition of Swift's works, p. 258.

† The Duke of Dorset, at that time Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

the taint which mars the sweetness of every thing, "*putidum latet ulcus in ore.*" But although Swift had made human nature his study, with no other view than that of seeing and making others see whatever was imperfect and mean within it, he was not a misanthrope; he was capable of warm and tender attachments, and of affections and emotions, which would have appeared too soft and too delicate for a mind like his. The anecdotes related, I think in Sheridan's, certainly in Scott's life of Swift, strongly illustrate this. When Sheridan was breaking up his establishment and leaving Dublin, Swift paid him a last visit, and having sat for a long time sullenly silent in the midst of the friends who were just about to depart, he suddenly arose and rushed into an inner room, where they found him in floods of tears—he wept long and bitterly. There is something touching, almost beautiful in this spectacle. The stoic, the satiric, the sarcastic Swift forgetting his stoicism, his coldness, and his pride, and weeping with the unreserved abandonment and bitterness of a child—for neither the habitual labours of satire and of sarcastic thought, nor all the efforts of contemptuous philosophy, have ever yet availed to annihilate the beautiful and generous weaknesses of our nature, or even successfully to smother their expressions—nor has man achieved over himself even this poor victory: and though the last page in the history of Swift affords, in the utter, abject, irrecoverable prostration of a grand and noble intellect, a memorable warning to those who would

envy the lot of genius, or take pride in the devices and wisdom of man, yet the same instruction if not as forcibly at least as unequivocally is conveyed in the life of almost every recorded genius; for it is most true that we have never fully known the history of a great intellect, without being therefrom taught the solemn and abasing lesson; that the mind, which is the glory, is also the punishment of its possessor. For either there are the vague aspirations, the hunger and thirst after things which the world never will have to give—the unuttered, unutterable sufferings, the unsatisfied cravings, the unappeasable repinings, which are unresting weariness and bitterness. Or there are the fearful misgivings, the dreadful doubts, the uncertainty of its own permanence and security which torments the mind, dogging it like a spectre through the solitude, and meeting it at every turn; the awful feeling which animated the prayers of Johnson and darkened the life of Swift. And was the horrors of insanity or of idiocy, of mental ruin, betrayed by these great men but a weakness? The Christian will say yes; but never yet was there found faith so strong, as without a shudder, helplessly to surrender the mind into the hands of the living God, and yet of what consequence is it, whether the mind and body die together, or whether the latter, the poor physical structure, shall like Swift's, for a short time survive the period of mental death, to mope and drivel in idiocy a lesson of humility and fear to the gazing world.

SONNET BY FILICAJI ON THE EARTHQUAKES IN SICILY.

*Cities! was this your place—can ye produce
 Within your boundaries one single stone
 Whereon t'inscribe, "'twas here they were o'erthrown,
 Here lay Catania and this is Syracuse!"
 These solitary sands I oft peruse
 Seek you in yourselves, but find alone
 Silence, and such deep sadness thereupon
 That while I gaze, my eyes with tears suffuse—
 O! formidable, O! tremendous deed
 Of the avenger! yet, I see and feel;
 But do I fear and tremble—do I heed?
 Rise up and the strange miracle reveal
 Ye devastated cities—lift the head
 Lone skeletons, nor heaven's dread wrath conceal!

O. B. C.

• The original begins thus—

"Qui pur foste, O, citade ne in voi pur resta,
 Testimon di voi stepe un sapo solo
 In cui si scrive," &c.

JEPHTHA'S VOW.—A POEM.

BY JOHN FRASER.

"And he was the son of an harlot.—*Judges*, xi. 1.

"None devoted, which shall be devoted of men, shall be redeemed; but shall surely be put to death."—*Leviticus*, xxvii. 29.

I.

Vengeance hath wak'd the almighty power,
And Israel sees the tempest lower,
That ne'er will pass, till showers of blood
Lay deep her happy fields in flood:
Yet one proud son her wailing hears,
A stern rejoicer in her tears.

II.

Jephtha was born beneath a name,
That stamp'd him, from the womb, with shame;
Stole from his cheek, and eye, and tongue,
The wild, glad nature of the young;
But planted in his harrow'd breast,
The quicker knowledge of th' oppress'd.
For morn's light, sunny gambols brought,
Grey, sombre, evening hues of thought;
And as his earliest mind arose,
He found those favored brethren-foes;
Who, to a rite, their birth could trace,
More pure than passion's chance embrace;
For, ev'n in childhood, such he knew,
He owed his scorn'd existence to;
So soon a truth bedew'd by tears,
Flings its dark leaf o'er infant years.

Bitter at brim—he found the draught
Of life more bitter as he quaff'd;
As tho' there gush'd no spring from earth,
To cleanse the blackness of his birth;
As tho' there beam'd from heav'n no light,
To make his clouded being bright;
Around he saw each youthful claim
Of mind, or manhood, paid with fame;
But frown or falsehood marr'd his toil,
And gave him sorrow for his spoil;
Or tyranny so warp'd each tongue,
That, ev'n in praising, still it stung:
Stricken amidst his brotherhood,
Dark, aimless, and distinct he stood,
Like blasted tree, whose fellow trees
Wav'd their green branches in the breeze,
Unvarying its sapless form,
To smile of sun, or howl of storm:
The guerdon ever from his grasp,
Escap'd into a rival's clasp;
None taught him thro' the world to steer,
Mid foes that wreck, and friends that veer—

No beacon o'er life's ocean blaz'd;
No landmark to his hope was rais'd:

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From dreams, by trouble spun to years,
He woke—his eyelid stiff with tears—
His friendship spurn'd—his worth unknown—

He went forth—he returned—alone,
And sadly all retrace their track,
To where they hope no welcome back;
But sadder still—the hearth of home
Was dark to him as dungeon gloom;
Its only sound seem'd clank of chain,
And scorn, sole pity for his pain.

Yet Jephtha never fled, but sought
The sick and shadowy things of thought;
Tho' first upon his memory's flow,
Return'd the latest ebb'd of woe.
Oh! there is pain so doom'd to last,
The present ne'er escapes the past:
And sway'd by its intense controul,
He plunged in solitude of soul—
That wild where all may rove, but none,
Save wounded spirits, feel alone—
There brooded he o'er blighted name,
Till sympathy grew twin to shame;
And secret pride and pleasure rose
From friendlessness begirt by foes;
Till from his tangled thoughts, like young
Of forest birds, long nestled, sprung
Wild schemes, that soar'd a boundless scope,

Mid vague extravagance of hope;
High aspirations after fame,
As vengeance for his blacken'd name;
And deep resolves that, calm or strife,
His ne'er would be an insect life,
Spent mid the scanty joy or grief,
Which falls, as on one forest leaf,
Upon the little, shelter'd home
Of men, who rather rest than roam;
That humbled tyranny should feel
How trampled worth can bite the heel;
With some strange hope his native land,
Yet rais'd, or rescued by his hand,
Would hold a record in his name,
To rouse her pride, and spread her fame;
And as the distant star, whose light
First faintly glimmers on the sight,
Beams out with brighter, stendier rays,
Upon the long, unshrinking gaze;
So daily his dim purpose grew,
Distinct and glowing to his view;
Oh! hearts, to which high hope has spoken,
Are seldom bent, and never broken.

'Twere vain to question whence he drev
An aim the abject never knew:

Who sees the dew fall? tho' it bring
 Its vigour to the mountain spring.
 Deep speaks a voice in solitude,
 As in a vision,—and he heard
 Its tones by the reposing flood,
 When, if the restless willow stirred,
 'Twas by its own repining;
 He heard it when was robbed the night
 In virginal, or bridal, white;
 And when her widow weeds all bright
 With starry gems were shining;
 He heard it in the lake's green sedge,
 And on the path, with emerald edge,
 Thro' shadowy vistas twining;
 Heard it among the vernal buds,
 And when loud winds harangued the
 woods;
 And when the lightning cleft the sky,
 Startling to heav'n earth's guilty eye,
 While thunder spoke her sentence—*Die*.
 Oh! there is nought in day, in night,
 In valley's depth, in mountain's height,
 In time or season, change or chance,
 But mingles with life's fresh romance,
 To soothe, refine, exalt, expand
 The soul to *gentle*—or to *grand*.

And when reproach, contempt, controul,
 Wake the veil'd energy of soul;
 As wintry snow and storm inspire
 A fiercer brightness into fire;
 Or as the oft-repeated blow
 Heats iron to a fiery glow;
 Then broodings quicken into flame,
 The lit soul burns away its shame;
 In one exploding burst appears
 To start into the strength of years;
 Flings insult back, like fetters riv'n,
 Loudly appeals from earth to heav'n,
 And claims each right that heav'n's
 design

Hath vested in its birth divine.

Howe'er, he grew with heart and hand,
 For wildest war, and weightiest brand—
 With eye, whose fleetest glance could warn
 Of beaming love, or blasting scorn—
 And lip, whose quiv'ring ne'er express'd
 The coward's palsy in his breast;
 Till wrought to callousness he nurs'd
 An hot impatience for the worst;
 And proof to all that erst could burn,
 He sear'd the scorers' hearts in turn;
 Spreading before their punish'd view,
 The shafts they drove, the tears they
 drew—

Then hurling off each early thrall,
 That bound him in his father's hall,
 Resolv'd to live supreme—alone—
 An eagle on his mountain throne,
 Where he could ne'er rejoice o'er aught
 Of pow'r,—except the prey he brought;
 He rose, and journey'd forth at once,
 Reckless of guide, or choice, or chance—
 Since any rock that offer'd rest,
 Would warm, except a kindred breast.
 He parted without parting word—
 For friendly hand he grasp'd his sword;

And while he gave indignant scope
 To wrathful prophecies of hope,
 He breath'd reliev'd, as by a sure,
 But last, and dread, and desprate cure.

'Twere here a bootless task to trace
 His rough path to his resting-place;
 Tho' his glaz'd cheek perforce was wet,
 With strange and undeserv'd regret;
 Proud that the past was backward hurl'd,
 He launch'd into the open world,
 Where glory singeth for the brave—
 Like mermaid in far ocean wave—
 That sweetest song, which those who
 shun

The blast and billow never won.
 And thro' that world of storm and foam,
 Wave-wash'd and worn, he reached an
 home—

As aught on ocean loosely cast,
 Is flung upon some shore at last—
 Then his triumphant spirit caught
 Dark joy, from one revengeful thought;
 His name, whom kindred cast away,
 Had ris'n from many a deadly fray,
 Whose fury hostile hands express'd
 In deep sword-record on his breast;
 Until no rival name was found,
 So glorious on his native ground:
 That was the hope still warmly cherish'd,
 While nobler, youthful feelings perish'd.
 Oh! liv'd there none unjust, or proud,
 Who trod us with the trampled crowd,
 To feel their thick blood curdle with
 shame,

Before the splendour of our name;
 Who, for the poor returns of story,
 Would wait, and watch, and toil for
 glory?

Haply it seems, no tender art
 Had made an home in Jephtha's heart;
 Not many birds would softly sing,
 If gifted with the eagle's wing;
 Not many rocks with mossy turf
 Are mantled in the boiling surf;
 Not many mountain peaks can shew
 Their heads in heav'n, unclad with snow:
 The soul that after glory yearns,
 The song-bird's lesson scantily learns;
 The heart that passion rudely sweeps,
 A kindly surface seldom keeps;
 The lofty mind, with scorn like snow,
 O'erlooks the world of mind below:
 But Jephtha bent to ev'ry tie,
 That links high natures with the sky;
 Worshipp'd each mild, domestic pow'r,
 That sweeteneth life's serener hour;
 And lavish'd glory, pow'r, and gain,
 On all beneath his shadow driv'n;
 As mountains teem down to the plain,
 The waters they receive from heav'n.

III.

Years roll'd away—the trumpet blast
 O'er Ammon's meads and mountains
 pass'd;

Gather'd his tribes in dark array,
To sweep all Israel's race away;
And Israel, from her utmost bound,
Marshall'd the lowly and renown'd;
But in her camp she could not boast
One mighty man to head the host—
So widely was the terror spread,
The name of martial Ammon bred.
Then came the elders' rev'rend band
To Jephtha in the stranger's land,
And said, "Be captain till the sword,
The viol of God's wrath is pour'd,
On Ammon's heav'n-defying horde;
And thou shalt sit, from his defeat,
A judge in Gilead's judgment seat."

The old, but deathless, mem'ry woke,
Renew'd and warm, as Jephtha spoke—
"Of yore, did not my country shew
The hate she harbours for her foe?
Was not my father's threshold free
To ev'ry stranger, save to me?
Ye drove me o'er the cruel bourne,
That marr'd all prospect of return;
Why greet me, then, in this distress
With tardy and compell'd redress?
But," cried he, and his tone was ting'd
With the deep pride of wrongs reveng'd,
"If Gilead, from my conqu'ring day,
My judgments thro' her bounds obey,
I will return and wield the rod—
The armies of the living God."

And "Heaven," they said, "'twixt us
and thee,
To all these words a witness be."

1v.

The ev'ning shades are closing deep,
To curtain nature's dewy sleep;
There speeds a horseman o'er the plain,
With tighten'd girth and slacken'd rein;
His rowels have with crimson dy'd
His panting courser's raven side:
Yet hath his hurry made no lack
Of arm'd warriors at his back:
And glorious springs in Israel's camp,
An echo to their rolling tramp:
A long, loud shout, "'Tis he, 'tis he,
Jephtha, the mighty, hail to thee."

Whate'er he felt, we pause not now,
To scan his heart, or search his brow;
But when the loud acclaim was spent,
And silence rested on his tent,
Then Jephtha vow'd a vow, and said—
"If thou, oh! Lord, of boundless
might,

Deliver to my sword to shed
The life-strength of the Ammonite;
Then it shall be, that whatso'er,
To greet me on my glad return,
Shall, from mine house, the first appear,
I will to thee an offering burn:
The same shall surely, Lord, be thine—
Let now this Ammonite be mine."

v.

The dew is trodden from the field,
The sun is glanced from spear to shield,
Like hasty greetings giv'n by men,
Who might not waste their moments
then:

The flocks have fled th' untasted spring,
The fox to earth, the bird to wing;
Flutter the war-flags in the light,
Like fate-stars of impending fight;
The naked faulchions seem to know,
And count with scorn their sheathless foe;
While, pois'd, yon hosts are spread, like
wings,

On which war's gorey genius springs;
Now shakes each spirit on her throne,
With tremblings she disdains to own;
Ah! hearts that must or lose, or win,
Beat fev'rish till the fray begin;
Yet some strong hope they will not fall,
Pervades and fills them, each and all.

As billows, when they first obey
The wind's loud trumpet o'er the sea,
A dark and silent progress keep,
Must'ring their pow'r along the deep,
Till lifted to their utmost sway,
They fling their columns in the fray,
Bursting to sudden foam and roar,
And holding their free course no more—
So heav'd the hosts in their high strength,
Till met in one wild crash at length;
Then, torrent-like, from mountain swell,
The sheet of swords quick-flashing fell;
Then in eruption burst the yell;
And shout, and groan, and curse arose,
Mid clang of arms and clash of blows.
Then backward reel'd the hollow ground,
From chariot's roll, and charger's bound;
Then flew the shaft, on strongest wing;
Then whirl'd its weightiest stone, the
sling;

Then stood the shield, like gate of brass,
Defying some tumultuous mass,
But suffering master spears to pass;
Then bounded blood as free and fast,
As spray upon the ocean blast:
Yet on they press, till knee to knee,
The foremost fall, but cannot flee;
And mail and helmet must be strong
On him who falls and lingers long:
The arm may smite, or save, but there
Nor hoof, nor heel, can turn to spare.

A few, but fearful, moments o'er,
And many a spot is mark'd with gore,
As purchas'd for a warrior's grave,
When arm and armour fail'd to save.
So thirsts the lip, so pants the breast,
So throbs the burning brow for rest;
'Twould seem that ages of turmoil
Were narrow'd to a moment's toil;
Yet spring the swords, as if they quaff'd
New vigour from each crimson draught;
While death seems, in the clash of brands,
To shout, and clap his bony hands.

The doubtful balance of the day
 Yet stands, inclining neither way,
 Or trembling, and recover'ing fast,
 As chief from either scale is cast.
 Tho' many a breach is made, no blank
 Remains to shew a broken rank ;
 The meanest of the myriad fight
 For conquest, as their native right ;
 The princes of the battle strain
 To win their glory o'er again ;
 Youth, ever prodigal of life,
 Plunges amidst the deadliest strife ;
 And manhood seizes at a glance
 Each happy turn of art or chance,
 For onset, or defence—alike
 Prepar'd to parry, or to strike.
 As thick as blossoms men are strown,
 Beneath the show'r of shaft and stone ;
 Ne'er turns the foeman from the foe,
 Whose weapon is not well'ring low ;
 The anvil's voice is in their greeting,
 The gripe of magnets in their meeting ;
 Shivers the sword—forth from the breast
 Flashes the dagger—falls the crest—
 Charges the horse—the chariots drive
 Headlong to where the foremost strive ;
 And as from earth fierce tempests rend
 The stubborn rocks they cannot bend,
 So bear they down the spirits high,
 That thus may fail, but will not fly—
 Trampling into one gorey crowd,
 The lowly dead, and living proud ;
 Resounds the battle roar, as loud
 As thunder from the low-hung cloud ;
 Jehovah—Ammon—swell the shout
 Of check'd assault, and rallied rout ;
 So furious grows the battle flame,
 It shifts the scene, but burns the same ;
 Unled by flight—undriv'n by chase—
 The dead alone retain their place ;
 Hot blood, as in expiring spite,
 Clings to the steel with acid bite ;
 The trampled mail, no longer proof,
 Spits gore upon the trampling hoof ;
 The shatter'd arm—the broken steel—
 Still strive to wound the hoof and heel ;
 The very sword clash seems the yell
 Of mocking mirth, o'er those that fell ;
 But still, as falls the front array,
 Rank after rank disputes the way,
 As ridge on ridge pil'd to the skies,
 Before the mountain clamb'rer rise ;
 It seems like quenching fire with fire,
 While none can win, and none may tire,
 Till, ev'n in triumph, hosts have died,
 The conquer'd on the conquer'ing side.
 There falls the glowing youthful chief,
 Whose meteor course was bright and
 brief ;

Fast cools his fiery heart to clay ;
 Yet would he lift, from out the dying,
 His voice to rally back the flying ;
 Yet grasp some sword, all stirless lying ;
 As if the sparks struck out in fray,
 Were its keen spirit fought away :

And, sunlike, there the vet'ran sinking,
 His arm unnerv'd, his heart unshrinking ;
 Like clouds his thousand battles pass'd,
 His guerdon, glory to the last ;
 Pent with the mass—men, chariots,
 steeds,

Stark, broken, struggling, as proceeds
 The wide, wild wreck of slaughter, bleeds ;
 Gathers from earth his trodden plume,
 As brightest banner for his tomb ;
 Makes his own conquer'd foe his bier,
 Stretches his faithful faulchion near,
 And, spread beneath his crimson shield,
 Sets in red glory on the field.

Oh ! death, among those daring men,
 No thief thou slyly wentest then—
 As when thou prowlest round the bed
 Of some who slumber with the dead,
 In semblance, ere the breath has fled ;
 A pilf'rer, stealing, trace by trace,
 All life's expression from the face ;
 And leaving it as bleak as clay,
 Whose flow'ry sward was stripp'd away ;
 So chang'd, that ev'n the eyes most deep
 In sorrow, have not pow'r to weep :
 No—cuirass pierc'd, or helmet cleft,
 As stern the soul in them seems left,
 As if they still beheld unfurl'd
 Their standards in some wider world.
 When ev'n the coward's heart shall be
 Sublim'd in fight to ecstasy,
 As if he felt reveal'd by strife,
 Some mighty element of life ;
 And revell'd in the stirring joy,
 Of pow'r to suffer or destroy ;
 How strong was its exciting away,
 O'er Jephtha on that dang'rous day !
 To Ammon, like a forest fire,
 Sounding, destroying, flashing higher,
 The more is wasted in its ire ;
 With plume, like war-flag on a tow'r,
 Flying thro' stone and arrow show'r ;
 The brightest in the battle's blaze,
 He stood the centre of its rays ;
 His sword, at ev'ry stroke he gave,
 Dripping like oar-blade from the wave ;
 Where'er he turns, the foe has need
 Of lion strength, or roebuck speed ;
 Charge, rout, or rally, on his track
 The cloud of ruin low'rs most black ;
 Around him from its faintest verge,
 Narrows the conflict's eddying surge,
 As fascinated by the rock,
 Whirl the far waters to the shock ;
 So fast his flashing sword makes thin
 The front, to let the rear rush in :
 Astonish'd Ammon sees withal,
 No hope of conquest, but his fall ;
 And as besiegers linger not
 Around the poor, defenceless cot ;
 But close in full, concentred pow'r,
 Around the wall'd and ward'd tow'r ;
 So deepens Ammon round the chief,
 Whose fall may make the battle brief.

On, Israel, ere thy laurels be
Supplanted by the cypress tree ;
A shaft has pierc'd the noblest steed,
That ever war-shout stirr'd to speed ;
One madden'd plunge—the shock of
pain

Hath burst the girth, and broke the rein ;
And Jephtha mid an host is thrown—
No sword to save him but his own.
Where are his warriors while he sinks ?

Alas ! the chain of shields they bore
Is sever'd into seprate links,

And scatter'd by the strength that tore.

Already like a topmost bough
The plume is blasted from his brow—
Yet meets he with undaunted front,
The battle's undivided brunt,
As firm as if he felt the brave
Are safest on the deepest wave.
But what avails his deadly arm,
To numbers like the locust swarm ;
To shields, like leaves of forest green—
So thick that scarce a branch is seen ?
Swords—arrows—spears—as if they
nurs'd,

To banquet on his blood, their thirst,
And vied or quarrell'd to be first,
In quick confusion round him buret ;
But erring all, or warded still,
By chance or hurry, strength or skill ;
But eager weapons, way behind
The broadest shield will ever find ;
A giant's spear is at the brink
Of Jephtha's life-stream, couch'd to
drink—

A moment—and with orphan tear,
His sorrowing child may stud his bier :
Hah ? blessed be the man whose strength
Hath lopp'd that weapon's cedar length,
And laid that giant on the plain,
Low as allow'd him by the slain ;
A rallying cry is on *his* track—
A rush—a shock—a reeling back—
A change from onset to defence—
A struggle transient, but intense—
With fire unquench'd—with hope un-
blighted,

Again are Israel's bands united ;
And Jephtha, rescued from the slaughter,
Vows that redeeming chief his daughter :
Jehovah, Ammon, Judah, rise
In echoing tumult to the skies ;
But Jephtha's voice, too loud to blend,
Appears the gen'ral roar to rend :—
“ Behold,” he cries, “ our banner flows
Prophetic forward on our foes,
Like arm beck'ning from the sky,
Our host to fell, and theirs to fly :
On to the slaughter.” Fast obey'd,
A still more desprate charge is made,
And met by Ammon, blade to blade,
Yet little is its fury stay'd.

As sweeps the storm thro' some defile,
That vet'ran crags defend the while,
Proud of the adamantine form,
That wasted may a minor storm ;

And as they tumble overthrown,
With thund'ring crash, and rending
groan—

So Israel, with resistless might,
Bears thro' the broken Ammonite—
So perish Ammon's chiefs in vain,
The highest on the heaps of slain ;
In death conspicuous as in life,
O'er all they led and lost in strife ;
The remnant to the border flying,
On earth their useless weapons lying,
Leave mark'd their way with dead and
dying ;

As by the low-laid grass and flow'r,
May long be trac'd thro' field and bow'r,
The headlong course, where uncontroll'd,
Some overwhelming torrent roll'd.

VI.

What cloud comes wreathing from afar ?
'Tis Israel return'd from war.

And who is *he*, on whom the light
Of Israel's glory falls most bright ?
The rapture on his martial front
Seems won in battle's mortal brunt ;
High triumph revels through his mind ;
How proudly darts his glance behind ;
How seems his flushing brow to boast,
Of leading home the conqu'ring host,
That, like the sea-tide from the strand,
Wash'd Ammon's footsteps off the land.
How starts the sword, as if in thought,
Exulting o'er the marvels wrought ;
How slow—how hasty is his tread,
The sudden hand how stiffly spread !
Not victory alone could steep
His spirit in a joy so deep.

It is triumphant Jephtha proud,
That into light he turn'd the cloud ;
The prophecies of hope, which thrill'd
Thro' early sufferings, are fulfill'd ;
The land that to the outcast's track
Compell'd him *then*, *now* bribes him back ;
Where insult scath'd his youthful days,
He comes to pow'r—is met with praise :—
Lo ! many a timbrel, many a voice
Of virgin hails the chief of choice—
“ Jephtha has tens of thousands slain,
And peace illumines our land again ;
Reclining at the fig-tree's root,
In safety we may eat the fruit—
The God of armies fought for him ;

The Lord, who fills the mercy seat,
Betwixt the golden cherubim,

Gave haughty Ammon to defeat :
Let Israel, like a tender vine,
Around the great Jehovah twine ;
And ne'er by tempest shall be riv'n,
Her roots from earth, or boughs from
heav'n.

Behold ! the rushing tempest came,
And God rebuk'd its strength with
shame :

His armour compass'd Jephtha's form,
And from the pow'r of Jephtha's arm,

The chiefs of Ammon fell away
 Like raindrops of a summer day;
 Whose stain upon the sun-girt stone
 Is in an instant dried and gone."
 But who is *she*? whose words have life,
 In their warm welcome from the strife;
 The foremost of the virgin throng,
 To strike the timbrel, raise the song,
 And lead the joyous dance along;
 Whose robe in rich luxuriance flows,
 Yet seems but moss upon the rose:
 She, whose seraphic voice at night,
 Would lift the eye to heav'n for light;
 And in whose white foot moves the
 spring
 Of angels, when they fold the wing.
 From heaven she comes, with some com-
 mand,
 Or why does startled Jephtha stand?
 Or why the sword forsake the hand,
 Which seem'd a sinew to that brand?
 Alas! his daughter, first to pour
 Triumphant hymn, hath pass'd his door;
 And never brought so bright an eye,
 So dark an errand from the sky.
 His vow!!

 His hair, a snakey brood,
 Seems fast'ning on his brow for food;
 Deep, whirling thoughts have made his
 face

The vortex of their eddying chase,
 But pass'd and giv'n their fretted place,
 To one supreme embodied woe,
 Intensely frozen in its flow;
 One misery beyond redress,
 Touch'd into icy quietness.
 His daughter, who had made his hearth,
 The dearest shrine of heav'n, or earth;
 Whose childhood to his bosom press'd,
 He watch'd as though his eye shed rest:
 Deeming she could not be more fair
 If modell'd to a mother's pray'r;
 His only *one*—ev'n she must die—

 And at his one devoted hand!
 What, though her sun-beam spirit fly
 The sooner to its native sky;

 Can faith or fancy name a land,
 To clothe her with a bliss above
 The treasure of a father's love?
 Oh! can the ancient oak endeavour
 To cast the ivy off for ever?
 Can years of bliss be calmly giv'n
 For one deceitful hour to heav'n?
 The lover, though awhile bereft,
 Has still the pow'r of loving left;
 The sire alone can tell the cost
 Of fondness, faith, and feeling lost.

There is in some pure breasts a part
 More deep, more tender than the heart;
 And when excessive woe has rent
 Its channel through the heart, and spent
 Its latest pow'r to overflow,
 The bed is worn away so low;
 It runs in that soft soil for ever,
 A ceaseless, but a silent river;

It has no ruffled spots, no foam,
 No loud lamenting for its home;
 But sympathy will feel a sound,
 A murmur'd coolness, rise around,
 And mellow down her sunniest glow,
 When wand'ring by that stream of woe.

A woe to wear so deep as this,
 Must spring from some exalted bliss;
 From something round the thoughts so
 twin'd,
 That where 'tis torn it tears the mind;
 Something that leaves, when harshly
 taken,
 The spirit by itself forsaken;
 Like Jephtha's spirit, still with breath,
 But breathing through apparent death.

With features like the sheeted bed,
 Whose dismal whiteness quaintly spread,
 More darkens, than adorns the dead;
 Vacant he view'd his wond'ring child,
 Nor heard she sang, nor saw she smil'd;
 But real grief ne'er brooks control,
 It rends itself a way to roll;
 The inward cavern'd tumult now
 Is bursting through his dropping brow,
 The only time the furrows there,
 Were cours'd by current of despair;
 His hands in bold rebellion rise,
 He wildly rends himself, and cries,

 "Alas! my daughter, thou hast brought
 Thy father's spirit very low:
 In thy rejoicing thou hast wrought
 With those who labour for my woe:
 For I have vow'd a vow, and said,
 'If thou, O Lord, of boundless might,
 Deliver to my sword, to shed
 The life-strength of the Ammonite:
 Then it shall be, that whatsoever
 To greet me on my glad return,
 Shall, from mine house, the first appear,
 I will, to thee, an offering burn:
 The same shall surely, Lord, be thine,
 Let now this Ammonite be mine.'"

Reeling beneath the piercing word,
 She falter'd like some wounded bird,
 That *hears* at once the sounding string,
 And *feels* the shaft beneath its wing;
 Her form shrunk inward, as she found
 The arrowy meaning of the sound;
 A fitful hue, as when the gale

 Hurries along the leafy bough,
 Pass'd rapidly—now bright—now pale—
 Along her quiv'ring cheek and brow:
 She saw all blighted and undone,

 Those visions, which around the heart
 Strike root in tempest, or in sun;

 And, ev'n though wither'd, never part
 The spot they once are twin'd upon:
 Oh! when we see, in sudden doom,
 Earth's dreary outward gate, the tomb,
 How hurried, yet distinct and true,
 Life throngs into the prospect too!
 "And is," she said, "my fate thus spoken,
 Before one earthly tie is broken?"

She paus'd—her flashing brow grew bright—
 She gather'd to her utmost height;
 Her dark transparency of eye
 Was lit with meaning from the sky,
 And rising to a loftier tone,
 Than ear acknowledg'd for her own,
 She cried, "my father, if thy word
 Be gone forth, plighted to the Lord,
 And cannot be recall'd—with me
 Deal as thy vow demands of thee;
 Since God deliver'd to thy hand,
 And scath'd the strength of Ammon's
 land:

Proudly my spirit owns thy zeal
 For Ammon's woe, and Israel's weal."
 Enough—mid earthly dross was giv'n
 A sample of the ores of heav'n—
 The feelings for a moment spurn'd,
 All mournful to their track return'd:
 "But this be granted me, before
 Thy vow shall be redeem'd by thee;
 Let me, for two months, wander o'er
 The mountains, with my fellows, free
 To mourn o'er my virginity."

And he said, "Go."

And forth she went,
 While he, amidst his triumph seut,
 Like ruins in the sunbeam's smile,
 His gloomy hours in grief the while:
 His very victory taught him now,
 What earthly vapour was his vow:
 While high his own ambition stood,
 O'er passion for his country's good:
 'Twere vain to tell his ceaseless sighs,
 Or count the silent tears that rose,
 Too large to linger in his eyes;
 But when an hero's heart o'erflows,
 Tears take but little from the pain
 That rankles in his heart and brain:
 Though tears so large and unconfin'd
 Would, in the shallow, grovelling mind,
 Leave little of the grief behind.

VII.

"Methinks thou must a stranger be,
 Or Jephtha's child were known to thee;
 Yet, sooth, thou art not strange to me;
 For I have follow'd in thy train,
 An humble gleaner of the plain,
 When the full harvest of the fray,
 Beneath thy conqu'ring sickle lay;
 When Jephtha, rescued from the slaughter,
 Vow'd thy redeeming hand his daughter;
 Alas! the day that costs her life,
 Were better lost, than won in strife.

This land can many a maid disclose,
 Whose heart is stor'd, like garden
 bow'r,
 With ev'ry flow'ry grace that blows,
 And many a plant that bears no flow'r,
 Yet round a fragrant odour throws,
 And blesses with an healing pow'r:

Bright forms of such celestial mould,
 That angels yet would bend the knee:
 If ever woman, as 'tis told,
 Won angels to Idolatry:
 But still the loveliest, dearest one,
 When maidens meet, is Jephtha's
 daughter:
 The river brighten'd by the sun,
 Is not so sweet to gaze upon,
 Shews not beneath its water,
 A bed more free from human art,
 Or worldly labour, than her heart;
 Nor shews, reflected from on high,
 More clear, ethereal tints to vie
 With the bright glories of the sky.

Of old, ere time had trodden bare
 This smooth, bald pathway through my
 hair;
 My dreams were of a maid to bless
 My eye, with ev'ry loveliness;
 My heart, with love, that chance or
 change
 Of elements could ne'er estrange;
 On sorrow's bitter stream to fling
 The sweet'ning branch, none else could
 bring;
 To seek, while bliss must still be sought;
 To serve me with that restless thought,
 Which makes a loveless woman's wing
 More wild and wanton than the dove's;
 But speeds it farther forth to bring
 The morsel to the nest she loves;
 Her spirit ever on her brow,
 Ne'er offering oath, nor asking vow;
 Exchanging the delicious dreams,
 That like the sunborn fruitage grow
 The highest in pure passion's beams,
 Yet gather coolness in the glow;
 Nor yield to fruit of colder tree,
 In guardian rind of modesty:
 But never did my fancy form
 A shape so fair, an heart so warm;
 An essence of both heav'n and earth,
 Combin'd with such surpassing pow'r,
 To give affection vig'rous birth,
 And nurse it to life's latest hour:
 But she, if I may read that sigh,
 Had not been hidden from thine eye;
 And now, perchance, thou feed'st the
 gaze
 Of hopeless passion, on her praise.

VIII.

It was an unfrequented dell,
 Where melancholy water fell
 O'er rock and root; from gentle pace,
 Allur'd to headlong mountain race;
 Yet seeming in its fall to bring
 The mem'ry of its native spring,
 And when o'er rugged pathways borne,
 To wail it never could return,

There lay each charm from herb and
 flow'r,
 Suckled by stream, or nurs'd by bow'r;

To mountain brow, whose cedar plume
Nodded above the valley's bloom,
With setting sun, and massy shade,
Usurping empire o'er the glade;
And bird, and beast, and insect rife
With untam'd liberty and life,
All mingled in a scene so fair,
Man might invite the angels there :

Of some mute, universal love,
Descending dew-like from above,
And making the lone, solemn air
Of twilight purify to pray'r :
Sweet hour, if pray'r were born on earth,
Beneath thy smile it had its birth.

IX.

Upon a cliff to which the gaze
Paid the first tribute of its praise ;
So high, and green, and grand it stood,
Like altar of the solitude,
In the dark pomp of ancient trees,
That rose like high-priests of the breeze,
Through whom the breath of heav'n
must blow

Upon the mingled mass below :
There Seila sat—the last sad ev'n
She ever gaz'd from earth to heav'n—
Dreaming she never would expire
In sunset's habitable fire,
Until the solitude seem'd trod
And hallow'd, by the steps of God.
Of God—the vast and viewless pow'r—
She oft had met at twilight hour,
When heav'n and earth seem'd dimly
blent,

And deep revealings, from on high,
To her exhaling soul seem'd lent,
To aid it upward to the sky.

That holy hour, ere nature's sleep
Shadows her down from dim to deep ;
When eyes, whate'er the watch they keep,
Have not a smile, and cannot weep :
But peace unto a sigh beguiles
The woe that weeps, and bliss that
smiles ;

That sweetest hour of sun or star,
When e'en a whisper wanders far,
Has some religious pow'r to win
The rebel passions back from sin,
And pour into the pious breast
Such dreamy harmony and rest,
As seems meet slumber for the blest ;
When *the Supreme* retires alone,
To reign behind his clouded throne :
Oh ! who hath ever fled at eve
The toils that want and folly weave,
To some lone spot, too wildly rude
To cherish guilt's distemper'd mood ;
There seen the sunset flush the sky,
Seen the last-living top leaves die,
As slowly o'er the dark'ning trees,
As if the light had been the breeze ;
While air, though life lay hush'd around,
O'erflow'd with some mysterious sound,
As low, but full, as if each flow'r,
Blade, bud, and leaf in that still hour,
Reveal'd its inmost soul, and wreath'd
A language of the scents it breath'd,—
Who thus has rovd, nor found the past
Into one formless vision cast ;
Nor been by his dissolving soul
Forsaken, through the deep controul

She sat—the future and the past
In rapt composure both o'ercast ;
Or if a thought, that inly spoke,
The stillness of her bosom broke ;
It pass'd and left its untold theme,
As secret as an infant's dream ;
Until a maiden said, " yon sky
Resembles some fond mother's eye,
That sweetly is to sleep beguiled,
By watching o'er her slum'ring child."
Oh ! there are memories in grief,
As slightly hung as Aspen leaf ;
And faint the breath that quivers both
The bosom's and the aspen's growth :
It waken'd all the young green dreams
That ripen fast in fancy's beams ;—
Of love, sweet flow'r of fancy's glow,
The last to fade, the first to blow ;
Whose hue adorns and breath perfumes
The rudest bosom, where it blooms—
Of motherhood, whose joy is worth
All other raptures felt on earth,—
Of vagrant, sighing thoughts that made,
Rich worlds around them where they
stray'd ;

While hope unsearchable though glowing,
Brighten'd the way her heart was going ;
And as the throng pass'd uncontroll'd,

A sigh broke from her bosom's shell,
Like sound from empty ocean swell,
So mournful, it alone could tell,
Each hope was fled, each feeling cold,
That in this wand'ring tale she told.

'Twas on an ev'ning warm and mild,
When the wide western crescent smil'd
So rosy, that a glimpse seem'd giv'n
Of some sweet landing place of heav'n ;
Alone with radiant dreams of bliss,
I rovd a solitude like this,
Among the hills, whose forest pall
Spreads darkest round my father's hall :
The copsewood clamber'd up the steep,
The clust'ring trees hung o'er the deep,
The wild fruits in their leafy bow'rs,
Seem'd slum'ring out the dewy hours :
The brook and song-bird only kept
Their lullaby o'er all that slept ;
And not a choice of paths to roam,
All full of peace seem'd leading home.

I wander'd till the eve withdrew
The fellowship my shadow threw ;
And so intense the stillness grew,
'Twould seem the very trees had hearts,
Whose rapture by a breath were
broken,

As human ecstasy departs,
 When ev'n the happy tongue has
 spoken :
 Then darkly mark'd against the bright
 Horizon hue, I saw one stand—
 A man whose eye was on that light—
 Who spoke, and rais'd at times his
 hand,
 As to direct the sound on high,
 To some veil'd list'ner of the sky :
 My heart seem'd motionless, so fleet
 The circles of its hurrying beat ;
 And while I linger'd on my way,
 Mid favouring boughs, I heard him say,
 " Though break of morn, and evening's
 close,
 The same warm flush of sunlight throws ;
 How fierce the noon, how drear the night,
 Both usher'd by that shadowy light ;
 'Tis thus in life, when passion's beam
 First dawns, and brightens boyhood's
 dream ;
 And when its last departing ray
 Leaves manhood calmly to decay ;
 Thrice happier he whose light has fled,
 And left him darkly with the dead,
 Than he whose beams burn on, and shine
 To scorn and fever him like mine."

Oh ! ne'er in lyre or language dwelt,
 To paraphrase what then I felt ;
 But of my thousand dreams of love,
 Set flutt'ring then, *one* rose above,—
 The servant Abram sent to bring
 A wife to Isaac ; how he met
 The elect Rebecca at the spring ;
 And how can I the hope forget,
 That bridal wreath, and bridal vow,
 Ere long would bind my heart and brow ;
 All this appear'd in instant range,
 Our meeting seem'd so like, so strange,
 For there I oft had stray'd before,
 And ne'er met man, nor ever more.

He turn'd upon my rustling sound,
 Beheld me, look'd mistrustful round ;
 As though it were, lest human spies,
 Or heav'nly, with their starry eyes,
 His stealthy step might see, and blight
 The moment with unwelcome light ;
 Yet silently he pass'd, and when
 I look'd, nor saw his form again,
 Strange disappointment seem'd to roll,
 Like sudden water, o'er my soul,
 Startling me with a curdling chill,
 I shrink but to remember still.

Alas ! what virgin hearts abide,
 With passion's only cure in pride !
 E'en pride to me was still more vain,
 He could not see me scorn, or feign
 To scorn him with his own disdain :
 How oft I said, ' I will controul
 This wasting passion of my soul :'
 But sooner would the sunny hour
 Freeze the free odour round the flow'r,

Or the glad foliage of the trees,
 Be mute and stirless in the breeze :
 How oft I said, " my slighted claim
 Shall mantle his cold heart with shame ;"
 As though I held a claim above
 Rejection, in my woman's love.
 And then would come the sadd'ning
 thought,
 That he some plighted lover sought ;
 And, like the rainbow in the sky,
 I deem'd him, though divided, nigh
 Some beauteous half, that shunn'd my
 view,
 With bend for bend, and hue for hue ;
 And ev'n though this might torture
 bring,
 To know him blest, would blunt the
 sting.
 Nay, tell me not that love is giv'n
 By Lucifer, to light from heav'n ;
 Our souls, may be forgiv'n above,
 Though waywardly below we trod,
 Since wishing happy those we love,
 Ev'n link'd with earth's corrupting
 clod,
 Our spirits must resemble God.

Before that eve I lov'd to dwell
 By rocky brook, in shadowy dell ;
 I lov'd the warm, voluptuous gloom
 Of forest boughs, in summer bloom ;
 I lov'd the twilight's dewy hour,
 Which makes an altar in each bow'r,
 And tearful suppliant of each flow'r ;
 I lov'd in meditation deep
 To meet the glowing forms of sleep ;
 I lov'd those fancies which beguile
 To bliss, but never wake a smile ;
 I lov'd to talk with maids of love :
 Love was the orb which blaz'd above
 My thoughts for ever ; through whose
 blaze

I look'd with so intense a gaze,
 I saw its shifting semblance throw'n
 On all I after glanc'd upon :
 Yet *then*, with heart so prone to err,
 When like each blind idolater,
 I worshipp'd forms my fancy made,
 From heav'n my vespers seldom stray'd :
 Repose fell o'er me while I pray'd,
 As if it hover'd in the air,
 Ready to light upon my pray'r ;
 But *now* my vesper seems to spring
 A weary flight, on wounded wing :
 I lay me as within the tomb,
 And shape fantastic forms of gloom ;
 I list for sounds, I count the chime,
 I mark the midnight steps of time :
 And, oh ! how awful to survive
 The world in watchfulness ! to live
 Alone amidst the life in death,—
 Feeling, as 'twere the unburied breath
 Of ev'ry living thing in space,
 Creep in damp vapour o'er the face ;
 While sounds, like ghostly whisp'rings roll
 Night's mysteries around the soul.

But though voluptuous musings were
 As ceaseless in my heart as e'er
 The wild bee's murmur in the air;
 Before he finds the howled dower,
 And revels on th' elected dower;
 Yet heritage, or portion high
 Could ne'er awake my wish to win
 The man, whose nature and whose eye
 Resembled not the gloomy sky,
 We seek and find the rainbow in;
 And vain his form, if uncombined
 With the free voice, the eagle thought,
 Nurs'd only in the mountain mind:
 The soul to bright perfection brought,
 Beyond all other souls, though nought
 Save his own feelings had refin'd;
 He should be one with godlike power.
 To cope with danger's stormiest hour,
 Yet win the heart in maiden's bow'r,
 By all those keen arts, which inspire
 Remembrance to the silent urn;
 Sparks of love's own ethereal fire,
 Whose smallest, feeblest spark will
 burn.

But why thus linger, while I track
 Unspeakable sensations back;
 Why spread my spirit, chill'd with storm,
 To mem'ry's moon, that ne'er can warm?
 'Tis vain, but ah! the bird, whose flight
 Is by the archer's shaft o'ertaken,
 Cannot with soft descent alight;
 Nor hearts from their bright, dreamy
 height,
 When by their buoyant hope forsaken.

Again the sun had cast away
 The silver garment worn all day;
 And dress'd him in the ampler fold,
 And more imperial robe of gold;
 While I, by ev'ning's gathering shade,
 Again the same green wood walks
 stray'd;
 Inly denying that I sought
 The mystic stranger, ev'n in thought:
 Yet was my very breath a prayer,
 That heav'n again would guide him
 there.
 And oft, and oft, at even-tide,
 When sunk the sun like warrior slain,
 And forth the moon came, like his bride,
 To seek him on the crimson plain;
 The lone spot by that man enchanted,
 I wistfully, but vainly haunted;
 We met, as though a lyre note found
 Sweet concord in some random sound;
 Again the minstrel ran the strain,
 But ne'er could wake the chord again.

But when for war my father's call,
 Marshall'd the Satraps to our hall;
 The stateliest form was his, who stole
 Into the *high place* of my soul;
 And *his* the mind which seem'd to be
 Sad with its own supremacy;

And though his eye, when spoke my
 sire
 Of war and warriors, glow'd like fire,
 The morning dew was not more mild,
 Whene'er on me its meaning smil'd;
 Nor long his ardent lip conceal'd
 The passion his dark eye reveal'd;
 While Jephtha and his chieftains pass'd
 The cup to conquest, full and fast,
 Aided by that rejoicing hour,
 He came in secret to my bow'r,
 And told me of his dwelling place,
 And Jephtha's hatred to his race;
 Of many a dark and bloody feud,
 That left his ancient line subdued;
 When Jephtha, with victorious hand,
 Hew'd a wide principedom from the land:
 "But, oh!" he cried, "his sword made
 graves,
 Far fewer than his daughter alaves;
 Nurs'd with the hope of vengeance
 wrought,
 Like life-breath into ev'ry thought;
 With spirit ever on the rack,
 To drive the spoiling stranger back;
 Thy far-told beauty chang'd each
 scheme—
 The warrior's, to the lover's dream:
 I journey'd—saw thee—and my steel
 Is worn to write the love I feel;
 And haply then, my hope of bliss
 Will not be blighted by thy father,
 Who, warrior-like, has call'd thee his
 Bright floweret on a precipice,
 None but the brave can gather.

"Mid many a murmur'd hope and fear,
 Of rapture far, and danger near—
 Mid love confess'd, and fealty plighted—
 Mid the rare joy of hearts requited,
 Whose warm affections long seem'd
 alighted—
 Mid vows, by soft endearments broken,
 And bliss, too heart-felt to be spoken,
 Save by the mutual faith, and doubt,
 Silent or speaking, thrilling out—
 Mid all that tumult of the breast
 When suddenly and deeply blest,
 Arriv'd the envious parting hour,
 Which left me lonely in my bow'r;
 And, oh! if ever from above,
 A beam descends on life, to cast
 Oblivion o'er the worthless past;
 'Tis when two hearts, that pin'd with
 love,
 Sway'd by one overpowering spell,
 Breathe the first vow, and sigh the first
 farewell."

X.

In hours of grief, and grief alone,
 The virgin's nature all is known;
 Her lover, in the light of joy,
 Has seldom bliss without alloy;

He sees her eyes in rapture swim,
As deep for rivals as for him;
Her lip, tho' pouting for his press,
Must seem, at least, to shun caress;
But, ah! her arms will fold him fast,
If that embrace be deem'd the last,
And heart and lip will have a tone,
Throb, print, and pressure, scarce their
own;

But this 'twere vain for bard to tell,
Few love but learn its truth as well,
And few but find, or feign, some grief,
To revel in the sweet relief.

And oft, amid the ray of tears,
Expos'd the maiden's soul appears
To maids, who else would never see
Th' interior of the sacristy.
And, oh! how drear would be our doom,
With grief to guide us to the tomb,
Amidst the cold, unfeeling crowd,
'That sneers aside, or laughs aloud,
Compell'd by prudence to conceal,
What most we languish to reveal;
If heav'n, upon some lips and eyes,
Had not left traces of the skies;
Whose delicate revelations shew
To whom we may impart our woe.

Seila, like those who wander back
The footsteps they had made in snow,
Wid'ning the first small, morning track,
Print after print, still as they go,
Reveal'd the hope so long caress'd,
Tho' dead it still was dear to hold;
With bosom, like the ringdove's breast,
Oft heaving on the tale she told;
And learn'd this truth, as strangely true,
It is to many a mourner shewn;
How others' tears, tho' faint and few,
Relieve us more than all our own;
And found the balm so sweetly healing,
Which her deep-wounded spirit drew
From the disclosure, was the feeling
With which it had been listen'd to.

XI.

The nightingale, from altar spray,
Had sung his vesper roundelay;
In fair, new robe of moonbeam white,
Th' ethereal mountain stood in light;
Tall was its form, but still the suit
Of silver floated at its foot;
All was so mute—so wrapt—so still—

The soft, low murmur of the stream
Might seem to break, without the will,
From nature, in some moonlight
dream:

How sweet the moon's own quiet clime,
When waste, or stray, light from her
bow'rs,

Can shed, in spite of chain or crime,
Such peace upon a world like ours.

To him whose troubled memory wears
The pale joy of departed years;

Whose soul, like darken'd glass, subdues
Life's fairest forms, and brightest hues;
There are lone hours, when moonlight
shews,

Like wake-torch o'er the world's repose;
When but his echoed, wand'ring tread
Lives, to redeem it from the dead;
And, if he pause, his stilly breath
Is all, that seems not wrapp'd in death;
Such hour breath'd o'er the mountain
wood,

A deeper mid-air solitude,
Where Seila sat, with maidens mute,
But full of sympathy as he,
The sister strings upon the lute;

When one is touch'd to harmony,
All vibrating the joy—the pain—
Which speaks in that awaken'd strain;
When suddenly thus rose a voice,
So sweet, there seem'd on it to fall
Creation's undivided choice,
Of one to pray, or praise, for all.

Great God! in heav'n, on earth, in
hell—

Seen, felt, and heard, but still un-
known;

Who dwellest, where none else could
dwell,

Tho' plac'd on thine eternal throne—
Why, in thy merciful regard,

For this weak spirit, was it free
To turn to earth, when 'tis so hard

To turn again from earth to thee?

Tho' thou revealest what to shun,
I spread myself in fancy's beams;
Till, like a slumb'rer in the sun,
I caught an heart-ache from my
dreams;

I yielded to an earthly love—

A pow'r, that, till the heart is won,
Hovers, like Eden-bird, above,
Then bends the branch it lights upon.

The fev'rish glow—the bursting pray'r,
May well awake thine awful ire;
Yet were but sparks, that flew in air,
Distracted from love's wasting fire.
And tho' thine arm arose, to chill
The fierceness of its madd'ning play,
The smould'ring embers of it still
Are warmer far than common clay.

Yet pardon me, oh! God, before
My spirit shall be driv'n on high,
Else to what region will it soar,
That form'd no friendships in the sky;
If death be but a second birth,
From trials borne and sins forgiv'n;
Teach me to know, when tir'd of earth,
Hope's wing is strongest plum'd for
heav'n.

Oh! guide my steps; I fain would tread
Thro' ev'ry frailty back to thee,

The errant pathway I was led,
By passion's blind divinity;
And as the glories of thy face
Ere made the face of Moses shine;
In full revealment of thy grace,
Let now thy spirit hallow mine.

Thine is the deep, inspiring breath,
Which prompts me, that I will not lie
In th' unconscious sleeper's death;
That, come what will, I shall not *die*.
Yea, with immortal being warm'd,
I feel ev'n thou can'st not destroy
The soul, in thine own semblance form'd,
Immortal—for or pain or joy.

Oh! who can gaze into the tomb,
And deem the spot his eye can see,
Throughout its depth, tho' great its
gloom,
His *space*, and his *eternity*?
There is—there is—a world on high,
Where nothing thou hast form'd, can
be
Inanimate beneath thine eye,
Or silent—but in praise of thee.

And if to earth, where those who live
The longest, ne'er outlive their woe,
Frail human love can sweetness give,
In heav'n, what bliss from thine must
flow!
Grant me that love, great God, while mute
And low, I kneel to be forgiv'n;
And make me then, beneath thy foot,
A flow'r, or what thou wilt, in heav'n.

XII.

When toiling on with some new strife,
Still op'ning on our paths of life;
With grief for ever in our gaze,
To wring the pray'r, if not the praise;
We may be taught that tears are vain,
But ne'er familiariz'd with pain;
Not ev'n the willow, tho' it never
Springs greener than by some fresh river,
Will bloom, where ocean's salty waves
Can wash its root, or wet its leaves;
Nor human hearts will flourish near
The sorrow of the briny tear;
What tho' religion lend them wing,
And lead them to her land of birth,
Teaching them, as they soar, to sing
Her larksong, never sung on earth;
How seldom are they past the world,
Till ardour fails, and wing is furl'd!
While life's spring season warms the air,
While hearts are fond, and forms are fair,
Affection builds its nest on high,
But far more near to earth than sky;
And tho' when dangers round it burst,
To heav'n, or earth, it may be driv'n,
There lives the hope itself has nurs'd,
And *there* to dwell, or blest, or curst,
It soars from earth—descends from
heav'n.

XIII.

In dungeon gloom we treat with care
The reptile thing we slay elsewhere;
Not that it more needs our caress,
Or that our right to slay is less;
No—but amid the unseen strife
Of feelings preying upon life;
To shun that eating solitude,
Man's spirit yearns for brotherhood,
And seeks, and finds, repose on aught
That acts by instinct, or by thought—
It seems to pity, and to bear
A portion of the pain we wear—
And know that suff'ring seals the strife,
'Twixt human arm and reptile life;
And grief is like the dungeon bed,
To slav'ry's gall'd and throbbing head;
Else Jephtha had exacted here
His tribute of respect, or fear;
Not borne the sigh, or brook'd the tear,
From the embolden'd hearts that gave
Their rain-drops to his ocean wave.

Humbled to dust ten-fold the more,
By shortliv'd triumph flitt'd o'er;
Amid the multitude he pass'd
This darkest day—his daughter's last—
Tho' time (for time with fate can cope)
Might rear o'er his long-buried hope,
Tranquillity, like grass, that waves
O'er mould'ring bones, and flatten'd
graves;
As yet the gazer's search was shewn,
No calmness come, for conflict flown;
Yet something of the hope he cherish'd
Remain'd amidst the wreck unperish'd;
There was a voice against despair,
Which seem'd first utter'd by the air,
So oft the tale of patriarch old,
By friendship's flatt'ring tongue was told;
And it was soothing to look back
At light renew'd from gloom as black;
Oh! ne'er so broken is the heart,
Oh! ne'er so far its fragments scat-
ter'd;
But one is found, to hold a part
Of those dear things it held ere shat-
ter'd.

XIV.

The heav'ns are bright, the air is calm,
The boughs are redolent of balm;
The rural home, the shelt'ring rock,
The vineyard, valley, field and flock,
Like robes array you princely hall,
That, thron'd on hills, o'erlooks them all;
And flow'r and forest, mead and moun-
tain,
Drink joy from light's o'erflowing foun-
tain.
The verdant scene—the sunny day—
Has won you groups from toil to play—
One gen'ral feeling brings, and blends,
'Till strangers—ev'n dark foes—are
friends;

But feat or frolic gives not birth
To peal of praise, or shout of mirth :
Whence is the cloud, that hangs o'er all,
Mutt'ring of show'rs before they fall.

Behold ! as sways the multitude,
With boughs and flow'rs an altar strew'd ;
It's green breast bears, in sad array,
A cord to bind—a knife to slay—
Beside is heap'd a cedar pyre ;
And yon gold censer breathes of fire,
Round Jephtha are the elders met,
In silent gaze, or vain regret ;
How easy, ev'n in wintry gloom,
Mid alter'd forms and blighted bloom,
To know the tree whose blasted core
Will put the green bud forth no more ;
And lo ! appears a virgin train,
Whose path is fleck'd with tears, like
rain ;

Among them moves the taller form
Of Seila. Oh ! too young, too warm,
For that cold sleep, whose length will be
Sufficient for eternity.

Good God ! why is the heart so prone
To make a sufferer's grief its own ;
When none who love, may die to save
That guiltless victim from the grave ;
Albeit, her heart is sorely task'd,
It keeps its melting nature mask'd ;
Albeit, the feelings that rebell'd,
At nature's promptings, all are quell'd ;
Tho' the composure of her eye,

Sustain'd, almost to sternness, be,
And a strange eagerness to die,
And in th' eternal world to see
Disclos'd death's awful mystery,
Has made her spirit wing'd to fly,—
Her step, an effort for the sky ;—
Yet some deep stains of earth have
striv'n,

Not vainly, with those hues of heav'n ;
(For who can hate, or part unmov'd,
The falsest thing once fondly lov'd ?)
As foam along the quiet glade
Still marks the brook, from some cascade ;

So linger on her hallow'd air,
Revelments of a past despair ;
A mute reposing of her claim,
On present tears, and future fame ;
A feeling that her own free part
Will be like ashes of her heart,
For ever, by approving story,
Preserv'd, and shewn with Jephtha's
glory.

Ev'n now the pray'r, the praise, the
grief,

Have giv'n their sure, but slight relief,
And stirr'd her heart to smiles, lest woe
The agitated vase o'erflow :

Alas ! her smiles, like hectic flushes,
But show how swiftly sorrow rushes,
To cloud their faint and transient
blushes.

XV.

Away, ye crowds, 'tis meet that all
Leave clear this compass for her fall.
Maidens, your last embrace be giv'n ;
Till ye o'ertake her flight in heav'n ;
Away, young stranger, 'tis not thine
To hold a spot so near the shrine.

XVI.

The eye most careless could not pass,
Nor mark that stranger from the mass ;
Distinct he rose, like lofty tow'r,
Above the lowly rustic bow'r ;
In stupor wrapp'd, but not the less
Fill'd with a deadly consciousness ;
His straining eye had but one ray,
A concentration nought could stay,
From Seila's form, nor turn away ;
And in his lineaments was wrought
The vacancy of wearied thought ;
The passiveness—resistless pain
Spreads o'er the proud, but prostrate
brain.

A mariner on yawning deck,
Watching the waves he cannot check—
Waiting the rock—the shoal—the
wreck—

So hush'd he stood, as Jephtha now,
Came, ready to redeem his vow.
Oh ! would his form had *there* allow'd
Concealment in the eager crowd.

XVII.

She stood in silence ; and her eye,
Falling from lough—long gaze on high,
Drank in, in wild and rapid glance,
Throng—altar—pyre—home—world, at
once ;

And, with gloomy fullness dim,
Roll'd reckless, till it reach'd to him ;
A moment it pass'd on, and then,
Startled to sight, return'd again,
As would the eye-ball of the blind,
To light it ne'er had hoped to find.
The same—the same dear youth, thro'
whom

She would have loath'd, or lov'd the
tomb—

For who from love possess'd would fly ?
And love once lost, who would not die ?
Their's had been plighted—from that
hour,

Of new delicious feelings dwelt,
Wed to her heart, a spell of pow'r,
That gave or guided all she felt.
And now that spell has wrested back
Her spirit from its heav'nward track ;
Alas ! they have not met to part,
With that fond faith which tells the
heart,

" We meet again," as if the tone
Were part, or echo, of its own ;
Without one doubt of fealty starting,
To pilfer from the bliss of parting :

She goes to worlds, of woe or bliss,
Too full to let one thought to this;
While he the harsher fate shall find
Of all who part and stay behind.
Within his bosom's cavern gloom,
No leaf shall breathe—no flow'ret
bloom—

No songbird build—no sunny light
Shall warm, or make its windings bright,
Tho' ev'ry sigh that breaks the air,
Shall wake an answering echo there.

And thou, who wouldst still further know
The outward form of Seila's woe;
Go where the river among rocks
Is broken by a thousand shocks;
The water, in its wild strength dashing;
The lightning of the white foam flashing;
The burst—the whirl—the shatter'd
line—

Are harp-strings that must tell for
mine—

The headlong rush—the bound—the
boil—

Of mis'ry, in its vain recoil—
The wreck of soul, as seen to skim
O'er quiv'ring face, and shudd'ring
limb—

Till woven to one her hands were press'd,
A thrilling instant to her breast;
Then hurl'd towards him, as if she gave
Her heart—a relic he might save,
Broken and bleeding from the grave.

XVIII.

There are who whelm'd in hopeless grief,
Have known a portion of relief,
To claim more suffering for their share,
Than heav'n commanded them to bear;
Hence many a warm and wasted deed,
The dead can neither know, nor need—
A beam that might as well be snow,
To the cold, mould'ring heart below.
Has Jephtha in his crowded breast,
This feeling to allay the rest;
Or may no other arm arise,
'To slay in Jephtha's sacrifice?

XIX.

While yet he bound her hands and eyes,
Impell'd by her intense surprise,
He glanc'd to where that stranger stood;
The same, who, in the day of blood,
O'er Israel, and o'er Ammon, came;
To him a cloud—to her a flame—
The same—before whose mortal blade
The weapon's cedar length was laid,
That else had slak'd its thirst with cup,
From Jephtha's fount of life drawn up;
His vow to God—his vow to man
When high the hope of triumph ran;
Like airy currents, when they strain
In equal warfare—whirl his brain,
What shall he ?
. ?

The mighty mind oft bursts forth free,
And firm from mental anarchy,
To resolution, good or ill—
An essence of the tortur'd will,
Grappling with its embroiler still;
Then the whole pow'r of mind is
brought

To action, by one tyrant thought,
Which holds all else surpris'd and mute,
Itself so stern and absolute.
Then, chance what may, one deep'rate
chance

Must bring the best, or worst, at once,
And hope, compell'd in reason's spite,
Makes the instinctive hazard bright.

XX.

The crowds in agitation stand—
But hush'd as forest-leaves before
The lightning's flash, and thunder's
roar—

The altar knife is in his hand—
Seen is her heaving bosom bare,
Like snow upon the mountain side,
Mid purple clouds at eventide,
And coldness in the air;
And does he truly haste to know
His full extremity of woe?

He might have breath'd him till the last
Brief moment to prepare, were past;
Her pray'r is on the wing to heav'n,
And he, at least by her, forgiv'n—
His arm sustains her, but the knife
Seems pausing ere it pounce on life;
Why strikes he not?—no vengeful foe
Could more have hurried to the blow;
'Twere mercy, for the deathblow dealt
Most sudden is the most unfelt;
Ah! well may Jephtha's arm delay:—

A man will look, and linger, haunted
With sorrow, ere he hew away
The myrtle his young hand had planted.
But, Jephtha, why that gaze around?
For thee no mountain ram is bound,

As in the patriarch's day for slaughter;
The God, from whom the patriarch
found

Such mercy, did not claim thy daugh-
ter.

"To thee, oh, God——" and, as he
spoke,

He urg'd the slow, unwilling stroke;
No minister of God's command
Was present to arrest his hand;
She fell, like some young, graceful tree,
The pride of forest family,
Swept from a rock's romantic brow,
Unscard in leaf—unscath'd in bough—
And like the rock its beauty grac'd,
He stood above her, torn—defac'd—
The firmness, that from boyhood brac'd
His spirit, still retaining;

With wrench'd affections, like the root,
Sole remnant of the cherish'd shoot,
Fast in his ragged breast remaining.

And there she lies, the soul not faded,
The vital sun not set—but shaded;
Such brightness never linger'd yet,
From orb that ran its course and set;
But never shall the cloud that cast
Its shadow o'er her soul, be pass'd.
The thin robe scatter'd o'er her form,
The forehead 'neath the gory arm,
The bosom with the bloody streak,
The gather'd brow, the anguish'd cheek,
The large, mild eye, whose ling'ring
light,

To all, except herself, is bright;
There lies she—in that silent rest,
Whose visions must be truth, at least.

XXII.

'Tis done: unmark'd the cedar pyre
Is kindled from the censer fire;
And sweeter 'tis to see the flame
Around the breast of love or fame,
And see the very flesh arise,
As 'twere in spirit to the skies,
Than laid from all, save reptile eyes,
In the damp chamber of the tomb,
To feast the gloating revellers of gloom.

XXIII.

Go, Jephtha, to thy childless home,
Wrapp'd in thy glory, and thy gloom;

Tho' there a silence thou shalt hail,
More awful than the fun'ral wail;
Tho' Seila's corse had render'd less
The horror of its loneliness;
Tho' there, around thy haunted soul,
Reproaches and regrets shall roll;
Like winds, in hollow moanings, spread
Around the hearth whose fire has fled;
Yet in its solitude must be
The sweetest fellowship for thee;
Thine arm should slay—thine eye may
shun
The rite that yet remains undone;
And aught the moment may compel,
The many will perform as well.

He wept; but not with maniac wail,
Like woman hopeless in distress;
Who knows that tears will not avail,
Yet cannot weep, or wail, the less.
By one convulsive moment rent,
All his distracted heart could pour
Of tears, were in a torrent spent—
But deep not then his grief was o'er;
The rent stood open, like the fountain,
Which bursts in earthquake from the
mountain;
The torrent sinking to a river,
That mourn'd and murmur'd on for ever.

THE ROYAL CONFESSION.—A MONASTIC LEGEND.

“The wages of sin is death.”

CHAPTER I.

EARLY in the spring of 1498, Charles VIII. of France being resolved to enter Italy for the second time, collected an army, which, united to the powerful allies he had gained over to his cause, and the enthusiasm after liberty his former conquests had awakened in the Italians, seemed to promise certain success to his arms. By the advice of the ablest of his ministers, he had fixed upon the duchy of Milan for the scene of his first attack. Florence had nobly advanced large sums of money, to satisfy his foreign troops: delighted at the prospect of war, the people of France, ever in extremes, could find no expressions powerful enough to extol the monarch, whom a short time before, influenced by the opinions of the Beaujen party, they had learned to despise as weak and effeminate; when to the astonishment of all Europe, in the midst of the most splendid preparations, on the very morning fixed for his departure to join the cavalry, already by his orders on their advance toward the mountains, Charles the Eighth, without assigning any cause

for his change of measures, suddenly declined prosecuting the war. Alike indifferent to the expostulations of his friends, the afflictions of his queen, or the triumph of his enemies, he retired from his court, shutting himself up in the Castle of Amboise, he yielded to a deep and unconquerable sorrow, which soon terminated his existence.

Numerous reports were at that period circulated to account for the king's strange capricious conduct; but the awful circumstance which had led to his early death was only known to a few persons, who, bound by their own interest, and that of the Roman Church, never revealed it.

During my residence in the peninsula, a strange chance lately threw a manuscript, containing the following confession, into my hands. Thus after a lapse of ages, when Charles the Eighth of France is only remembered, as his short eventful reign forms a connecting link in the great chain of history, his crime and his sorrow are exposed to view.

CHAPTER II.

Never was there experienced a more general interest than that excited by Charles the Eighth's proposed expedition into Italy. His former conquests had stamped him as a hero ; his noble generosity bespoke his royal descent ; while his mild and courteous manner gained for him the affections of all who surrounded his person. The noblest youths of France pressed their services, and thousands of foreigners hastened to his standard. Ambition and superstition adopted his cause ; the religieux were engaged offering up prayers for his success ; the Duchess of Savoy and other ladies of the highest rank laid their jewels at his feet ; the populace, fired by enthusiasm, received him with a deference resembling more the worship of man to Deity, than the respect due by subjects to their monarch.

In the midst of all these brilliant combinations, Charles retained his self-possession, and placed little dependence upon professions of friendship, which he knew originated from his position, not from any internal conviction of his worth, the mere exhalations of self-love ascending towards his prosperity. He was perfectly aware that from the period of his unexpected return from Italy to Lyons, many of his ministers had viewed him with curiosity and suspicion : he knew that strange rumours to his disadvantage had been whispered among his courtiers ; while the public homage he had paid to the Pope, the infamous Alexander the Sixth, and the confidence he continued to place in Brissonet, the Bishop of St. Maloes, exposed him to the contempt and derision of all the crowned heads in Europe.

To divert from himself the observation of many whom he suspected to be spies upon his conduct, Charles hastened the day of his departure from France and requested of the queen to issue orders for a magnificent ball, to be given on the evening previous to his leaving Paris.

Although the whole city seemed engaged with preparations for this great entertainment, still farther to divert the public mind from more serious reflections, the king intimated his

intention of going in state to St. Denia, to take a pious leave of the holy saints and martyrs who repose there, and entreat their spirits to intercede for the success of his enterprise.

Clad in complete armour, mounted on a noble war horse, preceded by bands of music, surrounded by courtiers, and followed by long trains of monks, Charles proceeded to the Abbey of St. Denia. On arriving there he laid aside his helmet, and with a countenance and manner of deep humility, advanced slowly up the aisle to the altar. Prostrating himself upon the ground he offered up a silent, fervent prayer, not as the multitude supposed for victory to his arms, but to implore assistance in the perilous adventure in which he was engaged, and forgiveness for the heretical principles which lately instilled into his mind, were extending their poisonous influence to the destruction of his present peace and future hopes.

The prayers ended, the Cardinal Bishop of St. Maloes officiously offered to raise the royal helmet, when a barefooted palmer who loitered near the entrance rudely pushed him aside, and as he hastily performed the office of placing the helmet upon the king's head, in a deep impressive voice whispered, "Charles of France beware ! on this night visit not the Capuchin Convent of St. Ursula ; upon your observance of this injunction depend not only the welfare of France, but the hopes of your immortal soul : misguided man, go and sin no more."

Ere the haughty Bishop of St. Maloes had recovered from the indignant surprise caused by the palmer's abrupt intrusion, the tall figure of the latter had disappeared in the crowd. On again advancing to proffer his services although, in consequence of Charles' vizor being lowered, the bishop could not observe the expression of his countenance, he perceived that he was violently agitated ; and as he leant upon his arm for support, his steps were weak and tottering ; so extreme indeed was the king's emotion, that although one of the best horsemen of the age, he was then unable to mount his charger without assistance.

CHAPTER III.

The magnificent ball given by the Beaujen and her party ; the first nobility of Bretagne, and numerous

foreigners of rank, who were attracted to Paris by the splendour of its court and the wish of joining the romantic expedition of its enterprising monarch. Ever fond of display, the Parisians upon this occasion resolved to spare neither expense nor trouble to impress the strangers with an idea of their superiority. Volatile and unreflecting, their approaching separation from friends, the fatal consequences that might possibly result from the war, were unheeded or forgotten. It seemed as if the approaching entertainment centered within itself all the wishes and hopes of the capital. By the orders of the queen masks were prohibited; but several of the French nobility, to give full scope to their taste, appeared in fancy dresses.

To gratify the wishes of his court, and remind the foreigners of his former success, Charles, sometime after the company had collected, and while they anxiously awaited his presence as the signal to commence dancing, made his appearance in the dress he had worn on the day of his first entering Naples after his rapid subversion of Italy. Attired in the imperial robes, his brows entwined by a sparkling diadem of inestimable value; his right hand supporting a globe; while with his left he gracefully wielded his sceptre; his countenance, though sad, beaming with sweetness; his manner to all, dignified and attentive: he advanced up the brilliantly illuminated apartments to where a throne had been erected to receive him. Declining all other attendance, he was preceded by four pages clad in azure velvet tunics, richly embroidered with gold and gems, bearing in their hands small lutes, which, as they struck, all the other musicians became silent. When they approached the queen they raised their voices in songs of love, composed by the gallant monarch in honor of her and her attendant ladies.

Amidst all this "pomp of circumstances," he, "the observed of all observers," about whom the whole crowd revolved as the centre of attraction, the admired hero, the envied monarch, was supremely wretched, and willingly would have parted with half of his possessions to escape the farce of happiness in which he was obliged to support the principal character.

With an impatience he was scarcely able to control, the king was obliged to listen to the flatteries he abhorred; with feelings of torturing remorse to

receive the attentions of his queen, all solicitude to please him—now he affected playfulness as he complimented her maids of honor—then he might be seen captivating the different foreigners, by expressing his admiration of some peculiar advantage possessed by their country—even the proud churchmen, though then so deeply hated, were not neglected; while the gallant soldiers, ever his favourite guests, were greeted with his usual cordiality: nor did one in that crowded assembly (save the sneering Bishop of St. Maloes) suspect the load of guilt and sorrow that oppressed the heart of the ill-fated Charles.

The striking of the hour of ten, and the announcement of the banquet, gave the king the anxiously wished for opportunity of retiring: having gracefully handing his queen to the chair of state at the head of the table, he called for a goblet of wine, and after gaily pledging the company, expressed his regret that numerous arrangements, necessary to his departure on the following day, obliged him to quit the festive scene for the retirement of his study; then, in a polite, but decisive manner, waving back the Duke of Nola and several other courtiers, who offered to attend him, he somewhat haughtily commanded that none should intrude upon his privacy. "I shall expect you, Dupont," he said, gently tapping the shoulder of one of his pages, "in my sleeping apartment, about half an hour hence; and see, boy, bring thy lute, it will help to soothe me after the dull detail of business."

The half hour being elapsed, proud of the summons, D. Abut Dupont entered the apartment of his royal master; he found the king pale and agitated, pacing up and down with hurried steps. He had cast aside his gorgeous attire, and carelessly thrown over his person a robe-de-chambre. The page was struck with surprise at the extreme anguish depicted in his countenance, for he sincerely loved him. Owing to his being a favourite, he had constantly been admitted to the presence of Charles during his hours of retirement, and had frequently found him capricious and dejected, but till now never supposed him unhappy.

Having remained for some time unnoticed by the king, Dupont softly tuned his lute, and accompanying it with his voice, struck a warlike measure, descriptive of the success of the royal arms in Italy. Charles listened

to him for a short time, then in a sad impressive voice, repeating some of the words of the song, "Led on by ambition—elevated by glory!" he said, "I tell you, boy, it was misery, despair led me on; but thus, the world ever judging by results, remain in ignorance of the source from whence spring our actions." Again resuming his hurried pace, the king seemed to forget the presence of the page, who, to attract his attention, sung of beauty and lady's love; but his lay was unheeded. At length stopping abruptly, and addressing the youth, he mildly observed, "I feel obliged by your efforts, but my mind is not attuned to harmony this night; a heavy care oppresses my soul, and a fatal presentiment of coming evil haunts my fancy; good Dupont lay aside your lute for a happier moment, and assist me to put on this dress;" and he pointed to a riding suit he generally wore. The page quickly obeyed. With a faint smile, the king, then enveloping his form in a large Capuehin cloak, and placing a cowl upon his head, said, "Well, Dupont, what do you think? which becomes me best, the diadem or the cowl, the monarch or the monk?" The boy answered briskly, "Neither; but I admire you most as a hero—as the conqueror of Europe—and I would have you dress in armour, and see you ride your war-horse as you did, going to St. Denis this morning. I would rather myself be a spurred knight than on the throne of France if I could not fight." Again the king smiled. "You shall be a knight, Dupont; your father was a brave one; but for this night you must wear a disguise similar to mine. I go on a secret expedition, and observe, fold up your page's dress carefully, and place it beneath your cloak, it will in a few hours cover such loveliness as your imagination cannot even conceive, and as you value my future favour, may your life, neither by word nor gesture betray the secret I must, in part, repose in your bosom. I grieve, my poor boy, that you cannot even for a few hours wear that garment of all disguises without catching the taint of hypocrisy."

Lost in conjecture, but proud of the confidence placed in him, and anticipating a world of adventure, the page

followed his royal master, as with cautious steps he proceeded down a long corridor, which led towards a stair-case opening to a suite of inferior apartments which communicated with the outer courts of the palace. From the distant apartments of the queen they occasionally heard the sound of dancing and revelry; ere they quitted the gallery one or two serving men hastily passed, but were so much engaged by the ball as scarcely to salute them.

Having quickly traversed the court, the king stopped before a long narrow building, and drawing a dagger from beneath his cloak, he struck its handle softly against the door, which immediately flew open by some invisible means; as no person appeared, beckoning to the page to follow, the king then passed through an old dilapidated hall; the gate by which they had entered closed suddenly by some secret spring. Terrified at the surrounding gloom and mystery, the adventurous spirit of the young page began to cool wonderfully; and as he continued to follow the king he devoutly wished some other had been honored by his confidence, and he left to charm the queen and her ladies, by the tones of his lute.

While he was busied in these reflections they entered a garden, which then, like the mansion to which it was attached, was in a ruinous state; pursuing a broad pathway they arrived at a neglected building, at the entrance of which the king again struck his dagger; several times he repeated his signal ere it was answered; at length the gate flew open, and a man advanced leading forth two horses; by a sign he commanded the page to mount the lesser one, then stepping aside with Charles, they entered into conversation. With the purport of their conference Dupont was unacquainted; but he observed the king was violently agitated, and that the voice of the person who had led out the horses was loud and commanding. In a few moments the king called to him to advance, a strong gust of wind passed over their figures, displacing the vizor which shaded the stranger's face; ere he could again resume it, the page with surprise beheld the dark sinister countenance of the king's favourite, Briçonnet, Bishop of St. Maloes.

CHAPTER IV.

Striking into a narrow path, the king, followed by D. Abut Dupont, pursued his rapid way, until they found them-

selves upon the banks of the river Crowid; a few moments more brought them to an extensive wood, which lay

at the northern side of the city; here they were obliged to slacken their pace, as the path was intricate, and by the overshadowing of the trees, involved in the deepest darkness. After proceeding upwards of a mile through the forest, the king suddenly stopped. Alighting from his horse, he fastened it to a tree, assisting his page, whose increasing terrors rendered him almost powerless, to do the same by his; forcing their way through the thick underwood that impeded their progress, they found themselves in a wild solitary glen, in the centre of which arose the massy walls and grey towers of the Capuchin Convent of St. Ursula, then partially lighted up by the beams of a full moon. Just opposite the spot where the royal Charles had forced his entrance, was placed a conventual crucifix of colossal dimensions; approaching towards it the king commanded the young page to kneel, and there, by his immortal soul, swear never, even at the confessional, to reveal to mortal ear, aught he might on that night discover; "nay," continued Charles, "you must if possible banish from your own memory any observation you may make; it is a fearful secret, and nothing but an imperative necessity could influence me to taint your young life with its knowledge." D. Abut Dupont sank on his knees, and with quivering lips pronounced the solemn vow he dared not elude; but as he uttered it a thrill of horror crept through his veins, and as he attempted to rise he was obliged to catch the king's arm for support.

"Nay, Dupont," said Charles, mildly, "these fears become your monkish garments better than your boasted love of knighthood; is this the way to earn your golden spurs?"

"Try me in the field of battle," answered the page.

"You shall accompany me to-morrow," replied the king, "if you support the trials of this night to our pleasure; rest you on this stone bench," pointing to one placed at the eastern side of the convent; "come, I will lead you towards it; by St. Denis I would not for the largest estate in France have it said, D. Abut Dupont turned coward."

The answer of the page was interrupted by the deep tolling of a bell that broke on the profound silence of the night. "Blessed Virgin have mercy on the departing soul," he muttered, devoutly crossing himself.

"Peace, foolish boy," angrily interrupted the king, "it is but to awaken

the pious sisters of St. Ursula to their midnight prayers."

"Pardon, sire; but I know the sound well; it is to announce the emancipation of some holy spirit; may the Blessed Virgin intercede for it."

"Silence! D. Abut, and attend punctually to my orders; give me your page's dress; I now enter this chapel, founded by my distinguished predecessor, St. Lewis, and consecrated by him to the blessed martyr, St. Ursula; it may be to pray for victory to my arms, perhaps for some less holy motive; abide you here patiently until my return, and dare not to watch my footsteps; take out your rosary, it will help to ward off evil spirits, or what is far more dangerous, evil thoughts."

"Should any one demand my business?" growled the disconsolate page.

"It is not probable that any person will wander here at this unusual hour; but should chance bring a loitering monk, or restless penitent across your path, place your fingers on your lips, to imply a vow of silence, and move not your cowl."

Again the knell of death was tolled; the page groaned with terror. "I like it not," muttered Charles as he moved forward, "its mournful sound will seem to my beloved as an omen of ill; surely never did bigotry select a spot more appropriate to her terrors, more calculated to inspire her votaries with superstitious horrors, than this convent of St. Ursula. Oh! with what rapture I shall release my beloved from its ruthless walls, from being the tool of its cursed deceptions." Looking cautiously around, he drew forth a key, and opened a small portal leading into the interior of the building, and so constructed as to be invisible to those unacquainted with its secret.

Except the shrine of St. Ursula, which was placed in a deep recess, the remainder of the chapel was in darkness. Towards this shrine the monarch was advancing when the large clock of the convent slowly, but loudly struck the midnight hour. "Hah! I have been too impatient," he thought; "time this whole day has moved on leaden wings. My loved one said she could not possibly meet me until after two in the morning, and this is a lonely place to while away the anxious hours of expectation, and that poor page will nearly expire under his terrors. Hush! the secret door leading to her chamber seemed to grate on its hinges." He rushed towards the spot—surely some

one moved—he paused—he listened—he drew the concealed dagger forth—but the beating of his own heart alone was audible ; he crept round the end of the building from whence the sound had issued ; all was silent as the tomb : after some time, convinced his fancy had deceived him, he tried to smile ; “ why my poor Dupont could not be more easily alarmed ; I chided him for his weakness ; could he but see me now.” Again he approached the illuminated shrine.

On a pedestal of exquisite marble rested the statue of St. Ursula, in an attitude of prayer ; beside her was thrown the torch with which she was to light the pile of her martyrdom. The artist had given to the figure of the saint all the voluptuous proportions of Grecian beauty ; and to the countenance, which was turned upwards, an expression of resignation touched by profound sorrow. The hands stretched a little forward, clasped a crucifix, around which the fingers were closely compressed, as if fearful it would glide from their grasp, conveying an idea of the desperate struggle between the spirit and the flesh.

This exquisite piece of sculpture had been brought from Greece by Lewis the Ninth, who had visited Athens on his return from Palestine ; he had afterwards presented it to the Capuchin Convent, which he founded in honor of St. Ursula, and which soon after became celebrated all over Europe for its miracles. Among the most remarkable of these were four lamps of sparkling crystal, resting in sockets of massy gold, wrought in strange, unknown characters. These were ranged at equal distances upon the projecting front of the pedestal, the brilliant light which issued forth rising in the form of a pyramid, shed a radiance of glory over the kneeling form of the martyr. Ages rolled on, and still this mysterious light fed by no mortal hand ; unpolluted by oil or any visible means of support, continued to shed its dazzling lustre around.

Pilgrims from the most distant parts of the earth came to worship before the shrine. Princes laid treasures at the feet of the beautiful saint, until in time the Convent of St. Ursula became the richest, as heretofore it had been esteemed the holiest, in Christendom.

Leaning against a pillar, with his cowl thrown back, and his arms folded across his bosom, Charles mournfully contemplated the shrine of St. Ursula.

“ Truly,” he sighed, “ ignorance is man’s paradise. How profound were my sentiments of religion when Lewis the Eleventh, during one of his capricious fits of parental love, first brought me to this convent. With what enthusiasm did I prostrate myself before this altar, devoting my soul to its maker, and placing implicit belief in the miracles of the church ! How fervently my spirit sought converse with the blessed saints, my intercessors at the throne of grace ; and with what confidence I knelt before the ministers of the gospel, pouring forth my most secret thoughts, considering them as endowed with the God-like power of absolving their fellow creatures, and being themselves human, capable of understanding their temptations and appreciating their sorrows. And what have I gained by a knowledge, that all or most of the forms of worship I was instructed to venerate, were founded upon a system of deception ? It has taught me to view my fellow-creatures with suspicion ; it has shaken the beautiful temple of my faith, closing upon me the paradise of hope. Some months hence and I knelt before this shrine, considering these pure lights as a type of the purified incorruptible spirit of a martyr ; and now I view them as another proof of the refined hypocrisy of the priesthood. By what means this beauteous lambent flame is supported still am I ignorant, but will a philosophical research after its elements, compensate me for the sublime raptures I experienced ere yet my belief was disturbed by the discovery of the arts of these vile churchmen. Should the awful adventure of this night terminate to my wishes, my beloved once secured, I swear by the —.” Again the bell tolled. From the mere effect of habit, the king stooped to sprinkle some holy water, which rested in a marble cistern near the shrine. As he put in his fingers it vanished from his touch ; while the lamps, which for ages had burned so brightly, were in a moment extinguished.

“ Saviour of the world, what can this mean !” exclaimed Charles, as, overcome with surprise and momentary terror he staggered back some paces, but recovering himself, and at the same time his self-possession, “ poh,” said he, “ that foolish page could not be more nervous : do I not know these lights depend upon human care ? where then the wonder at their extinction ? As to the bell, why should its sound appeal

me? My heart's idol is well; a few hours ago her beloved hands traced these lines," and he passionately kissed a scroll he had drawn from his bosom. He then hastily lighted a dark lantern, and strove to re-illumine the lamps, but they resisted all his efforts. The large clock chimed the half hour; "my impatience," he muttered, "will never brook this delay; I will press the signal, perhaps she may, even now, admit me."

Looking cautiously around, the king proceeded down a narrow aisle, to a distant corner of the chapel; it was at the northern side, and adjoining the cemetery. From the opposite direction the abbess and nuns always entered to attend their devotions, while the monks were admitted through the sacristy, from doors placed at each side of the altar. The lantern shed a faint uncertain light over the many scriptural paintings which adorned the walls. On arriving at one representing the martyrdom of St. Stephen, the king paused, and with throbbing heart, and quivering breath was ascending two or three steps, above which it was raised, when he was alarmed by hearing a deep groan. There was no mistaking from whence it proceeded; it was from a confessional placed on the left side of the painting. Enraged at the intrusion, without pausing to reflect, he drew forth his dagger and rushed into the confessional, but drew back on beholding the palmer who had that morning so mysteriously addressed him at St. Denis. He was kneeling in the confessional, with clasped hands, seemingly absolved in prayer, and remained unconscious of the king's presence.

"*Benedic pater,*" said the latter, gently touching his shoulder to command attention; "by this branch of palm I find you have lately returned from the Holy Land; how fare our Christian brethren there?" The palmer heaved a convulsive sigh, but made no answer. Concluding he was under a vow of silence, and his worn garb bespeaking extreme poverty, Charles began to think how he might turn this unpleasant interruption to advantage. In the criminal and perilous adventure in which he was engaged, the assistance of the palmer might prove of service, and from the extraordinary manner in which he had warned him at St. Denis, not to visit the convent, it was certain he had by some means or other acquired a knowledge of his

secret. Resolved, however, to act cautiously, and first ascertain whether the palmer recognised him in his present disguise, bending on one knee, in a deprecating tone, he again demanded his blessing, saying with affected humility, "if bound by any vow to observe silence, wave that branch of palm over my head and offer a silent prayer to the throne of grace, to guide me in safety through the perils of this night."

"Charles of France," answered the palmer, in a deep hollow voice, "as thou regardest thy immortal soul, hasten from this convent—return to your palace, to your queen, proceed to-morrow to Milan; there glory awaits you; here, your sacrilegious purpose can only lead to never-ending remorse."

"You have discovered me, then," exclaimed the king; "mysterious man, what know you of my purpose?"

"Too much, alas!—too much; your unprecedented crime has involved many in destruction."

"Hah! I see it all now," vehemently answered the monarch; "under that penitential garb I find some minion of the vile Alexander; and does his holiness," he proceeded, with a bitter laugh, "thus expect to terrify me from my purpose, that he may falsify his promise; but his own hands in mockery rent the veil of superstition which had so long deluded me."

"Wretched man," sternly replied the palmer, "dost thou, the anointed of God, dare to add heresy to thy other crimes; or rather, dost thou affect it to excuse thy present sacrilege?"

"Where is now your miraculous lights?" sneeringly observed Charles, pointing to the distant shrine of St. Ursula, then involved in darkness. "Palmer, let my knowledge of this deception prove my acquaintance with the hypocrisy of the church."

"If to win men to their good, we sometimes use deceptions to operate upon their imaginations, and thus confirm their persuasion, can the means which lead to such desirable results be considered as evil?"

"Palmer, I would give France, and its dominions, to have my faith restored, but the spirit which inspired it has fled before the awful truths demonstrated by your high-priest, Alexander; nay, answer me not; another care now engrosses me. You know my secret; I require your assistance; grant it, and I swear by all I hold

most dear, to confer upon you the highest honors of the Romish church, to exalt your order, and never to lay down my arms until I subvert the Ottoman empire, and, sacking Constantinople, devote her treasures to the promotion of the Catholic religion, burying my own broken faith within the deepest recesses of my bosom."

"You demand my assistance," said the palmer sternly, "without communicating either the cause, or the means."

"From your observations I have reason to suppose you are already acquainted with my purpose in coming here, and, taking advantage of the circumstance, have dared to treat me with a disrespect no other person in my dominions would presume upon." The king spoke with violent anger.

"In the confessional," coolly replied the palmer, "rank and station should be of as little avail as in the tomb; 'tis the spirit we would purify by exorcising the evil passions."

"I tell you, palmer, I value not your absolution; I came not here to listen to a monkish homily; will you, or will you not assist me? If not, I command you to depart hence."

"I have assisted—I have sacrificed all to save you." As the palmer uttered these words he trembled with emotion.

"Mysterious being what mean these words of strange import I know not; but, if you do indeed regard me, support me in the present emergency."

"Not," replied the palmer, "until I hear your full confession. Some part of your crime I already know; but with the circumstances which have led you on to the brink of perdition, I am unacquainted. By an unequivocal acknowledgment alone, can you expect my aid. Charles of France of one thing rest assured, I never will betray you."

"It is an awful secret, father; as you gained admittance, may not some other person have entered?"

"Fear it not; none are here but the dead; they will not speak."

The king shuddered, some moments elapsed, then he said, "I will relate events, but not in the form of confession."

"In no other way will I attend to you," the palmer replied; "has the leprosy of infidelity so extended that you cannot even submit to the forms of your creed?"

"Have it your own way," the king answered, in a bitter tone; "'tis but straining at a gnat." As he spoke he moved to the penitent side of the confessional, and, carefully closing the door, he knelt down before the stranger, with an appearance of piety which savored little of the heretical opinions he had just avowed.

Some time elapsed ere Charles could summon resolution to speak; for he hesitated to repose the awful secret connected with his visit to St. Ursula's. The haughty and severe manner of the palmer rather repelled than won his confidence; still, on the next two hours depended not only the future happiness of his life, but the fate of that beloved being for whom he was ready to sacrifice it; he rapidly, therefore, revolved in his mind the means by which the palmer might most effectually serve him. From his observations it was apparent he was already, in a great measure, acquainted with his crime, and Charles considered the best apology he could offer as an extenuation, would be a relation of the events and sentiments which had led to it. Young, ardent and generous, in his own nature, he fancied that, by a full detail of his sufferings, he would excite the monk's interest, and, by awakening his compassion, gain his assistance and advice. Of his secrecy, the sacred obligations of his profession was a sufficient security; had it been otherwise, it would have caused no uneasiness; for all apprehension for the future was lost in the absorbing interest of the moment. He was called upon to decide by the deep stern voice of the palmer, as he said, "Charles of France, time wears rapidly; another hour and it may be too late to save you from a public exposure of your mad folly."

"I have indeed no alternative," sighed the ill-fated monarch, and, after a struggle to gain some composure, he commenced the following confession.

CHAPTER V.

"Reverend father, as I conclude from your appearance that you have been a for long time a resident in the Holy Land, and, consequently, ignorant of the affairs of France, it will be

necessary to explain some of the leading events of my past life, that you may more fully comprehend my present position.

"If you are at all conversant with

the state of Europe, you must have heard of the cruel policy of my father, Lewis the Eleventh, in subjecting me to a melancholy confinement, which increased the natural delicacy of my constitution. From the same contemptible jealousy, he limited my education, committing it solely to the care of a set of bigots, whose sole object was to increase my love of their tenets. Thus my ideas of religion consisted in a superstitious attention to its forms of worship, and a firm belief in the miracles of the church. Would, that I had never been undeceived.

"The death of Lewis the Eleventh, which took place ere I had attained my fourteenth year, left, by his nomination, my sister Ann, the Lady of Beaujen, governess of the kingdom, but, dissatisfied with that title, she assumed the regency, to which her talents were fully competent. One of her first acts of power was to send me to the Castle of Amboise, under the superintendence of tutors suited to my rank, and by their acquirements equal to improve my long-neglected education.

"The first and most esteemed of these, was Sir Raymond de Frestamere, a Castilian, and grand-nephew to the celebrated Henry de Frestamere, who, disgusted with the cruelties of his brother, Pedro, had fled into France, where he was honored with the friendship and assistance of Charles the Fifth, and, by that means, dispossessed Pedro of the throne of Castile.

"Henry de Frestamere had purchased a castle and extensive domains in Lyons, for his younger brother; these were now in the possession of Sir Raymond, who, having been born in France, considered it as his native country.

"Endowed with talents of the first order, improved by learning, a warrior in the field, a profound statesman—the friendship of Sir Raymond had been courted by the emperor Frederic of Germany, and Henry the Seventh of England, but, firmly devoted to the interests of France, he had steadily rejected every overture which might interfere with his allegiance. With the stern virtue of a Roman patriot, he unhesitatingly sacrificed every private feeling, to his country's good. To this purpose this noble-minded man, hoping to form me after his own sublime ideas of royal virtue, volunteered

to superintend my education. Any eulogy I can pass upon his conduct towards me, must fall far short of his merit; he was at once my preceptor and friend. Emulous to meet his wishes—to gain his approbation—I roused the slumbering energies of my mind; I spared no pains to excel; my thirst after knowledge was so insatiable that, apprehensive of injuring my health, Sir Raymond often obliged me to limit my studies; in short, his abilities and affection gained an unbounded influence over my mind. Though surrounded by young men of rank, whose sole desire was to please, I gave a decided preference to his company, and this, by awakening his gratitude, attached me more closely to him. Often has he sportively said, 'Charles, France is my mistress, to whose interests I have devoted my sole being; but, as yours and her's are combined, I think I may indulge my love for you without exciting her jealousy.' Thus five years glided on—they were indeed the happiest period of my life, when the following adventure altered the whole colour of my destiny.

"Sir Raymond had been summoned to Melun, in consequence of an affront offered to the Lady of Beaujen, by the Duke of Orleans. By one chance or another all my suite had dispersed, leaving me and one of my companions, a youth of the name of Brissonet, by ourselves. At a loss for excitement Brissonet one day said, 'if your royal highness promises not to be displeased, I could propose something that might help to amuse you during the absence of your friends.' I gave an assurance of listening patiently.

"'Well, then,' said Brissonet gaily, 'I will venture to tell you that I have by chance discovered your admired Sir Raymond is not the austere saint he affects to be to his royal pupil; and, although France is his acknowledged mistress, he is not insensible to the charms of an individual. In charity, let us conclude he only keeps the loveliest woman in France, merely as a specimen of his country's productions.'

"'I don't understand all these ill-natured insinuations,' I gravely answered, 'and will believe nothing to the disadvantage of Sir Raymond.'

"'I assert nothing but what I can prove,' answered Brissonet; 'not to his disadvantage, for I consider it very much to his advantage to possess such an angel; but the fact I am going to relate is this—that Sir Raymond pur-

chased a villa, a perfect Elysium, about three leagues from this castle, and there he goes once every week to visit a lovely girl whom he keeps in durance vile, under the guardianship of two she-dragons of old women."

"Where, Brissonet, did you pick up this piece of ridiculous scandal?"

"That I am bound not to betray; but, if your highness wish for a view of Sir Raymond's bird of beauty, I know the road leading to the villa: how I should glory in your rivalling this sanctified old hypocrite."

"For some days I refused to attend to Brissonet, until my mind became inflamed with his passionate description of Sir Raymond's bird of beauty, as he termed her. After a struggle between my excited curiosity, and my dislike to act dishonorably, I blush to say, I, at length consented to accompany him to the villa, reconciling myself to the act, by observing to Brissonet, that, confident of the innocence of Sir Raymond, my only object in going was to discover the truth, that I might refute the scandal circulated amongst my household, and cover his accusers with confusion."

"The following evening was fixed for our adventure. At once to excuse our intrusion, and gain admittance into the villa, Brissonet (who, even then, was an adept in intrigue) arranged that we should personate two French gentlemen, brothers, sent express by the Lady of Beaujeu with dispatches to the young king, being unacquainted with the road leading to the Castle of Amboise, we had lost our way, and stopped to make inquiries. There was a tincture of romance in the whole business, which delighted me. I forgot my scruples, and gaily entered into the spirit of the adventure. Our ruse succeeded to the utmost of our wishes; we found our way to the chateau. After some trifling excuses we were ushered into the presence of Sir Raymond's 'bird of beauty,' who proved (not as Brissonet had supposed) the secret love of Sir Raymond, but his beautiful and only child."

"Holy palmer," proceeded the king with vivacity, "it is not in my power to convey to you the faintest idea of the unequalled loveliness of Irene de Frestamere; she seemed to combine within herself all we most admire in woman. The passion with which she inspired me was unbounded—unconquerable. From the period of my ac-

quaintance with her, a change came over my whole being—powers of the most exquisite enjoyment developed themselves—a new and brighter spirit was infused within me, the earth beneath, the heavens above, assumed the brilliant colours of my imagination; borne on the wings of enthusiasm, I seemed to soar above mortality; I could foresee no evil in indulging a passion for a being of such refinement. Its very intensity, by consuming all selfish and grosser feelings, purified my nature." Here the king paused, and giving way to a wild burst of anguish, exclaimed, "Oh! Irene, Irene, could I have then believed that you were the child of earth destined to draw me from my God." The palmer leant forward, and addressing the king, uttered some words; but the unfortunate Charles was too much agitated to hear them; after a while he resumed his narrative.

"I shall not stop to trace the gradations of our intimacy; fortunately (as I then considered it) Sir Raymond was detained in Melun, Brissonet had gone to visit a sick relative in Paris—everything combined to favor my wishes—my visits to Irene soon became daily, and I hourly discovered some new accomplishment to attach me more closely to her loveliness."

"My rank still remained a secret, Irene considered me as the brother of Brissonet; the two old ladies, whom he had honored with the title of she-dragons, never interfered with us; one of them being always engaged at her devotions, and the other engrossed with the duties of the establishment. There was something particularly exciting to my young and ardent temper, in being loved independently of my rank. Like myself, Irene had been educated in retirement; her mother, who was an English lady, died in giving her birth; she had been left for some time in England under the care of her friends, and was then removed to a convent situated upon the banks of the Rhone, near her father's castle in Lyons. Engrossed with politics, Sir Raymond seldom saw his daughter, satisfying himself by allowing her every indulgence she chose to demand. Two years previously to our meeting, as her health was declining, she was removed from her convent, being too young to be left without her father's protection, he had purchased a villa in the neighbourhood of the Castle of Amboise, and during his occasional

visits treated her with much kindness ; but his manners, naturally haughty and severe, repelled the confidence of the gentle girl, who felt a restraint in his presence she could not overcome. The manners of the two old ladies he had chosen as her companions, were still more uninteresting, so, until her acquaintance with me, the young and beautiful Irene seemed isolated from human affections. Perhaps this made her more readily receive my attentions. Soon all the powerful sympathies of her nature were awakened in my favor, and she returned my love with the most pure and ardent devotion.

"A letter which I received from Sir Raymond announcing his intended return on the following day, obliged me to explain to Irene my true rank, and the unpardonable curiosity which had led me to the villa. I concluded she would mention my visits to her father, and shrunk from the dignified contempt with which he would condemn my having yielded to the ungentlemanly persuasions of Brissonet, in stealing into the retirement of his family. No excuse ever served to gloss over meanness, to that noble-minded man ; he had always disapproved of my intimacy with the low-bred, low-thinking Brissonet, although, from the habit of never interfering with my trifling concerns, lest it might weaken his authority in serious matters, he submitted to our acquaintance ; alas ! could he have foreseen all the misery the confidence of that vile hypocrite has wrought upon me, not for the kingdom of France would he have countenanced him.

"As I am exposing to your view all my weakness, I will acknowledge that, as on the evening preceding Sir Raymond's expected return, I rode to visit Irene, my heart dilated with rapture at the idea of her youthful pride, when, in place of the brother of Brissonet, she found Charles the Eighth of France at her feet, and in the sincerity of his worship, vowing no other should share his throne, my happiness, at this period, was exquisite beyond belief.

"How great, then, was my astonishment when, in place of receiving the intelligence of my rank with joyful surprise, Irene gave way to the bitterest expressions of regret. 'What is France to me?' she cried ; 'you are my kingdom—my world—I know nothing of ambition—I care not for

society ; while I considered you as a private gentleman, I feared no obstacles to our love, but now you will be torn from me, a thousand interests—duties—passions—will rise to separate us,' and, for the first time, she fell on my bosom overcome with her emotions.

"Be calm, my Irene ; no power on earth shall divide us ; the only one who possesses the least influence over me, is your esteemed father, and, doubt not but he will gladly promote a match at once so gratifying to his ambition, and dear to our wishes."

"Alas ! my Charles, delude me not with such hopes ; my father's love for me is inferior to what he feels for you, his pupil and his king ; and, believe me, he would, without hesitation, sacrifice us both to the interest and glory of France ; in every human heart there is enshrined an idol, to which every other passion becomes subservient. Sir Raymond from infancy has prided himself upon being a patriot ; me he considers as a mere child, a girl, a toy, not worthy of a moment's consideration ; and you, Charles, as one who, from your eminence, has no right to yield to softer feelings."

"I value you the more, my beloved Irene, for fears which originate in the excess of your love, and your ignorance of human nature ; true, my own experience is limited, still I am inclined to think your father will not disregard the prospect of a throne for his daughter, and the highest rank in the kingdom, next to royalty, for himself ; nor can France, with justice, object to our alliance ; you, Irene, are descended from the royal family of Castile—equal, then, in birth, in every other respect you are far my superior." As I thus addressed her, I sunk playfully on one knee, and, clasping her hand in mine, exclaimed, 'let me thus pay my homage to my Irene—my queen—my love—and, dearer than all, my wife ! Nay, still in tears—I must be angry.'

"Charles, while yet I may, let me address you by that beloved name, your ardour extorts a secret from me. Know then, that except to you, his royal pupil, Sir Raymond is, to all others, a stern though honorable master. Conscious of the high motives which regulate his actions, his resolutions once formed are as immutable as the laws of the creation ; his stern virtue makes no allowance for human

weakness, forgive me, Charles, when I say his long fellowship with Lewis the Eleventh, has taught him to feel but little sympathy for individuals. In his household, he is much feared, but little loved.'

"You misjudge your father, dearest Irene; engrossed with politics he does not understand the delicate attentions due to your gentler sex, at all events, he loves me, and will not see me wretched, should he, my fate is not in his hands. There are powers in my mind which only wait for circumstances to develop; I will claim my kingdom from the Lady of Beaujen; once fixed on the throne, who dare dispute my will. As to my engagement with Margaret of Burgundy, I never sanctioned it; and, independently of my love for you, was resolved never to marry at the pleasure of a set of grey-bearded ministers.'

"You deceive yourself, but you cannot deceive me," said Irene sadly.

"May I ask," said I thoughtfully, 'how you can be so well acquainted with your father's sentiments respecting me; can he ever have suggested the possibility of our meetings.'

"Without observing the dark suspicion which darted through my mind, she answered, 'know, then, Charles, that a few evenings previous to my father's departure for Melun, (from some thoughtless pursuit) I had neglected my evening devotions; displeased with myself for the unusual omission, as I retired to rest, a superstitious dread crept over me. In a fit of penitence I resolved to go to the chapel to perform my orisons, but the lateness of the hour rendered me timid, so I retired to a small oratory exclusively reserved for my father's use, and adjoining his suit of apartments, which here consist of a sleeping-room and a study. Though my spirit was willing, I fear the flesh was weak, for, leaning against the altar at my devotions, I sunk into a profound slumber. How long I might have continued so, I cannot tell, but I was roused by hearing my father, as he conversed with some person in the adjoining apartment. The stranger, who by his voice I soon discovered to be the old Admiral d'Aubigne, my father's most intimate friend and near neighbour, as he resided within half a league of our chateau in Lyons, seemed to be answering some remark of my father's, for he said, 'I fear, Sir Raymond, you will never succeed; were

it possible, it would be a great stroke of policy, and a decided advantage to France.'

"That must depend upon—— Here my father spoke so low I could not catch his words.

"I do not presume, Sir Raymond, to offer my advice," replied the old admiral; 'but let me ask, do you think it prudent to refuse the magnificent offers of the Lady of Beaujen? In the event of your espousing her cause, she presents you with the constable's sword.' 'Stop! I charge you, d'Aubigne, if you would retain my friendship,' interrupted my father sternly, 'not for the throne of France would I betray the cause of Charles; I am bound to him by no common ties. My influence over him is unbounded; I love him as a son, and, as I act honorably by him, may God reward or punish me,' and by his movement I judged he fell upon his knees. There was silence for some time; then Sir Raymond again spoke. 'Besides, I am bound by a solemn oath, which, since the days of Henry de Frestamere, has been required from all the heirs of our family. Soon as I arrived at the age of one-and-twenty, my father demanded a sacred engagement, that, immolating all private views, I would devote myself to the glory and interest of France; nay, that I would sacrifice my life, and that of my whole family, if necessary to her advancement.' 'Heavens!' exclaimed d'Aubigne, 'how very extraordinary.' 'Not if you reflect that when our progenitor, Henry de Frestamere, fled to France, for protection from his brother Pedro's cruelty, he was not only well received, but the proudest honors conferred upon his family. Even Lewis the Eleventh, amidst all his capricious cruelties, honored me with his unceasing friendship, and, as a proof of his confidence, in his dying hour he intreated of me to superintend the education of the young king.' 'Were I in your place, Sir Raymond, how very differently I would act,' said the old admiral; 'but you are an enthusiast, and I a man of the world.' 'Well, d'Aubigne, as a man of the world, how would you act?' 'You have a daughter; and even a father cannot be insensible to her exquisite loveliness; the king is young, prone to the tender passion, residing within a few miles of her—what so simple as an introduction? The consequences are obvious; he becomes enamoured

of her charms ; by a little prudence on her side, and management on yours, a marriage is brought about, and——.' 'Silence! d'Aubigne extend the picture, though a flattering one, no farther ; I have admitted the possibility in my own mind, and guarded against it.' 'And wherefore, my too romantic friend,' demanded the admiral ? 'Because it would compromise my character ; expose me to the vile suspicion of having carried on a shameful intrigue to seduce the king, and aggrandise my own family ; it would defeat all my plans ; independently of self, it would be a ruinous match for Charles, and deprive France of the acquisition of Bretagne.' 'I wish, my dear friend,' said the admiral, 'you would confide your views on that subject more fully. From this half confidence I am not justified in giving an opinion ; but I fear you will sacrifice your invaluable time and talents in pursuit of a hopeless speculation. Can you overlook that Ann of Bretagne is not only engaged to the Archduke Maximilian, but is supposed to feel a decided preference for him. You are, no doubt, a great politician ; but these women are very hard to deal

with. And I think, even to please you, the duchess will not forget the pretty leg of the Prince of Orange ; here the old admiral laughed aloud ; recovering himself, he proceeded, 'come, come, my friend, France cannot spare your services ; you must attend to positive duties.' 'Good night, d'Aubigne,' said Sir Raymond, proudly ; 'my plans are never lightly formed, or easily relinquished. I doubt not your sincerity, but success alone shall explain my wishes ; the fortunes of Irene and Charles are in my keeping. They must be separate ; but none in Europe shall exceed them.' Immediately they quitted the apartment ; I experienced no uneasiness from this conversation but what resulted from having, however unwittingly, been a listener. I reached my room unobserved ; soon the incident passed from my memory, till your declaration this evening has so painfully revived it.'

"All my arguments to remove Irene's fears of our attachment meeting her father's disapprobation proved unavailing ; and she would not let me quit her presence until I solemnly pledged myself never to reveal it to him without her consent.

CHAPTER VI.

"On the following evening Sir Raymond arrived at the Castle of Amboise. His manners to me were more affectionate than ever ; ere retiring for the night, he told me his stay at the castle should be short, as he was taking active measures to place the reins of government in my hands ; he then entered into a long discussion relative to affairs of state, all very flattering to my ambition. At this period, though I did not dare to mention Irene, I expressed with vivacity my fixed resolve never to ratify the engagements the French council had presumed to form for me, with Margaret of Burgundy. Far from contending this point, as I had apprehended, Sir Raymond assured me she should be sent back to her friends. As we parted he made use of these remarkable words, 'enjoy the present, my liege, and leave your future fortunes to my keeping ; I will not sleep on my watch.'

"Once more my intimacy with Irene was renewed. Brissonet had returned, and was admitted to my confidence. Incapable himself of generous sentiments, he gave no credit to their existence in others, and instilled

into my mind that Sir Raymond would proudly receive me as his son-in-law.

"Week after week rolled on in uninterrupted delight ; Irene seemed to forget her fears of her father, and as to me I was solely abandoned to my passion. Sir Raymond had gone into Germany, and from a variety of delays did not return until the spring was far advanced.

"At length he arrived. Never did I see him appear so calm and so cheerful. He told me his stay must be very short—that imperative business required his presence in Lyons—that in a few weeks he should return and accompany me to Paris, where he had already commenced the most splendid preparations for my coronation, which was to take place the approaching summer.

"From Brissonet, who acted as a spy upon the whole party, I understood Irene was to quit the villa, and accompany her father to Lyons. One of the old ladies was to attend her, the other remained in care of the place.

"This news filled me with dismay—I could not endure even a temporary

separation from beloved Irene. By the assistance of Brissonet, I found an opportunity of taking leave of her. At this sad interview I again strove to obtain permission to speak to her father, but she firmly resisted all my entreaties. It was arranged that Brissonet should act as a medium to bring us intelligence of each other.

"I will not, reverend father, fatigue you by attempting a description of my feelings of regret after Irene—all seemed desolate, and my only resource was wandering about the villa she had inhabited. My anxiety was increased by Brissonet's absence; he had for some time decided upon the church as a profession, and had been obliged to go to Paris previous to his ordination. Thus deprived of my only confidant, I had resolved at every risk to visit Lyons, and obtain an interview with Irene. Before I could decide upon any plan to elude the vigilance of my numerous attendants, I was agreeably surprised by Sir Raymond's unexpected return.

"On the following morning, ere I had quitted my apartment, he sent to request I would admit him to my presence, as he had much to communicate, and was obliged to return to Lyons in a few hours. I received him with pleasure. For a long time he continued to address me upon the never-failing subject of politics. I could scarcely command my impatience, and was just going to plead illness, to escape the oft-repeated tale of the duties of royalty, and the wonders expected from a King of France, when, perhaps perceiving my petulance, he suddenly changed his manner.

"*'My royal master,'* he said, *'I am going to place in you a confidence the most sacred—one on which not only the happiness of an only child depends, but your interests, which are far dearer to me, and what I candidly avow I value more than either, the aggrandizement of France.'*

"Oh! how my heart throbbed at this allusion to his daughter. The wild hope that, influenced by ambition, he purposed uniting me to Irene, filled me with rapture—but I was soon undeceived.

"*'Charles,'* he proceeded, *'whatever severity the great responsibility thrown upon me by our relative positions, may have occasionally compelled me to display towards you, in the desire of improving your long-neglected education, believe me, in France, nay, not*

upon the face of the earth, do you possess a sincerer friend, or one more tenderly attached to your interest. Well instructed in the benevolence and gentleness of your heart—confident that even power will never tempt you to the commission of crime—still forgive me, my royal master, when I say I am fully sensible of your love of pleasure, and that your judgment is more brilliant than powerful. To place you under circumstances the most likely to guard you against the evils resulting from the indulgence of your passions, has been my study for many a long and sleepless night. The aversion you have of late expressed to the prospect of confirming your marriage with your betrothed bride, Margaret of Burgundy, and the many advantages that would accrue from your union with Ann of Bretagne, have influenced me to devote the whole powers of my mind to bring about this desirable event. Her youth and beauty will prove your best guard against temptation, while her rich dowry and powerful friends will enable you at once to throw off the authority of the Lady of Beaujen.

"Here I attempted to interrupt Sir Raymond, but elated at his own schemes, with a happy smile, he said—

"*'Hear me out, Charles; you are still my pupil; I will not resign my authority, until I delegate it to the lovely duchess.'*

"Resuming the conversation, he then said—*'I believe until to-day you were unacquainted with my having a daughter?'*

"I did not dare to answer; indeed had I wished it, my emotion was too violent to admit of speech. Sir Raymond proceeded—

"*'She is a young creature, of extraordinary beauty, and as I spared no expense on her education, possesses many accomplishments.'* (How my bosom heaved as he spoke thus calmly of Irene.) *'For this reason I have always carefully preserved her from your knowledge, dreading nothing so much as your forming an imprudent attachment. The decided preference given by Ann of Bretagne to the Archduke Maximilian, and the ridiculous form of a proxy marriage, to which she submitted, would have destroyed all hopes relative to her, in any person less ardent in your cause than myself. Persuaded that no man could know Irene without loving her, on parting from you last summer, I proceeded to*

Germany. My rank soon introduced me to Maximilian, son to the Emperor Frederick; his father had often made overtures for my friendship. I easily prevailed upon that romantic prince to accompany me *incog.* to France—carried him to my chateau on the banks of the Rhone, where I brought Irene to receive him, surrounded by a splendour not surpassed in his father's court.

"I have no doubt but that Maximilian saw through my artifice; but he had not power to resist the attractions of Irene, thrown into his society under circumstances so favorable to her beauty. The result has answered my most sanguine wishes. Two days hence he avowed the most animated attachment towards her—demanded her of me in marriage, only stipulating that, for the present, their nuptials should be private, as he apprehends the interference of his father, the Emperor Frederick."

"And Irene, does she love him?" I vehemently demanded, every fear absorbed in the most consuming jealousy.

"Too much engrossed with his politics to notice my violent agitation, Sir Raymond replied—

"As yet I have not acquainted her with her good fortune. Educated in uninterrupted retirement, totally ignorant of the laws of society, I consider her incompetent to form any judgment about such matters, and presume she can have acquired no opinions independent of my will. If she is possessed of any sensibility, it must be awakened by the attentions of Maximilian, who for grace and elegance is not exceeded by any prince in Europe; being of a very ardent temperament heretofore, he has been dissatisfied by the frigid coldness with which Irene has received his addresses, but this I take to be a common artifice with young maidens to disguise warmer sentiments, and it meets my approbation."

"This assurance of Irene's indifference to Maximilian, I justly imputed to her love for me, and it in some degree calmed the tumult of my spirits."

"Every thing," proceeded Sir Raymond, "is favoring my wishes. Engrossed by his passion for Irene, Maximilian has treated the Duchess of Bretagne with unpardonable neglect;

the French council, though unable to account for his weak and capricious conduct, taking advantage of the violent anger expressed towards him by Ann, have sent Margaret of Burgundy back to her country."

"Before, as I may safely say, the attention of all Europe is awakened to this deep stroke of policy, the business must be concluded. To-morrow I proceed to Bretagne to demand Ann for my royal pupil." Saying these words, Sir Raymond embraced me with tenderness, adding, "In acting honorably I have not only materially served you and France, but opened the most brilliant prospects for my child."

"Nothing but my unfortunate oath to Irene prevented me then from confessing my passion; at all events I had no hesitation in condemning his intentions of demanding Ann of Bretagne for me. I grasped wildly at the arm of the wondering Sir Raymond; but the conflict I suffered was too violent for a frame always delicate, and as I gasped for words, a strong convulsion seized me, and I fell back in his supporting arms. Calling loudly for assistance, in a few moments the apartment was crowded with officious attendants. As I recovered, I was prohibited from speech or exertion. Complaining of fatigue, I requested to be left to my repose. In vain did I ponder on my situation. I could devise no plan that seemed likely to emancipate me from the dilemma in which I was placed. How gladly would I at that moment have bartered all the pride and pageantry of the monarch, with its anxious cares and duties, for the independence of my meanest subject."

"For two days that I remained confined to my couch, Sir Raymond (who never suspected the cause of my illness) paid me every attention; but whenever I attempted to speak, fearful of any excitement, would hastily quit the apartment. Thus, I found it impossible to come to any explanation. Brissonet now returned; placing me under his special care, Sir Raymond set off for Bretagne, as he apprehended danger to his deep-laid plans if he delayed. He was also anxious to get back to Lyons, disapproving of leaving Irene to the care of Maximilian."

CHAPTER VII.

Soon as I acquainted Brissonet (who at that period was solely attached to

my interest) with the origin of my illness, and the anguish I suffered from

jealousy, and the apprehension of losing Irene, his ready-wit suggested a method by which I might obtain an interview with her. Independently of the exquisite pleasure of again meeting, I wished for her advice and sanction before I addressed the French council on the subject of my proposed marriage. From her powerful interest and exalted character, my rejection of the Duchess of Bretagne should be conducted with great delicacy. Nothing, indeed, could exceed the perplexity of my mind at that period, increased by the mortal affront I was going to put upon my respected friend Sir Raymond, in defeating all his well-laid schemes of ambition.

"Disguising ourselves as two of Sir Raymond de Frestamere's personal attendants, Brissonet and I, mounted on our fleetest steeds, rode, or rather flew across the country, without stopping for rest, and without food, excepting the hasty mouthfuls we obtained while fresh horses were preparing, until we arrived at Lyons. Here we again changed horses, and having taken some refreshment, proceeded to the Chateau de Frestamere, situated on the beautiful banks of the Rhone. It was early on the third evening after quitting Beauvoise, when we arrived at its massy gates. Having gained admittance, I boldly demanded to be admitted to the Lady Irene's presence, saying I bore despatches from Sir Raymond. A moment brought me to her feet—to her arms. The unexpected pleasure of seeing me caused her such an extacy of delight, that she lost all control over her feelings. She wept, she laughed—now threw herself into my arms—then in despite of all my efforts, sunk on the ground, pressing her beautiful lips to my feet, embracing my knees.

"I recognised you, my beloved Charles," she exclaimed, "soon as you entered the long corridor leading to this apartment—my heart by an unaccountable sympathy seemed to fly towards you—my bosom heaved responsive to your breathing." But why attempt a description of this scene. Oh! Irene, if love the purest, the most devoted, can be accepted as a peace-offering for sin, yours will be forgiven."

It was some moments before the king could command himself so far as to proceed.

"When the first transports caused by our meeting had subsided, I ac-

quainted Irene with her father's arrangements, at the same time vowing everlasting love and constancy. Judging by the sincerity of her own heart, the noble-minded girl never doubted mine.

"My dear Charles," she answered, "ignorant as I am of the manners of the world, I could not mistake the nature of Maximilian's attentions towards me; nor can I wonder at the pride with which my ambitious father anticipates placing me upon the most powerful throne in Europe. I did not, until you now told me, exactly understand the extent of Sir Raymond's plans relative to you, but your union with Ann of Bretagne has long been the goal of his wishes. It is needless to dwell upon all I have suffered since hurried to this chateau. Exposed to the lover-like addresses of the Archduke Maximilian, and treated by my father and his household as a future Empress. I will not waste these precious moments, by relating all my plans of escaping from this splendid mummery, but quickly explain how I am resolved to act.

"Maximilian is a noble-minded, honorable prince, worthy of the first and best affections of the human heart—romantic and ardent—the being that could deceive him must be treacherous indeed. Under no circumstance would I so far compromise my own dignity as to trifle with any man's affections. Of course my conduct to the Archduke has been uniformly haughty and reserved. Whenever led on by his passion he has ventured to address me in warmer terms, I have coldly repulsed him. Still supposing my heart disengaged, he imputes my manner to bashfulness, and not indifference, and his love seems to increase by opposition.

"Anxiously have I wished for some opportunity of confiding to him my sentiments of love for another; though, Charles, I will not for many reasons reveal your name.'—As I attempted to answer, putting her hand on my lips, 'Hear me,' she said, 'without interruption. I will explain to him my father's system of seducing him here to elude his marriage with Ann of Bretagne, that he might gain her for his pupil, Charles of France.

"At once disappointed in his hopes of gaining my affections, provoked at the meditated plan of sending back his young daughter Margaret of Burgundy, thus offering her the grossest insult in the face of all Europe, humbled and

irritated at being the dope of Sir Raymond's policy, Maximilian will no doubt hasten to Bretagne. The duchess already his affianced, and preferring him to all her admirers, will at once conclude their long purposed marriage. While my father still smarts under the feelings of mortified ambition and disappointed hopes, you will step forward and demand me as your bride. Should Sir Raymond refuse you, plead your cause by saying, if Irene de Freestamere was worthy of being Empress of Germany, she may be elevated to the throne of France. See, Charles, what a tutor love is, when it has taught me to subvert the deep-laid schemes of the greatest politician in Europe.'

"I pressed her passionately to my bosom without speaking, for even in the wild transport excited by the prospect of so soon possessing her, a pang shot through my heart at the idea of the bitter sorrow I was preparing for Sir Raymond.

"I know your feelings," said Irene, weeping, "and I respect you for them; but we are left no choice of action, else would I spare Sir Raymond, because he is my father. He is entitled to my duty, but not my love. In the present instance with inexcusable despotism he laid his plans without consulting my inclinations. I am treated as the mere tool of his ambition—led forth as one of his stud, to be disposed of at pleasure; besides lightly as my father has ever held woman's principles, my spirit rises with indignation when I consider myself set up as a kind of political decoy-bird, to allure the noble Maximilian from his interests. Even had I not been solely devoted to you, my worshipped Charles, I had exposed the whole system to the Archduke—myself descended from princes, think you I would gain an empire by base-born hypocrisy?"

"Spoken like yourself, Irene; but you seem to admire the Archduke mightily," said I, in a pettish tone. Irene rallied me on my jealousy, but was gratified at this new proof of my affection. She then asked did I not think her plan of gaining Sir Raymond's consent to our union admirable. I had nothing to object if she succeeded in sending Maximilian to the Duchess of Bretagne. After much entreaty on my side, I at length obtained her promise, in the event of her father's interposing his authority, that she would consent to a private marriage, and immediately after place herself under my

protection. Brissonet, then in orders, could perform the ceremony. From the romantic character of Maximilian, we concluded once he was acquainted with Irene's sentiments, he would, independently of all political views, shrink from the idea of accepting an unwilling bride.

"Having thus arranged every thing to our satisfaction, we indulged in a thousand gay sallies. Now I affected jealousy of Maximilian, then Irene, on an elevated seat, acted the queen, treating me as her subject. In short, our young hearts overflowed with rapture. Thus hour after hour rolled on, until the darkening atmosphere and the blaze of light that began to shine through the chateau, reminded Irene that her presence in the banquetting-room would be expected.

"'You must leave me Charles,' she said, mournfully, 'else you will be seen by my attendants; any premature discovery would impede all our plans.'

"I entreated for a little longer delay—it was granted; again I would have loitered, but Irene pointed out the madness of running such a risk for a few moments of each other's society, when in a few weeks we should most probably be united for ever. Yielding to her advice, I folded my arm around her, while her head sunk on my bosom, and was breathing out a painful farewell, when the door leading from the corridor, (and which, in our unreflecting folly we had neglected to close,) flew open, and the Archduke Maximilian stood before us. With an exclamation of surprise and contempt, he remained for some moments gazing upon us, then hastily withdrew.

"At first Irene was overcome with shame and confusion. After a time she began to fancy she might turn Maximilian's discovery of her indiscretion to advantage.

"'It affords me,' said she, 'the opportunity I have long panted for, of explaining myself to the Archduke. Without an avowal of his love, I could not introduce the subject, and unless I encouraged his attentions, which honor forbade, I might wait months for that confession, even with Sir Raymond's manœuvring. I will this night tell him my affections are engaged to a French nobleman, who came here in disguise. Indifferent as he is to me, I cannot endure he should suppose I degraded myself to an inferior.'

"Irene, I charge you acquaint him

at once with my rank, or rather I will this moment introduce myself.

"To this she positively objected, observing that under the powerful excitement of Maximilian's mind, if he discovered me to be at once his rival and the rejector of his daughter, the result most certainly would be fatal to either party. Disdaining this advice, I was contending the point with much warmth, when Brissonet rushed in, and calling me aside, whispered that a courier had just arrived to announce Sir Raymond's approach, who, wishing to see his daughter, had altered his route, and in place of going immediately to Bretagne, was proceeding to the chateau. Already from the battlements his barge was seen gliding up the Rhone.

"Irene demanded the purport of our conference. I could not deceive her. Almost frantic with terror, she threw herself upon her knees, and in the wildest accents bade me instantly fly from the chateau. Raising her up, I represented how unjust it was to expect I would leave her to her father's indignation, should, as was most probable, Maximilian mention the scene he had witnessed. I then attempted to persuade her that no time could be better suited than the present for explaining our mutual sentiments—that however irritated Sir Raymond might be, he should not, dared not, forget his allegiance—did he presume to interfere, I would teach him I was no longer his pupil but his monarch. Far from being assured by my vehemence, it increased the dread she always had of her father—she foresaw a thousand evils in the violent contention which must ensue between him, Maximilian, and myself. As for me, I cared for nothing but to protect Irene; and with more steadiness of purpose than I generally maintained, was persisting in waiting for an interview with Sir Raymond, when, snatching a crucifix from her bosom, she uttered a solemn vow, if I did not immediately quit the chateau, she would never again consent to meet me, though the death of both were to be the consequence.

"I then pleaded hard to leave Brissonet to bring me intelligence, but to this Irene also objected. She said, most probably on her father's return he would hear of the arrival of two of his serving-men, and naturally would require to see them, and he was too well acquainted with Brissonet not to recognise him immediately, and would

put him to the torture rather than not penetrate his secret.

"Two weeks hence, Charles,' said the trembling girl, 'let Brissonet come here—then, if the intelligence is not favorable to your wishes, I swear, by my eternal hopes, to accompany him back to Amboise, and, relying on your honor, place myself under your protection.'

"With this promise I should have been content, but an unaccountable presentiment of evil took possession of me, and as Irene tore herself from my arms, in a tone of deep sorrow, mixed with reproach, I emphatically said—

"Irene, you are sealing my destiny; you are dooming us both to misery.'

"Brissonet and I quitted the chateau of Frestamere unperceived, and reached Beauvoise without any interruption. Heavily two weeks passed on, and I received no intelligence from Sir Raymond or Irene. I had sent an express to the former, with some commission, desiring him to follow Sir Raymond to Lyons, and, if not there, to Bretagne, hoping by this means to hear something of Irene; but my express never returned.

"At length the day for Brissonet's departure arrived. I accompanied him half-way on his journey, and would have gone on to Lyons, but he dissuaded me from it, lest, if offended, Irene might hesitate in keeping her promise of escaping with him to Amboise.

"I will return with an eagle's speed,' said Brissonet, as he bade me adieu, 'either the bearer of good news or of the fair lady.'

"Two weeks more elapsed, and no intelligence arrived. My impatience amounted to torture; a thousand wild fears haunted me. Could Irene have yielded to her father's ambition, and wedded Maximilian—could Brissonet play the traitor, and have acquainted the lady of Beaujen and the French council—more than all, had Sir Raymond discovered Irene's love, and punished her?

"Resolving, at all risks, to end my doubts by going to Lyons, early one morning I was proceeding to the court to order horses, when I heard the draw-bridges let down. The next moment Brissonet rode in. Our surprise at meeting at such an hour was mutual. It was too dark to distinguish his countenance, but as he hurried me back to my apartment he was violently agitated.

" 'Something terrible has happened,' I exclaimed. 'Oh! my royal master, prepare yourself for the worst.'

"But, holy palmer! even at this distant period I must not dwell upon this scene, or detail my suffering, as I listened to the following account of my lost Irene:—

"Sir Raymond de Frestamere, changing his intended route, had returned to his chateau previous to his setting off for Bretagne. As he deemed it indiscreet to leave Irene in the society of Maximilian during his absence, he purposed placing her, until his return, in the convent near Lyons, where she had been educated, but hoped previously to have her privately betrothed to the Archduke, who, with all the ardor of a lover, had frequently urged him to make Irene indisputably his, ere his return to Germany.

"How great, then, was the consternation of Sir Raymond, when, on the morning following his arrival, Maximilian coldly and without ceremony informed him, that feeling no longer any inclination to be united to his daughter, he was preparing to take his immediate departure. Surprise gave place to rage in the breast of Sir Raymond, and he haughtily demanded a cause for such an unexpected change of sentiments.

"Disgusted as Maximilian was at the supposed *venality* of Irene's conduct, who he considered as having stamped an indelible disgrace upon a noble family, by admitting to a secret interview one of her father's low-born retainers (for, having never seen me, he was completely imposed upon by my disguise,) he was, nevertheless, too generous to betray the deluded girl to her father's fury. His unsatisfactory and equivocal answers as to his motives for so suddenly breaking off an engagement so anxiously sought, provoked the generally well-regulated temper of Sir Raymond to the most ungovernable rage, and he immediately challenged Maximilian to a single combat, declaring that nothing but his blood could wash out the insult offered him through the desertion of his daughter.

"The noble-minded Maximilian at first strove to appease him, but his calmness still farther irritated Sir Raymond, who accused him of cowardice. Finding all his efforts at a reconciliation fruitless, Maximilian was at length obliged to accompany him to a grove which lay at some distance ;

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but, brave as he was generous, he only acted on the defensive, while Sir Raymond, yielding to the fury of his passion, vigorously attacked his life. Already had Maximilian received two wounds in his left arm, when Irene, who had heard of their meeting, and, from the sternness of Sir Raymond's character, dreading the worst, rushed to the spot, and, in a paroxysm of contending feelings, flinging herself at her father's feet, acknowledged, that from the imprudence of her own conduct alone had the noble Archduke declined to unite himself to her.

"I say nothing of the shame and grief of the high-minded Sir Raymond at hearing of his daughter's disgrace. Already was his arm raised to plunge his sword into her throbbing heart, when Maximilian interfering, even on his knees, intreated compassion and forgiveness for the ill-fated girl.

" 'I thank you for saving me from the crime of depriving her of her worthless life; but my vengeance must have an object; let her acquaint me with her seducer; none ever offended a De Frestamere with impunity.'

" 'I have no seducer,' wept out the trembling girl; 'I am innocent of all except having disposed of my affections without your sanction; and he I love holds my honor more sacred than you do.'

"Maximilian looked sternly at her, but generously continued to intercede with her father, assuring Sir Raymond the secret of her shame should never escape his lips.

"But any chance she might have had of forgiveness was lost by her refusing to acknowledge the name of her lover. On this subject, neither threats nor entreaties were of any avail.

"Maximilian returned to Germany. Irene, ill and fainting, was placed in a carriage, and hurried by her father to the nunnery near Lyons where she had been educated.

"There she was attacked by a slow fever, and, by the orders of her father, who refused to see her, subjected to a rigid confinement.

"Such was the state of things when Brissonet, indefatigable in his researches, traced her to her asylum.

"With his usual cleverness for intrigue, disguised as a labourer, he had insinuated himself into the good opinion of the gardener of the convent, who employed him to work in the garden. By artful inquiries he soon

heard of Irene's illness, and frequently saw Sir Raymond, who, although he would not see his daughter, made daily inquiries after her health. For ten days her fever was intermitting. At length it terminated in death. Brissonet still lingered near the convent, dreading to return to me with the awful news; but hearing that Sir Raymond had left Lyons, and fearing lest I might receive the sad intelligence from him, and in despair betray myself, he hastened back to the castle of Beauvoise.

"It would be mockery to attempt any description of my despair when I heard of Irene's death. For several

weeks my mind verged upon madness. I then sunk into a stupor, from which nothing could rouse me. During this period the then faithful Brissonet watched over me with unceasing solicitude, communicating my danger to Sir Raymond, whom he traced to Bretagne. Some report of the disturbed state of my mind had reached Paris, and the Orleans confederacy, taking advantage of it, were actively employed in using private measures to place the Duke of Orleans on the throne of France. Such was the state of affairs when memory began slowly to resume her empire over my distracted mind.

CHAPTER VIII.

"As my health gradually returned, I found Sir Raymond de Frestamere anxiously watching over me with all the attention of a fond parent. The moment Brissonet had acquainted him with my danger, he hastened from Bretagne—first, with his usual foresight and self-possession, leaving a strong party to support my cause in Paris. Ere I was capable of understanding the threatened danger, the Orleans confederacy had been put down—the Duke of Orleans was in confinement—and Ann of Bretagne in some degree gained over to my cause.

"It was with sincere regret I observed the sad change a few weeks had wrought in the appearance of Sir Raymond. His tall figure, which had been full even to a slight tendency towards corpulency, was attenuated to emaciation—his sallow, sunken cheeks gave an enlarged effect to his features, and added something wild and unearthly to his dark eyes—always too piercing in their expression to be pleasing. I knew myself to be the original cause of his affliction; for the austerity he had used towards the unfortunate Irene I could not so severely condemn him, while he retained the horrible suspicion that she had sacrificed her honor.

"Under our relative positions no confidence could any longer exist. I still esteemed him highly, and was fully aware of the obligations I owed him, but I felt a restraint in his presence I could scarcely disguise, and hoped, when I took possession of my throne, to place him in some situation of high trust, that would remove him from my person."

"Such," interrupted the palmer, in

the deep inward tone he had all along used, "such is ever the stability of human friendship. It is the favored privilege of the great to cast off their friends when they no longer require their services."

"Let me continue without interruption," answered Charles haughtily. "Time wanes quickly; you have forced this confidence from me as the reward of your promised services; but I require not your opinions on my actions. Forget not again it is the king of France who addresses you.

"When I was so far recovered as to be enabled to attend to business, Sir Raymond addressed me in the following manner:—

"My royal pupil, do you remember my having some months hence spoken to you in this very apartment upon the subject of annexing Bretagne to your dominions, at the same time acquainting you I had a daughter then on the eve of being married to the Archduke Maximilian?—

"Here, Sir Raymond started from his seat, and strode up and down for some time in violent agitation. Never can I forget the expression of his countenance, as, turning towards me with his eyes cast upon the earth, as if too much degraded to meet my view, he said—

"My king, you will pity me when you hear, that wretched, lost girl, by abandoning herself to a most guilty passion, has sunk into misery, and brought eternal disgrace upon the noble house of De Frestamere."

"As he spoke, every limb of the 'proud Castilian' shook with contending passions. There was a pause. Then he wildly continued—

"I would have washed out her shame with her blood, but the too generous Maximilian interfered. She is now where she can sin no more, but may a father's curse pursue her even beyond the confines of the grave."

"Shuddering with horror, I execrated the impious wish. My emotion was so violent, that nothing but his conviction of my never having seen Irene could then have prevented his discovering my secret; but in answer to my feeble attempt of expressing the criminality of entertaining such vindictive feelings towards his child, he more calmly answered—

"You are right, my prince; the degraded girl is not worth a thought, the more particularly as the disgrace she has brought upon our house is not likely to transpire. Few, thank heaven! were acquainted with her worthless existence—fewer, still, with her defalcation from principle, and they will not expose her."

"Irritated beyond control, I was going to reply, in defence of my Irene, when Brissonet entered, with a significant look, to command my silence. Sir Raymond, to disguise his emotion, hastily quitted the apartment.

"After this conversation, Sir Raymond, offended, I conclude, at my hasty manner, never alluded to Irene. That he should suppose that she had been tempted to throw away her affections upon one of his retainers, was so wounding to my feelings, that only for Brissonet's interference, I would at all risks have acknowledged the truth, and removed such a stigma from her memory.

"She is at rest now," argued Brissonet, 'removed from all the contentions of this world; then why add to the affliction of her deeply-injured father, by the knowledge that you, to whom he has dedicated his time and talents, for whose interest he would sacrifice his life, have been the means of blasting all his prospects, and eventually of separating him from an only child. Rather, by meeting his views in respect of Ann of Bretagne, make some atonement for the misery which, however unintentionally, you have brought upon him.'

"It is needless, holy palmer, to enter into a detail of the variety of circumstances that ultimately led to my union with my present queen. Sir Raymond and Brissonet, both zealous for my aggrandizement, wearied me with con-

stant importunities on the subject.—Expresses daily arrived from the French court, accusing me of indifference to the prosperity of my subjects. On the one hand my pride was roused by the authority of the Lady of Beaujen still continued to exercise over me, and the determination with which she retained the reins of government, affecting to treat me as a minor; on the other, the Duke of Orleans, whom, immediately on my recovering, I had released from captivity, inspired with a generous ardor, had personally and successfully urged my suit with the Duchess of Bretagne. Yet, influential as all these circumstances certainly were, they would not have gained my consent had I not been excited by a sentiment of jealousy of Maximilian, who then assiduously courted Ann, and who, provoked at the slight I had offered his daughter, spoke of me as a being too contemptible to be worthy of his resentment. Considering him, moreover, as the primary cause of Irene's death, I gloried in being his successful rival. Thus my evil destiny prevailed; nine short months after my Irene died—died for me—I was united to Ann of Bretagne. Our nuptials were celebrated at Langais, in Touraine, with a splendor never exceeded in Europe. Let me pass over my feelings of deep sorrow on that occasion. Fortunately no notice was taken of my melancholy, as it was imputed to languor, resulting from my late severe illness. The same cause formed a sufficient excuse for constantly excluding myself from all society.

"A few months subsequent to the celebration of my marriage, Sir Raymond, who had never recovered his spirits after the death of his daughter, took a solemn leave of me. At parting, he said, 'having placed you, my royal pupil, in quiet possession of the throne of France, and united Bretagne to your dominions, I feel my occupation is over; I am weary of this world, and mean to devote the residue of my life to solitude, to prepare for another. Could my friendship prove of any farther service to you, my king, believe me, I would not, to gratify any selfish motive, desert you; but I am conscious of having for sometime back, become very obnoxious to a powerful party, the firmest supporters of your throne; and apprehensive that by my continuing near your person, and being honored by your preference, you may be involved in my unpopularity. I feel the

less regret at our separation, as I leave you surrounded with so many advantages. I believe no mortal ever commenced life under more fortunate auspices.'

"I pressed him ardently not to retire from the world, but to accept of the government of Bretagne, then vacant; but he resisted all my entreaties. He fixed upon Ireland for his retirement, I should say exile. I have never since seen him; but have reason to suppose it was through his friendship I was twice in my extremity during the war, supplied with large sums of money, sent to me in a mysterious manner.

"To return to my queen, owing to her former preference for Maximilian, at first she had experienced some reluctance to our union; this was rather gratifying, as I felt less reproach at my indifference to her, but after a short time she devoted herself to me with all the tenderness of a fond woman; I must have been a monster had I not endeavoured to requite her. All that kindness and affection could dictate, were lavished upon her; her lightest wish was gratified; her every want anticipated; but I could not master my love that was buried with Irene; the remembrance was so painful, I rushed into dissipation in hopes of leading my mind to new objects, till satiated with pleasures in which I found no interest, and being naturally fond of military exploits, in despite of the advice and opinions of my council, I commenced my romantic war with Italy. The chivalrous spirit it awakened, the constant exercise and incessant business improved my health, and cheered my mind. Nothing could exceed my success; every obstacle disappeared before my arms. The princes of Europe, who had heretofore considered me as a delicate effeminate boy, now looked up to me as a prodigy of valour.

"As I advanced, the trumpet of fame was sounded before me; the multitude rushed out to hail the conqueror of tens of thousands. Flushed with success, elated at the applause of my subjects, indulging a thousand wild schemes for extending my dominions to the utmost limits of Europe, ambition began to usurp every other feeling, when my hopeless, but unextinguished passion for Irene was awakened by the following unexpected circumstance, and again the whole colour of my fortunes was changed.

"After making my triumphal entry

into Naples, and being there hailed as its emperor, I passed through the papal dominions, treating the Pope with the contempt his execrable character demanded. After one or two battles, in which I came off conqueror, I at length reached Asti with renewed laurels. Indefatigable in my military duties, one evening having returned more than usually fatigued to my apartment, I issued orders, that under no pretence my repose should be interrupted. I had scarcely sunk into a refreshing slumber when I was awakened by hearing a loud scuffle outside; indignant at the disturbance I angrily inquired the cause, when my guards acquainted me they were dragging away a begging pilgrim, who, in defiance of their orders, was insisting upon gaining admittance into my presence. The whole business appeared so strange, I concluded there must be some cause beyond presumption, and waving off my guards desired the pilgrim to enter.

"How shall I proceed, holy palmer, to acquaint you, that the moment we were alone, casting off his pilgrim's dress, I discovered Stephen de Veis, a youth who had belonged to my household at the castle of Beauvoise, and who, from his amiable conduct, had gained my confidence, and what was at that period far more difficult of attainment, the good opinion of Sir Raymond. Sinking upon one knee before me, after some preparation, lest the excitement might prove too powerful, de Veis handed me a letter from my lost Irene. For some time my senses became so confused I fancied I laboured under a sudden delusion of my fancy. Moments elapsed ere my trembling fingers could separate the silken chord which entwined the letter; hours before I could admit the rapturous belief that Irene, who for upwards of four years I had considered as dead, still lived."

"As you hope for assistance," interrupted the palmer, in a tone almost suffocated by emotion, "explain the full purport of that letter."

"I may repeat the words, for they are engraven upon my memory, but the spirit that breathed through every line infused itself into mine, you, palmer, could never understand. In the beloved letter, my Irene entered into a detail of the events I have already mentioned, relative to the duel which had taken place between her father and the Archduke Maximilian. Too late she regretted not having yielded to my entreaties, of leaving Brissonet

at the chateau, as after our departure every one who surrounded her, being devoted to her father's interest, she could find no possible means of communicating to me her unhappy position.

"Placing her in the convent where she had been educated, Sir Raymond gave the abbess, whom he admitted into his confidence, a strict charge to keep the unhappy Irene secluded from the sisterhood; at the same time, if possible, to elicit the name of her seducer. 'But, my Charles,' proceeded the noble girl, 'had they put me to the torture, I would not have revealed your name. Revenge is as hereditary to the De Frestameres as their proud descent; and had my father, frantic at the defeat of his plans, discovered you as their author, knowing the power he at that period possessed over the destinies of France, I feared lest his vindictive spirit might lead him to place the Duke of Orleans on the throne, and that the more readily as the Duke, having recently obtained a divorce from his duchess, could unite himself to Ann of Bretagne; thus Sir Raymond might have gratified his revenge upon you without sacrificing any of his patriotism. I take no merit for acting thus,' adds Irene, 'your glory and interest being far dearer to me than my own, and, besides, I nourished the hope that when you found I had been spirited away, assisted by Brissonet, you would discover my retreat, and form some plan to elude the vigilance with which I was guarded.

"The anxiety I suffered brought on an intermitting fever. Taking advantage of it, my father, as I have since learned, reported me as dead; but of this strange deception, until very lately I was ignorant. One night while I still suffered from illness, I was placed in a litter, and transported to a convent in the vicinity of Rome; here I was exposed to the most violent persecutions, to influence me to take the vows, but with something of my father's inflexibility of character, I resisted all their persuasions, still hoping, when they relaxed from their rigid confinement in which I was kept, to find some way of acquainting you with my fate. Judge, then, my anguish, my despair, when the account of your marriage, with all its brilliant associations, penetrated the gloom of my convent. Nine months scarcely elapsed and I was resigned by him I had so madly loved, all his vows of constancy forgotten. When

I look back to that period, I wonder how I survived the shock; but my misery found some alleviation in reflecting that you, my Charles, unequal to compete with Sir Raymond's superior talents, had been the dupe of his politics, and like myself become his victim. True, your marriage with the Duchess of Bretagne, raised an inseparable barrier to our union, but my heart weakly indulged the criminal hope of still retaining the first place in your affections.

"I now assiduously cultivated the friendship of a French lady boarding in the convent, and in the habit of hearing from a Parisian friend attached to the queen's suite. Of course the general subject of her letters related to the court; at first they spoke of you, Charles, as cold and melancholy, suddenly their style changed, and you were represented as gay, dissipated, devoted to pleasure, and suspected of being inconstant to your queen. Oh! the cold shudder that crept through me, as these reports reached my ear. Here I could not sooth my mind by any deceptive view of your attachment, for nothing but your own passions could have influenced you to be faithless to your queen—doubly false to me. Bitter was the agony with which, in the frenzy of my jealousy, I cursed the infatuation which had impelled me to resign for one so worthless, an empire, a father's love, and, though innocent, to bear the brand of guilt. The last lingering hope connected with your memory was extinguished from the inmost recesses of my soul; I renounced you; but in so doing the world lost the only charm that attached me to it. I no longer struggled against my destiny, and when my father next appeared, I obeyed his stern command, and took the veil. Even this act of duty did not tend to soften his anger towards me. When taking his last farewell, addressing the abbess—for from the fatal day of Maximilian's departure from Lyons, he had never spoken to me—he said, 'that wretched girl is now as well defended from drawing any further disgrace upon her family, as if she were indeed an inhabitant of the tomb.' I paid little attention to these ambiguous words, so deeply was I shocked at the vindictive spirit which dictated them.

"Having once devoted myself to religion, I struggled hard to banish you from my bosom—it was an impossible task—you were ever in my thoughts—

but this unconquerable error brought its own punishment. As the recollection of you only served to fill my mind with hatred and jealousy, I now strenuously avoided all conversation that might lead to your name; and having one day, in the refectory, severely rebuked one of the boarders for mentioning some court news before the nuns, the abbess highly approved of my strictness, and gave peremptory orders that no light subjects should ever again be introduced into the presence of the sisterhood. Thus, all communication between me and the world ceased. Years rolled on without one event to interrupt the monotonous existence to which I had doomed myself. Unfortunately my mind soared far above the petty cares and jealousies which helped to arouse and excite the generality of the nuns; but my disposition was too ardent to remain long inactive, and I soon became celebrated for the fervour of my devotions; my zeal and piety were held up as an example, and I have occasion to believe the ardour of my sanctity diffused itself through all the convents in Rome and its neighbourhood. Alas! self-deceived, I deceived others.

“Adjoining our convent is a very extensive hospital reserved exclusively for the use of sick strangers and travellers. Here they are received without any inquiry being made relative to their business or quality, and attended with the greatest care and humanity. Truly the oil and wine of charity is poured into their wounds. Six nuns are appointed annually for this active service. It happened some months hence, a fever broke out in the hospital causing an awful mortality, four of the attending nuns expired under its noisome influence; from the dread of infection, there was much murmuring at the election for supplying their places. Enthusiastic in the performance of my religious duties, I volunteered my services—they were gratefully accepted—reckless of danger I pursued my revolting task with an unremitting zeal, which proved most beneficial to the patients, and established me with the sisterhood as a miracle of skill and patience.

“About six weeks ago, after I had retired to rest, I was called up to attend a sick stranger just brought into

the hospital, and supposed to be in the last extremity. Imagine my surprise when I discovered in him Stephen de Veis, your friend, and who you may recollect, accompanied you and Brisonet several times during your visits to me, at the villa near the castle of Beauvoise. He had only fainted from exhaustion. In my hurry to apply restoratives, I had thrown back my veil. As his senses returned he at once recognised me, but appeared shocked and terrified. My indefatigable care restored him to health in a shorter time than could have been expected. To my inquiries, why my appearance had so deeply affected him, he acquainted me with the report of my death, so successfully circulated by my father. This led to a full explanation of all the events which had occurred subsequent to my banishing you from my presence, on that fatal evening in the chateau de Frestamere.

“Blessed Virgin! what were my emotions on finding my Charles had never forgotten me? that his very errors originated in his unextinguished passion—that ambition, glory had failed in obliterating my memory—and that the conqueror of Italy, oft in the silence of night, wept over the hallowed memory of his lost Irene. Charles, separated as we now are, by all the laws of God and man, this knowledge fills my whole being with the most exquisite delight. Is there not some divine doctrine that preaches the possibility of spirits being united, though oceans rolled between them. Such is now my belief; my spirit flies towards, recognises, communicates with yours. This is like the rhapsodies of madness; but since I heard you still loved me, my soul is in ecstasies, and I cannot address you with calmness.

“Yet think not, my beloved, I have thus innovated upon my sacred duties without a severe struggle. No; long I resisted all De Veis' entreaties to acquaint you with these facts; he insists that I owe this recital to your friendship, and that the certainty of my existence, will sooth your regrets. You will, I know, answer this, it must be a last farewell. Then will I return to my devotions with increased fervour, and pray for the happiness and prosperity of my king.”

CHAPTER XI.

Ann, France, glory, all faded from my view as I read the impa-

sioned letter of Irene. I looked impatiently around for de Veis, to enter

into a thousand inquiries relative to her, but upon witnessing my violent emotion, he had modestly retired. I rung to summon him, when Brissonet, ever on the watch, appeared, framing some excuse for De Veis having retired to rest. Under the excitement of my feelings, I rashly confided to that ambitious, desperate man the wonderful discovery I had just learned, of Irene being still alive, shewing him her letter, and from that moment became his tool, a mere puppet to be played upon at his pleasure."

While the king still spoke, the large clock of the convent struck two. "I must hasten, palmer," he said, "another half hour and Irene will expect me."

"She will patiently abide for you," muttered the mysterious palmer; but the king, without heeding his answer, continued to speak:

"As the first glow of rapture passed away, the appalling truth that I was separated from Irene, by indissoluble ties, filled me with despair. Yet, heaven is my witness, at that time the most remote wish of drawing her from her convent never even occurred to me. One hope alone I cherished. It was to see her once more—personally explain how much I had loved, how much suffered—to discover if there was any earthly good connected with her happiness, and to devote, if necessary, my life to its fulfilment. I communicated these wishes to De Veis, demanding his assistance. Independent of all selfish views, he was sincerely attached to my interest, and, I have since understood, loved Irene with a passion as ardent as it was hopeless.

"He explained that the nunnery in which she resided being of the Benedictine order, there would be much danger and difficulty in my attempting an interview with her; but if I could manage so as to set off for Rome without delay, and submit to enter the hospital in the disguise of a patient, he would arrange the meeting. However revolting this measure, without hesitation I consented to the degradation, and instantly sent him off to Irene, with such a letter of entreaty as I concluded would obtain her consent to the interview. Without waiting for the conclusion of a treaty I had entered into with Sporza, I left Asti on the following day.

"I advanced into Rome armed cap-a-pee, surrounded by my invincible army, followed by my artillery, then

the terror of my enemies. A thousand torches illuminated my path—bands of martial music proclaimed my triumphant entry. Nobles pressed forward to pay me homage. The Pope and his satellites fled at my approach. At that auspicious moment I might have exalted France above all the nations of Europe, but Irene cast her shadow between me and my brighter fortunes."

"Curse her," said the palmer, in a deep inward voice; but the convulsive sighs that burst from the king prevented his hearing him, and again, but with increased emotion, he resumed his narrative:

"Let me hasten over this period of my hapless, though brilliant existence. It would, indeed, prove but a detail of passion and suffering, were I to trace step by step the eminence from which I fell. It would torture my brain to madness—but, holy father! I will expose to your view the friends who, taking advantage of my one great passion, combined, for their own base purposes, to seduce me on to disgrace and ruin.

"Long before the events I am now relating, Brissonet had been appointed Bishop of St. Maloes. The insolent upstart, not content with a distinction to which by birth he was so little entitled, had fixed his aspiring hopes upon the possession of a cardinal's hat then vacant, and had dared to press me to enter into negotiations with Alexander the Sixth upon the subject. I had rebuked his presumption with severity, and, to mark my displeasure, continued to treat him with coldness, until my weak confidence relative to Irene placed me in his power.

"De Veis had preceded me to Rome to deliver my letter to Irene, while I impatiently waited for her answer, and anticipated the melancholy pleasure of seeing her for the last time, even for a few moments. He brought me the strange intelligence, that on the very night of my entrance into the city, she had been removed from the convent. All his efforts to discover by whose authority, or to what retreat, proved fruitless. In a state little short of distraction, I accused him of having betrayed me, and, refusing to hear his justification, commanded him to quit my presence, and never return until he discovered Irene.

"My banishment of this sincere friend proved most unfortunate, as it left me solely to the machinations of

Brissonet. He gave it as his opinion that the most simple and certain way of gaining an immediate knowledge of Irene, was by an application to the pope, who, as head of the church, could command an account of all the religious houses in Christendom, and offered, if I granted my consent, to conduct the enquiry with a delicacy that would neither involve me or Irene with his holiness.

"At first I contemned, with indignation, the idea of asking any favour from the infamous Alexander, but the Bishop of St. Maloes then artfully insinuated De Veis' violent attachment to Irene, and the possibility of his having deceived me, or—dreadful thought!—he might have betrayed her, and at the very moment she might be suffering under the anathemas of the church.

"I have since often wondered that I did not immediately see through the treachery of this most consummate villain. The fact is, the vehemence of my passions precluded all powers of reasoning, otherwise I must have reflected that to De Veis I owed even my knowledge of Irene's existence.

"As days passed on, and no intelligence of her arrived, my love and jealousy mastered every other consideration, and, in a moment replete with future misery, I madly consented to hold a private conference with the pope in the castle of St. Angelo—this led to several others. History records nothing so extraordinary as these nocturnal interviews between me and that high priest of heresy. The Bishop of St. Maloes was our only confidant; even his being immediately exalted to the rank of cardinal did not awaken my suspicions; but knowing the pope to be capable of any act of treachery towards my person, I always went fully armed, and never partook of any refreshments he offered. Alas! little did I apprehend, at the time, the true source of my danger.

"My delicacy towards Irene, and apprehension of exposing her to punishment, suppressed my ardent desire for our meeting, and I merely intimated to his holiness the deep interest I experienced in the fate of my valued friend, Sir Raymond de Fres-tamere's only daughter—my anxious desire to know wherefore she had been removed from the sanctuary in which he had placed her, and in what convent she then resided. I also inquired to the possibility of having her

placed at the head of some religious establishment, for I knew that the highest ambition of some of the first women in France was to be lady abbesses, and hoped Irene might find some consolation in extending her religious duties.

"During our first two or three interviews, Alexander, who, to commanding eloquence added specious manners, affected to listen and to believe all I said of Irene, but with apparent carelessness generally turned the subject upon state affairs, trying to sift out my opinion of the several potentates of Europe, with whom, one way or another, he was politically engaged. I was careful never to give him any satisfactory answers; indeed, my abhorrence to him was so unconquerable that it seemed a presentiment of the evil he was to cause me. Provoked and irritated at his always evading to give me any certain information of Irene, one night as I quitted him I remarked to Brissonet, 'Tell Alexander I will meet him no more, as I suspect he is trifling with me, and the next time he hears from me shall be by the loud roaring of my artillery, as it awakens him in the castle of St. Angelo.' This occurred on the 22d of January; two days after I found a note on my table containing the following words:—'Meet me to-night at the Vatican; then all relative to Irene shall be concluded upon. As usual, you must be unaccompanied, except by our mutual friend.' There was no signature—there needed none.

"I showed the scroll to Brissonet. I noticed that he turned deadly pale, and stammered out some wish that I should not go. I believe the wretch at the instant felt some yearnings of pity. Apprehending nothing but personal danger, I gaily pointed to my sword, desiring him to place some arms under his religious robe, adding, 'I believe Alexander to be capable of any infamy, but he well knows, if I was missing to-morrow, before midnight my brave soldiers would reduce him and his proud city to ashes.

"Brissonet answered dryly, 'He would gain nothing by your death. France can supply kings and heroes in abundance.' This observation did not please me, but I let it pass.

"The pope, clad in his sacerdotal robes, received me in the library of the Vatican. There he stood, amidst the learning of departed ages, unshrinking in his wickedness, mocking

at the mouldering relics of genius, and using his own accursed knowledge as a weapon of destruction; he seemed a very incarnation of the evil spirit.—Hitherto, whenever I entered his presence, he had treated me with a respect bordering upon servility, but on this evening his manner was haughty, almost insolent. I observed his countenance was much flushed; some flasks of wine and rich goblets rested on a marble slab near him. Ere I could recover my surprise at his untusal manner, he threw himself into a seat, and, pointing to me to take another, with the most unblushing effrontery began to address me in a manner too collected to leave any impression that he was influenced by the wine he had been drinking.

“Charles of France, I rejoice you have honored our summons, and come here this evening. To speak a bold truth, being of an impatient temper, I am quite sick of the farce we have been acting during our interviews in the Castle of St. Angelo. I know not how you may feel, but it was an encroachment upon my time and pleasures. Come we then to the point at once. You, Charles of France, wedded, in the face of all Europe, to Ann Duchess of Bretagne, cherish an unlawful passion for Irene de Frestamere, a professed nun; but of this we take no cognizance; let it rest between you and your conscience. Crowned heads have their privileges. Irene de Frestamere, a professed nun of the Benedictine order, acknowledges for you a most guilty and unholy love, and has dared, under the guise of extraordinary sanctity, to pollute her convent, by holding converse with your dependant, Stephen de Veis, employing him to bring you letters. Of this we have undeniable proofs; and he held up to my astonished view Irene’s letter. ‘Now, as eldest son of the most holy Catholic church, I am bound by the most solemn oaths to take cognizance of her crime, and condemn her to a death too terrible for description.’

“Shuddering with horror, I entered into a defence of the unfortunate Irene, vehemently accusing Brissonet as the purloiner of her letter.

“‘Spare your reproaches for the present,’ sneeringly interrupted Alexander. ‘He has betrayed you, else how should I have known your secret. What men call principle, I have ever found a most saleable article. The

cardinal has had his price; so ends all compliment between him and me. Irene de Frestamere is now in my power. I have set a high price upon her. Enter into the treaty I require, the particulars of which you will find fully explained in this,’ and he handed me a roll of parchment, ‘and I promise, by all you hold most sacred, to place her in your power to dispose of at pleasure. Nay, if your love leads you to sacrifice so much, I will, in a few months hence, have you publicly divorced from your queen. It can be easily done, under the plea of her engagement to the Archduke Maximilian previous to her union with you. Immediately after, I grant Irene a dispensation of her vows; thus, through my means you may attain the summit of your wishes, by placing her at your side upon the throne of France.’

“Alexander spoke rapidly, and with a tone of decision which prevented interruption. I was startled at the system of crime he so unequivocally laid down; yet a wild throb of pleasure rushed through my veins at the idea Irene might still be mine, but I checked the guilty transport, and haughtily rebuked him. My manner was severe and reproachful, as I declared that if my queen was even dead I never would attempt to seduce a professed nun from her secret espousals. Dared I suggest such an impious act, Irene would spurn me with abhorrence. I proceeded to say I no longer wondered at the many applications I had received from his cardinals to have him deposed, when, to the promotion of his political views, he offered to cancel the most holy obligations of the church over which he presided as head.

“It was then the execrable pope, throwing of all disguise, stood forth as the champion of heresy. Never can I forget the demoniac expression of his countenance as, starting up and throwing back the folds of his large robe, he burst into a loud, bitter laugh of ridicule.

“But, father, I must not, in this consecrated spot, breathe forth his horrid blasphemies, nor wound your pious ears by a detail of his explanations. Suffice it, then, to say, in a manner as clear as it was eloquent he exposed to my view the whole system by which the Church of Rome collected her relics and performed her miracle to delude her credulous disciples. A

he spoke he drew forth several articles from the cabinets of the library to corroborate his baneful knowledge.

"Horror-struck, I had not power to move. I seemed under the influence of some wizards' spell. In vain did the cardinal attempt to check the torrent of his words; he gloried in his wickedness, and triumphed in its effect; and when the astounded Brissonet said, 'Heed him not, my king,' he only gives utterance to the ravings of intoxication. In a calm, perspicuous manner he laid open the hidden secrets of science understood by the studious monks of by-gone days, and handed down by them as heir-looms to the church to be only used for its advancement. Among other interesting discoveries, he explained the mystery of the ever-burning lamps upon the shrine of St. Ursula.

"As, with bitter execrations, I attempted to escape from his revolting expositions, with his sarcastic sneer he remarked aloud to Brissonet—

"Our warrior King of France is in a passion because we have admitted just light enough to dispel the illusions of his over-heated fancy; in place of being gratified at the demonstration of truth, he is annoyed at discovering the corruption of the creed he so fervently worshipped. It certainly is rather

mortifying to be compelled to unlearn, in a few short moments, what the pious monks, chosen as his instructors by his most saintly father Lewis the Eleventh, took so much pains to inculcate, not forgetting the sage councils of the rigidly-moral and dark-minded patriot, Sir Raymond de Frestamere.'

"Hence your mockery, fiend!' I exclaimed (for he had dared to place his hand upon my shoulder) as I dashed him off with a violence that sent him staggering back some paces.

"Recovering his balance, with a countenance pallid from rage, he emphatically said—

"Then, Charles of France, in the face of thousands, you shall fall down and worship a fiend—or Irene de Frestamere dies.'

"I sprung to the door of the library by which I had entered, but was so convulsed by contending passions I could not open it. Brissonet officiously stepped forward to assist me; indignation restored my paralysed powers.—'Away, away wretch!' I exclaimed, pushing him aside—for the sake of that bauble,' pointing to the cardinal's hat, 'you have sold your king.' Again the insulting laugh of Alexander broke upon my ears, as he called out, 'And for a lesser bauble, a woman's love, you will part with your birthright.'

CHAPTER X.

"After that dreadful evening I held no more interviews with the pope; but through means of his vicious colleague, the Bishop of St. Maloes, he sent me a solemn assurance of having Irene immediately convicted for a breach of her monastic vows. Her letter to me would fully attest her crime—then put to the torture, and afterwards publicly committed to the flames, if I did not, without hesitation, enter into a negotiation with him, in which, among other leading articles, he demanded that I should at once set him at liberty, and support him against his cardinals, then met in conclave, to petition me for his deposition. He also insisted that in St. Peter's, in the presence of its assembled congregation, I should pay him homage as the elder son of the church.

"I offered to abdicate Italy, and sign all the other stipulations of this infernal treaty, if he spared me the last indignity; but, stimulated by revenge and hatred, he would not relent. 'Rather, do I live to tell it? I, the

anointed King of France, in the chapel consecrated to God, fell down and worshipped that fiend. Charles groaned aloud, and, wringing his hands, called out, 'Irene, you were dearly purchased.'

Again the palmer, with his deep inward voice, muttered, "Curse her."

"After this," proceeded Charles, "any account of myself must appear as the ravings of insanity. I suffered woe unutterable. On one hand, although the pope swore to Irene's safety, he dallied about giving me any positive intelligence as to where he had placed her. The Bishop of St. Maloes I loathed; yet, as my confidant, and the only medium through which I could communicate with Alexander, I was obliged to endure him. Since my unaccountable submission to the pope at St. Peter's, although my arms still continued victorious, in place of being hailed as the hero of chivalry, I was looked upon with profound contempt, and considered as a fool or a madman—all my former con-

quests imputed to chance, or the caprice of fortune. Thus, by yielding to the influence of an illegitimate passion, I was hurled from my high estate.

"Wounding as all these mortifications were, they caused no misery equal to the tortures of conscience awakened by the taint of infidelity breathed over my soul by the heresies of Alexander. He argued truly when he said I never should forget his accursed knowledge. To add to my despair, I now received intelligence of the death of my lovely boy, my only child, my vaunted heir. The letter which my queen wrote upon the occasion breathed the pure faith of a Christian parent, bending in meek submission to the will of an all-seeing Providence, and finding consolation in the anticipation of being re-united to her child in a happier sphere. How I envied her these feelings—how sincerely I cursed the monster who had destroyed the fabric of my belief—at best, sending me in search of an abstract good.

"After this my sufferings became unbearable. By a strange contradiction in my nature at the very time I was robbed of all respect for the forms of worship, I fancied the spirit of an avenging God pursued me for neglecting them. A wild and fearful superstition supplied the place of my former faith, like the king of old, visions of the future haunted me; I felt my posterity was at an end, that my kingdom would pass into the hands of my enemies. At intervals my reason would urge that the immaculate omniscient being, whom, in point of fact, I had always worshipped, existed independently of all human creeds. Unfortunately my monkish education had impressed the forms, not the pure essence of religion, and I mourned over the system I had so long venerated, with that intense feeling of regret one experiences at witnessing the demise of a beloved friend; we hope the spirit will be received into the realms of bliss, but the body in which it was enshrined, and which we so passionately loved, lies before us, a mass of hideous corruption.

"Such struggles reduced me to a pitiable state of weakness. If I went forth, the rustling of the withered leaves agitated me—the rushing of the wind through my apartment seemed a voice of warning—the spirit of evil was diffused around—it was about my bed,

and about my path. Frequently in my agony have I sprung from my couch, and loudly called upon the all-merciful God to save me from the fiend Alexander, whose awful expositions clung to me like the tunic of the Centaur tearing and destroying my whole being. Sometimes I gave utterance, by loud cries, to my despair; then Brissonet was always at hand to assist; and could aught have excused his guilt, it was the commiseration he shewed for my troubled state, and the tact with which he disguised these occasional aberrations of mind from the public.

"My health faded away and I became reduced to a skeleton; but a strong conviction that I had not long to live, reconciled me to misery and aroused me to action. Despairing of getting any intelligence of Irene from Alexander, who respected no treaty, I commenced preparations for securing his person. When aware of my intentions, and being as cowardly as he was base, he fled in the night time to Perugia. Incensed at his escape, I commanded the Bishop of St. Maloes to follow, and tell him, he had then to deal with a man made desperate through his perfidy, and if before that day month he did not place Irene de Frestamere in some sanctuary where his authority could not reach her; I would reduce Rome to ashes though Irene and myself were to perish in its flames.

"Brissonet had departed to Perugia for some days, when, as I one night entered a cabinet adjoining my sleeping apartment, I found Stephen de Veis—I started with surprise—he signified that I should not notice him until I dismissed my attendants who were in waiting.

"Soon as we were alone, this faithful friend acquainted me, that from the day I had banished him from my presence, he had devoted his whole time to the discovery of Irene. First in the garb of a capuchin, he had visited all the nunneries in Italy. Depressed by constant disappointment he then proceeded to Paris, where he entered into a society of friars, and through them he learned that a distant relative of Sir Raymond de Frestamere was abbess of St Ursula, the most secluded and rigid convent in Christendom, and only admitting women of superior rank. The probability that Irene had been lodged there flashed upon his mind, and he fixed upon the following expedient to ascertain the fact.

"Without assuming any disguise

followed by an attendant, he rode to the convent of St. Ursula ; leaving his horse at some distance, he boldly advanced, and in my name demanded to see the abbess ; he was desired to await her pleasure at the grate, as under no plea was a layman ever permitted to enter. After sometime the abbess appeared, and demanded his business ; without hesitating, De Veis replied that his royal master, the king of France, having heard a vague report of Sir Raymond de Frestamere having died in Ireland, sent him to her as his kinswoman, to learn had she been apprised of the event. The stately old lady proudly declared her ignorance, and was about retiring, when by one of those chances which often occur to subvert the deepest schemes of human wisdom, Irene pressed forward to bear some message ; her veil was down, and a broad fillet of coarse linen bound her noble brows, but her superior height and graceful movements, which no dress could disfigure, discovered her to De Veis, even before he heard her voice as she addressed the abbess. Overcome with joy he remained speechless ; Irene was retiring, when summoning resolution, he said aloud, 'it will be a sad tale for my master, Charles of France, when he finds you, can give him no intelligence of his highly esteemed friend Sir Raymond.' As he spoke, he observed Irene, who had not before noticed him, totter and lean against the wall for support.

"The abbess sternly replied, 'stranger you presume too much upon your royal favor, you have had your answer, retire.'

"With a submissive bow De Veis vanished from her view. Hiding himself in the woods, he waited until the vesper hour, then cautiously advanced towards the grate. As he had hoped, Irene guessed his business, and had watched for his return, De Veis handed her my letter, which, in hopes of their meeting, he had always kept about his person. Hiding it in her bosom, she threw to him the leaf of her tablet closely written ; then in hurried accents desired him to depart, and as he valued her life, not to be seen again near the

convent, but closely to observe the directions she had laid down.

"De Veis hurried back, and on examining the tablet, found the following words written in Italian :

"'On Friday next, at ten in the evening, the great chapel belonging to St. Ursula will be thrown open for the admission of strangers. Let you, De Veis, attend, and when the congregation are engaged in prayer, watch an opportunity to steal unobserved to the northern end of the building ; there you will see a remarkable picture of the martyrdom of St. Stephen, near it is an old confessional, rarely or never used, enter it. At two in the morning a large bell will ring, and all present be warned to retire, but stir not. Should ill fortune direct any person to the confessional, affect to sleep—be wary and resolute—farewell.'

"De Veis attentively observed all these directions ; on the Friday evening appointed, mixing with the crowd of devotees, he entered the chapel of St. Ursula, and glided unperceived into the confessional : just at two, a loud bell rung, then the deep sonorous voice of an old monk called loudly from the altar, 'beloved brethren, instantly depart in peace.' In ready obedience, the multitude hurried away. Two monks with flambeaus marched through the immense pile to see that all were gone ; then the massy gates were closed, locks and bolts arranged, and De Veis not without a beating of the heart, found himself alone.

"Half an hour passed, then the door of the confessional slid back, and Irene stood before him, pressing her lips with her finger to denote silence, she handed him a letter directed to me—he received it on his bended knee—beckoning him to follow, she passed through several obscure aisles, till she reached a small portal, artfully concealed in the encrusted wall. As she opened it she whispered, 'be quick, all scruples about my love for your royal master are fled.' Next day De Veis quitted Paris, scarcely allowing himself an hour's rest until he reached me."

CHAPTER XI.

"Irene's letter was written hastily, and with much sensibility she entered into the state of her mind, after having first addressed me. 'The reproaches of my conscience, my beloved Charles, are so acute, and my repentance so

sincere, that I resolved never again to hold any correspondence with you ; but, doubtful of my own steadiness, where you were the object, to place myself beyond the possibility of temptation ; I concluded upon acknowledg-

ing my sin at my next confession. I was fully aware that I would be condemned to a severe penance ; but the enthusiasm of my faith rather led me to rejoice at subjecting myself to punishment which I considered as a necessary oblation for my sin.

"Ere I had an opportunity of confessing, I was removed in a mysterious manner, and without any cause being assigned, to St. Ursula, in the neighbourhood of Paris. I strongly suspected that one way or another, this change was owing to you. The abbess acquainted me that the Pope was much interested in my fate ; there was now no immediate necessity for acknowledging my error, and I resolved to preserve my secret, lest it might in any way reflect upon your honor—always far dearer to me than my own.

"In the spirit of my faith I subjected my body to a severe penance. I scarcely allowed myself sufficient rest or food to support nature, practising the greatest austerities. This gained for me the approbation of the abbess.

"I had been about two months in the convent, when one of the sisters died suddenly ; her death made no impression upon my mind, but on the evening of her funeral, the abbess after midnight prayers came secretly to my cell, and after expressing her admiration of my sanctity and wonderful self-denial, with much circumlocution confided to my wondering senses the following strange facts :

"She said in earlier ages the priesthood finding the minds of men generally too obtuse to receive the sublime doctrine of revelation in its purity, had occasionally found it necessary to practice trifling deceptions to dazzle their imagination through the working of miracles ; by this means they gained an unbounded and necessary influence over their proselytes. For centuries, continued the abbess, this convent has been highly honored from the received opinion, that the lights which burn in it are the peculiar care of St. Ursula ; to preserve this delusion, a passage has been formed in the massy walls, the entrance of which is hidden in the chapel behind an old picture, by Malfeo, of the martyrdom of St. Stephen. She then brought me through the passage, which gradually ascended to a considerable height, when we reached a small door ; passing through we descended a narrow steep stair case, so confined that we came in contact with the walls ; this led to an apartment

below the foundation of the building. Here the abbess, trembling for the fate of her miracle, instructed me in the use of machinery which was arranged to supply the lamps.

"She explained that twice a-week, on Tuesdays and Fridays after midnight prayers, I was to steal to this apartment and between two and three in the morning, enter the chapel by the secret passage to attend upon the lamps. Irene then spoke largely of her feelings at this strange event. Her letter broke off abruptly as if she had been interrupted. On the outside was written, 'Charles, if possible be in the great chapel of St. Ursula, on Tuesday the twenty-third of next month ; De Veis will shew you the confessional, where you will find instructions how to reach my cell.'

"Such, as far as I can recollect was the purport of her letter.

"On this certainty of Irene's safety, my joy was as vehement as my former grief at her loss had been, and but for the prudent councils of De Veis, most probably my impatience would again have defeated my hopes.

"He told me he had always suspected Brissonet of being a traitor, that if he received intelligence of his return, with information of Irene's residence, he would acquaint the Pope, whose object was to keep us separate, until he terrified me into further submissions.

"By De Veis' advice, who proceeded to Paris to watch over Irene, I affected extreme illness—ordering the Bishop of St. Maloes to be sent for—he returned from Perugia without delay. As I expected, my physician, observing the declining state of my health, took my hint, and ordered that I should proceed to Paris by easy stages, hoping much benefit from my native air. My sufferings had been too poignant to be concealed even by Brissonet's artifices, but were naturally imputed to grief for my son ; and the single-hearted physician thought nothing so likely to restore me, as the society of my queen.

"For once Brissonet was deceived. On my reaching Paris he requested permission to go to St. Maloes, to see after some reported abuses in his diocese. From the period of my arrival until the evening appointed for meeting Irene, it appeared to my feverish impatience as if time had made a pause. De Veis had my present monastic disguise in readiness for me ; I sent to the chapel, and there after the mi-

night prayers found the keys and my instructions in the confessional. Every thing succeeded to my most sanguine wishes. I reached the cell of Irene in safety—again folded her to my bosom. All sorrows for the past—all apprehensions for the future were absorbed in the delicious transports of our re-union. Radiant with happiness, as I entered the temple of my idol, I believed that no shadow could ever again attend upon my footsteps."

"Sacriligious wretches," called out the palmer, "did no fear of God, no compunction for the trampling down of every moral obligation, arise to check your raptures."

"Father, I have told sufficient to command your assistance."

"What can Charles of France require from such as me?"

"Were you but an hour in Paris, you must have heard of my purposed attack upon Italy, and my intention of leaving France to-morrow to join my troops. Last week I was much shocked and grieved at Brissonet's unexpected return. Apprehending from it that he had gained some intelligence of my nocturnal visits here, I entrusted the keys of St. Ursula, which I had received from Irene, to De Veis, now Duke of Nola. Fortune favoured him, he had an interview with Irene, and by representing our mutual danger, in the event of discovery, gained her consent to be in readiness to quit her convent to-night—she had before promised to effect her escape, and, in disguise, join me in Naples."

"Palmer, your strange address at St. Denis' this morning, threw me into such a perturbation of spirits, as the ever-officious Bishop of St. Maloes must have noticed; but as I came here this evening, my worst fears were verified, for in place of an old groom as usual leading forth my horses, Brissonet was there, and vehemently entreated of me not to leave Paris this night as danger awaited me. I accused him in no measured terms for being a hypocrite. Without extenuating himself, he assured me he was then only excited for my good; he would have said more, but calling to one of my pages, who this evening accompanied me as I left De Veis, my usual companion, to watch over the movements of Brissonet and also to attend upon the queen. And now, palmer, as time speeds on to the moments of our appointment, I have a feeling of superstitious dread that some evil awaits me: for myself I

care not, but Irene must be spared. In place of the page's attire I have brought here, and which she was to have worn, I will make her assume my present capuchin's dress. Under this disguise and your protection she will excite no notice. Oh! then, good palmer guard her to a place of safety, and your wishes, be they within the limits of our power, shall be fulfilled."

The half hour chimed. "Hah!" exclaimed Charles, rushing out of the confessional, "even now she anxiously awaits me—promise to assist me and my eternal gratitude is yours."

"I will assist you," said the palmer hastily, following him, and grasping his robe, "by saving you from despair—you must see Irene no more."

"Presumptuous fool," answered Charles, "who or what art thou, that dares to oppose the king of France in his own dominions? Hence! or by my immortal soul, you shall repent your interference."

Without answering, the palmer placed himself in an attitude of defiance, leaning his back against the picture.

"You are some base hireling, sent by the execrable Alexander," said Charles, "I bitterly regret the rash confidence I have so madly placed in you—I cannot recal it—but it shall perish with you;" and drawing forth his tripple-edged dagger, he made a powerful lounge at the heart of the palmer.

With one stroke of his arm, the palmer threw the king back, and wrenching the weapon from his hand snapped the well-tempered steel in pieces.

"Wretch," furiously called out the king, "you have disarmed me; but you cannot conquer my will. I return here to-morrow with my legions—I will expose the whole system, explained to me by the Pope—I will shake the pillars of the church, until it totters to its very foundation, though Irene and myself may perish beneath its ruins."

The king was rushing towards the portal, to quit the chapel, when the palmer calling him back, said mournfully, "you will not let me save you, then have your way." As he spoke, rising on the step, he touched the secret spring—instantly the picture flew back and he entered the narrow dark passage leading to Irene's cell.

Awhile Charles hesitated, "Palmer, you mean some treachery," he exclaimed, "but proceed—I fear you not."

CHAPTER XII.

Whenever a nun was entrusted with the care of St. Ursula's lamp, she became a person of the greatest consequence to the abbess, who, to shew some cause for treating her with marked respect, gave her the key of the wardrobe, considered a place of high trust. This apartment was crowded with dresses and jewels, the accumulated offerings for centuries back of the pious to their different saints, who, on festivals and solemn occasions were decked out by the nuns. Some of this finery was also used to adorn the novices on the ceremony of taking their vows, as a last farewell to the vanities of the flesh, ere they assumed the black veil, which was supposed to shut out all human affections and passions.

On the night Irene had first appointed to meet Charles, guided by a sentiment which requires no comment, after all the other inhabitants of the convent had retired to rest, she stole silently to the chamber called the wardrobe. There was no light in it but what was emitted from a small lantern she drew from beneath her robe; as she held it up she started back with terror at seeing her own form reflected in all directions by the splendid mirrors which pannelled the apartment. Smiling at her nervousness, she proceeded to select from amongst the splendid dresses and ornaments, such as an eastern princess might envy, one for her purpose.

Years had passed away since she had parted from her royal lover, and a pang shot through her heart as she reflected he might think her person altered. She sighed in bitterness as she turned from the cases, where were deposited the beautiful hair of many a victim: hastily choosing a dress of white, adorned with flowers, and snatching a casket of gems, she hurried to her private cell, which led from that side of the convent by a passage in the wall, similar to the one which opened from the chapel.

On entering it, having first carefully arranged the mechanism connected with the lamps, Irene threw aside her nun's dress; and with much care, and the assistance of a small mirror she had brought for the purpose, put on the robes she had chosen, twining a scarf of India muslin, wrought with gold and pearls, gracefully round her beautifully formed head, shorn of its natural ornament. The sparkling jewels were then

judiciously placed, and, perhaps, the earth never produced a being more exquisitely lovely. As she gazed in the mirror, her heart throbbled with pleasure, not because she was beautiful, but because Charles would find her so.

Her next care was to arrange her room; it was furnished with great simplicity, but with more attention than the cells of the nuns. The floor was closely matted; a lamp descending from the ceiling diffused a brilliant light similar to that which excited so much wonder upon the martyr's shrine. At the eastern end of the apartment was an alcove, in which was placed a small altar. An ivory crucifix of exquisite workmanship, but much discoloured from time, rested upon it; there also was placed a death's head and cross bones, and a splendidly illuminated missal, altogether forming a strange contrast to shreds of old finery and tawdry toys with which the taste of the old nun, the cell's last inhabitant, had most elaborately decked it. This strange type of the human mind was thrown into strong relief by two silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil, which stood behind it. Irene's glance fell upon the altar, a feeling of awe crept over her; she hastily, and with down-cast looks, laid her nun's dress at its base, then threw her black veil over the crucifix.

She stood near the time-piece to mark the passing moments. It was an antique of curious fancy—a figure of Time, cast in bronze, rested upon a sarcophagus of porphyry—the figure stood erect, its right foot thrown forward just touched a wheel, which revolved round every hour, when, with a scythe he held in his right hand, Time struck the hour on a small drum which was placed beneath. Immediately with a low muffled sound a grain of sand rolled from it into the sarcophagus, thus marking the hours; for there was no dial. In his left hand the figure held up a tablet engraved with hieroglyphics. Irene remained anxiously watching until the figure struck the hour of two against his drum—at each stroke a grain of sand rolled forth. Have I yet another half hour to wait? she sighed, then reclining on her small couch, half slumbering, a strange fancy crossed her imagination. She was again in the gorgeous apartment called the wardrobe, selecting her dress, when her father suddenly

stood before her, holding up one of unequalled splendour, and in a loud stern voice called out, "hasten Irene, this is your sacrafical robe." She awoke in terror. Again she looked at the time-piece, but there was no judging from it, except when the hour ex-

pired. She heard approaching footsteps—high beat her bosom with the mingled feelings of love, fear, hope, expectation—she leant by the wall for support—the secret door flew open—a moment and her lover was at her feet.

CHAPTER XIII.

To the enraptured eyes of Charles, Irene de Frestamere was, if possible, a thousand times more beautiful, more dear than even in the first bright days of his boyish love. The tender, timid girl, in the early blush of innocence, was forgotten in the finished form, in the ardent and devoted attachment of the highly intellectual woman. Both had suffered much sorrow since their separation; both had drank deeply of the cup of bitterness. Of past hopes nothing remained but their love, and yielding to its influence they abandoned themselves to its pleasures, reckless of consequences.

Once more Charles rose in the public opinion—his health returned—his kingdom flourished—his court became the most resorted to in Europe—amusement followed amusement—and if in the round of pleasure the monarch occasionally secluded himself, as it was supposed for the pursuit of his studies, it excited no observation, and if it did, it was only to admire his self-denial. None ever suspected that the solitary cell beneath the walls of St. Ursula contained for him a being of more attraction than the combined beauties of the court could boast.

Love ever wishes to sacrifice itself upon the altar of its idol. As time rolled on, his passion increased, and Charles became impatient at the impossibility of meeting Irene but twice a-week, and then but for one solitary hour—for at half-past two only could he gain admittance—and one hour after she compelled him to depart. Even this period would be shortened as the summer advanced, for except favoured by darkness, Irene dared not admit him. Vainly had he, even on his bended knee, urged her to consent to his applying for a divorce from his queen. He had exposed to her all the villainy of Alexander—he knew much would be required for obtaining the promised divorce—but carrying his successful arms into Italy, he hoped soon to have the Pope in his power, and though he demanded the kingdom of France, he would resign it to be legally united to Irene.

But, with the inflexibility of her father's character, Irene always rejected his entreaties. "Never," she would say, "will I assist towards your dishonour; the sinful Alexander only exposed one system of deception to draw you into another. The subtle politician well knows that any attempt to divorce your highly esteemed queen, would raise all Bretagne, and more than half the provinces of France, against you. Little does he appreciate the heart of Irene de Frestamere, if he thinks to make her a fire-brand to light up the horrors of a civil war, and stamp with everlasting ignomony her beloved Charles, for the sake of her own aggrandizement. No; from the hour I first loved you, you were the sole object of my earthly affections. For your sake, without a sigh, I rejected an empire; without a murmur I bore the brand of shame; the solemn vows which I took in my despair I held so sacred that, though I could not conquer my love, I would have fled from its indulgence; but my residence in this convent, where nothing is pious but the name, and the strange confidence of the abbess, undeceiving me that I might be a tool to deceive others, has removed all my reverence for monastic institutions. The discoveries made to you by the Pope, have perfected my disgust. I consider myself as one of the hetucomb of human victims, annually immolated to support a too powerful hierarchy. Mine is not the spirit to bow submissive to an authority I despise, or yield to weak regrets, I am ready to throw off the shackles of the church, to follow the fortunes of my beloved hero. If possible, we will keep our interviews from the prying eyes of curiosity, but should they transpire, let the consequences be what they may, your laurels must not be tarnished."

Charles sincerely regretted her decision; but, naturally of a yielding temper, her more powerful mind always conquered him.

Four months had passed away in this manner, when, in consequence of the following circumstance, Charles

became all impatience to remove Irene from her convent. To add new charms to her person, and while away the tedious hours of his absence, she constantly altered her dress. One night, as she stood in the wardrobe selecting some ornaments, upon looking up she beheld, reflected in the opposite mirror, a tall figure clad in dark robes, standing behind her. The light emitted from the lantern was so faint, and the apartment so lofty that nothing could be seen distinctly. The terror of Irene at this appearance, was so great, that, letting the ornaments fall from her hands, she rushed wildly to her cell, where she sunk on her couch almost insensible. In this state the king found her; his tenderness re-assured her, and he accompanied her through the dark passage to the wardrobe, to lock the door; as, should it be found open, it would excite strange suspicions. Irene agreed with him in supposing it must have been a delusion of her fancy, excited by the fearful life she led, spending her nights in that solitary cell; she also mentioned to the king that, on the Tuesday night before (it was then Friday) as she entered her cell, while she was arranging the machinery of St. Ursula's lamps, she heard a strange rumbling noise behind the alcove in which stood the altar. It had affected her spirits the more, because the cemetery lay just behind it.

More solicitous than ever to remove her from St. Ursula's, the king fixed the following week for his departure for Milan. He arranged that De Veis was to remain after him to assist in her escape from the convent, and secret her in Paris until he announced his arrival in Naples, when, under the disguise of a page, De Veis would conduct her to Italy, where every thing would be prepared for her reception. To prevent any enquiries, the king purposed leaving a letter for the abbess, commanding her silence, promising, if she guarded Irene's secret, to endow her convent largely; on the contrary, if she published her elopement, to explain the whole system of hypocrisy practised at St. Ursula's, and to have it razed to the ground.

On this night Charles remained half an hour longer than usual in Irene's cell, and she had several times to entreat his absence ere he could tear himself away, for he perceived that the figure she had seen or fancied

in the wardrobe, left a fearful impression upon her mind.

At this period, as far as human wisdom could penetrate, every thing seemed to favour the guilty lovers, when the appearance of the Bishop of St. Maloes, by awaking the king's suspicions, altered all his plans. Resolving not to leave Paris without Irene, and, apprehensive that Brissonet would, as usual, act as a spy upon his movements, on the next Tuesday, in place of going himself to St. Ursula's, he sent De Veis who (as before mentioned) gained Irene's consent to escape on the following Friday. Such was the state of things when Charles met the mysterious palmer in the chapel, and hoping to gain his assistance, indiscreetly placed in him such unlimited confidence.

We now return to the king, whom we left following the palmer through the passages leading to Irene's cell. Arrived at its entrance, the palmer stopped, and seemed overpowered with emotion. Angriily the king commanded he should make way for him to pass; he still kept the entrance closed. Irritated beyond control, by a sudden spring Charles caught him by the collar, and flinging him back, burst open the door, and was entering, but paused in wonder at the scene which met his view.

Hitherto, during all their meetings, Irene had received him in the manner already ascribed, with no variation except her occasional change of dress; but, on this eventful night, her cell presented a scene of splendor unrivalled in the court of France. The floor was covered with the most beautifully wrought tapestry. Over her small couch fell a covering of the richest silk, wax tapers blazed around it, the air was impregnated with the richest perfumes—all was so changed that, were it not for the altar, and its sad emblems shaded as usual with the black veil; standing neglected and forgotten in its dark alcove, the king would have supposed he had by mistake entered a strange apartment.

Clad in a crimson robe of regal magnificence, Irene half reclined upon the couch, her head thrown back, rested the upon a pillow, her left arm fell over the couch, the open palm of her right hand pressed upon her bosom, a veil of the most delicate texture shaded her countenance—the whole effect of her figure was imposing and beautiful.

What can she mean by all this display, thought Charles somewhat angrily. It was childish of her to get up all this finery just on the eve of departure; alas! she little apprehends the danger that surrounds us. The palmer stood at his side, "retire, I command you," said the king, "if you will assist me, remain in the passage; I must speak to Irene alone."

The palmer moved away closing the door after him. At that moment Time, with his low muffled drum, announced the hour of three. Hurrying to the couch, and flinging himself beside her, the king tenderly addressed Irene, "I have been delayed half an hour, my best love, beyond the appointed time," he said, "and I know how much you must have suffered expecting me. Hasten, my dearest Irene, and throw off this dress, we have not a moment to lose," and he rose to assist her, but she spoke not. "Nay, my beloved, this is trifling with our hopes; for heaven's sake, hurry." Receiving no answer, a wild terror rushed through him. "Merciful heavens! Irene, what can all this mean," and he fell on his knees; "speak to me, my own love—it is your Charles—your king addresses you—answer or you drive me to madness," and he clasped her hands in his; it was cold and lifeless. He dashed aside her veil, and frantically calling upon her name, snatched her to his wildly throbbing bosom, his eyes fixed glaring in agony, beheld his beloved Irene, a pale and bleeding corse—the body fell from his powerless arms to the ground, and it is said the distant

echoes of the forest told back his loud and hopeless cries.

Again the despairing Charles knelt in unspeakable anguish over his murdered love. "So lately," he groaned, as he laid his hand on her bleeding bosom—"demons of destruction, whose work was this?"

"Mine," said the palmer, in a stern voice as he stood before him, and throwing back his cowl displayed the countenance of Sir Raymond de Fres-tamere, ghastly from the influence of his ferocious passions—"Mine! and I glory in the deed; if I could not preserve a child from dishonor, I have prevented the publicity of her shame, which would have reflected disgrace upon her noble family; and, unworthy as you, Charles, have proved yourself of my care, I could not see you plunging yourself and Irene into ruin by the indulgence of a most criminal passion which laid you open to the machinations of your enemies, without reaching forth my hand to save you."

Lying on the body of Irene, the king heard him not; his reason wandered; a ringing noise whizzed through his ears; he felt the body forcibly dragged from his entwining arms, he sprang up to follow it, but he staggered; in falling he caught at the altar for support, but his hand only grasped the nun's veil. The earth seemed then to yawn before him, he fancied himself tumbling down an unfathomable abyss, he attempted to breathe, but thought Irene's body pressed upon his heart, a strong convulsion seized him, and he sunk into total insensibility.

CHAPTER XIV.

The king had appointed De Veis, then Duke of Nola, to follow him to St. Ursula at two, as he purposed placing Irene under his protection as far as Paris, thus hoping to elude Brissonet, for he apprehended danger in no other quarter. It so happened that, upon the king's retiring from the banquetting room, the queen, who highly esteemed De Veis, beckoned him to the upper end of the table, where chairs of state were erected for her and the king. It was afterwards superstitiously noticed that the Duke of Orleans, who was present at the fete, as the conviviality of the party increased, ascended into the king's chair, and with Ann's permission, pledged the guests as the appointed master of the feast.

Sincerely attached to Charles, the queen was giving De Veis many instructions to forward her daily expresses from Italy, with a full account of all their proceedings, when Brissonet glided forward, requesting to speak a few words to him.

"What can our Bishop of St. Maloes want that he presumes to break upon our discourse?" haughtily demanded the queen, as she waved him off. Continuing her conversation with De Veis, who, trembling lest any event might occur to interfere with Irene's escape, or involve Charles in danger, answered her in a manner so confused, so foreign to the subject, as to excite much laughter in the attending ladies, who presumed he had quaffed too freely of the rich wines before him.

As they were retiring from the banquet, De Veis, who perceived Brissonet's anxiety to speak to him, made an effort to escape, but could find no opportunity.

"You cannot retire as yet, my duke of Nola," called out the queen; "we return to the ball-room to recommence our dancing, and cannot spare so good a dancer."

To refuse such a command he dared not; and, under all the tortures of the most agonising suspense, he was obliged to act a part in the scene of dissipation and frivolity.

It was nearly half an hour past the appointed time ere the queen and her maids of honor retired. Immediately De Veis equipped himself in a large horseman's cloak and hat, and mounting his steed kept in readiness, had galloped about half a league from Paris, on the road to St. Ursula, when he was suddenly joined by the Bishop of St. Maloes.

Nothing could be more annoying than this intrusion to De Veis, already too late for the appointed time. With violent anger, he demanded of the Bishop wherefore he had tracked his steps, and, to elude suspicion, was turning his horse's head in an opposite direction from the convent, when Brissonet called out, "I charge you, for the king's sake, hear me."

"Be quick, then," answered De Veis, in his anxiety to deceive Brissonet descending to the meanness of a falsehood, "for I bear a message from the queen, which, as you, Sir Cardinal, are not her confessor, I rather think she would not willingly entrust to you."

Brissonet, with his usual sneer, and shrugging his shoulders, doubtfully remarked, "I will not interfere with the queen's message, believe me, but I apprehend some danger to the king."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed De Veis, completely thrown off his guard, "be quick; it is an hour later than I promised to join him."

"Did you," hastily demanded Brissonet, "notice a bare-footed palmer, who stopped to whisper the king this morning at the entrance of St. Denis' chapel?"

"Assuredly," answered De Veis, "every one remarked the circumstance."

"Perhaps," said Brissonet, thoughtfully, "you are not aware that I came to the French court direct from Rome, where I had been summoned from St. Maloes to attend the conclave?"

"You are trifling with my time and patience," fiercely answered De Veis, "of what consequence to me may I demand was your visit to or from Rome?"

"Do not interrupt me at present; I am as uneasy as yourself about the king; but to serve him effectually you must know his position. The pope and I had a dispute at Perugia; I could not keep on terms with the wretch; by this means I lost his confidence, and had no clue to learn any thing farther relative to Irene de Frestamere. Indeed, by the way, Alexander never acquainted me where she had been placed after she had been removed from the Carmelite nunnery, near Rome. A few days previous to my return to Paris, I bore a message to the pope. Unexpectedly I was ushered into his presence, when, by all that is sacred, that very palmer was seated by him in close conference. What rendered it more remarkable was, Alexander appeared much irritated at my intrusion, while the palmer, whose cowl was off, to disguise his face from me, threw his garment over his head and rushed into the pope's private cabinet."

"This is most strange," said De Veis. "Have you a guess who he can be? Most likely he has been sent to Paris by the pope for some evil against the king. Would I had known this before."

"When," continued Brissonet, "I saw this palmer to-day at St. Denis', and observed the violent agitation his address threw the king into, my heart misgave me—all was not right. Suffice it, then, to say, I watched his movements. After quitting the crowd he walked at a rapid pace by a private path on the banks of the Crowld; where the roads meet he stopped for a few moments, then proceeded in a northern direction. He frequently looked around, but I kept at such a distance he could not see me. At length he struck into the forest. For a time I lost sight of him, but as I guessed he was going to St. Ursula, I proceeded in that direction. Just at the entrance of the glen I overtook him; he stopped opposite the colossal crucifixion. Hiding myself in the thick brushwood, I commanded a full view of his figure; he knelt before the cross; his cowl was thrown back, and I beheld the well-known countenance of Sir Raymond de Frestamere, but so distorted from contending feelings,

that its expression was perfectly demoniacal."

"Father of mercies!" cried out De Veis, clasping his hands with anguish, "Irene is lost. Brissonet, in the name of all that's sacred, tell me quickly all you know of Sir Raymond."

"I have little more to say. He arose after a time from the crucifix, and crossed over into the cemetery belonging to the convent. My eyes were still fixed upon him, when, incredible as it may appear, he vanished from my view, as if the earth had opened to receive him. Much surprised, I returned to Paris. Exhausted from my long walk, the whole business appeared so strange, I began to fancy it was a delusion of my senses, but upon making inquiries, several persons told me they had seen the palmer walking near the banks of the Crowld. I resolved to communicate the circumstance to the king, but he suddenly avoided me. Still I felt little uneasiness upon the subject, as, until to-night, I had no suspicion of his having ever visited at St. Ursula."

"Hah!" said De Veis, quickly, "how did you learn his having done so?"

"To-night, when he quitted the banquet, my suspicions of a mystery were aroused. I soon discovered he had ordered horses to be in readiness for some midnight ramble. No slight cause could lead to his quitting his court in such a mysterious manner, on the very eve of his going to Italy. I guessed at once that Irene was lodged in the convent of St. Ursula, and that Alexander had acquainted Sir Raymond with the king's attachment to her. Acting upon this supposition, I took the place of his groom, and wildly intreated him to listen to me; but before I could explain my reason, with his usual unreflecting impetuosity, he dragged his bridle, which I had taken hold of, from my hand, and in an instant disappeared from my view. My efforts to speak to you proved equally fruitless."

"If you really regard the safety of the king, Brissonet, detain me no longer, and do not attempt to follow."

The Bishop drew off. De Veis, not hoping to disguise the truth, spurred his horse to its utmost speed, and soon reached St. Ursula. Alighting, he rushed into the glen. The cold grey dawn of the morning shed sufficient light to distinguish surrounding objects, and the afflicted De Veis

soon discovered the forms of the king and his page, as, wrapped in their capuchin cloak, they lay on the damp earth, apparently lifeless.

Raising Charles from the ground, and perceiving his person clotted with gore, De Veis called out in horror, "Holy Virgin! the king is murdered." A convulsive groan that burst from Charles' bosom assured him he still lived. As he was tearing open his vest to discover his wounds he was joined by the Bishop of St. Maloes, who, apprehending danger, had followed him unperceived.

"Your coming is most fortunate," called out De Veis, "hasten and rouse the convent for immediate assistance, else the king bleeds to death."

With his usual self-possession, Brissonet carried Charles in his powerful arms, and, assisted by De Veis, bore him gently to the margin of a stream that flowed at a short distance. Here, disencumbering him of his cloak, he poured some water down his throat; carefully examining for his wounds, he washed the blood-stains from his hands and face, and with sincere pleasure ascertained that no violence had been offered to his person, and that his senses were reviving under the influence of the morning air which blew over his open chest.

"He has not received the slightest hurt, De Veis," he exclaimed in joyful accents.

With a burst of inexpressible sorrow De Veis dashed himself upon the ground. "Oh! Irene," he said, "is it, then, your blood—have you fallen a victim to your father's wrath?"

The sound of her name acted upon the king like a shock of electricity; he fixed his eyes wildly upon De Veis, but his reason wandered, and, in a weak but angry voice, he addressed him as the palmer struggling to escape from his hold, and commanded him to make way until he spoke to Irene.

"Oh! my beloved master," sobbed out De Veis, who, exhausted from suffering, wept with the vehemence of a schoolboy.

"Rouse yourself, De Veis," commanded Brissonet; "this is no time to indulge in useless regrets. I know your fears, I cannot gainsay them; it is a most awful business; let us not encrease its misery by publishing it. Assist me to place the king on his horse; you must get him to the castle of Beauvoise; approach not Paris; even an hour hence, as I quitted it,

thousands were in preparation to attend our hero there, in quest of new victories."

With that cold sneer which rendered his countenance, otherwise extremely handsome, so detestable, the Bishop pointed to the pallid face of the king, whose eyes were fixed without one ray of intelligence as he leant back upon the supporting shoulder of De Veis, whose fast-falling tears bedewed his face.

"The sun is up," said Brissonet, as he raised the king. "I tell you, De Veis, if we loiter here another half hour, perhaps sooner, we shall have a host of monks about us; besides, that poor page, if he still lives, perishes for want of assistance. Here, support him on that side."

De Veis drew the arm of the still unconscious Charles under his. On reaching the horses, Brissonet, in a deep low voice, said to the king—

"I have a message from Irene de Frestamere. She impatiently awaits for you at the castle of Beauvoise.—Haste, lest Sir Raymond arrives from Milan."

The king cast a wild and vacant look around. "Said you so, my lord? but there are evil spirits abroad. The pope let them escape from St. Angelo's. I go not one step without her letter; Charles of France is not so easily duped."

There was a pause. Fortunately De Veis had in his possession a letter, written at a former period by Irene to the king. At a venture he handed it to him. Recognising the handwriting, Charles rapturously kissed it—then, turning his horse's head towards Beauvoise, he rode furiously forward.

"De Veis, guard well the king: he is all but mad," called out Brissonet.—"I stay here to learn particulars and see Sir Raymond;" but De Veis, in his rapid pursuit after Charles, heard him not.

Terror had reduced the page to a state almost as pitiable as the kings. Supporting him in his arms, Brissonet knocked loudly at the great entrance of the convent, demanding admittance for a capuchin brother suddenly seized with illness. The cardinal bishop's command was instantly obeyed.—Restoratives were applied, and in less than two hours the young Dupont was recovered to a perfect recollection. Impatiently Brissonet enquired of him a full account of the night's adventure; but neither his threats nor caresses

could extract any information from the high-spirited youth. "I am sworn to reveal nothing, and I will adhere to my oath, though you put me to the torture," was his decisive answer.—Finding nothing could be elicited from the page, the bishop sought an interview with the abbess. Confiding in her to the extent of his knowledge the strange events attending the king's visit, and ordering her to disguise nothing, as Alexander had long since communicated to him, also to Charles, the secrets of St. Ursula.

Grieved and terrified, the abbess acquainted him that Sir Raymond, being her kinsman, and one of the most scientific men in France, had, many years before, been admitted into the secret of St. Ursula's lamps, then out of order, and that he had been secreted in the convent for many nights, repairing the machinery in which he wrought several improvements.

"For many years," proceeded the abbess, "I heard nothing of him until ten days since, when he appeared in the dress of a palmer, requesting I would grant a private audience. He told me he had just returned from Rome, where he had learned from Alexander the Sixth of his daughter Irene being placed in my convent, and demanded a particular account as to the manner in which she conducted herself. Loving her sincerely, I thought I never could express myself too largely in her praise—concluding by saying, so impressed am I of her sanctity, I have chosen her before all the other sisters of the house to attend upon the sacred lamps, also to keep the keys of the wardrobe."

In a manner which no language can depict, he answered, "You are deceived," and then laid before me the whole of her passion for Charles the Eighth; "but I need not," said the abbess, "enter into further explanations upon that head, as he gave me to understand you had been the king's confidant, and afterwards betrayed him to Alexander."

"Too true," said Brissonet, despondingly.

"Sir Raymond then handed me a bull from the pope, commanding that I should grant him the privilege of secreting himself in my convent as long as he pleased. Of course I should obey."

"Exactly eight night's hence—I remember well, it was on Thursday—the palmer hid himself in a small cell

situated behind an alcove in which stands the altar in the apartment called St. Ursula. From the machinery connected with the lamps being placed there, he chose that position, because he could enter by a subterranean passage from the cemetery. There was a sliding-door behind the altar, leading into Irene's apartment. Sir Raymond told me he harboured a strong suspicion of her holding private meetings with her lover—that without a full corroboration of her guilt he would not condemn her, but he said, 'if the sacrilegious wretch pollutes her convent, and disgraces her family by admitting the king to her cell, my punishment shall be as terrible as just.'

"Cardinal," continued the abbess, as she fell in deep sorrow upon her knees, "I would as soon have doubted the existence of the blessed Mary as the virtue of Irene. I made no effort (had I, it would have proved unavailing) to save her from the trial; your discovery to-night proves her crime, and I much fear its retribution."

"Do you think," said Brissonet, abruptly, "we could reach Irene's cell unobserved? At what hour do the nun's collect?"

"At five in the morning," answered the abbess.

"It wants half an hour of the time," said the bishop, "let us proceed to the chapel."

The abbess offered no objections; the gloomy pile was but dimly lighted by the morning sun. As they entered she advanced to pay her devotions at St. Ursula's shrine, when, with an exclamation of horror, she found the lamps extinguished, and, on examining, perceived the tubes connected with them cut to pieces. Trembling for her miracle, upon which the reputation of her house for superior sanctity depended, she snatched a taper from the distant altar, and, calling on Brissonet to follow, advanced to the picture of St. Stephen, and attempted to press back the spring, but found it fastened from the inside.

At the same time Brissonet picked up the glittering pieces of the king's dagger, which he at once knew from the jewelled crown upon its hilt.

"We had best go round to the cemetery, and enter in that direction," observed Brissonet.

"It would be impossible at this hour without being observed," said the abbess. "Remain here and I will

try whether the entrance near the wardrobe is closed."

She returned in a few moments, looking extremely pale, holding a scroll she had found at the door. She presented it to Brissonet. It merely contained the following words:

"Any effort to enter Irene's cell must prove fruitless, as all the passages are closed for ever. Should violence be used to force them, let the inhabitants of St. Ursula beware, as a few moments after its proud walls shall be levelled to the earth.

RAYMOND DE FRESTAMERE."

That night, on attentively examining the doors, Brissonet ascertained, to a certainty, they must have been all fastened by some person inside, and even he felt a thrill of remorse at the horrible fate to which Sir Raymond had doomed himself—thus burying himself alive with the body of his daughter.

De Veis, succeeding in getting Charles to the castle of Beauvoise, placing him under the care of his physician and Oliver Maillard, his confessor, he hastened to court to announce that, in consequence of sudden illness, the king was obliged to defer his campaign to Italy for some days, when he hoped to accompany his troops to Milan. Then, requesting a private audience with the queen, in the gentlest terms he gave her to understand that Charles suffered under a temporary derangement, for which no possible cause could be assigned except the over-excitement of his mind respecting the approaching war—that it was the opinion of his physician a few days would restore him; and as nothing could be more essential to his future glory than keeping his present state secret, he entreated she would subdue her regrets, and, to divert the public mind, order all kinds of games and amusements.

Three weeks passed on, and Charles' physician declared, although his mind was perfectly restored, months would elapse ere, from his debilitated state, he could undertake the campaign.

The king then sent, through his council, to request the Duke of Orleans would take the command of the army, and pursue the war. The duke positively declined the honor, and the disappointed troops were dismissed to their separate quarters. The queen gladly quitted the scene of dissipation,

and retired to Amboise to attend upon the king.

In a short time Charles was so far convalescent as to be able to join the queen in her apartments. All his court looked forward with rapture to the hope of his perfect recovery; but he was not deceived; he felt he was dying, and calmly prepared for the event. He every day devoted some hours to state affairs, being anxious for the prosperity of his kingdom, and displayed a judgment and sound policy such as in happier days he was not suspected of possessing. He was constantly engaged upon religious subjects with De Resli, bishop of Angus, whom he had invited to remain at Beauvoise, but the result of their conversations never transpired. In place of the turbulent passions which had so long agitated the king, his manner displayed a perfect calm, nothing excited, nothing interested him; even De Veis was deceived by this apparent tranquillity.

Charles had been ordered by his physician to remain constantly in the open air. It was observed that he never extended his rides or walks beyond the grounds attached to the castle. De Veis who continued with him was his usual companion, and remarked with wonder that in the slightest degree he never alluded to any scene connected with Irene's memory. Could it be that in the distraction of his mind he had forgotten her?

About three months subsequent to the awful death of the unfortunate Irene, De Veis being one day walking in the gardens of the castle with the king, was struck by the gloomy expression of his countenance, and the rapid strides with which he moved, forming such a contrast to his lately assumed calmness. Suddenly he stopped, and grasping De Veis' hand, in a low trembling voice said—

"Have you ever heard what became of the wretched Sir Raymond?"

Startling at the suddenness of the address, and the violent agitation of Charles, De Veis hesitated, but after a few moments reflection, fearful of again awakening his too powerful sensibilities, he equivocally answered—

"He has not since been heard of."

The king drew a long breath, as if relieved from some apprehension, then in a hollow voice added—

"How dreadfully the miserable man's passions must have been wrought upon to lead him to such a horrible crime."

De Veis made no answer; Charles

again resumed his hasty steps. After a time, he said—

"Tell me has this awful business become public?"

De Veis answered—"Certainly not, nor ever will. The few who know it are bound by their interests and fears never to reveal it."

"I am glad," he replied, mournfully, "it would make the queen unhappy; for myself, all will soon be over."

De Veis fell on his knees, grasped his hand, and with unfeigned emotion pressed it to his lips.

"And poor De Abut Dupont, our courageous page, did he survive that night?"

Here De Veis mentioned the steadiness with which the page persisted in preserving his oath, and the deep regret he had evinced at the king's illness.

"The noble youth," said Charles, while a momentary gleam of pleasure lighted up his pale countenance. "I would not any evil should happen to him. His father lost his life at Gingenne, shielding Lewis the Eleventh. His mother is a lonely widow, with no other hope. When I am gone, De Veis, if ever I have done aught to win your gratitude, be a guardian to that boy."

In a tone of profound sorrow De Veis answered—

"My respected, my beloved master, you have suffered much, but you will live for many a long year to bless your friends and subjects."

A cold shudder passed over the king—his lips quivered. After a time he took De Veis' hand in his with much kindness, and looking reproachfully at him, said—

"Can you, De Veis, who know all, wish me to live—and for what?"

As he spoke he advanced hastily to the castle, and retiring to his own apartments did not appear for some days. This was the only time Charles ever alluded to his misfortunes.

Nearly three months more had elapsed since Irene's death, when the king (to gratify his queen) accompanied her to witness a game of tennis, which some of the young noblemen were playing for her amusement. He stood with her in the balcony of a gallery, called *La Galeire Haquelebar*, which commanded a full view of the sport going on in the fossé beneath; but soon fatigued with every thing resembling pleasure, he was passing through the crowds of company col-

lected in the gallery, when the Bishop of St. Maloes, who had received peremptory orders never to appear in his presence, not expecting to meet him in so large an assembly, entered, and by an unfortunate chance came full before him. His appearance revived in the memory of the ill-fated monarch all the terrible recollections associated with Irene. He rushed fiercely towards the Bishop, grasping his sword as if to stab him, and grinding his teeth with agony. The revulsion of feeling was too much for his exhausted frame—uttering the name of Irene, with a loud cry he fell to the ground. All was the work of an instant, even De Veis who stood by his side, had scarcely noticed his emotion, when he lay at his feet a lifeless corpse.

The scene of consternation which ensued, defies all description. The despair of the queen, who ardently loved him, the heart-felt sorrow of De Veis, who never recovered his loss,

the bitter remorse of Brissonet, and the sincere regret of his court. Every assistance that human skill could devise to restore suspended animation was immediately resorted to, but in vain—the vital spark had fled for ever.

Such were the leading events of the awful tragedy which terminated, on the 7th of April, 1498, the life of Charles the Eighth of France, ere he had arrived at the age of eight and twenty. His remains were deposited with much state in the chapel of St. Denis, where his effigy in bronze, representing him in a kneeling attitude, was to be seen until the period of the French Revolution, when in the destructive spirit of democratical fanaticism, the infuriated multitude rushed into the hallowed spot, where for centuries the remains of the kings of France had been deposited, and with sacrilegious hands defaced or destroyed the noblest monuments of art erected by religion.

LITERÆ ORIENTALES.

TURKISH POETRY.—THIRD ARTICLE.

THE Ottoman Empire may be said to have reached the zenith of its literary glory under the reign of SULEIMAN II. Circumstances had never at any former period allowed the intellectual energies of all classes of the Osmanli such ample scope for their development as they obtained in the half century during which this patronising and prosperous Prince held the reins of government.* The biographers, SEHDI, AHDI, LATIFI, AASHIK, NAZMI, KINALIZADE and KAFZADE, have compiled and illustrated the writings of no fewer than five hundred and fifty poets alone, to say nothing of other *littérateurs*, all

belonging exclusively to this period. The great majority of these, it is true, hardly rose above mediocrity, but we find also many eminent and celebrated names among the number. FASLI, famous from Stamboul to Samarcand, flourished at this time, and gave to the world his magnificent poems of *Gul u Bulbul* (The Rose and the Nightingale) and *Nakhlistan* (The Wood of Palms), an imitation of the *Gulistan* (Rose-garden) of the Persian poet, SAADI; and YAHYA transcended all who had preceded him in descriptive and panegyrical poetry;† BAKKI was universally acknowledged as the first Lyrist

* From 1521 to 1572.

† He also wrote two mystical poems, *The Treasury of Secret Knowledge* and *The King and the Beggar*, still in high repute. Yahya professed Christianity, but it does not appear that his religion was any barrier to his success as a poet. Now and then, however, he was rallied on the subject. One day having sent the following distich to the poet Khiali—

With a yellow visage and a nose the color of a tulip,
Is it not astonishing that Khiali should look so like an owl?

Khiali replied—

Benim ertabi nasmun douleti, el *shaphali* *kafir*!
Khali nadan deil isen douletun nitshun depeleusen sen.

I am the Glory of the Princes of Song, thou *owl-accusing infidel*!
If thou be not an ass thou wilt try to win Glory to thyself.

i. e. to make a friend of the writer. On one occasion a conspiracy was formed against Yahya by some enemies at court, but Suleiman, with his characteristic generosity, refused to listen to any accusation against so distinguished a poet. Yahya's life was long and prosperous. His death occurred in 1582.

of modern times; ALI VASI acquired an immortal name by his *Humajun-Nameh*, a spirited translation into Turkish verse of the *Hitopodésa* of VISHNA SARMA; GHAZALI and FUZULI (of the latter of whom we purpose to speak more at large towards the close of our paper) sang Mystical Epics, the themes of which were Wine and Devotion; KHALILL produced his great work, *Firak-Nameh* (The Book of Separation): AWAZ-ZATI* became the founder of a school in composition which united the ease of everyday thought with an inexhaustible imaginative luxuriance; and KHALI delighted all ranks of readers by the peculiar originality and vividness of his commonest poetical creations.

But perhaps the most distinguished of the poets of this the Augustan era of Turkey is MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH, called LAMII, or The Dazzling. We have referred to

this voluminous writer elsewhere, and adduced a specimen of his manner in religious and eulogistic poetry.† His principal works bear the following titles:—*Nefhatol-ins* (The Breath of Humanity), *Futuhash shadihin li terrik kullibil-mudshahidin* (An Apocalypse to quiet the hearts of the Wrestlers), *Shevahidun-nubuvvet* (Witnesses for the Prophets), *Ibret-Nameh* (The Book of Examples), *Miretol-esma* (A Mirror of Names), *Medjmaol-lataif* (A Budget of Whimwhams), and *Munazerat Neft u Ruh* (The Battle of the Spirit and the Soul.) His poems of *Vamik* and *Asra* and *Vizeh* and *Ramin* are among the most celebrated of his productions, though whether they are original or merely *rifacimenti* of similar romances by the ancient Indian poets VALMYKI and VVASA is a point that has never been satisfactorily settled. Somewhat less known in Europe, but, if we may venture to pronounce an authoritative

* Author of *The Candle and the Moth*, *The Book of Ferrukh*, *Ahmed and Mahmoud*, *Shireen and Mouloud*, and many other poems. He died in 1546, of a complication of diseases, brought on chiefly by intemperance. He was a native of Persia, and at first practised astrology for a livelihood, but finding the stars adverse to his success in that profession, he went to Turkey and turned poet. The following sketch of his subsequent fortunes we render from RIAZI, to whom it was communicated by ZATI himself:—

"When I came to Constantinople, Sultan Bajazet II. being then the reigning monarch, I found there a great number of rich Ulemas, to whom I presented *Kassidets* for the Feast of Balram and the Winter and Spring Festivals; I also, in a fortunate hour, gave Sultan Bajazet several Panegyrics, for which he rewarded me with a pension of three thousand aspers yearly and a yearly largess of half a sheep and a number of red shawls, only stipulating that I should every year write one *Kassidet* for the Feast of the Roses and two *Kassidets* for both Feasts of the Balram. I protested against the sheep and the shawls in the following quatrain:

I am a stilly ocean, lying bare under the Moon of Poetry;
Give to thy warriors the red shawls and the blood of the sheep.
But to ZATI give silks of blue (the color of the ocean),
Which are agitated like the waves when the winds begin to woo them.

As soon as the Grand Vizier Ali Pasha saw these lines he commanded the Defterdar to let me have wardrobes of blue Angora silks in future. These were my bright days; my particular friends were the Viziers Ali Pasha and Herzekzade, and the three-tailed Bashaw Tadjizade Djafer and his brother Saadi; and I often supped at table with them. My particularly particular friend was the poet Kadri Effendi; with him I spent a good deal of my time; we usually lived together, sometimes in the College of St. Sophia,—at others in the suburb of Tashtokala; and at one time we had a delightful little Paradise of a house opposite the Fountain of Aya-Jokahurlu. When Piri, afterwards Grand Vizier of Selim I., was Defterdar, I gave him a *Kassidet*, the burden of which was this:

All the buds burst into roses and new stars were born in the heavens
On the night of the day that saw Piri made a Defterdar.

At this time the Sultan made me an offer of a stewardship at Brusa, worth thirty aspers a day, but I declined it, not liking to be separated from my Constantinople friends. The Sultan took umbrage at my refusal; and what was worse, towards the end of his reign Ali Pasha died, and Herzekzade and Tadjizade fell into disgrace; so that I remained some time without any patron or protector.—On the accession of Sultan Selim I. I presented him with a *Kassidet*; and he gave me in requital two villages, which brought me in yearly eleven thousand five hundred aspers. My former patron Tadjizade Djafer, the three-tailed Bashaw, was bowstrung, and Sultan Selim, during his short reign, was mostly in the field of battle; however I had still my villages. When Sultan Suleiman ascended the throne I also gave him *Kassidets*, and he loaded me with presents and honors. It happened that the poet Habi was then in prison for saying some saucy thing to the Grand Vizier Ibrahim Pasha; and Keshb, Habi's brother, coming into office shortly afterwards, he, I, Bassiri, Khandi and other poets presented ourselves before Ibrahim in the Divan and requested him to liberate Habi. But the Grand Vizier took this intrusion of ours in ill part; and though the Sultan still favored me and gave me presents, Ibrahim did not like me too well. Not long afterwards Destiny declared against me altogether; Khashi began to slander me, and he found many to listen to him; my own habits of life, too, had always been the reverse of regular; and what with one piece of ill luck and another I went down the hill of fortune even faster than I had mounted it; so that at last I found myself obliged to turn astrologer once more, and cast horoscopes for all who would pay for their peepings into futurity. I am now old; I suffer greatly from gout; my powers of mind begin to fail me; and I am labouring continually under a dreadful nervous debility, not to be described."

opinion, scarcely less deserving examination and perusal, are his *Shemi u Pervaneh* (The Waxlight and the Butterfly), *Dzaber-Nameh* (The Book of [Sultan] Djaber), *Sherenghisi Brusa* (The Rejoicings at Brusa), *Kui u Tchougan* (The Ball and the Mall), *Heft Piker* (The Seven Beauties), and *Maktel-Husein* (The Martyrdom of Houssain.) Besides these and some other miscellaneous works, LAMII also produced a Divan of Ghazels, Kassidets, Eulogies, Elegies, Enigmas and Epigrams, highly praised by KINALIZADE, and from which KAFZADE has copiously quoted in his Life of the Author.

The Martyrdom of Houssain is a poem of great beauty. It is a sort of Elegiac Epic, after the Persian models. Its principal and most striking feature is the singular liberality of its sentiments. This was so remarkable immediately upon its appearance that an outcry was raised against the writer, and he was accused of promulgating

heretical opinions. But LAMII had anticipated the attack, and was prepared to meet it. He publicly summoned the leading Imams, the Cadi, all the Khodjas and the principal nobility and gentry of Brusa to appear before him on an appointed day in the Great Mosque and hear him recite the poem; and he pledged himself to answer all objections. The step was bold, but successful. All Brusa crowded to the Mosque, predetermined to anathematise, but Nature had gifted LAMII with a voice of marvellous power and compass; and where one cannot edify, it is no contemptible advantage to be able to electrify. The result was the still higher elevation of his character in the minds of his audience as a Mussulman and a poet. Tears and sobs attested the general sympathy as he described in his most pathetic tones the last hours of his hero, his abandonment and sufferings—

Oh!—pierced with wounds—deserted—dying,—
Far away from ISTAMBOL!
A thousand poisoned arrows lying
In his sick, sore soul!
What could he do but pine and groan?
What could he do but groan and pine?
He—a lion—all alone
Amid a herd of swine!

The episodical conceit of the *Hundred-leaved Rose*, which occurs in this poem, must, we imagine, have also had some effect in winning over public judgment in his favor,—though KINALIZADE omits any allusion to its

instrumentality on the occasion. It runs thus:—that is, if we may venture to claim for our version any participation in the eloquence, ease and beauty of the original lay.

I.

The Hundred-leaved Rose.

I AM, saith the Rose, as the Voice from the Bush
That spake upon HOREB to MOSE;*
Hence hangs, like MANSZUR,† her head with a blush
The Hundred-leaved ROSE.

* *Tszun ena Elhakk szirrin atzdi nari Musa gul*; literally,—I am God, says the Rose, like the fire of Moses. The Rose is here supposed to adopt the language of the Arabian Mystics, who professed themselves partakers of the Divine Nature.

† Manszur, surnamed *al Halladj*, and called by his biographers Abou-Moghit Houssain Ben Manszur Akbar Halladj, was an Arabian and a celebrated Doctor of the Law in the reign of the Khalif Moktader. His character is not well understood at the present day; some writers think him a saint, others a magician, others an impostor, and others a blasphemer. The last class accuse him of having once cried out to the multitude, *Ana Alhakk!* I am God!—and they assert that he was put to death for this exclamation. That he was executed is certain, but what the grounds of his condemnation were must remain matter of doubt. Some biographers say that he had an enemy in the Grand Vizier Ahmed, and that Ahmed, finding a passage in one of his treatises which stated that if a Mussulman could not perform the Pilgrimage

Like crisped gold, laid fold over fold,
 Like the sun that at Eventide glows,
 Like the furnace-bed of AL-KHALIL*
 Is the Hundred-leaved Rose.
 Her cloak is green, with a gloomy sheen,
 Like the garment of beauteous JOSE,†
 And prisoned round by a sentinelled wall
 Is the Hundred-leaved Rose.
 Like ISSA,‡ whose breath first woke from Death
 The souls in this world of woes,
 She vivifies all the fainting air,
 The Hundred-leaved Rose.
 Profound as the wells where HARUT and MARUT
 Of BABEL are hung by the toes,§
 Are the damask deeps where the odour sleeps
 Of the Hundred-leaved Rose.
 As the Prophet's ¶ word in the Solitudes
 Made the doors of the rock unclose,
 The Summer's voice unrolls the buds
 Of the Hundred-leaved Rose.
 Like SOLOMON's throne in olden years
 Her crimson richness shews ;
 And the Dives protect with a ring of spears
 The seal of the sacred Rose.**
 The Flower of Flowers as a convent towers
 Where Virtue and Truth repose ;
 The leaves are the halls, and the convent-walls
 Are the thorns that fence the Rose.
 Like BALKIS†† Queen for her queenly mien,
 Like BALKIS for queenly clothes,
 Is the bride of the bowers, the pride of the flowers,
 The Hundred-leaved Rose.

to Mecca he should do something equivalent in merit at home, put him to death for the heresy of assuming that there could be anything equivalent in merit with the Pilgrimage to Mecca. Others assert it to have been matter of notoriety that Manssur was wont to make the trees bear fruit in Winter and to bring down showers of silver drachms among the people by lifting up his hands—and that, being a magician, he met but the just requital of his crimes. All agree, however, that he was scourged, tortured and burned for impiety or heterodoxy of some kind in the 309th year of the Hejira, and that he died declaring that he was unjustly condemned and that God would avenge his death. The allusion in the line

Hence hangs, like Manssur, her head with a blush, the Hundred-leaved Rose,
 is to his presumed confusion at the place of execution.

* *Al-Khalil*, The Friend, elliptically for *Al-Khalil Allah*, The Friend of God, viz : Abraham. One of the Mohammedan traditions concerning Abraham is, that he was cast into a fiery furnace by Nimrod, King of Chaldaea, for refusing to pay divine honors to that monarch : the tradition adds that as soon as he was thrown in the furnace became converted into a bed of roses.

† The Egyptian Joseph. ‡ Jesus.

§ Two fallen angels, teachers of sorcery, who are condemned for their crimes to remain suspended by the feet in separate wells of Babylon to the Day of Judgment.

¶ The Prophet Saleh, who was called on by the Themudites, an idolatrous Arabian tribe, to prove the existence of his God by miracle, and accordingly made a camel come forth from the centre of a solid rock in the sight of all.—See *D'HÉRÉLOT*, vol. iii. p. 172.

** A metaphoric allusion, by no means of the lucidest, to the seal-ring of Suleiman Djared, who by means of it exercised unlimited power over the Dives and Genii. This Suleiman (or Solomon) is said to have been the fifth monarch of the world after Adam.

†† The Queen of Sheba, who came from the South to admire the splendor and be edified by the wisdom of Solomon.

Like DAoud* King on the psaltery playing,
 Each wooing Zephyr that goes
 At will from flower to flower a-Maying
 Hath sweetest airs for the Rose.
 Who sees the sun set round and red
 Over LEBANON's brow of snows,
 May dream how burns in a lily-bed
 The Hundred-leaved Rose.
 The sun is an archer swift and strong,
 With a myriad silver bows,
 And each beam is a barb to pierce the garb
 Of the Hundred-leaved Rose.
 While the moon all the long, long, spectral night
 Her light o'er the garden throws,
 Like a beauty shrinking away from sight
 Is the Hundred-leaved Rose.
 Like the tears of a maiden, whose heart, ever laden
 With sorrowful thought, overflows
 At her weeping eye, are the dewes that lie
 On the feminine cheek of the Rose.
 As Man after Fame, as the moth round the flame,
 As the steer when his partner lows,
 Is the Nightingale, when his fruitless wail
 Is poured to the silent Rose.
 A Princess tranced by a talisman's power,
 Who bloomingly slumbers, nor knows
 That the sorcerer's spell encircles her bower,
 Is the Hundred-leaved Rose.
 Alas! that her kiosk† of emerald rare
 Should be powerless all to oppose
 The venom of Serpent Envy's glare‡
 When its eye is fixed on the Rose.
 A virgin alone in an alien land,
 Whose friends are but smiling foes,
 A palace plundered by every hand
 Is the Hundred-leaved Rose.
 O! why should she dwell in a desert dell
 With the darnel and mandrake?—Those
 Were never meet mates for her, the proud,
 The Hundred-leaved Rose.
 In an Eden which Heat hath never consumed,
 Where Winter-night never froze,
 Should only bloom, should ever have bloomed,
 The Hundred-leaved Rose.
 O! give her the gardens of PERISTAN,§
 Where only the musk-wind blows,
 And where she need fear nor Storm nor Man,
 The Hundred-leaved Rose.
 For the Summer's hand of love and light
 In the luminous flowers it strows
 Earth's valleys withal, drops none so bright
 As the Hundred-leaved Rose.
 Hail, SULEIMAN Sultan! Shadow of God!
 Great Prince, whose bounty bestows
 And scatters jewels like dust abroad,
 As the Wind the leaves of the Rose.

* David.

† Pavilion.

‡ An allusion to the popular Oriental belief that there are jewels which possess the power of blinding serpents and rendering their venom innocuous.

§ Fairy-land.

The pining world felt sick and sad,
 And labored with troubles and throes,
 Till thine avatar bade all be glad.
 Like the young Spring's earliest *Rose*.
 Now light is in Heaven and health upon Earth,
 June joyously comes and goes ;
 Rich Plenty has drowned the remembrance of Dearth,
 And the Thistle gives way to the *Rose*.
 The shepherd is piping a tune of delight,
 The husbandman reaps as he sows ;
 The gardens forget the black seasons of blight,
 And Summer is vain of the *Rose*.
 Reign, Sultan, for ever ! and this be thy praise,
 Though Eulogy overflows
 With the marvels thy marvellous era displays,
 That thou raisedst the perishing *Rose*.*

Both AASHIK and KINALIZADE with all respect for both the poet and concur in representing LAMII as his commentators, that we can say but extremely successful in his Ghazels little in behalf of the former. The and epigrammatic verses. We have latter please us more ; and from among glanced over both ; and we confess, them we select the few that follow.

II.

What is Love ?

What is Love ? I asked a lover—
 Likened it, he answered, weeping,
 To a flood unchained and sweeping
 Over shellstrewn grottoes, over
 Beds of roses, lilies, tulips,
 O'er all flowers that most enrich the
 Garden, in one headlong torrent,
 Till they shew a wreck from which the
 Eye and mind recoil abhorrent.
 Hearts may woo hearts, lips may woo lips,
 And gay days be spent in gladness,
 Dancing, feasting, liting, luting,
But the end of all is Sadness,
Desolation, Devastation,
Spoliation and Uprooting !

III.

Epigram.

Get silver ice, O, Jeweller, to cool thy golden wine ;
 It grows too fierce and heady :
 So spake the guest : No, quoth his host,—this ruby, I opine,
 Is *cold enough* already.†

IV.

Volto Sciolto e Pensieri Stretti.

Lock up thy heart within thy breast alway,
 And wear it not as bait upon thy face,
 For there be more devouring beasts of prey
 Than haunt the woods, among the human race.

* Thou causedst a decaying empire to flourish anew.

† The four great tests of the ruby with Oriental jewellers are, its hardness, lustre, specific gravity, and coldness.

v.

Haroun Al-Rashid and the Dust.

I am but dust, said Hassan, as he bowed
 His face to earth abashèd ;
 And in my Khalif's glance I flourish or I wither ;
 Since you are only dust, replied aloud
 The great Haroun-Al-Rashid,
 Be good enough to say what wind has blown you hither.

vi.

A-trophy taken from Love.

Woe is me ! Since first I tasted
 That rich cup of Love delicious
 Sweetened by GULNARE,
 I am grown so lean and wasted
 She can draw me as she wishes
 By a single hair.

vii.

The Panegyric of Amrapolas, near Brusa.

O, never, never, since this world
 Unfurled
 Her banner
 And began her
 Harmonious race, did Nature grace, did Fancy trace
 Elsewhere a place
 So redolent of all delight
 For sight
 And soul as
 AMRAPOLAS !
 Praised be her dales, her nightingales, her verdurous vales !
 Praised be her gales,
 Loaded with spicy perfumes rare,
 Her fair
 Mild evens,
 Her blue heavens,
 And those rich beams, like diamond-gleams, that light her streams,
 Which poets' dreams
 Of Paradise itself were faint
 To paint
 Elysian
 As that vision !
 Praised be her bright bland lakes of light, her noble night,
 Begemmed and dight
 With stilly hosts of travelling stars
 In cars
 All glancing
 And advancing !
 Praised be her dawn, when, Night withdrawn, along the lawn
 The playful fawn
 Bounds with light heart and feet to meet
 And greet
 Day's dun light
 Ere the sunlight
 Gilds wave and shore and dances o'er the emerald floor
 Of Earth once more !
 Praised be her soil and her's alone !
 I own
 None other
 For my Mother !
 And oh ! when drest in Death's pale vest, may LAMII rest
 On her soft breast !

VIII.

Orthodoxy, Or the Bory?

One day in catechising me the Khodja* asked me Whether
 I could feel happy in a palace, living in idolatry :
 I said, With her I worshipped, surely, though we dwelt together
 Not underneath a palace roof, but in a cave or hollow tree.

IX.

Opinions no Pinions.

O!—shew—no vain triumph o'er thy neighbours !
 They—may—lay snares for thy shameful fall :
 Ill—will—skill repay thy anxious labours
 When—men—pen or frown dislike of all.

Keep—deep—sleep when Self and Pride are preaching !
 More—soar—o'er the planets than are wise ;
 Far—are—star and sun beyond thy reaching ;
 Why—fly—high since clouds must wrap the skies ?†

X.

To Zureida.

Thy waist many swear
 Is the Region of Nought,‡
 And they call thy loose hair
 The Black Desert of GHAUT,§
 But persons of taste
 Are content to declare
 That thy hair is a waste,
 While thy waist is a hair.

XI.

To Rayah Ana Sherehemiz, the Female Traveller.

What ! wandering still without a bound ?
 Nay, RAYAH, this is worse than folly—
 'Tis cruel, since o'er Earth's wide round
 Thy slaves must follow, fast or slowly ;
 If thou decline to stand thy ground
 The world must turn pedestrian wholly,
 Nor will one *soul* at rest be found
 In ROUMILEE|| OF ANADOLI.¶

XII.

To Maatluka.

When the misbelieving Guebre saw
 Thy black locks and dazzling brow

* Asia.

† Doctor of the Law.

‡ *Why fly*, &c. Why weary thy intellect in fruitless endeavours to penetrate the Impenetrable ?§ *Hitzistan*, the Land of Nothing : Thy waist is so fine that it is compared to the Land of Nothing, which, though it exists, is invisible.|| *Karajaban Ghaut* : Ghaut is the name of a fabulous desert to the north of the fabulous Mountain of Kaf. See D'HERBELOT, vol. i. p. 454.¶ Roumelia, or Romania ; the Orientals spell it *Rum-ilee* ; with them it sometimes stands for Hungary, sometimes for European Turkey, and sometimes, as here, for all Europe.

Wonder smote him to the soul, and awe :
Bilirim !* he cried, I NOW
 SEE THAT GOD SHOULD BE ADORED
 FOR THE DARKNESS AS THE LIGHT ;
Allah akbar !† GOD THE LORD
 MADE NOT ONLY DAY BUT NIGHT.

XIII.

Description of Morning.

Another night is fled
 Another morning rises red
 The silver stars that twinkle
 Through saffron curtains here and there
 Gleam like the pearls that sprinkle
 A virgin's golden hair.
 New beams and brighter smile
 Along the skies, and while
 Aurora's colors clamber
 The mountains of the dawn
 The sun, a globe of amber,
 In silentness has drawn
 Within his own warm sphere, as morn by morn he draws,
 Each glistening straw that strews the Way of Straws.‡

XIV.

A well-delibered Speech.

Mine inkstand is the Well of NAKSHEB ;—and from each
 Imperishable drop I spread along the page
 Another Veiled Prophet utters mystic speech,§
 To be translated only by a future age.

XV.

To Amine.

Thou askest why the fire
 That streams from thy consuming eye
 Should pierce my shattered heart :—Alas !
 Doth any one enquire
 How is it red wine cannot lie
 One moment in a broken glass ?

XVI.

To Amine Dead.

Thou hast left thy LAMIN lorn and lonely ;
 Hope and strength and his eyes' light forsake him ;
 And his longing is to die,
 Since he knows that he shall see thee only
 When the Angel's trumpet shall awake him,
 On the morn of *Am-Not-I* !||

* *Credo*.

† God is great !

‡ The Turks call the Milky Way *Saaman Yoli*, the Straw-way.

§ The Veiled Prophet, Mokanna, is said to have had the power of raising up lights and voices from the Well of Naksheb. See *D'Herbelot*, and Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. Other Eastern imposters, since his era, have also made themselves famous by causing moons and stars to come up from other wells.

|| Mohammedan tradition states, that on the morning of the creation, God summoned before him all the souls that were to exist to the end of time, and demanded of them, Am not I your Lord ? (*E lest u birchikim* ?) To which they all answered, Yea ! Yea ! (*Beli ! Beli !*) The same question, it is believed, is to be put to them upon the Day of Judgment ; and hence that day is often called, The Day of *Am not I your Lord* ? and elliptically The Day of *Am not I* ?

XVII.

Most Melancholic.

Man is a tree : his early hopes and vows
 Are emblemed by the boughs ;
 But snakes coil round and reptiles gnaw the bole—
 And ah, that is his soul !

XVIII.

Effects of Laziness.

I left the Fabric of my Hopes to other hands to rear :
 It fell ; and then I wept for grief, and wondered at its fall :
 Be wiser thou : One Hand hath framed the Universal All :
 That wrought alone : do thou the same, or swift Decay is near.

XIX.

Epigram.

My friend sat sad and silent all the night
 Until the red wine loosed his tongue,
 So when Morn breaks, I said, with rosy light,
 The lark's first pleasant song is sung.

XX.

To Zelica.

Come, Zelica, and be my bosom's *one* tenant,
 Its Padishah and Sovereign of Sovereigns :
 Peace cannot bless that country or that continent
 In which no Sultan or Sultana governs.

XXI.

A New Moon.

Darksome though the Night of Separation
 Unto two fond hearts must ever prove,
 Those twin sorcerers, Hope, Imagination,
 Raise a moon up from the Well of Love.*

XXII.

Lamii's Apology for his Ponsense.

I was a parrot, mute and happy, till,
 Once on a time,
 The fowlers pierced my woods and caught me ;
 Then blame me not ; for I but echo still
 In wayward rhyme
 The melancholy wit they taught me.

The popularity of LAMII continued undiminished while he lived, but in some time after his death his deserts were cast into comparative obscurity by the genius of BAKKI, who as a mere lyrist, appears to have been the most successful of all the Ottoman poets. We regret to announce that our en-

deavours to procure a copy of this writer's works have failed, though our failure is of the less importance, as, if our memory serve us, Baron von Hammer has translated them into German. The following tribute to the memory of the great Turkish Lyrist, we extract from MOOSTAFA TIFFLI.

* See note on No. XIV.

XXIII.

To BAKKÍ.

O, BAKKÍ, BAKKÍ! Necromancer! Sun and Soul of Poetry!
 What bosom not of granite but is melted at thy song?
 Even as the Storm with equal ease will waft a leaf or blow a tree
 From North to South, thy spell can move the weak heart and the strong.
 I know of nothing vast enough to liken thy bold verses to,
 Except ISKANDER's mighty hosts and those of ARTAXERXES too,
 Or some enormous river, spouting now colossal columns,
 Now thundering over jagged rocks, now holding a calm course
 Between two banks of golden sands (the margins of thy volumes),
 But everywhere and ever the same Giant in its force.

O, BAKKÍ, BAKKÍ! in my days of joy and juvenility,
 Armed with my silver-bowled *tchibook** and all I had of thee,
 My glory was to revel in the wonderful fertility
 Of thy luxuriant genius underneath a citron-tree:
 But now that years have conquered me, and sicknesses have shaken me,
 And Fancy hath forsaken me, and Age hath overtaken me,
 I find some stiffer harness indispensable for yoking
 My spirit to the Plough of Life,—in short I must resign
 My silver-bowls for china cups, my Poetry and Smoking,
 My snaky pipes and BAKKÍ-leaves for fiery *Madjar* wine.*

Among the compilation of Ghazels against Hungary and Venice. He is by this TIFLÍ, we find one attributed supposed to have written it shortly to Amurath II., who reigned from before his death, and after his last defeat. It is characterised by a tone of 1421 to 1451, and died in Albania singular solemnity and sadness. while carrying on an unsuccessful war

XXIV.

Relic of Sultan Amurath II.

A score and ten fleeting years I swayed
 This world as its Master,
 And mine was the Palace thereof, with its halls:
 I deemed them eternal—but now, dismayed,
 I see arch and pilaster
 Evanish in mist, while the cupola falls,
 And is blent with the dust where my slain hopes are laid,
 And the rotting plaster
 Drops piecemeal away from the naked walls!—
 O, wretched, saith AMURAD ABUZADE,
 The man whom Disaster,
 Unlooked for and fierce, in the Night-time befalls!

By the *Night-time* is here meant spirit of the Grand Fakir *Shermidededeh*
 Old Age. What an advantage would have been of to Amurad through life!
 would not a little of the *pococurante* Thus vaunts the King of the Beggars.

XXV.

It is all One in the Turkish.

I meddle with the Future none; I travel not into the Farness,
 And, for all vain desires of mine, still vainer world, I hand them over t'ye:
 I sometimes carve, but mostly starve; *some scoundrel owns my horse and harness*:
 I am, *Ya Hu*, the Sultan of the pillaged Realm of Rags and Poverty.
 I work, or don't; all's one; that's clear; when once I am bowstrung, shot or
 sabred,
 I'll sleep as soundly, never fear, as though I had ne'er done aught but laboured.

* *Tsibák*, Serpentine tobacco-pipe. † Hungarian.

In ransacking the Divan of MOOSTAFA TCHELIBI,—not less remarkable for the symmetry of his person and the gentleness of his manners than for the superiority of his talents as a poet, and who was, in consequence, known among his friends by the cognomen of HAWAYI, or The Ridiculous Fellow,—we have lighted on a few samples of very intolerable versification indeed, which we beg all our readers to read and reprobate vehemently. It is a matter pretty notorious at present, that

we have our share of *l'esprit malin*; the detection of faults never failing to afford us deep gratification, while the discovery of beauties agonises us. In accordance with our sentiments we pass with contempt over the greater part of the volume before us, inlaid as it is with melodies worthy of the Nightingale himself, to grapple with the following shabby impostures—palmed upon Us for poetry—but which We thus expose publicly in our Magazine.

XXVI.

Lines on the Launching of the Bashtardah.*

"Weigh anchor!" cried the Padishah,

"Quick! ere the day be a moment older,

And launch the peerless Bashtardah!

No nobler vessel sails, or bolder."

Who hear the order must obey: they get the Proud One under weigh,

And along her dark blue road she sweeps—

The Jewel of the World,—behold her!

Walking the BOSPHORUS like a queen,

Unparalleled and uncontrolled, her

Green flag will centuries hence be seen

When kiosks and mosques and *deereks*† moulder.

Let VENICE' galleys menace now,—armed all and manned from poop to prow;

There goes the empress of the seas!

The Jewel of the World,—behold her!

Long as her gallant main-mast towers,

Long as the joyous waves uphold her,

So long her crew will dare the Giaours,

Will meet them shoulder up to shoulder—

O, the days of SELIM‡ shall return—again the Moslem's breast shall burn,

Pondering what MARMORA was of yore,

When rich in such—Our boast,—behold her!

Cold is the CAPTAIN-PASHA's§ lay,

But may his heart be even colder,

May his eyes and mouth be filled with clay,

And a winding-sheet be his enfolder,

When he shall see with heedless eye yon glorious pennon flout the sky!

It is *her* pennon—there she goes!

The Jewel of the World,—behold her!

XXVII.

Mine Ghazel

BY OSMAN BEN ABDALLAH OMRI, REIS EFFENDI.

Boy, fill another bumper, and—take care you fill it up full!

My manner grows extremely bland—when I have drained a cupful—

My temperament, you understand—is somewhat dry and drouthful;

I don't eat much, and can't command a relish for a mouthful.

* *Bash tardah*, Head-ship, (an Admiral's ship.) † Pillars.

‡ Selim I. the ninth Sultan of the Ottoman Dynasty, and one of the most victorious monarchs by sea and land, of modern times.

§ The name of the author of this lay is unknown; he merely gives his title, *Kapudan-basah*.

I never took *kiebaab** in hand—with look that spoke me grateful,
 But always made a desperate stand—against the second plateful ;
 And, faith, one time in SAMARKAND—when I had crammed my maw full
 With lots of their accurst outland—ish prog, my state was awful !
 For rice, my stomach don't demand—much more than half a bowlful ;
 When he exceeds, the REIS EFFAND—looks lantern-jawed and doleful.
 But wine—that makes my soul expand—and when my horn is quite full,
 The looking at even is grand—impressive and delightful.
 Then, boy ! fill up a bumper, and—be sure you fill it up full ;
 My temper grows so truly bland—when I have swilled a cupful !

XXVIII.

Justice alone is Eternal.

† Tyrant ! With sweat of ' Man, with widows' tears,
 With orphans' blood
 Thou moistenest the accursed clay
 Of the proud palace-walls thine avarice rears,
 And callest then thine evil Good !
 Yet what avail thy triumphs ? Look at the decay
 Of the serais† of AFRAZEEB !§ Long years
 Hath Darkness wrapped these in a ten-fold hood ;
 And owls hoot in their chambers night and day !
 Only those Gates which no soul nears
 Except by Penance' road and over Sorrow's flood,
 Those gates through which *thou* canst not find thy way,
 Those only, *and the burning marble piers*
Of IBLIS' halls—as they have stood
From immemorial time—shall stand for aye.

XXIX.

Egypt. ||

Were the NILE river the Water of Life and of Bliss divine
 Rather by far would I perish than drink of the wave of EGYPT !
 Were I the sun, or the moon, not one of my beams should shine
 Willingly on the flayed and flowerless wastes of EGYPT,
 Marsh-lizards shriek and squeak to the bass of the grunting swine,
 Ravens croak all the day long in the groves of lugubrious EGYPT !
 MEN I could nowhere discover by any exertion of mine,
 Or I was blinded perhaps by the villainous fogs of EGYPT !
 Monkeys and two-footed mules and skin-and-bone shapes asinine,
 These were the maidens and youths I met with in slimy old EGYPT.
 Carrying their clothes in their hands,—a custom they think very fine,
 Though in my eyes it looked horrid, as every thing else did in EGYPT.
 Had I their lords and young men for my stable-boys† 'twouldn't incline
 Me with my present ideas to think a bit better of EGYPT !
 Nay, I will swear, I, FEHIMI, and this my Ghazel be my sign !
 Eden should never be entered by me, if its portal were EGYPT !

* A piece of roast meat:

† These lines were addressed by the poet Kheremi to a corrupt and tyrannical Cadi in Constantinople, who had amassed immense riches by his private and public robberies.

‡ Fortified palaces.

§ An ancient monarch of Persia, who is supposed to have founded Bagdad.

|| The writer is Undjizade Moostafa Fehim, who was author of an entire Divan at the age of eighteen. He enjoyed for some a lucrative post at Grand Cairo, under Eyub Bey, but was afterwards cashiered and obliged to leave Egypt altogether. He then employed himself in writing satires on the country and its people ; not, perhaps, having had time to do so while fulfilling the duties of his situation and counting his daily salary of silver pieces.

¶ In the original, *Tzekezy Yusuf ghaseem riyabim ger Assiz*, Were Joseph to carry my saddle and Assiz (Potiphar) to hold my stirrup.

According to our promise we shall conclude our article by a few extracts from FUZULI. This writer, whose title signifies The Supercilious, was a native of Bagdad, but, betaking himself to Constantinople, soon became a favorite with the Sultan, who conferred many honors on him. He died in 1562, while his renown was in full church flower. His most esteemed poem is *The Loves of Leila and Medjnoon*—names familiar to all admirers of Eastern romance—but, as a curiosity, no one of his works can compete with his *Bang u Badeh*.* The title of this poem, translated, means Opium and Wine, or, more properly, Hyoscyamus and Wine, for *Bang* is, in fact, the Egyptian *Benj*, (qu. the *Narcissus* of Homer ?) which not merely operates as a simple narcotic, but produces delicious dreams, and fills the soul with rapturous anticipations. Mohammed, who wanted practical men, and not dreamers, forbade the use of narcotics generally, but *Bang* is not interdicted by name in the Koran, and probably was not known to the Arabians in Mohammed's era,

for there is reason to presume that this drug is one with the *Hashishet* of the Indian, BABA RATANI, which was only introduced into Syria and Arabia some centuries after the Hejira. Partly because not prohibited by name, and partly on account of its seductive properties, *Bang* gradually rose into celebrity, until at last the throne and pulpit took the alarm ; and fierce and terrible was the war which for many years both the Sultan and the Muffi waged against the heterodox opiate. It was at this period that FUZULI wrote the extraordinary and fantastic poem with some account of which we are now about to present our readers.

He commences in the ordinary manner, that is, with an Invocation to the Deity, a Hymn to the Prophet and the Four Khalifs, and the Panygic of the reigning Sultan. Then, representing himself under a feigned name, as seated at a table covered with potables of all hues in glittering flasks, " which lend their own brightness to the liquids within, as the heavenly constellations shed their beams on the sea"—he proceeds thus :—

Queen of all those that came to grace

This lordly banquet, One there was
With burning eye and wondrous face :
She is of a royal race ;

Everywhere she meets applause.

Her title is WINE, the Child of the Vine ;
Bright as the Morning her wet wings shine ;
DJEMSHEED was the Sultan who founded her line
To solace the hearts that droop and pine.
Round her stood her younger brothers,
BRANDY, CIDER, BEER, and others,
Some looking blue, and some looking grey,

And some looking ruddy and rosy :
WINE herself had got drunk that day ;

The others felt muzzy and dozy.

Then out spake WINE, and jolly was her tone—
I am called Wine, and I stand alone

As the Light of the Soul and the Prop of the Universe,
Bright as the sun, and deep as the sea,

Where is the recreant poet whose puny verse
Dares to prefer another to Me ?

So sang WINE, and for more than an hour,

Drunk as she was, her glib tongue ran

On about her own fascination and power

And the pleasant-looking taverns of ISFAHAN.

The Drinker, at length, fancying
that WINE is giving herself too many
airs, interrupts her rhapsody by a fit of
laughter, and then tells her that she

must not talk any more in that strain.
There is but little wisdom in thee,
WINE, he pursues ; thou art beginning
to dote, methinks. Unloose the girdle

* A magnificently illustrated copy of this poem, made for Hassan Pasha, Governor of Bagdad, in 1599, is deposited in the Royal Library of Dresden. A description of it will be found in *Fleischer's Cataloge der Orientalischen Handschriften* under No. 362.

of self-conceit from thy waist, and be not so hasty to light thy dwelling with the wax-taper of vain-glory. Remember what the poet says; *He that crowneth himself with roses shall see his chaplet wither until only the thorns are left.* Is it for the crow to claim kindred with the eagle, or shall the daisy say to the sun-flower, Thou art my sister? Know that yesternoon I attended a festival at which was present the celebrated BANG; he was clothed in green,* like a Sofi; he was not drunk, as thou art, but wore a divine and philosophic air; and all the guests did homage to him, while thou wert neglected and forgotten. For it is well known, O WINE, that he is thy

Sultan, thy Superior. Hereupon WINE flies into a passion. O, ingrate and driveller! she exclaims, O, viperous Drinker of Me. I am astounded at thine unexampled and detestable ingratitude. It overwhelms me on a sudden, as thunder comes down in the night time on one who stumbles over a dark mountain. I weep also for thy bad taste, which afflicts me with intense and particular melancholy: can it be that thou art sunk so low as to acknowledge thyself a *Banghi*?† If so, be advised by me, and recover thy senses ere it be too late; humble thyself; grasp the bottle by the neck and swear to be faithful to WINE alone.

Swear by the Bottle's roseate hue,
Swear by its gurgling *Glug-glug-glu*,‡
Swear by the Paunch of the Bottle, O, Drinker,
Faith and Allegiance to WINE alone!
WINE is the friend of the closetted thinker,
WINE is the life of the Shah on his throne.
What can be venerabler? What can be sweeter?
WINE will be the Mirror of the Beauty of God,
When the cancer-eaten bones of the hoggish Opium-eater
Shall be scattered by the Winds of Destruction abroad.

WINE now turns to her companions for consolation and succour; and all, with one exception, declare BANG to be a pestiferous wretch, the continuance of whose existence no honest person can conscientiously connive at. The dissentient voice is that of

BRANDY, who treats the whole affair as insignificant in the extreme and acquaints WINE that she is *tsok szarkos* (too stupidly drunk) to understand the real relative position or importance of the parties.

Wert thou not drunk as an owl, such a trifle
Never could vanquish thy reason, or rife
Thy mind of its peace: Why, the world are thy followers!
What wouldst thou have? Look at Me, now! (quoth BRANDY)
My spirits are always sky-high, though my swallows
Try them with citron, cold water and candy.

CIDER (*Nebid*) on hearing this, tartly turns round, and, like Sempronius in Addison's *Cato*, accuses Lucius BRANDY of being a traitor at heart, and of secretly wishing to protect the enemy. In my opinion, observes CIDER, in an effervescence of zeal,—the most eligible, the most dignified mode of proceeding is to assassinate BANG. Let there be no more deliberation or delay, but let BANG be at once and quietly assassinated. There will then be end of him, because he

will be dead. That is what I, CIDER, say.—The advice appears to gratify WINE, but BEER (*Busa*) interposing his voice, remarks that it cannot be adopted, as BANG scents poison at the distance of a farsang, is not vulnerable by hatchet or bowstring, and cannot be drowned or hoccussed without considerable risk to the safety of the drowner or hoccusser; and he therefore suggests that stratagem and not strength should be employed on the occasion. What would you think, O BEER, demands

* The Sofis were generally distinguished by blue dresses, but some of the orders wore green.

† Opium-eater.

‡ The sound made by the wine as it issues from the neck of the bottle.

WINE, if I were to despatch you to him as my ambassador? A superb idea! quoth BEER. Could you circumvent him? asks WINE. With the help of the Prophet, answers BEER, I should strip the gilding off his pills instantaneously; he should eat many bushels of dirt. Then, O, BEER! says WINE, I here invest you with the prerogatives of a plenipotentiary: betake yourself forthwith to the court of BANG, and so manage your embassy that your skill in diplomacy may be talked of through the world as a thing to wonder at. And whereas, I have hitherto called you only *Eshek* (the Ass), I will, in case of your success, confer upon you the title of *Bujuk Jilin*, (Grand Humbugger), and you and each of your kindred shall retain the same, until the sun and moon shall cease to shine, and wax candles be darkened in the houses of the Faithful.

BEER accordingly departs upon his mission, while the others remain behind and entertain one another by recounting scandalous anecdotes of the enemy, and singing the praises of WINE; and WINE tells a tale of a tub to the effect that there was once a young man of Bagdad who from his boyhood upwards had despaired of ever finding the way to Paradise, until happening in his twenty-fourth year to take a long and merry drink of WINE from a pitcher for the first time, he exclaimed that he now saw every inch of the way to Paradise quite clearly.

After a journey of twenty-nine days, BEER arrives at the Court of BANG and presents his credentials to that important personage himself, who is represented as engaged in a cloudy metaphysical discussion with ESRAR (a Persian Opiate) concerning contingent existence, and the souls of the unborn. The reception accorded by BANG to BEER is polite, but cool and guarded. BEER then tries to sift and wheedle BANG, but BANG repels all his artifices with a self-possession and vigilance which shew that he perfectly understands the designs of his wily pumper, and is determined to defeat them. My cater-cousin—observes BANG, at length, desirous of closing the scene—my cater-cousin—for so thou wert once, and, I trust, wilt be again—thou but lovest thy labour; it is useless all this cross-hackling of Me. I compassionate thee, for thou art the father of a jack-ass; he that will gull should seek the gullible, but thou hast come across One too enlightened to be

hoodwinked. I am the profoundest of philosophers, the greatest astrologer living, a necromancer of no ordinary talent, a searcher into the future, a mirror of the past, an interminable rhapsodist, the master of the three hundred and threescore sciences, a treasury of knowledge, a gigantic phenomenon, the glory of nature, the wonder of the universe! And I, quoth ESRAR, am thy worthy co-mate, seeing that the world acknowledges my sovereignty, and is confounded with inexpressible excess of astonishment at my miraculous attributes. The height of my mind surpasses that of the pillars of TCHER-MINAR, and the divers of ORMUZ would be drowned in the depths of the ocean of my understanding. I combine within myself the virtues of a hundred convents of dervishes, and the wisdom of a thousand academies of Soffas. I possess the fluency of NIZAMI, the inventiveness of BIDPAI, the perspicacity of ARISTOTLE, the memory of HAFIZ, and the luxuriant imagination of DJAMI. IFLATUN (Plato) would have rubbed his forehead in the dust before me, and LOKMAN have exclaimed in rapture, *Ferdi szezsin*, Thou takest the shine! Not from Me, however, interposes BANG—thou dost not take the shine from Me. I think I do, answers ESRAR; I think, BANG, I take the shine from thee. By green and blue, No! exclaims BANG warmly. I am BANG; thou art ESRAR; thy business is to sit at My feet and eat dirt; what dost thou talk of taking the shine from Me? I take the shine then from all others, observes ESRAR, and in the meantime I either am or will be thy Sultan. As soon as thou canst, replies BANG. But as for thee, he adds, turning to BEER, I think it is high time thou wert jogging. Go back therefore, to her who sent thee hither, and inform her that BANG is Shah of this world, that he has neither master nor brother, that the treasures of the nine-gated Dom Daniel are his, and that his knowledge and wisdom will be sung by poets, and venerated by kings, when the ignorance and infamy of thy Koran-cursed mistress shall have made her execrable in the eyes of all mankind.

BEER, perceiving the inutility of contending against such formidable odds, accordingly withdraws and resumes his journey homeward. BANG and ESRAR then jointly assail the character of WINE, and lavish upon it all

abusive epithets they can think of; and BANG blows the trumpet of his own praises over again, and gives ESRAR the history of a young man of Bassora who was for a long time so stupid as not to know his great toe from his forefinger, but by the use of BANG became the subtlest metaphysical hairsplitter of his time, and translated besides from several languages without knowing any thing of any of them.

BEER has scarcely presented him-

I am BANG, a magnificent name—
 A globe of light—a pillar of flame—
 A bridge of pearl—a dome of gold—
 A guide to mysteries untold—
 A talisman for Young and Old.
 I am smooth as IRAN's marble—
 Green as OMAN's glassy deep—
 When I please I lull and warble
 Shahs themselves to sleep.
 Nobles flock to My ancient College,
 From North, and West, and the furthest distance,
 For I alone give a lucid knowledge
 Of Nature, Spirit, and Non-Existence.
 My place is with the Learned and Solemn,
 And where the student with clasped hands
 Muses, like MEDJNOON,* and stands
 All day moveless as a column.
 Statesmen reverence me and bless me ;
 Damsels fondle and caress me ;
 Kings and Kalenders combine
 To honor Me, the Pure and Placid,
 Knowing that, unlike to WINE,
 My sweetness never turns to acid,
 For I am the Seal of Perpetual Grace,
 The Mirror of Truth, the Key to Fame,
 And he who would find a resting-place
 For his fainting soul in Eternity's race,
 Must fly to Me, as the moth to the flame.

This unequivocal evidence of the excellent terms upon which BANG is with himself, excites the irascible passions of WINE to a high pitch ; and a plot is concerted between her and her auxiliaries to wound BANG in the tenderest point by coaxing over BIG OPIUM-PILL to their side. How to accomplish their object, however, is a puzzle, until BEER suggests the idea of intoxicating him. All immediately agree, and BIG OPIUM-PILL is accordingly made thoroughly drunk all round, and while drunk is prevailed upon to swear by the Paunch and *Glug-glug-glu* of the WINE-bottle, that he will

self before his mistress to detail the unsuccessful result of his embassy, when he is followed by a messenger from BANG, a huge *Habb*, (or Opium Pill of thirty grains), who comes to dilate upon the power and extraordinary attributes of his master, and to require from WINE an acknowledgment of her inferiority to him. A panegyric pronounced by BANG on himself is repeated by his envoy as follows :—

fight the battles of WINE against BANG until the sun and moon shall cease to shine, and wax-candles no longer light the houses of the Faithful.

Now comes the tug of war. Intelligence of BIG OPIUM-PILL's treachery in due time reaches BANG, and exceedingly exasperates him : he musters an army of opiates, fluid and solid, and marches against WINE. WINE on her part also rises like a giantess, and collects her forces to meet those of BANG. Hostilities involving the most destructive results to both parties appear inevitable, when, just at this juncture, SUGAR-CANDY (*Nokt*) and CINNAMON

* The hero of a celebrated romance by the Persian poet Nizami, and of many other romances by Turkish imitators : he is said to have stood so long rooted to the place where he first beheld his beloved (*Leila*) that the birds came and nestled on his *Medjnoun* signifies *Love-crazed*.

(*Muiz*), who have occupied neutral ground from the beginning of the contest, interfere between the high belligerent powers, and propose that WINE and BANG shall decide the quarrel by single combat. After some deliberation on both sides the proposal is mutually agreed to; and, the requisite preliminaries being arranged, WINE and BANG gird themselves for fight. The final decisive struggle is preceded by a wordy skirmish, in which each hero endeavours to exalt his own pretensions and to depreciate those of his antagonist.

Says WINE : I am the Daughter
Of Sultan Vine.
Says BANG : Like Eden's Water
Of Life I shine.
Says WINE : The Sick of fevers
I heal and free.
Says BANG : The True Believers
Make much of Me.
Says WINE : I boast bright tresses
Of golden sheen.
Says BANG : My noble dresses
Are Sofi-green.
Says WINE : I slew ISKANDER*
And millions more.
Says BANG : A world-commander
Was I of yore.
Says WINE : I gladden droopers
And lull their pain.
Says BANG : I banish stupors
And clear the brain.
Says WINE : My rosy pinions
Cleave sky and sea.
Says BANG : The Earth's dominions
Belong to Me.
Says WINE : I kill in mortals
The Soul of Grief.
Says BANG : I burst the Portals
Of Unbelief.
Says WINE : I sparkle gaily
In darkest night.
Says BANG : All mankind daily
Confess my might.
Says WINE : I think thou braggest ;
Best hold thy tongue !
Says BANG : Aha ! Thou laggest :
Thy song is sung.
Says WINE : Thou liest, blackguard !
I do not lag.
Says BANG : Then, if no laggard,
Come on, Old Hag !

The fight now begins in earnest, as one of them must be victorious, the and is sustained with great fierceness honor is reserved for WINE, who at for eight days and eight nights.† Both last bangs BANG, and forces him to combatants shew prodigious pluck, but fly the field.

Worsted and howling, BANG slunk away,
And thenceforth never by night or day,

* Alexander the Great.

† It is a coincidence deserving notice, that this is also the precise period which we find the Irish *Láir na Sárise* allotting to the continuance of the celebrated combat between Goll of the Fian and the King of Lochlin : *Uí Solla acas aň fear mór aň aň tairíis, acas bhádur ocht lá acas ocht n-oidche ag comhrac, gur tairíad nǝ Lóclan nǝ Solla, ácas a njuhser uile leir aň fear.*

Durst shew himself in his ancient array,
 But hid his face with a lilac mask*
 While WINE, as glorious as before,
 Shone rosily out in the same bright flask
 That shewed her beauty in times of yore.†

This bizarre poem concludes with a Hymn to God, thanking him for his mercies. After all, it is probably but an allegory of some kind or other, and Wine and Bang may be meant as personifications of some of the Divine attributes. We can come to no other conclusion when we consider the praises it lavishes on a beverage of which every Mussulman is bound by his creed to entertain an abhorrence. At the same time its latent meaning may be too obscure to be discovered, or perhaps, if discoverable, may not be worth the trouble of tracing. Our object in giving an abstract of the poem is simply to furnish the uninstructed among our readers (we hate writing for the learned) with some idea of the sort of poetry in which the Oriental mind delights to revel; for, eccentric and perhaps puerile as the sample we have exhibited may appear to them, they may be satisfied that few Mohammedans would not fancy themselves losers in bartering it for the most brilliant of the creations of Goethe or Shakespeare.

But our limits forbid us to advance any further on the present occasion. In our next paper we propose to take up and discuss the subject of *Persian* literature. New and untrodden as this field will be to us, we ought perhaps to question the wisdom of yielding to the impulse that prompts us to enter it at all. In reality we should feel oppressed by many misgivings if our distrust of our integrity could be cast into the same scale with the diffidence we entertain of our ability to do justice to our task. But the case is otherwise. In whatever degree we may fail, we shall retain the consolation of reflecting that we have been assiduous to avoid failure in even the least degree. We shall claim for our undertaking all the merit of honest intentions. If these cannot guarantee our success, they will at least enable us to remain upon good terms with ourself, and we trust will even acquire for us, to a certain extent, the suffrages of our readers.

* Viz: concealed himself under the shape of lilac pills.

† Namely, Djemsheed's.

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANNES SCHOPENHAUER.

The affecting incident, upon which the following tale is founded—one which is no fiction—has, we believe, been already made the subject of a story in the pages of a British periodical. Even those of our readers to whom the incident may be familiar, will read with pleasure, the translation from the German edition of the story, which our contributor has supplied to us.

"FRIEND Rictor! is it possible—is that yourself or your wraith?" I exclaimed, as I entered one of the most fashionable coffee-houses in Edinburgh, a voice not unknown to me, in right good German, though spoken with somewhat of a foreign accent, and at the same time a powerful hand seized mine and almost shook my arm off. I responded, as I best could, to this genuine English greeting, and with no less pleasure than was testified by him who greeted me; for, notwithstanding an interval of six years since we had seen each other, and though, in the meantime, his then spare and slender form had changed into a right portly

one, I at once recognised in him my old university English friend, Thomas Hill, with whom I had spent so many jovial hours, and played so many pleasant freaks at Gottingen. All belonging to the little circle in which I was then included had loved the bold youngster, because he so cheerfully associated with us, and did not disdain, as many like him do, to live after our fashion in our own country—and also allowed each one to pass for that which, in the spirit of youth, he felt himself to be.

That Tom was still the same old thing, appeared at once from his not having forgotten German, which he

had then given himself much trouble to acquire; and I was delighted to hear from his lips the dear familiar sounds which, in a strange land, though spoken by persons the most indifferent, give every one a pleasurable emotion, but doubly so to me, from the unexpected finding of my friend, who thus reminded me of my happy youthful days. In five minutes we were seated opposite each other over a bottle of claret as familiarly as if we had never parted. And now came questions without end from him and answers and anecdotes on my part. I had to give him an account of all our acquaintances, of deaths, marriages, and love affairs; and also of my own restless desire for travel, which urged me, after leaving the university, through the half of Europe; and how, for a fair ending, I now wished to know something of Scotland, before allowing myself to be harnessed to the yoke of a profession which is the desired yet dreaded end of all our youthful aspirations.

A brilliant lot had befallen my friend—the unexpected death of some collateral relation had left him heir to a rich unmarried uncle. By this a fair estate in fertile Yorkshire had fallen to him as it were from the clouds; and, as a consequence, the title of baronet also, through which the old worthy Tom was become stately Sir Thomas Hill. Furthermore, this son of Fortune had been for some weeks the delighted husband of a lovely woman, whom he presented to me, the same evening, as his *bride*; for in England there is no such thing as unwedded brides. This lovely name is first given to the newly-married during the honeymoon, whilst, with us, it is modestly appropriated to the preparatory weeks.

Lady Matilda, so was my friend's consort named, was a genuine Englishwoman, of the most amiable kind—fair and slender—somewhat pale, and somewhat sentimental—vithal, intelligent, good-natured, and full of dutiful affection for her husband, whom, indeed, she fondly loved. I was his friend; that was sufficient to secure me the kindest reception from her. The young couple were on a tour to the Highlands, to form a personal acquaintance with their relations living on their possessions in that quarter; and that I—now that we had found each other—should accompany them, seemed to my friend Tom so natural,

and suited so well my own plans, that on both sides we did not think it worth while spending many words about—the less so, as Lady Matilda also confirmed my friend's passing invitation by repeating it in the kindest manner.

A few days afterwards we commenced our journey—travelling as quickly as the way permitted; yet we made but short stages. Wheresoever it pleased Lady Matilda we halted, and it pleased her almost every where. The wild, romantic splendor of the country charmed her mind, so susceptible of everything beautiful. Her sketch-book was her constant companion—to take down each fair scene for future recollections was her delight, which we willingly indulged her in—besides, her delicate frame was not calculated for much fatigue; and as for us, we did not see why we should be in such haste to reach people whom we knew not, and who, perhaps, might not particularly please us.

We had passed the night at Tyn-down, and set out early, after the fashion of English travellers, that we might journey some miles before breakfast in the cool of morning. It was St. John's day, and Heaven and Earth seemed to have conspired to celebrate the Feast of Roses gorgeously, even in this rocky land, where they so seldom bloom. Each lofty peak had doffed the cap of clouds in which they wrap themselves the greater portion of the year before the glorious sun that darted his warmest rays from the deep blue æther. Mountain and valley, the wild rocks and moss-covered glens of Herres, “prankt them gaily” in the golden gleams—whilst grass and leaves and heather rustled sociably amongst each other, moved by the breath of air, which only stirred, not to leave the heat of the day too powerful.

As hungry as we can only ever wish ourselves to be when we encounter a Scottish breakfast, and after being dragged for a considerable distance along very uneven roads, over hill and dale, we at length reached the wretched little village of Dalnally, in which the inn alone deserves the name of house. The morning, however, was too fine for us to endure the idea of being immured in a close room. Lady Matilda longed for some picturesque object to enrich her sketch-book; and scarcely had she expressed her wish when young and old of the inn set themselves in motion to lead us to a

wonderfully-beautiful spot at some distance, that gave us a really enchanting view of the vale of Glenorchy, at whose extreme end Dalmally lies. All that we required was speedily brought after us ; and in less than a quarter of an hour the tea-kettle was boiling, and, for such a remote region, a very proper tea-service laid on a table covered with a snow-white cloth : along with it was fresh mountain butter, golden honey-combs, little smoked fish, hard-boiled eggs, rich orange marmalade, and many things indispensable to the breakfasts of the better class in Scotland ; besides, their oatmeal cakes, which, with this poor, contented people, supply the place of bread, and generally, along with potatoes, the place of every other nourishment.

There we seated ourselves quite contented, and surveyed, in silent rapture, the rich green meadows of Glenorchy, through which a tolerable-sized mountain stream winds, murmuring and chafing in thousand fanciful curves. Innumerable cabins, constructed of turf and stone, partly solitary, partly in small groups, which are here called *villages*, enliven this lovely valley, whilst a church, situated on an eminence at some distance, greatly heightens the picturesque effect. Steep towering rocks surround it on all sides, like eternal bulwarks of this retreat, and, by contrast with their wild majestic forms, enhance its modest graces.

Lady Matilda presided at the tea-table, with all the pleasing and indescribable charm which Englishwomen alone can impart to this occupation ; and was selecting, beforehand, all the picturesque views which she intended to commit to paper. Our hostess remained standing near us, to be at hand lest we should want anything. She was a kind, matronlike-looking woman, who, moreover, spoke very intelligible English, which is by no means generally the case here, where the Gaelic usually prevails. She answered very distinctly all questions directed to her, and gave Lady Matilda very satisfactory information on all that she desired to know.

The scene in the valley became gradually more animated. Men, women, and children, streamed from every corner, from the cabins to the meadows, a joyous throng, augmenting every moment, to which the romantic national garb of the men gave a peculiarly unique appearance. Carts, too, drawn by little diminutive horses, indigenous

to those mountains, were brought out and laden so high with hay that they often appeared to move by themselves, the little creatures being entirely covered by the load which they were drawing.

"We are drawing home the hay to-day," said our hostess. "That's why I alone have the honor of attending you—my husband and children are all below, and I must ask your pardon for their not waiting on you as was but their duty to do. God is pleased to let his sun shine brightly, and the whole parish is collected to-day to secure the blessing of heaven ; for such days as this but seldom come. But, God help me!—there is no bread on the table—so much for having one's head too full—pardon me for forgetting to bring it. No, my lady ! our oatmeal cakes are not for such fine quality as you. I only set them down because they are usual with us. God be praised genteel travellers, who honor us with their visits, always find bread enough in my house—there must be some there just now. Molly ! Molly !" called she to a female who just passed with a child in her arms, and hastening up to her, gave her some secret directions, and then returned to us.

"Have you ever seen a more interesting figure?" exclaimed Lady Matilda, gazing intently after the young and slender nymph-like figure that was now hastening towards the inn as light-footed as a fawn. Her scanty but accurately clean dress was not sufficient to conceal the perfect symmetry of a delicate shape, which any artist might have unhesitatingly painted for a model of Psyche. In the walk and every gesture of this fair form lay something so indescribably elegant and graceful, that we could not turn our eyes from it so long as it remained in view. It wanted nothing to be a *chef-d'œuvre* of creating nature but that fresh plumpness of youth, which sickness, perhaps, or, more probably, too scanty fare, had already stifled in its first bloom.

In a few minutes she returned with what was wanted as speedily as she had gone ; and now we had a view of the most perfect oval of one of the loveliest Madonna faces, such as are only to be seen in the inspired moments of Raphael's sublimer phantasies.—Deep grief, yet pious resignation, breathed round her small lovely mouth, and spoke from the fair but wasted features of her pale countenance ; and

when she came near us, her fine arched eyelids veiled with their long silken lashes a pair of such large dark blue eyes as I had never seen.

"God bless you and that dear child!" said Lady Matilda; "yet come a little nearer to me; I do so love little children, when they are pretty and clean like this," and she kindly stretched out her arms for the child. My friend, honest Tom, was quite affected, and it was really charming to see the lovely and elegant female dandling in her arms the fine healthy infant (that seemed not more than a month old), and bending down to it with the most affectionate looks, and when it opened its pair of large beauteous eyes, how she fondly kissed it, and, pressing it to her bosom, gave it back again.

"Is that your own baby?" asked Lady Matilda; "yet scarcely, you are still so young—your brother's, perhaps?"

Molly stood there, suffused with glowing crimson, and then, turning deadly pale, she curtsied lowly, and spoke a few unintelligible words, which Lady Matilda took for an assent to her question.

"Then it is, indeed, your child!" exclaimed she. "Good God! still so young—certainly scarce eighteen years old, and already married and a mother!"

Molly became still paler than before—then fiery red—then again deadly pale. Two large heavy tear-drops fell from her painfully quivering eyes upon the smiling baby, and inwardly sobbing she pressed it with convulsive energy to her breast, then turned away, and in a few minutes was lost to our view.

"Good God! why does she weep? what effects the poor creature so?" asked Lady Matilda, shocked and grieved. "Surely I did not mean to pain her feelings. Perhaps her husband is dead? she seems so unhappy, and is still so very young."

"Yes, indeed, is she both," replied the hostess, with a sigh, "unhappy enough, and, as my lady well remarked, scarcely eighteen years old. I know her well—I am her godmother—and, what is the worst of it, no person can help her but one, and he is a hardened sinner."

Lady Matilda looked at her with surprise. "What, then, is the matter with her?" asked she. "Poor she is, that I see plainly—yet kind hearts may assist her—or the father of the child is, perhaps, lying sick. Help is

always to be had of God and man if only it be properly sought."

"Alas! my lady, you have a Christian heart, and will surely forgive the poor friendless creature for presuming to come near you when you beckoned to her," said the hostess, whilst, with downcast eyes, she played with her apron in painful embarrassment. "The child is, alas! a child of sin and shame, baptized with tears, and God best knows with what scalding, bitter tears! but it is still God's creature, and you will not despise it nor loathe yourself for having taken it in your arms."

Lady Matilda blushed, and a sigh heaved her tender bosom. "And how does the unhappy mother live now?" asked this kind, compassionate woman.

"She makes shift as she can," was the reply—"she works day and night, here, there, and everywhere that there is anything for her to do, in order to support her poor baby and her sick mother. A case like hers has not, God be praised, happened in our parish almost within the memory of man; but all the neighbours feel compassion for her, and we willingly endure her in the village; for, excepting this one false step, which she rues so bitterly, there is no better nor truer mind far and wide than poor Molly's. Alas! she is one, too, of those that have seen better days—and there always goes a pang through my heart when I see her now on the Sabbath in her wretched thin gown, shrinking among the parish poor in the darkest corner of the church."

All that we had heard and seen of poor Molly awakened our deepest sympathy. We wished to learn more particularly her sad fortunes, and our hostess shewed herself not unwilling to gratify us.

Molly's story was one of the most ordinary character—such as have occurred millions of times, and will still occur in the world—one of the countless throng over which many a young heart has broken. "She had loved, confided—was betrayed, abandoned! Less than a year before she had been the pride of the parish; and whosoever met the lovely child at early morn looked on this as a fortunate omen for the whole ensuing day. 'God bless your pretty face,' the old people would cry when she passed them with her friendly greeting. The young men called her the 'valley's fairest flower,' even the young maidens loved her

warmly, for she was ever modest, kind, and obliging. No one could spin a finer thread, and no one in the spinning-room of an evening could tell a more amusing story; and it was hard to say which was more delightful, to see or to hear her. Her mother was, indeed, only a poor widow, who, besides her small retired cabin, a little potatoe field, a kail garden, and a pair of goats, possessed nothing but an honest, pious mind, and a firm confidence in God. Yet Molly helped her to work, and ever continued at it with unabated courage and a cheerful heart, whilst her little simple song used to carol each morning in emulation with the lark to greet the coming sun.

"The young men would set their red and white striped bonnets somewhat bolder on one side, raise the eagle feather somewhat higher, and arrange, in neater folds upon their shoulders, the varied plaid, if they espied her in the distance. Yet Molly seemed to be unconscious of all this. For every kind salutation she had a modest, kind reply; and to each slyly-whispered love-speech she only answered by a maiden blush and coy reserve bordering on coldness. Only for one had she an heart, and that one was Roger Rowland, gamekeeper to Lord Breadalbane. He had been brought up at the castle—was young and handsome; no one far and wide had a more stately figure—whilst in dress, bearing, and every thing pertaining to him, he resembled a nobleman more than a domestic. He resided on the edge of the forest, in a house with two chimneys, which, in size and splendor, yielded but little to the curate's dwelling. He knew how to speak, and look tenderly, and win hearts—how could the artless, inexperienced Molly possibly resist him?

"Their intimacy did not continue long unnoticed in the valley—and every one gladly allowed the fair maiden a prospect of happiness that she in every view deserved. It is true that there was now and then a whisper among the neighbours of some earlier love affairs in which Roger Rowland had been here and there engaged and had again given up; yet no person could say anything positively bad of him, or charge him with any actual breach of faith. All, therefore, resolved to be silent, and to hope the best. Besides, it seemed to them impossible that any living soul could treat the lovely innocent maiden badly.

Her mother, too, from whom Molly could not conceal her love and her hopes, in her pious simplicity dreamed not of a possibility of danger to her dear child, but thanked God, with tears of joy, for the unexpected happiness that awaited her in prospect. She hazarded no questions if Molly returned home later than usual, which happened now almost every evening; but she would pat her glowing cheeks, and look with a smile in her eyes, that beamed with love and innocence.

"Two months had thus passed, when one evening Molly remained out longer than usual. Her mother sat at the window looking into the clear moonlight, and seriously resolving to chide her daughter for coming home so late, when she at last beheld her approaching, carefully escorted by Rowland. She saw how Rowland still detained her a long time before the door—how he had taken both her hands and appeared to urge her with fond entreaties—how, when taking leave, he offered to embrace her, and Molly coyly turned from him—and how, at length, she almost forcibly tore herself away, and, opening the boltless door, deadly pale, with eyes swollen with weeping, entered her mother's presence.

"The guileless woman shook her head smiling, but said nothing for fear of grieving her daughter more by any harsh expression. She remembered the days of her own youth—'The children have had a little falling out,' thought she—'that is ever the way with lovers, and they only like each other the better afterwards; besides, he has seen his fault, else he would not have entreated her so fairly—they will be reconciled again.' Molly stammered something about too great fatigue, and threw herself on her bed: her mother also sought repose. Molly passed the entire night in tears; but her mother slept calm and soundly, and heard not her weeping.

From this evening Molly was, as it were, completely altered. As industrious as ever, she went each day to her work; but all that inward gaiety of heart was fled—her cheeks were pale and her eyes dim—her sweet song was silent, and her whole being changed—when a kind word was spoken to her, the tears started to her eyes—and if saluted, she seemed as if she would have sunk upon her knees through shame and humiliation. Her mother grieved, yet to all her prayers

and entreaties her daughter would only answer either by her tears or with the assurance that she was very well and happy, and that her mother's apprehensions were only imaginary, according as she returned sadder or more cheerful from her assignations with Rowland, which she still continued.

From this time the mother began to observe her daughter more attentively, and now darkened on her thoughts and apprehensions, from which she drew back shuddering, but to which she could not forbear at length giving utterance in words. Sobbing, and with floods of tears, Molly threw herself at her feet, clasped her knees, hid her face in her dress, and in a voice scarcely audible, faltered forth the confession of an act which love, solitude, fond reliance on her lover, and her own inexperienced innocence, had led her to commit. Her mother pressed in her arms her poor trembling child to her afflicted heart, and wept with her—what could she more!

"The first thought that gave her any consolation was to see Molly as soon as possible the wife of Rowland. 'All will be well when you are once his wife: he must, he will bring you again to honor!' said she, and thereby wrung from her daughter a second confession, which completed her distress. Rowland could not, or would not protect in this way the reputation of his love. His mother was house-keeper at Lord Breadalbane's castle, and in his lordship's absence possessed unlimited authority there—his sister was married to a curate—his brother appointed receiver of the tolls at Inverary—respectable people, forsooth! whose pride could never condescend to such a misalliance with the daughter of a poor cottager, and on which Rowland himself, much as he loved Molly, could never think without a blush.

"He had even the cruelty to remind Molly that he had, indeed, spoken to her of love, but never of marriage—he assured her, moreover, that he should ever love her, and would never see her destitute, although it was impossible for him to sacrifice to her his character in the world and the favor of his grand relations. Poor Molly had nothing to reply; she had listened only to the assurances of his love, and had never dreamed of requiring more from him. How could that guileless, inexperienced being ever think that Rowland, whilst he loved her, could betray her—and,

after covering her with reproach and infamy, abandon her to misery and shame. She could only answer his reasonings with her tears.

"Yet now her mother urged her once more to make a final effort to move his stubborn heart. Rowland, when Molly was last leaving him, had sworn a fearful oath that she should never see him more, if she again presumed to torment him with entreaties and demands which he could not comply with. Yet her mother wished it, and the hapless victim took her trembling way to the mountain where she expected to meet him. She was obliged to go farther than usual, and evening was already closing, when she found him deep in the hills. Rowland was standing leaning against a rock, and gazing towards her with a wild and gloomy look. He neither smiled nor stretched forth his arms to draw her to his breast as he was wont. Nevertheless, she ventured to unburthen to him, once more her overladen heart, and to bewail her anguish and incessant sufferings; she told him how, on the preceding evening, she had confessed every thing to her mother—and how she not only declared that Rowland must bring her again to honor, but that she was determined, in case of his refusing, to go with her daughter to all his relations, and not to shrink from the distant journey to Taymouth, to his mother—and even to force her way to the presence of Lord Breadalbane, who was at this moment residing at his castle, to get from him the claims of her child and still unborn grandchild established.

"Will she so? and will you so?" replied Rowland, in a tone that made the terrified Molly shudder. She looked at him, and could scarcely recognise him, so much had fury and fierce passion distorted his features—withering fire flashed from his eyes, and his livid, compressed lips quivered violently—whilst a death-like paleness overspread his countenance; his hand grasped his dirk, but instantly relinquished its hold. Thus he stood awhile before her in gloomy silence: her respiration ceased, a mist covered her eyes, and trembling in every limb with unspeakable horror, she scarce felt that he seized her by the arm and dragged her forcibly along through bush and brake, over brambles and rocks, higher and higher still. She followed without a struggle in mute unconsciousness. At length he released his hold. There she stood, on one of

the most fearful pinnacles of the mighty Benconachan, close by the edge of a towering wall of rock, which sunk plumb down into the horrible abyss, from which, many fathoms deep, there appeared between the frowning cliffs a little speck of Loch-awe, blood red with the reflection of the evening sky. Before her stood Rowland, in threatening attitude, with grim ferocious look, his arm already outstretched, which, with one push, could plunge her into the appalling gulf, where her scattered bones, seen by the Almighty's eye alone, might crumble into dust, undiscovered by any other.

In an agony of terror she flung herself at the feet of the monster, who had once been everything to her, and whom, in this fearful moment, she still loved so fondly as to tremble not more for her own destruction than for the danger into which, by any rash deed of blood, he would plunge his peace in this world, and his salvation in the next. Unspeakable pity for him and for herself gave her strength and courage; she firmly clasped his knees—"Rowland!" cried she, in agonizing earnestness—"Rowland! what wouldst thou do? wouldst thou murder me? My life is of little consequence; I deem it already lost, but oh! think of the safety of thine immortal soul!—think of the yet unborn being that stirs within me. We are alone, but the eye of an Almighty God beholds us; murder not thy child; be not a two-fold murderer; lay not such a heavy debt of blood upon thee!"

Rowland, deeply agitated, trembled visibly; with one hand he held fast hold of the rock against which he hid his averted face, whilst with the other he motioned to Molly to begone.

"You and your child, perhaps all of you, think well of it. You are warned; warn also your foolish mother of mischief not to be overlooked," cried Rowland, with a fearful threatening voice, after her as she disappeared from his presence; since then he has avoided shewing himself in Glenorchy.

Molly and her mother henceforth resigned themselves to their hard destiny in silent hopelessness. Molly's altered figure soon attracted the attention of the neighbouring women; the fatal secret of the wretched girl became generally known, and those by whom before she had been loved, now passed a heavy censure upon her; she was called the shame of the parish of

which she had lately been the pride. For, with these virtuous mountaineers, modesty and shame, and the strict old purity of manners, still prevail. Yet Molly's deep sorrow and the quiet humility with which she made way for her former female friends, as one unworthy to approach them, soon softened those whose minds were incensed against her. With unwearied industry she worked night and day for her mother, who, from grief, anxiety and sorrow, was laid upon a bed of sickness; and, from the violent exertion to which this delicate creature was seen submitting, she was become an object of universal commiseration.

None of the young men could think of paining by a forward look or word, as was usually their way, the unhappy fallen creature, who stepped from their path so much ashamed and so sorrowful. The young maidens indeed turned aside if they met Molly, and passed, with averted look, without saluting her; yet none ventured to slight or jeer her and the matrons would gaze sorrowfully after her, although they neglected not the opportunity to hold her up as a warning example to their daughters; and, when at length appeared that painful hour, which even the most happy and respected females cannot regard without anxiety and dread, at night, when favored by the darkness, many an honest matron would steal to Molly's poor sequestered cabin, to bring her nourishment during her confinement, as she was in want of every necessary, and to comfort her and her almost more to be pitied mother, with pious consolations under their heavy sufferings.

"God best knows how many tears and sleepless nights poor Molly has already cost me," added the hostess, at the conclusion of her story, to which the inimitable simplicity with which it was told, gave a charm indescribably touching. "As for what I said of Rowland's murderous attempt," continued she, "it is alas, too true; Molly's mother told me so herself, on one occasion when I was urging her to seek out the base wretch, that he might at least receive his child. But I would not for all the world that it were told by us here. It is impossible to prove, before a court of justice, the remorseless wretch's villainy; for Molly has no witnesses, and, I am certain she would rather die than openly appear against her seducer, and so we humbly leave it

in God's hands, who best knows what is conducive to our peace, and who has, doubtless, forgiven the repentant humbled creature her early transgression."

Breakfast had been long ended, and Lady Matilda wished to have a closer view of the still increasing concourse in the valley below, in order to recover from the melancholy impression she had received. Before going farther, we all, moved by the same spirit of sincere sympathy, drew forth our pocket-books. The sum which we left in the hands of our hostess, for poor Molly's use, was inconsiderable; each of us had often spent more than double the amount to gratify some momentary fancy, yet, for the simple wants of this contented people, it seemed immeasurable wealth, and we were far down in the valley before the good woman ceased, with uplifted hands, to call down blessings upon our heads.

As we proceeded to the valley, balmy breezes wafted towards us the fragrant perfume of innumerable wild flowers, and the loud merriment of many hundred joyous beings, merry pipes, and cheerful songs, resounded among the rocks from the caverns and brakes, and when we reached the meadows, which ascend to a considerable height on both sides of the brook along the foot of the mountain that skirts the narrow valley, we beheld ourselves surrounded by such an animated throng of countless people, as we could never have expected to see in this country, which seemed otherwise so drear and destitute of inhabitants. The genial sun and cloudless sky had allured forth all the inmates of the cabins scattered along the valley, and had collected them together on this narrow spot. The grey-headed patriarch and his infant great grandchildren, all joyously basked themselves on nature's green lap, in sunbeams rarely felt so warm; here slender maidens were still turning the hay in shady places, where the sun's rays did not penetrate so soon; elsewhere sturdy arms were piling it into great heaps, whilst others were loading the carts ready to receive it. We stood enchanted amid the varied throng, and had not eyes sufficient to embrace all the picturesque and animated groups that were forming, and again dispersing in continual succession beside and before us.

The shadow of a rock, which serves
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for a sun-dial in Glenorchy, now announced the hour of noon. Rakes and pitchforks dropped from the busy hand, and another and pleasanter occupation succeeded; the tired little horses were unyoked and let loose to graze; the preparations for dinner were produced; the members of the several families gathered themselves together; elders and young men, matrons and girls, tall growing striplings, and laughing little urchins, all sought some pleasant shady spot beneath the bushes on the edge of the brook, under shelter of the projecting rock, or the shadow of the blooming hedges, where the viands they had brought were spread out upon the turf. Before seating themselves to their simple meal, each father of a family in his own circle pronounced a blessing, whilst the others duly ranged themselves around, in reverent attitudes, with folded arms; although it may have seemed rather long to some, in whose eyes the jugful of rich milk, the new-baked oat cakes, and yellow fresh butter appeared too tempting.

Lady Matilda could not repress her emotions, at the simple rural happiness of those people, and the numerous brown visages, with high cheek-bones and deep-set flashing eyes. She had never witnessed an entertainment like the present, and we were obliged to lead her from one happy group to another, whilst the purest pleasure sparkled in her soft blue eye. She spoke to old and young, and exulted like a child, whenever the people understood her, and answered kindly to her kind address. Whilst we were wandering about, a strange noise from the air above us, arrested our attention; we all looked upwards half-terrified; a mighty golden eagle of unwonted size, with his powerful wings outspread, was hovering slowly over our heads, as if taking a reconnoissance of the crowd of persons collected near his lofty dwelling. The people knew him well as their mighty and dreaded neighbour. The pride and pest of the parish, who had built his nest upon a lofty, inaccessible cliff, and had often carried off many a young lamb and kid from the pasture; yet he had never before suffered himself to be viewed so near, and all gazed with curiosity upon his slow majestic flight, as he sailed over their heads, then suddenly made a stoop, and next instant rose again, and, on powerful pinions, hastened to his lofty dwelling.

At this moment a shrill piercing shriek, that froze the heart in every breast, thrilled through the air; a moment's death-like stillness followed, and then a loud and universal cry, wailing and screams of horror, accompanied with agonizing moans, as if, during the hour of prayer, a temple had fallen in upon the heads of its assembled votaries. "Molly Lammond! Molly Lammond! the eagle has carried away Molly Lammond's child!" exclaimed innumerable voices; all sprung up, young and old, and hastened to the well-known rock, where already from the distance could be seen the eagle's nest, placed on its dizzy eminence.

The way to the rock occupied half an hour over hill and dale, over loose gravel and fierce chafing torrents, through morasses and tangled brushwood; and yet, in an incredibly short space of time there thronged to its base many hundred anxious beings, weeping, wailing, wringing their hands and pacing to and fro, in helpless misery.

We, too, were carried away by the crowd. Lady Matilda seized me and my friend by the arms, and thus hastened forward between us, without once halting, being half carried by us, so that her feet scarcely touched the ground. Deadly pale and breathless, without heeding any obstacle, she urged us, with a faint voice, to hasten on; and now we were standing there not less moved and agitated than the rest, and gazed with aching vision at the pair of eagles, for both the grown birds were now visible aloft, almost appearing to touch the clouds as they sat together on the highest edge of the cliff close by the nest, and looked down, without stirring, upon the helpless beings that, in their erring pride, style themselves lords of the creation, running to and fro amongst each other like an overturned ant-hill.

There are moments through life in which every one, even the mightiest, feels sensible of the nothingness of such pride, and this was one. "Oh! what feeble creatures we are," exclaimed an old highlander near us, whose Herculean form, still unbowed by age, strongly intimated what he must have been in youth; "what is all our strength and wisdom in such distress as this? What can we do but pray?" Those words had an electrical effect upon the multitude; fathers and mothers thought of their own children; every one sunk upon their knees, Lady

Matilda amongst them; whilst loud, and fervent, and heart-rending ascended to heaven the cry and prayer of anguish, as if it would needs compel attention.

At the moment no one thought of Molly. The pity for her which had seized every soul when the eagle flew away with her baby in its rapacious clutch, was stifled by a still more agonizing feeling, excited by a view of the shuddering place where the innocent tender being was now lying, torn to pieces perhaps by their fearful beaks and claws, or, if still living, helpless and unprotected, exposed to the fury of the fiercest birds.

Meanwhile, Molly sat motionless upon a piece of rock, the blood frozen in her veins, with glaring tearless eyes lightened by the phrenzy of despair, gazing earnestly at the eagles—"my sweet little boy!" murmured she unconsciously, with pale parched lips. "Last Sunday he was baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit." At this word a train of holy recollections rushed upon her darkened mind. She sprang up as if a spirit of strength were suddenly come upon her; she flew, as if her feet had wings, down from her rocky seat; downwards over fen and brake, over large masses of rock to the steep height which now bore her all; and now up, up, the sheer steep wall; higher, higher, continually higher; faster than the chamois-hunter in pursuit of his prey, and more fearless than the chamois that sports on the edge of the deep chasms which the eye cannot penetrate.

A loud scream arose from the crowd in the valley underneath, soon as they perceived Molly, as, with increasing boldness, she sprung up the steep and trackless way, at that dizzy elevation. "She will tumble, and be dashed to pieces; now—now she slips—she is falling—she must fall!" exclaimed an hundred voices; the females weeping aloud threw themselves with their faces to the earth, that they might not witness the appalling spectacle.

"Is there, then, no help?—none—none from God or man?" cried Lady Matilda wringing her hands in agony; "is there no man will dare to follow the unhappy creature, and, as far as possible, save her from falling?" cried Sir Thomas at the highest pitch of voice.

"Mark Stewart, the sailor, my daughter's son;" suddenly exclaimed the old highlander, who had continued

near us. "Mark Stewart!" cried he again, so loud that it was echoed from the mountains, and, placing his thumbs in his mouth, he whistled so shrill and clear that even the eagle seemed to take notice of it. "Mark Stewart! where is Mark Stewart?" was heard on all sides; "if any one can help her, it is Mark Stewart; many a fort he has helped to storm; and on the wild seas, when the waves were mountains high, and the tempest raging, it was sport to him to climb the tallest mast, and rock himself in the shrouds," remarked the people to each other.

A powerful, almost colossal, figure pressed forward and stood before the old man. "I just came, and saw what has happened," said he composedly; "oh, help! help!" exclaimed every one pointing to Molly, who was still hanging on the rock between life and death.

"Take it—take it—and save her!" cried Lady Matilda, offering him her purse, watch, gold chain, ear-rings, and all the valuables she had about her, and which, in trembling haste, she had snatched together. "Take it, and twice as much besides, good man, if you will bring her down in safety."

"Keep your gifts, lady!" replied Mark Stuart, bluntly. "My father's son needs no hire when the life of a Christian is concerned; pray rather that God may assist me; and you, father, give me your blessing on my way." Therewith, he bent his knee before the aged patriarch, who laid his hand upon his dark curly locks, and blessed him, and then he hastened to commence his dangerous journey.

Meanwhile, Molly, without an instant's stay or pause, continued to clamber up the rock. She wist not whether she took breath or not; she looked not aside nor behind—her child—her child was her only thought; on what she trod, what she laid hold of with her hands, no mortal eye could perceive; but the Infant's Guardian Angel, that so often preserves them from the most urgent dangers, hovered round her invisible; he held the tottering stone beneath her feet, and gave firmness to the broom-roots which her fingers clasped.

All eyes were now fixed upon Mark Stewart. Fear, hope, and expectation, beat in every breast, whilst the bold youngster courageously continued his way, and bounded vigorously over stock and stone, and fearful chasms in the cliffs. Half the way, the less dan-

gerous indeed, now lay behind him when at once the Rocky Pyramid rose steep before him, like a tower wall. An overpowering dizziness and ghastly shuddering seized him; his heart died within him; courage and sense forsook him, whilst the sky and earth, the rock before him, and the gulf beneath, whirled doubly, triply, tenfold quicker and quicker, in fearful circles before his hazy eyes. How often, when the mountain billows poised on their summits the straining ship, to dash her again into the abyss, and the wild hurricane raised his mighty voice, how often had he, at midnight, climbed to the highest point of the tallest mast, in order to furl the topmast sails, and now he stood trembling, and hid his face with both hands, unable to endure the horrid sight around him, or raise his eyes to the threatening height that rose still towering and insecure above him.

We in the valley witnessed his despair, and our courage sunk with his. The cry of horror raised itself once more, and we deemed as lost the heroic creature that, meanwhile, urged by a mother's love, continued her fearful way without once looking around, and at length, as by a miracle reached the summit. Molly heaved but one deep-drawn breath, when there was heard a fearful rustling, and shadows rapidly flew past her. Both eagles, incensed at her appearance, had arisen and directed their flight towards her, she heard the flapping of their dreadful wings, as they swept like a whirlwind round her head, and almost touched her face; close before her she beheld their angry eyes, their frightful curved beaks, and hideous talons; she could count every feather in their monstrous wings, and gave herself up for lost.

At once it seemed as if a preternatural dread had seized the mighty pair. Both eagles checked their flight, gazed once more on Molly, and then, with loud cries, turned from her, and flew away to the opposite side of the cliff, where the foaming torrent falls loudly roaring from the wild crags, and a thousand feet above it, a withered trunk of a tree projects from the black rock; on this both eagles, in almost panic terror, alighted close to each other, and looked astounded, as it were, into the chafing flood beneath.

Trembling betwixt joy and grief, hope and despair, the mother now threw herself upon the eagle's nest.

There lay the child fearfully bedded upon bloody bones, amid the horrid relics of mangled animals, dead—dead—assuredly dead! Molly dared not doubt it; but yet, untorn, undisfigured, his tender limbs and lovely features spared by the cruel beaks and talons; and still as completely covered by his little wrapper, as he was some hours ago, when laid so carefully on the soft fresh hay in the harvest field.

Slowly and cautiously, as if afraid of awakening him from a soft sleep, she drew her infant from the cruel havoc that surrounded him; it seemed as if she felt its little members move; trembling she dared not credit it; when a low cry struck her ear; no, not the melody of the hosts of heaven—not the music of the spheres themselves—can fill the happy spirit of a saint, on entering the kingdom of eternal bliss, with higher rapture, than did this plaintive cry, the mother's despairing heart—"he lives—he lives—my child lives!" cried she, with loud convulsive laugh, and staring tearless eyes. Half frantic with joy, as just now with fear, she pressed him to her heart—tears she had none—but the source of life in the bosom of the mother was not yet exhausted, and with a rapture, and ecstatic feeling for which language has no name, she leant over the warm lively baby, who, in happy unconsciousness, of the dangers which threatened him, smiled fondly upon her.

But that fearful excitement of the nerves, which alone had rendered it possible for her to accomplish this incredible feat, now subsided—her senses returned, and with them too clearly and distinctly the consciousness of the surrounding horrors, which encompassed her on every side, she was now first able to see the utter helplessness of her situation, and again all the blood congealed in her veins.

"How shall I ever get down with my child from this awful height?" cried she, shuddering. "God, who has sustained me hitherto, will surely not suffer me to perish here, with my child on my bosom." She wished to comfort herself with pious confidence, but her strength was exhausted, and her mind, fatigued by such unheard of excitement, and unceasing agony and torture, was unable to repose on the hopes which it caught at in despair.

One glance she ventured downwards, but drew back shuddering; close before her, high and smooth as a tower,

was the rocky wall; then cliffs, precipices, bottomless chasms, withered trees, and, far beneath, scarce visible to the eye, many hundred little beings running to and fro, in anxiety, her equals—human beings like herself—impotent creatures, none of whom could aid her in this emergency, and from this horrid depth there rose a murmuring sound; was it the waterfall? or was it human voices? yonder scarce discernable small green strip was her own valley, and yonder stunted copse, the aged elms, in whose shade her mother's cottage lay, and in this cottage stood the cradle of her child in which the little sleeper should never rest again—in which her foot should never rock him more!

"Here! here!" cried she in the uttermost despair; "here must I pine and die; and, soon as the source of life is dried up in my bosom, my poor forlorn child dies too; and yonder those fearful wings, those cruel eyes, and beaks and claws, will turn again and tear my child upon the breast of his mother, who can no longer protect him; and then my own poor bedridden parent, who will assist her when I am gone?"

"God," whispered a voice distinctly, at least so it seemed to her. Molly thought she heard an angel, and looked up, as if it were to appear in bodily form, but all was void and drear; nothing stirred but the stem of an old weather-beaten tree which, broken by its own weight, at this instant loosened from the stones, that partly rolled after it, with a presentiment of what so soon perhaps awaited herself, Molly followed its fall with her eyes, thinking on her own fate. She beheld it glide slowly over the side of the rock, and far beneath, being caught by some projecting stone, remain lying upon a slight jutting-out of the cliff, as if encouraged by an higher power, she sprang up with animation, and with her kerchief tied her infant fast about her neck, how and when she did it she knew not; but for the moment her child was in security, and without hesitation, her eyes half closed, she forced herself after the wretched piece of wood, slid down the rock, as much as possible in its track, and, after some agonizing moments, felt beneath her a little speck of ground overgrown with roots, and just large enough to rest her foot upon.

The tops of low stunted furze, that had fixed their roots in the rock far

beneath, projected over the edge of this small flat, where she found scarce room to stand; with inconceivable hardihood she forced herself over them, to continue her perilous way; as she glided down she held by thorns, briars, thistles, dwarf birch, heather, and wild broom, by every thing she could seize—her fingers had become, as it were, bands of iron. With astonishing presence of mind she observed every thing around her—a stone was loosened near her and fell into the abyss. She heard it fall, but could not mark when it reached the bottom—so fathomless at this place was the gulph over which she hung. She exerted herself to keep more to the other side; the gravel there rolled more slowly down. She followed it insensibly—her foot reached a projecting block of stone, on which she could for a moment rest. The shock was violent, but she felt no pain, her limbs, her entire body were turned to stone, hard as the very rock to which she clung.

Yet, now her destruction seemed inevitable; she stood upon the brink of a fathomless abyss, into which the rock sunk precipitously down, smooth as a wall, without projection or trace of the slightest hold, or place to rest the foot. Anxiously examining it, she looked around her, and at once a ray of hope gleamed upon her—she espied an old decayed ivy, that had not, perhaps, been graced with a green leaf for a century, and was scarcely to be distinguished from the rocks which, in its vigour, it had climbed upon—it had then embraced the stone with thousand tendrils, which time had gradually converted into roots and branches, thick as the arm, and which being half embedded in the wall, and petrified like it, adapted itself to it, and in a thousand windings formed a sort of espalier, whose stems were scarcely broad enough for the extremity of the foot—a single slip or false step were instant death—Molly knew it well, and yet her spirits was undismayed.

Composed and collected she loosened the kerchief by which her child was fastened to her breast, and tied it so that the child should now rest upon her shoulders, and then prepared herself to descend the fearful ladder that was to lead her down the precipice. As she turned to the attempt, she cast a glance down into the valley. She could see more plainly than before, its inhabitants on their knees at the foot of the rock, whilst the melody of a

psalm, in which all joined in earnest prayer for her protection, solemnly ascended towards her, at such an height she could not distinguish the words of the pious song—but she knew it well—she herself had thousands of times joined in the psalm in her private devotions with her mother, or in public, at church, in holy unison with this very congregation who were now imploring God in her behalf. Solemn earnestness breathed from those tones, which mounted with thrilling power towards the Throne of Grace; but it was no mourning song, it spoke comfort and hope to her soul, and inspired her with a confidence she had not yet felt, of her own and her child's preservation, at the very instant too that the danger appeared most appalling.

Fearless as though she had wings, Molly commenced her dreadful way, at the mere sight of which the boldest would have trembled. She felt not that unheard-of excitement, with which slowly proving them she ventured each step and held by every thing her hands could reach. The march was at length accomplished. Molly felt once more the firm ground; still the path was dangerous, and it was more difficult than ever to choose which side to turn in order not to fall into the abyss and dangers which there might be no possibility of surmounting as those above. The place where she now stood shut out the view of the valley, and the hymn which had before exalted and sustained her mind, was silent.

There she stood musing, and now first trembling at the dangers she had overcome, she raised her astonished eyes to the towering cliffs from which she had descended; no human foot had touched them before hers; the thought of ascending them had never occurred to any one even in their dreams. The very eagles, whose instinct leads them to build only upon heights inaccessible to man, had often flown round them before venturing to alight upon the highest summit. The people in the valley had often seen the mighty birds with wary eyes closely examining this spot, and then, as if satisfied of its inaccessibility, begin to build their nest.

Molly felt that a miracle alone could have brought her here, and her hopes arose that she should find an escape from this danger also; suddenly she heard quite near her a low, fearful, trembling sound, she looked around in surprise; close beneath her stood a she-goat with her two kids, and Molly

gratefully acknowledged the guide which heaven had sent her.

"Those creatures will, indeed climb awful heights, but nature has still implanted a mother's love in the hearts of the dumb animals, and she will be sure to lead her young the safest way into the valley;" so thought Molly, and kissed her child, and for the first time her eyes were moistened, whilst large heavy tear-drops relieved her overburdened heart.

Deep chasms, huge blocks, dark caverns, and steep precipices, rendered the way which she was now to pursue, not merely difficult but highly dangerous, and one from which even the boldest chamois hunter would have turned away shuddering. Nevertheless Molly with renewed courage followed her dumb guide, who from natural instinct ever found some place on which to rest, until she reached one of the little oases amid this waste, which the goats eagerly seek for on the mountains on account of the aromatic herbs and flowers that grow there. Further on those small green patches became more numerous and closer to each other, whilst small path-ways, made by the feet of the many goats that browsed here, shewed that the dam well knew whither she was leading her young; and now they at length reached that part of the mountain which, though still steep and dangerous, yet was not deemed wholly impassible. Meanwhile some of the strongest and boldest lads of the valley had ventured hither, and now a few heads started up before Molly, as it were from the abyss. Mark Stewart was the first, two other young men followed him. Molly felt herself and her child preserved, restored again to life, and under the protection of friendly beings, and she who had just now so boldly encountered the most appalling danger was near sinking under the feelings of joy and gratitude that burst upon her.

Words or breath she had none—her looks alone expressed what she felt—with entreating gesture she motioned those approaching to be silent; pointed to heaven and the dumb animal that had conducted her steps in safety, and even the young men who came to meet her, were mute from pious reverence—they beheld the young heroic mother, when so near the goal, sink exhausted by the desperate struggle, and Mark Stewart, though still annoyed and ashamed to have shewn less courage than this feeble being, clasped her with

his powerful arm and carried her over height and hollow, through the low brushwood to a green hill rising above the torrent, and belonging to Glenorchy; here she sunk down in a state of death-like insensibility.

Whilst the mother was pursuing her heroic way, there had been much weeping, sobbing, and loud screaming amongst us—delightful indeed was the moments in which we saw her reach the nest, and thrilling the cry of joy that greeted her, and the echo whereof was wafted to the dizzy height on which she stood; yet our exultation was changed to anxious dread and silent agony, as we beheld her commence her still more terrible return. Scarce breathing, we followed with our eyes every step, every motion, whilst we abandoned her for lost; and when we saw her in fearful solitude, hanging helpless betwixt earth and heaven on the smooth rock, without being able to perceive by what she held, our hearts could scarce endure the feeling of interest, which was now becoming intolerably painful.

The minister of Glenorchy, a venerable old man, who beheld with us the hopeless yearnings of a mother's love, at this moment commenced the hymn which cheered poor Molly on her arduous way, and the whole assembly sunk on their knees around him, and every voice joined with his in the solemn chorus that mounted to the clouds. Every heart felt the consoling power of prayer in times of urgent need. Courage and confidence returned to every individual; each one felt as though he were no longer obliged to look on, fettered and useless, at the struggle for life and death of two weak and helpless beings. When the hymn was ended, the pious old man bowed his head in silent prayer, and his congregation once more followed his example; an anxious stillness reigned among the throng, broken only by the loud sobs of some females.

"She lives! she lives! she and her child are saved!" suddenly resounded from the hill, as Mark Stewart shouted it aloud, with the same powerful voice with which he had often from the mast-head joyfully announced the sight of land. All sprang up; a cry of joy, louder than their screams before, resounded on all sides, and was re-echoed far and wide from the mountain. Tears of pleasure glistened in every eye; friends and acquaintances rushed into each others arms, as if each of them had

experienced a particular escape. Mothers pressed their babes to their hearts, and each one felt as if the dearest member of his own family were saved in the person of the poor wretched being, who but a few hours before had been loaded with shame and ignominy.

All now rushed in motley joyous throng to the hill, whereon Molly still lay in utter unconsciousness like a person dead. Even we, strangers, were now hurried along by the general tumult of joy, as just before by the general sorrow. When Lady Matilda saw Molly commence her return with her child, she could no longer look at her, she covered her face, and exhausted by weeping and anxiety, lay senseless in the long grass. When Sir Thomas and I announced to her the joyful tidings of Molly's safety, she gazed incredulously at us, but we were too much affected to allow long time for explanation. We assisted her to rise, and almost carried her up the hill, when she immediately rushed to the fainting Molly. So soon as she perceived her, she threw herself beside her on the grass—held her smelling bottle to her nose—supported her sinking head with her knees—and with her own shawl endeavoured to protect her from the drafts of wind—trying every expedient in her power to restore the poor creature to animation. "Good people do not press so close; give her a little more air," said she, with her sweet voice, and mild benevolent look. The crowd respectfully drew back—they felt themselves honored in Molly's person, and willingly allowed to the noble strange lady her place beside the humble heroine of the day.

The women meantime had possessed themselves of the child. The little creature, which a few days before they would scarcely have touched, now passed in happy unconsciousness from hand to hand; each mother caressed it as her own, and the most prudish maidens pressed around to cover it with kisses and with warm tears.

"Not a scratch either has it got, not a thorn or briar has injured the skin of the dear angel," cried one neighbour. "The eagle struck his claws into the long plaid in which his mother wrapped him so carefully," observed another. "And blind! stone blind must they be who do not see the finger of God in the whole affair," added a third.

Tom and I were standing there, gazing with silent interest on the affecting attentions of Lady Matilda to the poor

creature, that as yet exhibited no signs of life, when a sort of bustle among the men attracted our attention, we saw on the other side a young Highlander of tall, athletic frame, descending from an eminence with rapid strides, pale as death, with wild, distracted looks; he hastened to the hill where Molly was lying in Lady Matilda's arms. Scornful gestures, and contemptuous hissings from the by-standers received him, but he heeded them not, he seemed not even to perceive them. Like a giant he shoved aside those who stood in his way, and stopped not until he stood opposite Molly, whose bosom was just slowly beginning to heave.

Yet, at the first glance, his strength and courage seemed to forsake him; he staggered, as if stunned, against the rock, whilst a deep sigh, like a groan of fearful anguish, escaped from his labouring breast; his eye gazed with an expression of deepest despair upon the form that lay before him like a dying saint, whilst with both hands he seized furiously the rich dark brown curls that shaded his pale countenance.

It was Roger Rowland. Some travellers who wished to reach their distant homes in good time, and who, in passing had witnessed the occurrence in Glenorchy had given him a confused account of it in a neighbouring wood, where his business had led him. Molly's name was not mentioned; but his conscience and presaging his heart filled him with gloomiest surmises and urged him instantly hither.

Loud imprecations, clenched fists, and threatening looks pressed him on all sides, whilst many a hand grasped the dirk; but he thought not of defence, and allowed all to pass. He saw but Molly; his spirit was broken, his heart sunk, but not from fear, the sight of the guiltless victim that lay as dead before him, and of his child, pierced like a two-edged sword into his heart, not yet completely hardened; in deep and bitter remorse he would have gladly sunk into the earth to hide from God, from man, and from himself. Meantime Molly opened her eyes; her first glance fell on Rowland; it was the glance of a forgiving angel; a silent tear rolled down her pale cheeks, and a faint smile, replete with love, as in their happier days, played scarce visibly around her lips, that were beginning to blush once more.

This was more than Rowland could endure; his better nature again asserted its influence, "Neighbours!"

cried he, "do to me what you will, scorn! despise! kill me! you will not do too much, for my conduct to yonder angel."

His look grew wilder; despair spoke in every feature. "You know not," cried he with frantic violence. "You could not know what a villain I am. When I broke truth and trust, and every law of God and nature; the foul fiends got power over me, and I often heard them in the gloomy forest; they used to whisper to my heart the purpose of murdering my wife and child; and once my arm was already raised. But there is still time, I will expiate my crime—here on this spot I will give myself up to justice," continued he, with increasing vehemence. "There stands Allan Calder! Allan Calder I call upon you, take your prisoner into custody—I warn you of your duty—take me before a justice—drag me into prison—execute your commission! Allan Calder," cried he once more, with a broken voice, in deep contrition, and with a look and tone that changed at once all the wrath and hatred in the breasts of the spectators, into compassion and forgiveness.

Those good worthy simple souls could not longer be angry with a man capable of such deep and earnest repentance, however proud, mean, and even reprobate he might have hitherto shewn himself. The good minister too pressed into the midst, and accosting the trembling penitent with mild words of consolation, succeeded in changing his wild despair into softer feelings. Led by him Rowland tottered like a child to Molly, and sunk speechless on his knees beside her. She also was incapable of words, but her eye spoke what her heart felt. The curate joined their hands together and blessed them, and then placed the child in the arms of the trembling father. Every heart melted at the sight, and eyes that had never known a tear, were now bathed in mild streams, that gushed from their warm overflowing hearts.

The young men, meanwhile, in all haste prepared a litter covered with soft moss; the girls hung it around with green garlands, and decked it with fresh plucked flowers. Molly was gently lifted into it—her infant rested on her lap. Lady Matilda walked beside her and supported her. Molly from time to time turned her grateful looks towards the kind lady; but her eyes still hung with an expression of deepest love upon Rowland, who accompanied

her, holding her hand. The young men contended for the honor of carrying her, and though fatigued almost to death, yet with an holy joy in their hearts, they bore her as it were in triumph to that home, which a few hours before she had left oppressed with shame, her mind bewildered with grief and sorrow, destitute alike of hope and consolation.

I pass in silence the feelings with which her mother again beheld her child so honorably escorted, and those with which we after a few days, that Lady Matilda required to recover from the agitation she had suffered, departed from this valley, in which during a single day, we had gained almost the experience of a life. The remembrance of it will never be effaced from my memory.

Years have since passed, and I have often thought of the home of poor Molly, whose solemn union with Rowland I witnessed before leaving Glenorchy.

I used often to doubt whether the virtuous impression made by that one agitating occurrence on the mind of Rowland, might not be again effaced, and whether Molly might not really be less happy than she deserved. Yet a letter from my friend Hill, received a few days ago, has given me the most pleasing information on that head. Family affairs induced Sir Thomas and his lovely lady, in the course of this summer to take a second journey to Scotland. They did not fail to visit the valley of Glenorchy (never to be forgotten by them, no more than myself,) and Molly likewise. They found her a happy wife and mother of many children, in a very comfortable dwelling for her rank in life.

Her mother lives with her, and from the happy change in her destiny, has grown quite young again. Rowland has become an excellent man; he loves his wife dearly, and his grand relations, in consequence of the celebrity which Molly had acquired by that fearful journey, and the respect and kindness she enjoys with great and small, have forgiven the lowliness of her birth, and live with her on tolerably good understanding; she herself enjoys a blooming health, and has great comfort in her children. Though the eldest boy has been, and continues the favourite of both parents. They and the whole neighbourhood call him "the eagle," and he will probably bear this surname to his grave.

The eagle's nest, however, has been deserted since that memorable day, and is beginning gradually to decay; but what occurred then will never be forgotten, so long as the rock whereon the nest was built, exists. Molly's daring adventure will probably in time pass into the realms of those marvelous stories, which live for ever in the mouths of the people. For already no

stranger enters the valley without being initiated in the history of Molly and her child's wonderful preservation. The eagles never returned to their dwelling, in the vicinity of which the sight of a human form had startled them. They turned their flight inwards, and have never since been seen in the valley of Glenorchy.

THE COURT OF MIRACLES.

On the evening of the 17th of Nov. 1810, as it struck five by the belfry des Accoules, an aged mendicant descended the street d'Aix; stopping at every step before the numerous shops which line that street—one of the most lively and most commercial of Marseilles. The old man seemed just arrived in the town; his rags were covered with dust, as were also his shabby leathern gaiters, which, for want of straps or buttons, were fastened to his legs by bits of packthread. A broad hat, like those worn by the shepherds of Provence, concealed his white hair and wrinkled brow. He seemed to strive to give to his features, otherwise regular and noble, an expression of goodnatured simplicity and of suffering. With one hand he leaned on a strong hazel staff, and he extended the other to receive the alms, which he slipped into a cloth bag suspended saltier-wise under his left arm.

Certainly he had no cause to complain of want of humanity in the people of Marseilles. His wallet was quickly filled with pieces of bread, with fruit and with pence; yet he ceased not to repeat always his invariable expression, "For the love of God something to the poor man to buy bread."

When he reached the course he ceased to beg, quickened his steps, followed the street Noailles, and on the place of the same name stopped before a mansion of rich exterior.—Servants seated before the gates chatted, laughed freely, and availed themselves of a day of *farniente*, allowed them, probably, by the absence of their master. The old mendicant approached them very near, and asked them for alms. "May God assist you," said a maid to him. "You cannot be given any thing," said a lackey, eyeing him with a self-sufficient glance. "There is nothing for you, you have been told," growled the coachman. "What the

devil! in this accursed town one is pestered by a pack of idle vagabonds; leave us, good fellow." The poor man departed; but instead of seeming hurt by the insolence and harshness of these menials, he assumed an air of satisfaction, and muttered to himself, "Very well, they have not recognised me."

Some steps from the mansion he was addressed by a brother beggar, who dragged himself along on crutches, and whose head was wrapped with a large bandage which covered one of his eyes.

"Brother," said the cripple, "assuredly you are a new comer in this town, or else you never would have taken the trouble of stretching a hand to the people of that accursed house, which, may heaven confound!"

"It is true, brother," said the old man, "that I am arrived at Marseilles but this evening; I am a poor peasant of the neighbourhood of St. Maximin; the bad harvests have reduced me to beggary."

"So much the better for you; in our trade the harvest is always good."

"I have perceived that already; look at my bag. I must confess it would not have its paunch so round, if I had happened to meet on the way none but houses of the wealthy like that whence I came. But if the rich are hard to the poor, in requital it seems to me that the people are very good here."

"The people, they are excellent," said the cripple, with enthusiasm.—

"They are a blessed people, who would take the bread from their own mouths to give it to us. And the rich, too, were good, *tron de Dieu*, before that brigand Dessullamare took it in his head to make war on us. It is that dog of a noble, who lives in the house below there. Only imagine, there does not pass a meeting of the town council that he does not din into their ears a

storm of accusations against us : he makes us pass for worthless sluggards, who should be shut up or expelled the town."

"He is a wicked rich man ; heaven will not bless him," said the aged beggar, with simplicity.

"Could you believe," said the cripple, as he hopped along on his crutches, "could you believe that no longer ago than three weeks, he had the face to ask money of them to build a mendicity, where they would imprison us like thieves—where they would force us to work like galley slaves? By good luck they did not listen to him ; but nevertheless all these stories he tells about us have devilishly cooled the rich, and alms come to us no more from that quarter as before."

"But for my part," said the new associate, gnawing a crust, which he had drawn from his wallet, "I would not be displeased if there was such an establishment as you have just mentioned. I would rather be received in a mendicity where I should find work, good feeding, and a good bed, than beg in the streets in the worst weather, and yet not be sure of gaining in the day a morsel to eat."

"Hold your tongue, you dote," rejoined the paralytic, shaking his head with pity. "It is easy to see you know nothing of the trade. When you have become acquainted with the people of Marseilles you will not be such a fool, I'll answer for it. This very evening I am determined that you shall change your notions. Are you much tired?"

"No, not very," said the old man.

"Then come with me. The Abbe Rippert preaches the advent at the Church des Precheurs. He will speak on charity. Without going into the church we can judge if he has made a good sermon. Afterwards I will bring you to sleep with us at the Retreat, in our Court of Miracles, as it is called by that brigand, Dessullamare."

"May the Bon Dieu render you what you do for me," said the old man.

"Amen. Let us not speak ill of the Bon Dieu ; he is a Bon Diable for the poor."

A shout of laughter accompanied this plesantry. The aged mendicant did not let the effect it had on him appear. During this conversation the two beggars had passed through the street *De l'arbre*, and crossed the *ruisse*. They were then in the old

town. The new comer, guided by the officious cripple, followed him in the labyrinth of the thousand dark and filthy lanes which compass the primitive Marseilles. After paddling for a quarter of an hour in the eternal mud, which covers the pavement of that disgusting quarter, they reach a small irregular place planted with some aged elms, and at whose bottom appears the gloomy front of the Church des Precheurs.

A numerous cohort of mendicants were already met before the door, awaiting the end of the service and the coming out of the faithful, and disputing for the best places under the narrow peristyle.

"Come this way," said the cripple to his companion. "Let us not place ourselves too near the door. I prefer choosing my men to addressing myself to the crowd. One loses less time and words ; individuals are better than masses, as says a certain scholar of our body, whom I will shew to you this evening at the Retreat, and in that you will see that he is not wrong."

The great door of the church soon opened, and the crowd poured upon the place with a hum of a thousand voices, over which prevailed the shrill entreaties of the beggars, who perseveringly followed the persons who were too slow in untying their purses. In this manœuvre the cripple was not of the least alert, nor of the least obstinate. He knew sufficiently his trade to be aware that importunity is often more efficacious than entreaty. The old man, though less skilled in the tricks of his profession, played his part very well, and reaped an abundant harvest of pence and farthings.

When the pious crowd had dispersed, the two brothers met again.

"Well," said the cripple, "what do you think of the preacher? Are you satisfied with him?"

"He has preached like an apostle," said the old man, in answer to the sally of the vagabond. "I begin to believe with you that in this town the profession of beggar is not so bad."

"I told you true that from this evening you would be converted and disgusted with your mendicities.—Come, let us reach our court. I am confident that the miracles you will see there will complete your conversion."

Conversing thus they plunged anew into the streets, black, steep and tor-

tuous, which cross, mingle and entangle, like a ball of thread left to the paw of a cat. The darkness grew thicker every moment—the shops, whose pale and doubtful glimmer cast here and there a sort of light upon the ground, closed one by one, and left in the deepest obscurity those streets which were not yet gifted with the too costly benefits of lamplight. The passers-by were few, and avoided one another distrustfully; they took care to keep close to the houses and doors, in order to obtain prompt aid in case of attack.

"*Trou de Dieu*," exclaimed the cripple suddenly, after a moment's silence, "if some evening I had here, in one of these corners, that bandit Dessullamare."

The old man started, but the deep shadow that enveloped him concealed his agitation, which was but momentary, and might have awakened strange suspicions in the mind of his companion. "Come, come," he said, "let us, though poor, be honest; let us beg, but kill no one."

"No!" replied the other, angrily. "When I think that we must, immediately, perhaps, quit this blessed trade, and this town, the only one good to the poor, or be shut up in a mendicity, a very bagnio, where officers will make us work by force of blows, and all for a bad soup of rotten beans—when I think of that—look you, brother—I feel that I would have pleasure in breaking my crutches on the scull of that dog of the town council."

"Talking of crutches," said the old man, to turn a conversation whose subject did not seem much to his taste, "talking of crutches, it is a quarter of an hour since I have heard yours.—Have you thrown them away?"

"By no means: I carry them on my shoulders a weapon at will."

"You are not a cripple, then?" said the aged beggar, in a tone of the utmost astonishment.

"No more than I want an eye," said his companion, laughing at the simplicity of the question; "I have forewarned you that you should see miracles; I could have made myself any thing else *cul-de-Jatte*, or blind, but I have preferred crutches, and a baudage on one eye; it is less troublesome, and that matters much. You will see plenty of others at the court."

"Are we far from it yet?"

"At farthest twenty paces. You

perceive here quite near that shop lighted up: it is at the corner of our street, the famous street of St. Echelle. That shop which is yet open is the tavern of Father Tonnin. Fear not that he shut his door before we are all come. It is we who make him live—live, did I say? It is we who have made his fortune, for every one knows that his purse is as round as his paunch. That fine fellow was one of us, but he has become so fat, all while crying in the streets that he was dying of hunger, that need was he should give up the trade; they would believe him no longer."

"I shall be well pleased to make his acquaintance," said the old man. "Let us visit Father Tonnin; we will take some bottles of capis to treat you this evening. It is just that you should profit by the pence which have dropped into my wallet, my worthy brother."

"I shall not refuse," said the cripple, "the rather that I shall need to wet my throat; it is dry with explaining to you the mysteries of our trade, of which you seem completely ignorant."

They entered the shop of the ex-vagabond. Some beggars were leaning with their elbows on a table, and drained pots to the health of the dupes they had made in the day. Father Tonnin aided and encouraged them in the consumption. He rose and went to meet customers, striving to give to his enormous mass an air nimble and unconstrained. "*Hé adieu-sias*, brother *gay* (lame)," said he to the cripple, with a laugh of coarse gaiety, which seemed immovably fixed on his broad face. "Well, what have we done to-day? Must I serve thee there with the comrades? Of what tap wilt thou drink this evening?"

"No, this evening I will not drink the *miegio* (pint) with thee, my fat *mouant de fam* (dead with hunger.) It is a customer I bring thee. Give me four bottles of thy best cassia, and take care that it be not baptised—if you can."

"Baptised!" cried the fat tavern-keeper; "dost thou believe me brigand enough to sell to my brothers, my colleagues, water for wine? Take that, my *gay*, and tomorrow thou wilt tell me news of it."

He thrust his bottles into the bag of the old man, who counted him the price in coins of all dimensions, from the liard to the twopenny piece. The two beggars then shook hands with the

fat shopkeeper, and promising him to return next day, left the shop. They turned the corner of the tavern, and entered a lane more black and narrow than any of those which they as yet had pursued. The pavement was covered with a thick and rich bed of rotten straw, which crackled under the feet, and exhaled a humid vapor and strong smell. From space to space, and at a certain height, beams crossed the street, supporting by their ends houses cracked, riven by age, and ready to fall but for that support, which preserved to them a remnant of balance. These ruins, high or low, built irregularly, were pierced with shattered openings, which increased daily by the fall of some stone, and served for window and entrance, without glass in the one or door in the other. The silence was profound in that lane, for the steps of the beggars, seeking their mysterious den, were deadened by the carpet of filth, which we have just mentioned.

"It is here," said the cripple, suddenly, as he stopped before a dark alley toward the middle of the street, "take a corner of my coat, and walk with caution. Our friends have forgotten to light the staircase, what happens them regularly every evening through economy. Walk softly—take care you do not make the walls drink the cassis of Father Tonnin."

The old man, not without an internal feeling of hesitation and fear, followed his guide in that dark alley, where the latter walked with a firm and confident step. They descended a score of steps of stones, worn and unsteady; a gate opened before them, and they were in the Court of Miracles.

It was an immense low-vaulted chamber, formed by uniting the cellars of five or six houses, and which extended under a part of the street. Some iron lamps, with long reddish wicks, burning in grease, were hung by hooks on the walls. Above their flickering flame long trains of smoke enrolled themselves, and formed thick clouds in the hall, which, besides, was better lighted by the resin of the pine branches, which sparkled on the hearth of a vast chimney. Broad worm-eaten planks, laid on tressles, old-joint stools of deal; a score of chairs, crippled and without stuffing, composed all the furniture of this retreat. A great number of beggars, men, women, and children

ragged, were already assembled in the

hall when the two mendicants entered. The women and children squatted before the fire, had their eyes greedily fixed on a huge boiling pot, plentifully provided with meat and vegetables. The men, after hanging on a nail their crutches, and all their diseases of the day, were ranged round tables; some of them bellowed songs, while gorging themselves with wine, near them others played cards for heavy sums of money, which one would have been far from supposing they possessed. Each indemnified himself, according to his tastes and passions for the constraint of the part he acted during the day. Here they laid aside their mask of misery, suffering, and religion, and shewed themselves in their true colors, that is to say, hideous with vice, sloth, and impiety.

At the arrival in the hall of the two beggars, whom we have followed, all eyes were fixed with curiosity and distrust on the newcomer.

"Brothers," said the cripple, "it's a comrade I introduce to you; very novice, though his head is grey; he comes to train himself in our court. I found him begging at the gate of our brigand of the town council."

"May the yellow fever carry off the dog of an aristocrat!" cried the beggars.

"Amen," said the cripple, "that the lightning may consume his mansion, is our morning and evening prayer."

They sat down at a table a little removed from the crowd; the old man drew from his wallet the bottles of Father Tonnin, and poured out many bumpers to his companion. The latter inclined to loquacity by nature and the fumes of wine, developed to the old man the secrets of his ignoble profession, not without frequent interruptions in eulogy of the cassis and of the honesty of the fat taverner.

"Tell me, my old brother, is there a trade like ours; while the labourers break their backs in working fifteen hours a-day, to earn a miserable one-and-eight pence, or half-crown; we, in mere idleness, without trouble, without toil, walking about, gain five or six times as much. You said to me this evening, that on getting up we were not sure but we might lie down fasting. I let you talk on; but look down there, under the third lamp, at those ten jolly fellows, who devour fine legs of mutton and good roast fowl; think you that we would be regaled in that manner in the mendicancy of

Desollamare? And if all the brothers do not live so well, the reason is, that some choose rather to drink or gamble away, some to hoard their pence. You can do the same in a few days."

"By our lady de la Garde! I will do so," cried the old man, with feigned transport, "to the devil with the mendicity—I will remain poor for to grow rich—your health."

"Yours," said the cripple, emptying his sixth tumbler of cassis, "and of my fat Tonnin, the pearl, and the cream of taverners."

"You would do me a pleasure," said the old man, "to teach me your principal tricks, that I may choose for my own use that which best will suit me."

"Most willingly, brother, and to commence with myself here in two words is my history. I was such an ass for fifteen years of my life as to live by my labour; at the end of that time I had the good luck to fall sick, and nearly died. When I left the hospital I was obliged to ask alms, for my savings had melted away, and I was too feeble to enter a work-shop. The first time I begged it pained me I confess; but, basta, when I saw that the pence showered so fast, eh! I put shame aside, and continued the trade. At present, look you, so much am I attached to it, that rather than work I would die of starvation."

"And you have made yourself a one-eyed cripple, that no one may have the right to say 'sluggard go work.'"

"Just, precisely so. That stout boy who gambols in the corner with Marie la Gouge, and makes a huge mastiff bite his leg, guess what he is by day?"

"In faith," said the old man, "I would have trouble to find in him an infirmity."

"Well, that jolly fellow is a cripple; in the morning he squats, and gathers himself into a little car—he binds his legs I know not how, and makes his dog draw him through the streets. As for Marie le Gouge, she is the mother of a family of six children, not one of whom belongs to her—she hires them—she borrows them—she claps two of them on her back in a sort of wallet, she keeps the third tied to her breast, in a piece of cloth, and she makes the others follow her. She travels thus the stalls and markets; every time she begs the little ones begin to weep and cry, 'I am hungry'; when they don't cry, she pinches them, to teach them their parts."

"Fie, I like not that mean," said

the old man, indignant, "to make these poor children suffer."

"Bah! that trains them," said the cripple, "besides one must earn one's bread. At the gaming table," he continued, "you see the class of the blind. That little old man, dry and black, who bites his cards like a mad dog, he is an artist; he scrapes the fiddle like a stage musician, and sings like a serpent of la Major. He sings merry songs on the course, complaints in the markets, and canticles about the churches. The other blind man, he who plays against the musician, and apparently wins from him, is a jolly good fellow, of an extraordinary memory; he sits every morning near the palisade of St. Anne, and recites aloud a hyrielle of prayers, which last until evening; he knows by heart the seven penitential psalms, the four gospels, and all the litanies imaginable."

"I feel that I never could contend with him," said the old man, "I only know just my pater and my ave. Tell me who is that female beggar, yellow, dry, and wrinkled, who sits on the ground near the chimney, and speaks to no one."

"Oh, that one," said the cripple, "she is a miraculous woman, and celebrated in the town; her name is Madon the Resuscitated."

"And how did she obtain that extraordinary surname?"

"By an extraordinary adventure, which happened her last year. She fell into a lethargy so profound, that they believed her dead, and she was carried to the cemetery. At the moment of their opening her bier, according to custom, before letting her down into the grave, she awoke, and returned to the town on foot. The devil knows all the pence that this miracle has been worth to her. She would be, beyond contradiction, the richest of any of us, if the old witch had not the mania of ruining herself in the lottery. I am certain she dreams of a *terne* or a *quine*. Oh! I spoke to you this evening," said the cripple, "of a certain scholar that we have at the court. That is him you see stretched down there near an overturned pitcher, which he took care to drain before falling asleep. You ought to consider his dress tolerably fine in fashion. His black coat is, indeed, as threadbare as possible, but still always it is a coat; besides it is now good six years that this faithful dress is attached to it, it was the costume of his former sion, of a school-master, and

very well suits his part of a genteel beggar. At noon he leaves the street de l'Echelle, and goes to sit in the Course Bonaparte, on a stone, with a large handkerchief held by a corner under his hat, and entirely concealing his face. He does not beg, he contents himself with jingling a liard in a saucer when any one passes near him. In the evening he pockets his handkerchief—he buttons his coat—he boldly accosts those who pass, 'excuse me, sir, I am not in the habitude of begging—I am a poor father of a family—I have encountered misfortunes—I have not bread to give my children.' Rarely do they refuse him alms, or even give him less than two or three livres. At nine he returns to the rest with his pitcher full, he pours it down his throat, and falls asleep. Is not that a very regular life?"

"He is an excellent customer for Father Tonniu," said the old man, "but you forget your glass."

"Pardi, true, colleague, reparation to the cassis of *mouart de fam'*" said the cripple, swallowing the liquid at one pull.

"Have you nothing remarkable to shew me among those other drunkards who make such an uproar at that table?"

"The man on this side, who roars like a furious wolf, as he beats time with a bottle, is one deaf and dumb; the other, who grasps the pitcher in his two huge hands, wants his right hand in the day time. Near him is his companion, who performs epilepsy with remarkable talent, he foams and rolls his eyes to perfection. The fourth, whose nose is as red as a firebrand, and his face as white as plaister, is the brother of the epileptic; this is his way of begging; at night-fall he drops in a street of the quarter of St. Jean, or des Carmes, making plaintive cries; the good women surround him, question him, he answers 'I have eat nothing for three days.' They then carry him into the nearest shop, make him eat and drink, contribute to raise for him a small sum, and go themselves into the street to beg for the poor man who is dying of hunger."

"The excellent people, the excellent people," exclaimed the old man.

"I tell you there is not their like in the world, and rather than separate ourselves from them—is it not so, brothers?" said the cripple, rising and addressing the beggars, "I swear to the scull of that vagabond Dessul-

a, and to cast him into the sea

like carrion, below the steps of the Joliette."

"Yes, yes," roared the beggars in chorus, "down with Dessullamare! death to Dessullamare."

"And you will be one of us, my old comrade," said the cripple.

"Undoubtedly," said the old man, "if you slay that brigand, you may reckon upon my being there."

The loud imprecations growled long under the vaults of the den; all, even to the little children, who led the pretended blind in the street, poured forth frightful oaths of vengeance and of death, against the jealous philanthropist, who wished to cure that fair and industrious city of the hideous sore which disfigured it, that he might turn upon the true misery which suffers in concealment that plenteous stream of charity and pity, swallowed up until then by charlatanism and feigned distress.

The triumphant glance of the cripple wandered over that exasperated and furious crowd.

"Oh! if we held him, if we held him," he exclaimed to the old man.

The latter replied but by a strange smile, which the cripple translated into a mute expression of astonishment and admiration.

Suddenly a little voice, sharp and loud, pierced in the midst of the general clamour. It was that of a little old man, meagre and brisk, who had just entered the hall. His hair was bushy and grizzled—his eyes of a surprising mobility and vivacity—his dress was of cloth, very coarse, but not in rags—his hat alone, crushed and beat in, could betray his trade of mendicant.

"Ah! Blessed Virgin *qu'es aco?*" cried he, laughing, "what's the matter this evening, brothers, have you a hair of the devil across your throats that you roar in such a way?"

"Its Joseph, its the poor Joseph," said all the beggars, appeased as if by enchantment. They surrounded the little old man with a cordiality, which yet was somewhat reserved. The circle of beggars, united round the fire, opened before him; they seated him near the hearth, on the chair the least broken in the hall. Every one loaded him with compliments—they offered him meat and drink.

"Thanks, thanks, my children," he replied to all their offers, "I have gnawn my brown bread on the way, and you know that I never drink wine—I come just to pass the night with

you, for to-morrow I have some little affairs to settle at Marseilles at the Notary's, to whom I have confided my poor pence."

"And the marriage, the marriage of your Marguerite?" said the beggars.

"If it please God and the good mother," said the old Joseph, "it shall be for next Sunday. It pains me that I cannot invite you, but never mind, I will regale you here—you shall drink to the health of bride and bridegroom, and of the poor Joseph—is it not so, brothers?"

"Long live the poor Joseph," roared all the beggars, with the same vehemence that they had lately displayed in shouting "Death to Desullamare."

Meanwhile the old man had questioned the cripple about that singular oration.

"Oh! the poor Joseph, the poor Joseph," said the cripple, "he is the model of us all. We all aspire to the lot he has obtained in our trade. Imagine to yourself that he is richer than many wealthy merchants of the town, who give him their pence and their farthings. His daughter, whom he marries to-morrow to an inn-keeper of the neighbourhood, will have a dower of 30,000 francs, and we are certain that this is not the half of his hoard."

"What," said the old man, stupefied, "more than 60,000 francs; and, good heavens, how has he managed to amass all that?"

"Nearly as ourselves, for twenty years; he goes from farm to farm, from village to village, and for one penny he makes three jumps and throws his hat in the air. Only instead of gambling away his pence, he has hoarded them, and laid them out with a Notary of this town."

As he finished this explanation, the beggars arose, and passed with old Joseph into a neighbouring hall, covered with straw beds and mattresses, it was the dormitory, a solitary lamp illumined it. The cripple conducted thither his companion, bid him good night,

and telling him to do the same, threw himself on a mattress. Soon the silence was broken only by snores, and by some vinous hiccups—the lamp went out.

Next morning, on awaking, the cripple was much surprised at not finding near him his aged comrade.

The same day at noon M. Dessullamare went to the Town Council, and displayed in a speech full of vehemence and indignation what he had learned and seen the previous evening, at the Court of Miracles; he demanded even money to build a mendicity. A subscription was opened at that very sitting; all the members of the council eagerly put themselves down on the list for heavy sums, and the chief merchants of the town imitated their example.

The mendicity was built at Aix, on the Course St. Lewis. Meantime a terrible effervescence had broken out in the den of beggars; the cripple, more furious than the others, at being duped by his mortal enemy—suspected of connivance and treason by his colleagues, was murdered and thrown into the Port. The beggars drew up protestations, supplications, and reclamations; they laid ambushes, formed fearful snares for M. Dessullamare, who owed only to extreme prudence, and the most active watchfulness, his escape from the fury of these madmen.

When the mendicity was finished—when they saw that vengeance and resistance were impossible, and that they were about to be taken and shut up by force, they abandoned Marseilles, and even Provence.

The mendicity became then useless. In 1812 they made a barrack of it—under the restoration they established there the Jesuits—after their expulsion from France it became a barrack again, and it is one at this day.

Beggary soon reassumed its right of citizenship at Marseilles—it flourishes there, or rather it sprouts at this moment better than ever.

MEMORANDA OF THE MONTH.

CARLOW COUNTY.

HORRIBLE FANATICISM.—IRISH POPEERY.—A few days since, the son of a man named Donnelly, a Roman Catholic, in the employment of Mr. Archibald Sly, died, and was interred at Clonegal, in this county. No sooner had the in-

terment taken place, than a priest of a neighbouring parish proceeded to the spot, accompanied by a body of fanatics, and ordered them to disinter the body and throw it on the road, that it should not be laid in consecrated ground, for two reasons—1st, that the father of the

deceased was in Mr. Sly's employment—and, secondly, because Mr. Sly had attended the funeral.

CAVAN.

THE PRIESTS.—At the late Cavan assizes, there were five records tried, and twenty-four civil bill appeals, one of which excited very considerable interest. The parties were Michael Magaghran, appellant, and the Rev. Cornelius Reilly, parish priest, respondent. The facts of the case were shortly as follows :—Magaghran, who was one of the respondent's parishioners, was tried at the Spring assizes, 1837, for an assault upon a female named Elizabeth Gaffney, and was acquitted, upon the most clear and satisfactory evidence. In the month of August following, he applied to the respondent, who is his parish priest, for the usual certificate necessary to entitle him to obtain a licence, in order that he might get married to his present wife; upon which occasion the respondent refused to give him such a certificate, unless he deposited in the hands of his reverence a sum of £20 as and by way of compensation, to be paid to Elizabeth Gaffney for the injury alleged to have been sustained both upon her person and character. To this Magaghran objected, stating that he had been honourably acquitted; but no, this was not sufficient, and he was obliged to submit to his reverence, on the terms that that £20 deposited with him should abide the determination of the next conference to be held in November, by the holy fathers, who, one and all, convicted poor Magaghran of the crime for which he had been acquitted by a jury of his countrymen. Magaghran, finding that he had been thus plundered, applied to his respectable attorney, who advised him to bring a civil bill process to recover back this sum of £20, which had been illegally plundered from him; and, accordingly, acting upon his directions, such civil bill was brought to the last April sessions; but notwithstanding all Mr. Armstrong could urge in favour of his client, the assistant-barrister (Mr. Murphy) dismissed the civil bill, to which the present appeal was heard before Baron Pennefather, who reversed the dismissal, and gave Magaghran a decree for his £20, thus observing at the conclusion of his very able judgment—"That it would be a most dangerous and lamentable thing indeed, if, after a subject had been brought to trial, and the

party accused had been acquitted by the laws of his country, another self-constituted tribunal—no matter how pure their motives might be—should have the power of bringing the parties before them in private, and there convicting them in pains and penalties." Magaghran's counsel described this conference as an inquisition of the holy fathers, assembled together to take from the pocket of his poor client a sum of £20, without any right or authority.

THE REV. MARCUS BERESFORD.—The conspiracy against this reverend gentleman has not been extinguished with the attempt on his life. The failure seems rather to have incited the blood-thirstiness of his enemies. The following is a copy of a notice put into the window of the parish clerk of Larah, on the night of July 28 :—"SIR—Take notice, that if you use any more exertions in favour of that disinheriting bloodhound, Beresford, that you will share the same fate which he unfortunately escaped. So let this be a warning to you. Remark, I've heard of the Orange den you kept in Ballaconnell.—E. C. E." This notice was written in an excellent hand.—*Mail*.

COUNTY DERRY.

DESPERATE RIBBON OUTRAGE.—Draperstown fair, held on the 6th of August, passed over quietly till about eight o'clock in the afternoon, when a strong body of Ribbonmen who remained congregated, proceeded to wreak their vengeance on a young man, a Protestant, who it seems had, during the day, given offence to some one or two of the brethren. The police promptly interfered, and, after a hard struggle, succeeded in arresting some of the most prominent of the party, whom they lodged safely in the barracks. A desperate effort was made by the mob to effect their rescue.—*Derry Sentinel*.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

OUTRAGE.—On the night of Friday last, the the houses of several inoffensive persons (Protestants,) on the road leading from Bellesk to Pettigo, were attacked by a gang of ruffians, some of them disguised, who, not being able to effect an entrance, broke the windows, and threw large stones at the doors. A notice, of which the following is a literal copy, was sent to us for publication, by a correspondent who took it down off a gate where it had been posted :—"Take notice that all per-

sons given evidence agen the brave fellys who went to Pettygo to defend there religion from the bludy orange herryticks on the twelft july will be kild as ded as ould bill they third—their saint of orange king—by order of Capt. Starlight.” — *Ballyshannon Herald*

FAIR OF NASH.—The above fair took place on the 15th instant. After the tents were struck at six o'clock, a riot took place. The police, of course, interfered, and took three rioters into custody; they were immediately attacked by an immense mob of infuriated wretches, with stones, who tried to rescue them; but Mr. Coghlan, the Chief Constable in charge of the Constabulary force at the fair, kept his three prisoners and took six more, all of whom he conveyed into New Ross, and placed them in the bridewell. An investigation was held on Thursday, in New Ross, at the Court House, Captain Rathburne in the chair, Mr. Usher and Dr. Howlett on the bench, when all the prisoners were fully identified by the police. The wretches, during the affray, repeatedly shouted out Carrickshock.—*Wexford Conservative*.

COUNTY OF DOWN.

HORRIBLE ATTEMPT AT ASSASSINATION.—We have heard with much pain of an abominable and truly alarming attempt made on the life of a respectable gentleman in this neighbourhood. It appears that on the night of Tuesday last, some cowardly ruffians forced their way into the enclosed yard of John Marshall, Esq. of Annabane, in the parish of Donoughmore, within five miles of Newry, and discharged a gun, loaded with bullet and several pieces of pot metal, into the bed-room where Mr. Marshall lay asleep! The contents of the gun actually passed through the curtains of the bed, and lodged themselves in the plaster of the wall on the opposite side. No possible motive can be assigned for this daring outrage. The diabolical spirit of the party is still further aggravated by the circumstance, that on the same night one of Mr. Marshall's cows was maimed, by cutting off the tail in the most savage manner. There are several other circumstances connected with this case which would seem to shew that the fiendish spirit of the south of Ireland had entered Ulster; and that even now, perhaps, while we write, “the

murderer's hand may be on the latch of the door.”—*Newry Telegraph*.

MURDER.—A young man, named Murphy, son of a bailiff employed by Mr. Courtney, of Mountbailly, was murdered on the new road, near Silverbridge, on Tuesday: the murderer has escaped.—*Ibid*.

COUNTY OF TIPPERARY.

HORRIBLE MURDER.—A most revolting and cold-blooded murder was committed on Monday, within three miles of Nenagh, (and within a mile of a police station). The wretched and unhappy victim was John Kennedy, a steward of Denis Canny, Esq. upon the lands of Currighanuddy. This unfortunate man prosecuted a party of pacificators, about two years ago, for shooting at him and fracturing his arm. Ever since the party kept up a continued service of Rockite notices, threatening poor Kennedy with all manner of deaths. Kennedy went out between four and five o'clock in the morning to look after the stock on the lands, and having remained out longer than customary, his friends became alarmed, and went in search of him. Their worst fears were awfully realised—in a borheen near the house they saw the mutilated body of Kennedy, every feature completely obliterated; his jaws broken, and parts of the face literally cut off, and the head shattered to pieces. A more revolting spectacle never was beheld. Notwithstanding such an accumulated load of suffering, life was not altogether extinct. His friends carried him to the house, where he lingered a few hours in the most excruciating torture, until death terminated his sufferings. This Kennedy was fired at about two years ago, and his arm shattered with a ball; and within the last few weeks he was served with notice *desiring him to prepare for death!* Such is Mulgravised Tipperary!—*Nenagh Guardian*.

On Tuesday morning, about ten o'clock, four fellows, well armed, with their faces blackened, proceeded to Hollyford, near Cappawhite, where the steward of the Anglesea road was superintending some work. Having placed him on his knees and presented their arms at him, they swore him not to hire labourers at a lower rate than ten pence per day. This is the third outrage, of a similar nature that has occurred in that neighbourhood, within the last three weeks.—*Tipperary Constitution*.

On the evening of the 2nd of August, between the hours of eight and nine o'clock, six armed men broke into the house of Thomas Stoney, Esq. of Aaron Hill, near Borrisokane, and plundered it of several stand of arms.

A man named Shea was waylaid on his return home from the fair of Toomevara, and his skull was badly fractured. A fellow named Maxwell, and three of the Ryans, have been arrested for the assault.—*Nenagh Guardian*.

MURDER.—On last Thursday morning, between the hours of five and six o'clock, as a man named John Toohy of Cappanamuck, near Borrisokane, was getting up, three men named Delahay, Baskerville, and Herons, one a bailiff who had a decree against him, rushed into his house and shot him dead. Delahay has absconded, and the other men are in custody.

ANOTHER MURDER.—A respectable young man, named Gleeson, when on his return from Nenagh, a few nights ago, was waylaid and his skull fractured by a blow of a stone.

ROBBERY OF AMMUNITION.—On the night of the 30th ultimo, four privates of the 48th Regiment of Foot, who were on their route to Cashel, were billeted on John Fahy, a publican in Nenagh. In the morning they found that 60 rounds of ball cartridge had been taken out of their pouches, and that a shell jacket and a white trowsers had also been stolen.—*Ibid*.

Nothing in the history of the most feudal states of barbarism, could find a parallel to the savage scene, exhibited at a place called the Lough, two miles from the town of Templemore, on Monday last. On this spot, Mr. Cormack, one of the coroners of this county, summoned a jury to hold an inquest on the body of a man of the name of Ryan, who became accessory to his own death, by intoxication, and resisting, by brutal force, six policemen in discharge of their duty, conveying him as a prisoner to the bridge-well of Templemore. It is strange, that whenever the police are concerned, no matter how forbearing, how mild, and exemplary their conduct may heretofore have been—the moment that the death of a civilian (however remote the cause) is associated with their name, the savage cry of ruffianism and barbarism, is yelled and shouted out against them, and they are pronounced convicted murderers, even before trial. Such was

the feeling at this memorable place of the Lough, where the coroner, notwithstanding the mild repeated remonstrances of magistrates to the contrary, insisted on holding his court!! Here it was, that several respectable jurymen, from the town of Templemore, were summoned, who, the moment they made their appearance, were threatened with assassination, and obliged to return home without the appearance of a single policeman or soldier to protect them. On the arrival of Mr. Smith, the solicitor for the police, a general buzz spread through the whole field, and he was met at what is called the bawn gap, by about 1500 persons, who demanded his business there? having answered in the mildest manner possible, that he came as the agent for the police, as he might in their own cases, he was ordered to retire immediately, or to abide the consequences. At this moment Mr. Trant, a chief of police, came to his protection, and enabled him to send a messenger to the coroner, explaining his situation, the threats against his life, and requesting his presence, to prevent any consequences ensuing. This judicial functionary replied "that his hat was off, he was very warm, and was afraid to venture into the open air." The same reply was given to a second message from Mr. Smith, whose situation became most critical in the extreme—for the mob had formed into a dense mass around him—and but for the assistance of Mr. Trant a second time, it is more than probable that the coroner would have had another subject to add to his bills of mortality at the next assizes. Mr. Smith at length reached the room, or kitchen, where the coroner held his court, and which baffles the power of human description. It was crammed to suffocation. There were half a dozen of attorneys' clerks assisting the friends of the deceased in striking the jury, yelling, bellowing, arguing, fighting, shouting, &c. Messrs. Tabiteau and Willington, magistrates, having quitted the room in disgust, afforded an opportunity to Mr. Smith to leave it also under their protection. After getting out he was again surrounded by a denser mob than on the former occasion, and threatened, in presence of the magistrates, that if he dared to go back again, to assist the police murderers, he would not come off as before. Mr. Tabiteau endeavored, by reason, to convince them of

their folly ; but the more he said, the more their determination seemed fixed, and Mr. Smith had but the choice of alternatives left, to abandon his clients to their fate, or suffer a glorious martyrdom on the plains of the Lough.—*Nenagh Guardian.*

ROBBERY OF FIRE-ARMS.—On last Saturday, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, two men, armed with a case of pistols each, forced themselves into the house of Joseph Palmer, Esq. near Bantiss. Mr. P. was at church, but there was a small boy, two maid servants, and the children in the house at the time. One of the fellows presented a pistol at the nursery-maid, and ordered her to take the children into the closet, and not to either stir or speak a word or he would blow her brains out ; when he got them in he locked the door and put the key in his pocket. In the meantime, the second ruffian disposed of the other woman in a similar manner. They then commenced searching the house. They broke open trunks and boxes, and ransacked drawers—took a case of pistols and a blunderbuss, with about twenty guineas. Though the police were soon on the spot, and made a vigilant search, no trace of the robbers could be discovered.—*Idem.*

SPIRITED CONDUCT OF TWO POLICEMEN.—On Sunday night last, as two of the police stationed at Peak, near Cashel, named John Murphy and Roger Fogarty, were proceeding to Thurles to attend an inquest, and when passing a place called Loch-hill, they heard the sound of several voices and approaching footsteps, and immediately concealed themselves behind a ditch ; presently eight armed men passed, and the police rushed from their ambush, calling upon them to surrender, but the party all fled—and after a pursuit of about a mile, Murphy and Fogarty succeeded in apprehending two of them, with whom they found a cavalry pistol, heavily charged, and a piece of a scythe fastened to a stick. The police returned to Cashel with their prisoners, and lodged them in the city bridewell.

On the night of last Tuesday, about a rood and a half of prime wheat, on the lands of Carney, and the property of Mr. John Burgess, of Finnoe, were maliciously broken off near the head. This outrage upon property, it is considered, has been perpetrated on Mr.

Burgess, on account of his being a Protestant, and having assisted in checking the sacrilegious conduct of the ruffians in Finnoe church-yard at the burial of Michael Shee.

COUNTY LOUTH.

A few nights ago a house, the property of Blayne Townley Balfour, Esq. was maliciously burnt by incendiaries. Mr. Balfour is a Protestant magistrate, and of course obnoxious to the ribbonmen.—*Drogheda Conservative.*

COUNTY CLARE.

HORRIBLE MURDER.—A few days ago a young man named O'Neill was barbarously murdered at Lisanore, county Clare, by a man named Darby Considine. O'Neill, after receiving several blows, made an effort to escape, but being quickly pursued by Considine, the latter overtook him in the middle of a potato garden, where he most barbarously kicked and struck his unfortunate victim. Not content with this, however, he seized him by the collar of the coat and dragged him out on the road, where raising a hurley above his head and striking him with it with his main force, he—horrible to relate—killed him on the spot at the first blow !

COUNTY LEITRIM.

The week before last an attempt was made on the lives of the wife and child of a Mr. Potter, of Drumsna, county Leitrim, who was then in Dublin. The crime of Mr. Potter is, that he is a Protestant, and engaged himself actively in the registry in his professional capacity. He has been officially informed that he was tried at the ribbonmen's court and that he was condemned.

COUNTY WEXFORD.

On the night of Tuesday one of the windows of Rossdroit church was fired at with shot, and several panes broken. There can be no doubt that the outrage was committed by some of the ruffians who interrupted the service of the same church on Sunday the 29th ultimo.—*Wexford Conservative.*

MORE SACRILEGE.—On Sunday last a funeral entered the grave-yard of Rossdroit, county Wexford, during divine service. The mob composing the procession attempted, in the most insulting manner, to prevent the service of the day proceeding within the church—they succeeded in drowning the voice of the officiating clergyman, the Rev. Ephraim Hinson, and further outrage would in all probability have been com-

mitted had not several of the congregation immediately risen to avenge this insult to the house of God. The scene now presented was appalling, several females were carried in a state of insensibility into the vestry, and the service speedily concluded. It is needless to state that the dastards, who were foremost in the outrage, were also amongst the first to retreat, and were chased to the company of their fellow-ruffians in the grave-yard.

COUNTY MEATH.

SACRILEGE.—The church of Athboy was entered on the night of the 10th ult. and robbed of surplices, gowns, cushions, bibles, &c. Government has offered a reward of £30, through the chief constable of police, for information against the sacrilegious robbers.—*Correspondent of the Protestant Guardian.*

COUNTY OF WESTMEATH.

A rockite notice was served on Patrick Boyhan, of Cloghan, in the parish of Rathconnell, on the evening of the 2nd, ordering him to discharge his journeyman blacksmith, or, if not, they would put him to more cost than his work, or that of the blacksmith's came to, and that for doctor's fees.

KING'S COUNTY.

HORRID ATTEMPT AT ASSASSINATION.—Last Saturday week the third son of D. Smith, Esq. of Oakwood, in the King's County, a fine lad about 18 years of age, was fired at from behind the demesne wall of Thomas Spinner, Esq. of Glasshouse, and part of his

waistcoat carried away by slugs, some of which were found in the lodge gate, which he was in the act of locking. The boy fell, when a demoniac yell of joy was heard to escape from the assassin's lips, "Ha! Smith, you are down at last!"—His sole offence was prosecuting to conviction persons whom he found milking cows at an early hour some morning previous.—*Leinster Express.*

COUNTY OF WATERFORD.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER.—On Saturday night last an attempt was made to take away the life of that most respectable and justly esteemed gentleman, Robert Uniacke, Esq. of Woodhouse, county of Waterford, nephew of the Bishop of Kilmore. The assassins appear to have been perfectly acquainted with the interior of the house and with Mr. Uniacke's habits. At half-past ten o'clock, which is his usual hour for retiring to rest, Miss N. Uniacke and her sister passed along the gallery leading to their bed-room, which is in the same direction as his sleeping apartment, and just as they had passed a window, through which the light of their candle was seen, a shot was fired, and a ball struck an iron railing in front of the gallery. Mr. Uniacke was providentially from home. The ladies very narrowly escaped. The ball was found next morning in the passage. A meeting of magistrates has been convened to take steps to discover the murderers.—*Evening Packet.*

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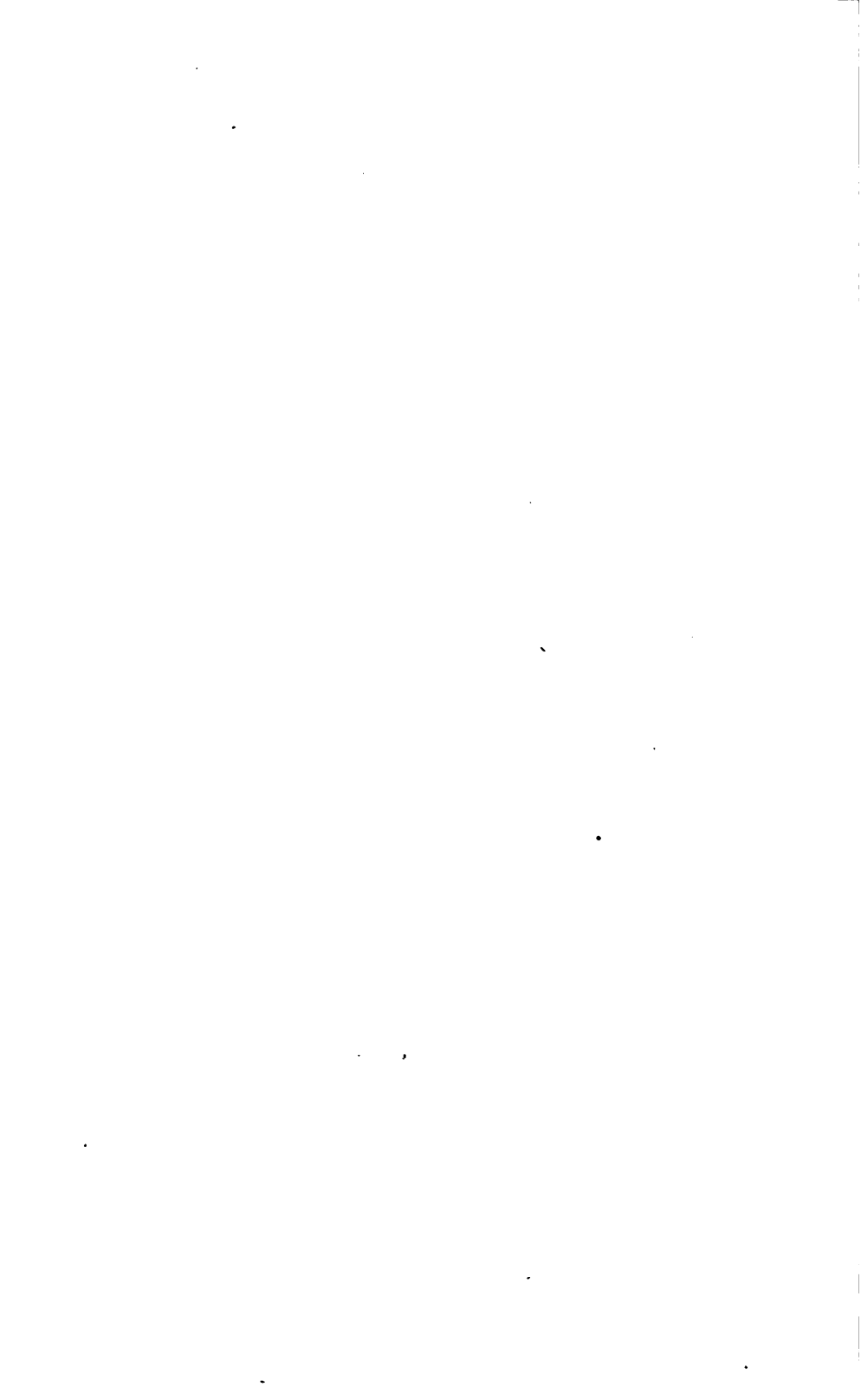
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THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XII.

CASSANDRA IN IRELAND ; OR "TIS SIXTY YEARS"—TO COME.

There is a history in all men's lives
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd,
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life ; which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time !

Henry IV. Second Part, iii. 1.

WELL—here we are safe over the shoals of time, and landed in this broiling summer of EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-EIGHT ! Why, bless me ! I think the seasons grow hotter as the world grows older ; as if they intensified as they approached nearer and nearer to the final *ecpyrosis* (that singular *Mythus*, as Divinity Professor Taschenspieler of Berlin calls it) ; or as if, at all events, this worthy old century, soon to breathe its last, were determined, like the Hindoo widows of old, to expire in *flames*. Now, under this burning August Sun, what *can* a man do but resign himself deliberately to that Limbo of day-dreams that lies between the regions of Sleeping and Waking—yes, there *is* one step lower in mental vacancy—I'll go read the Government Paper !

Now for my boots. Pahaw ! this Steam-Valet of mine is perpetually out of order. He—she—it (I have not yet settled the gender of this mechanical humanity) is positively not worth me sixpence. I protest I shall presently have to put on my own clothes, like my poor grandfather sixty years ago ! Ah, we shall never have come to the full predestined empire of mechanism until we shall have excluded man and mind *altogether* from interference with our machinery ; till we

shall have obviated errors of workmanship by annulling the *need* of workmanship after the first operation for ever ; and made machines capable of generating their own likeness *ad infinitum*. These are the triumphs of future years ! When—oh, *when* shall that happy age arrive, at which men shall trace the pedigree of their time-pieces yet more carefully than the pedigree of their horses ; and separate, with heraldic precision, the aristocracy from the plebeian race of smoke-jacks ? When shall we breed spinning-jennies as we breed sheep ; and printing-presses beget printing-presses to the end of the chapter ?

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !

* * * *

Another Century—the busy nineteenth century—hastens to the tomb. Among the haughty claimants of civilization, its Infancy was baptized in the blood of an hundred fields ; its Manhood consumed in the turbulence and struggle of an epoch of change in the history of mankind ; its declining years—but I am too near that division of the mighty Picture to judge wisely of the design. With all its virtues and all its crimes, the Nineteenth Century hastens to join the shadowy millenniums of antiquity. How will these hoary

Patriarchs of Time receive the new comer? Will they welcome the Stranger into that mystic realm where the Past is repositied real as the Present ;—*real*, for Action is as essentially imperishable as Matter, and in the decree of God and the Nature of Things, no particle of either is capable of annihilation. Surely the sternness of their dark welcome will not be refused, when in the story of the new denizen of the Past is read their own, and the voice of *blood* still proclaims the gloomy consanguinity of centuries. Say shall not yonder dim Shape stoop from its Egyptian throne, and grimly smile as, alter the lapse of thrice a thousand years, it finds its own Sesostrian Age renewed among unhappy mankind by him whose toys were the crowns of Europe? Has that century, undying in the records of human Thought, which bears with it the busy story of Greek republicanism, no sympathies with that which can recount a tale more modern, of a people without reflection and of leaders without principle? Yea—have yon dark Brotherhood of centuries,—of those when in slow and silent vastness arose (like the Temple of Israel, where “there was neither hammer nor axe heard”) the enormous Fabric of ecclesiastical tyranny,—when, year after year, it grew upon the half-civilized nations, until all the palaces of Europe lay in its portentous shadow, and all the sceptres of Europe were cast upon its threshold,—have these dusky Ages no gratulation to offer to one that comes to give dim promise of their recurrence,—ay, to proclaim, as pledge and earnest of the gloomy prophecy, that side by side with the central illumination of the world, with ENGLAND, there lies a land still the happy fastness of obstinate barbarity, and where Superstition is each day more and more securely cementing, with the blood of her few, and scattered, and deserted adversaries, the repairs of her broken Shrine? Terrible identity of degraded man! When shall *that* century join the eternal Past, which, with the bright announcement of “a new heaven and a new earth,” shall break the permanent unity of evil!

And yet, a busy time of superficial mutability has been this same nineteenth century. The depths of the Ocean of Humanity may still repose unshaken; the surface has been tossed by many a ruffling breeze. When I look back among the thousandfold changes which

the progress of intellect has brought with it—for, as Counsellor O’Flam said finely the other day at the Tailors’ Society for the Regeneration of Mankind, “the mind marches to victory over the corpses of fallen institutions,”—when I consider—again to quote the Counsellor’s animated language to the Incorporated Company of Hucksters—that “the truths of one generation become the exploded superstitions of another”—what one object can I pronounce superior to change? what one object, at the close of the century, triumphant over the assaults of time and satiety—But I recall the rash generality as my eye falls on the venerable, the still unfaded dignity of THE MAGAZINE! Still as ever, not more certain are the monthly revolutions of the Moon in the firmament, than the monthly recurrences of her sister Luminary upon earth; with this incomparable advantage, that whereas the vestal of the sky exhibits but one unchanging side to mankind, an everlasting *variety* adorns the myriad-sided rival of her glories!

Sitting in this dim sunset of a century, ere yet the heavy clouds have dropt their curtain on its dying light, how multitudinous are the voices of its spectral years! New arts are proclaimed, new efforts to make man sufficient to man, and new unhappinesses to establish the vanity of the mighty Dream! The very soil that is most fertile in intellectual produce seems fated to be the most fertile in new forms of pain; and man’s ingenuity to create torments keeps pace with his ingenuity to cure them. Do what we will with human nature, there still seems to be left behind some mysterious and obstinate term which no contrivance can utterly eliminate; some particle which refuses to yield to any menstruum of education or politics. Take the highest—the fairest examples. Our course of Algebra in Tipperary has utterly failed to keep the students out of continued fractions; and the whole efforts of our National Education Board in simplifying craniology for the province of Munster, have only tended to increase the practical craniology of fractured skulls at the fairs of Limerick and Clonmel. Liberality itself has become illiberal; the principle that all religions are alike has terminated in the quiet supremacy of unqualified superstition; and the “rights of man,” with which we began the century, have calmly subsided into

the "rites of the church," with which we end it. How is this? What influence is it around and among us, that has made fools of our statesmen and toys of our acts of parliament? What mysterious POWER is it, which, siding in turns with every party and closing with none, alternately royalist and republican, despot and democrat, a Liberator in one latitude, an Inquisitor in another, wearing the *uniform* of every æra and fighting for itself alone in all,—has stood among contending factions, and, supporting itself by successively supporting each, has calmly moulded them all into the creatures of its purpose—a purpose unchanged and unchangeable, for a Spirit beyond man rules the march of that system, and breathes into it from age to age the stern immutability of character that marks a Single Agent, and the vastness of design that marks that Agent a Being mightier than human!

Yes—there is a retributive Providence! a Providence that, amid all the permitted inequalities of earthly dispensations, does now and then flash upon man at this side of the grave the terrible equity that belongs to a future world. Ireland, misgoverned and misused—Ireland, that never yet knew the steady blessings of an honest, uncompromising gospel policy—Ireland, where the Protestantism of the purified Church of Christ was never yet fairly, thoroughly, and with the whole force of an enlightened government, brought into action,—where encouragement was given to every religious party as the momentary conjunctures of a paltry expediency suggested, and the high principle of the unswerving Law of God never, for ten years together, carried out,—Ireland, thus abused, is in crime avenging crime! A great people was surrendered for centuries to be the prize of the chance triumphs of politics, and the corruption thus generated has risen to punish its generators. The Church itself (the great instrument of illumination) in early times neglected as to its internal management, afterwards deserted as to external assistance and legislative co-operation, has sunk—an easy victim—before the enemies of England and of God. After ages of misrule, and innumerable fluctuations of party triumph, the awful Falsehood has at length risen to the uncontested ascendancy—THAT IN RELIGION A MAJORITY CONSECRATES ERROR—and from that hour Britain's deadliest foe has

lain by her side! England was appointed (who cannot read it in her history?) to a mighty office in the beneficent purposes of Providence; the chosen Israel of modern Christianity, she has fallen below her calling, and she is forsaken. Yes—England may still in ancient glory sweep the vanquished seas—her name and language may still be heard among the remotest tribes of man—she may be owned sovereign in lands where her summer noon is a winter midnight—the chain of subject-realms with which she circles the globe may still be unbroken,—but in the hour of her triumph the foe is at her gates! Victory beyond the Indus and the St. Lawrence—treason and treachery at home! Cherishing in her bosom the unrelenting enemy of her liberties—for Protestant Christianity is the soul and life and spirit of British liberty—she is as one who moves abroad in gay and gorgeous apparel, and meets in every voice the tone, in every eye the glance, of deference and devotion,—who returns home to groan in the silent secrecy of the closet over some dread and festering disease felt every hour to be approaching nearer and nearer to the innermost springs of life!

* * * * *

Paulo minoræ canamus. Amid all that inexhaustible variety of new and happy arts in which Nature has been dragged at the triumphal chariot of Intellect, it is no easy matter to pronounce to which the crown of surpassing dignity belongs. That project of my learned and versatile friend, Dr. Boring, of travelling by a chain of successive explosions of gunpowder to the Moon, is indeed a mighty conception; but as I understand some trivial practical difficulties still impede the realization, it is scarcely fair to speak of it yet as entitled to take *bonâ fide* rank among positive inventions. Nor can anything be more *piquant* than that brilliant paper read by Professor Puff to our own Irish academy on yestereve; and which, as the morning papers truly say, "created a prodigious sensation among the audience." The learned Professor's object was (as the world will soon, it is to be hoped, experimentally know) to demonstrate the practicability of counteracting the solar attraction, and sending "the ship of Earth (as he prettily called it) sailing through the blue infinitude of space," by concentrating and directing the whole energies of terrestrial magnetism

in such a current as to establish an attractive sympathy with Sirius or any other remoter sun at pleasure. The Professor kindly declared himself willing, as soon as all the preliminaries should have been arranged, to assume in person the helm of the mighty vessel, for a trifling consideration.—What accessions to our Knowledge would the fulfilment of this magnificent design produce! “Think,” said the eloquent close of the memoir, “of stopping as it were to take in coals at Arcturus, and spending a cold winter in the belt of Orion!”

Yet, after all, I am inclined, for my own part, to think our rapid advancement in *moral and political* contrivance to be among our fairest claims to the admiration and gratitude of posterity. As *abridgment of labour* is the great modern object of discovery, so we have happily applied the principle to *moral* essences. For instance, we do equal justice to parties by neglecting *one* of them altogether; and we put men, who know nothing, into the most important positions, in order that the office may educate its functionaries.—What a dexterous saving of time and expense! Again, on the great principle of *compensation*,—being well assured that an excess in one quarter is invariably accompanied by a proportionate deficiency elsewhere,—we calculate the *average intensity* of rebellion in Europe; and support it with the whole weight of our name and government abroad, as the surest means of suppressing its fires at home. Taking advantage, too, of the double significance of the word, we exchange the abstract for the concrete, and strengthen our foreign *relations* with a vengeance! Nor are our foreign relations behind-hand (to do them justice) in plans and contrivances. Having had the honor of dining (the day before yesterday) with the Russian Governor at Constantinople, his Excellency (after the bottle had circulated pretty freely) began to throw out hints and insinuations of a political project, which, as he said, he candidly confessed he thought likely to prove of extraordinary utility—as Heaven was his judge he had no other view—to the general European System. M. Strixtraxstrogonoff's words were indeed somewhat indistinct, and gave but a moonlight glimpse of his meaning; and I must profess myself wholly incompetent to interpret, with anything like precision, that dialect of triple diplomacy in which his Excel-

lency is known to be so consummate a master. However, I could collect, with tolerable certainty, that the thing turned upon the convenience—merely the *convenience*, the common advantage to all parties—of reducing Europe—just by way of temporary experiment—under the jurisdiction of a single head; thereby to secure those great benefits of dispatch and unanimity which all political writers had agreed were only to be obtained by the monarchical form of superintendence, and which tended so powerfully to the progress of the human race towards perfection,—“the one point,” added his Excellency, “which is ever nearest to my heart.” With a devotedness of public spirit never sufficiently to be applauded, he likewise declared, that “without being understood by anything he then said, or might afterwards say, or be thought then or afterwards to say, to pledge himself definitively to any opinion on the subject, whether as included himself or higher interests; and without professing to declare the purposes and views of other parties, which might, perhaps, be unknown to him, and which, whether known or not, he could not, under existing circumstances, and making a fair estimate of the whole of the case as between all the high Powers therein concerned, consider himself at full liberty to communicate,—that, with these reservations clearly understood, he *did* think he might, on the whole, go so far as to hint his *impression*,—for he could undertake to state no more fixed conviction,—but, everything duly understood and allowed for, his *impression*, that, supposing such an arrangement feasible, his IMPERIAL MASTER would be found willing *himself* to take on him the very onerous, burdensome, weighty, and disagreeable duties of such a position. The high military fame of my august Master,” continued the Governor, when we had recovered from our first burst of admiration at this philanthropic martyrdom of the Emperor, “would, of itself, be sufficient to recommend the unreserved consignment of the armed force of Europe to his imperial hands; your bold Britons, Sir, (with a gracious smile to me) officered by our brave Russians, would be invincible against a world in arms;—let but my Master once possess this body, and then—” but here M. Strixtraxstrogonoff became so profoundly lost in the involutions of his mystic dialect, that I altogether despaired of tracing

his labyrinthine path, and fled for escape from his talk to his Tokay.

These *are*, indeed, superb plans; they *are* worthy of 1898; and they manifest (as our government gratefully recognises) the most flattering consideration upon all occasions for the especial welfare of *Britain*. Yet their vastness may, perhaps, deceive us as to their absolute originality and exclusive merits. And if I am not mistaken, the plan of modern political invention may, after all, be fairly claimed by our own dear island—our Emerald in the Ring of Ocean—(methinks a *blood-stone* were something the more suitable gem for our metaphor now a-days!) The secret which Greece and Rome sought in vain, it is ours to discover and to practise. *These* had a pretty trick of agitation too, a very decided turn for "a strike;" yet we can afford to leave to the one her Cleon and her Demades, to the other her tribunes and her Mons Sacer. *We* have discovered a stroke of art beyond their devising. UNARMED REBELLION—the mighty engine *to refuse*—the constitutional suspension of the constitution—is exclusively the growth of our pacific age; we have disclosed the way to exercise, and our enlightened statesmen have found a voice to applaud, that "unanimous act of a nation," which colder critics would describe as uniting the will of a rebel with the cowardice of a slave! The earlier days of the nineteenth century were the *infant school* for its closing achievements. Historians, indeed, are so entangled among the rapid changes of latter years, that many probably may be found to forget that this happy process of polite plunder, owes its *first* settlement among us as a permanent principle of popular action, to the exalted countenance of a government, long since defunct, but ever to be celebrated as the liberal promoters of every design calculated for the advancement of mankind and themselves. Practised (for such is the feeble dawn of all great discoveries!) at first against a few miserable personages in black coats, found guilty of maintaining Christianity in the country, and of being the most educated gentlemen within its compass—it has now soared to a bolder flight. The fact is, that whereas the narrow-minded multitude of the old time, looked on the manœuvre as a temporary and limited expedient; men of mightier calibre (men, for instance, whom the Education Funds of the country disciplined

into fitness for the enlightened leadership of their brethren to Freedom—the ready-made secretaries of rebellion) saw FROM THE COMMENCEMENT, that the Art was capable of universal application; that it was in every sense, the grand *Catholicism* of Irish Emancipation; that the formula once possessed, it could be shifted at a month's warning to any required department of property; in short, that the Abstract Proprietor was its subject wheresoever detected for spoliation. The engine only required (such was the language of the Ribbon Sages, now instructed in Mechanical Philosophy and Pneumatics) as its moving power, the *desire of those to have, who have not*; and fortunately that motive is cheaper than steam in any country. "What!" cried the Aristotle of the Shebeen-house, fresh from the study of Dr. Whately's Logic, "Clergyman and Landlord are but accidents, Proprietor is the essence. Tithe and Rent are but names, *Money* is alike in both! What boots it to me whether (a serf on the fields of my forefathers) I am plundered of my inheritance by Parson or Squire; I see no 'essential difference' among the Saxon tyrants; I only know my father starved the black-coats, and it was thought a good joke among the parliament men; I'll see if his ~~son~~ can't do as much for the blue!" Hence, in this goodly summer of 1898, the lover of human perfectibility hangs with delighted eyes upon a country where ten millions of men, in the quiet exercise of the great art—*refusing to pay*—have calmly reduced their landed masters to beggary! Glorious facilities of a free constitution! No riot disturbs the peaceful triumph—no fractured skull invites the village surgeon—not one bleeding bailiff ensanguines the ditches of Tipperary—nay, I doubt if one process-server has been requested to breakfast on his documents—no, no—all is 'constitutional resistance,' "legal agitation," "the unanimous resolve of a free people." Distresses against well-organised millions are preposterous; "aggregate meetings" soon settle that point; there is no sale for the chattels, and no peace for the purchaser; and the government (dear souls) are too kind of heart, and too fond of place, to vex their Irish faction, or trouble with too severe a military superintendence the patriotic assemblies of the finest peasantry in the world! In short, if you will have the honest truth, the case has gradually become too difficult for ma-

nagement ; and things must be sadly suffered to take their course. For *what* would you have ? Conservative murmurers talk of governing a country, as if indeed *events were not irresistible*, and "*an united people invincible*." To conquer "ten millions of men, resolved to die rather than support" a Sassenagh Landlord, is a chimera. *Would* the army fight a body of men in whom one half of that army recognised their brethren in religion and blood ? *Dare* they meet such a body of patriots, desperate for freedom, and for two long centuries secretly organised for this great achievement ? The thing is hopeless. The secret is now too well understood, *that a united people may effect any thing*. The elder days of the tithe-war have established that mighty truth beyond the possibility of doubt. And the spirits of the worthy old gentlemen who upheld the glorious principles of the parsonic blockade, now, doubtless, "rejoice from their airy halls" as they behold the happy fructification of their votes in the potatoes and salt of their descendants.

But something must be done, or *appear* to be done. Some happy palliative must be struck out, some ingenious compromise, by which the government that is driven may seem to drive, and they who float on the top wave may affect to guide the current. The managing agents for the Irish mob must assume the dignity of apparent legislation. Some lingering prejudices still haunt the ancestral homes of old England, and they must be met, or place and purse are in peril. "*Words must be given*" to the mutterers—to adopt the expressive Roman idiom ; political entities must be once more led to the font, and old rogueries rebaptised into "satisfactory arrangements." Therefore—the shift held its ground before, and John Bull, who stood it then, will surely stand *anything* after it—behold ! "Plunder" shall descend and come up "Appropriation ;" "Rebellion" shall re-appear as "very natural Discontent ;" "Legal Demands" shall darken into "Oppressive Exactions ;" and "Rent" itself—sacred, inviolate Rent—shall arise, "an unhappy Impost !"

These, however, are only surmises, the surmises of one who dreams that when human nature and human motives remain literally the same, and circumstances equally favourable for their development,—the Present and the future will be apt to resemble the

Past. It is but fair to try if the reality at all justifies the suspicion. LA PRESSE, *Messieurs, est le vrai miroir du siècle*, as the President of the French Republic said the other day in his speech at the opening of Congress. Let me then fulfil my original purpose, and woo slumber over the columns of the Government Gazette. Now, then, for a peep at the Collective Wisdom of eighteen-hundred and *ninety-eight* !

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From the Star of Freedom, Aug.—th, 1898.

"The House met at the usual hour, and after settling some unimportant business (among the rest, reading for a third time the bill for the sequestration of surplus church property in Lancashire, to meet the growing wants of the Presentation Convents in that county), immediately went into committee on the Estates' (Ireland) Bill. We did not observe as great an assemblage of members as might, perhaps, have been expected upon this occasion ; a deficiency probably to be accounted for from the overwhelming interest created by the solemn ceremony of laying the first stone of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral in — street, at which the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, with a liberality worthy of the times, was to officiate, accompanied by his entire ecclesiastical corps. It was even whispered, (but we regret to say without foundation,) that his Grace proposed to put on his most reverend brother's pontificals and celebrate high mass ; so that we are not surprised that the public of all denominations were solicitous to witness so touching and beautiful a concession as this would have been to the true spirit of Christian fellowship. As the evening advanced, however, members successively dropped in, until the benches were tolerably well filled ; though, except occasionally, much interest did not appear to be excited. The state of our columns (from our anxiety to present our readers with a *full* report of the late momentous discussion between the Rev. Fathers O'Shaughnessy and O'Toole of Trinity College, Dublin, on the exact shade of veneration due to the wood of the true cross—a subject now justly engaging the learned through England—) obliges us to restrict our present report to a very meagre sketch of the proceedings.

"LORD JOHN — rose to move his resolutions regarding "the appropriation of a portion of the Irish estates to pur-

poses of general utility in that country." His lordship spoke in so low a tone, that we could not for some time catch the precise purport of his words, and very seldom, indeed, the precise scope of his meaning. We understood him to say that he considered himself in a certain sense pledged to this measure. He would not, indeed, go so far as to say that he looked upon himself as "pledged" in any such high and obligatory sense as that his tenure of office (which he valued only as it allowed him to serve his country) was at all dependent on the success or the failure, the introduction or the non-introduction of this measure—(oh! oh!) It was, indeed, true, and he never hesitated to admit it, that he and his colleagues had accepted the reins of office upon certain conditions connected with this measure (hear). That pledge had wrecked his opponents, and floated him into power. But *opposition* promises (he had the authority of a great theologian of the sister church, to whom he always referred such questions for it) never could be considered as binding *ministerial* performances. Yes, he *would* say, and he cared not for the taunts of some honorable gentlemen, that as long as ever his country would endure his poor services, he considered himself as bound by no promises or principles whatever of this or any other description (loud cheers from the ministerial benches). Gentlemen might talk of principle. Why principle was a very good thing in its way (the noble lord uttered this sentiment in a tone so droll as to create general laughter). He had no objection whatever to principle—but every thing in moderation! (renewed laughter). And all he could say was, that if principle interfered with *his* continued power of serving his country—in other words, with the general advantage (cheers)—with the growth of liberal institutions (loud cheers)—he thought such principle no better than sheer fanaticism, and fit to

be entombed in the same grave with "hereditary wisdom" and the other follies of an age gone by. Power was no object to him. The fact was—no one knew how much he endured for the public welfare. Another age would do him justice. Another age would admit (what no one now seemed to understand) that it was with the spirit of a *martyr* he had devoted himself to the service of the crown; that he had sacrificed the retirement he loved, through a disinterested anxiety for the public good. But the applause of his own conscience rewarded him for all the agonies he suffered in pocketing the emoluments of office—agonies renewed each quarter-day almost beyond the possibility of endurance! But enough of a subject so insignificant as himself (cheers). This was the third time he had the honor of proposing to a British House of Commons this great healing measure, based upon the broad principle of justice to Ireland. The lingering opposition which still remained in another place had as yet baffled his efforts. An *elective* House of Lords had stood between the people and their rights, as an hereditary peerage had so often done before (cheers and a few faint cries of "order"). But the more pliable materials of the upper house, under the reformed constitution of Britain, still gave him hopes, that its members would at length recognize the great truth, that the only way to do justice to all parties was to give the people what they wished on all occasions, and leave it to *their* sense of propriety to provide for all other interests. He would briefly state the substance of his resolutions. The house knew well how deep-seated and universal had been for many years back the resistance in Ireland to the enormous demands of the landed proprietary. "It was not for him to state," whether justly or not; he merely stated the fact. "No man lamented it more than he did."* Indeed he was ac-

* Any reader whose propensities are sufficiently antiquarian to lead him to recur to the parliamentary debates of 1837-8, will be interested to trace the remarkable similarity between the noble lord's feelings (so creditable to his humanity,) and those of his noble predecessor and namesake on a similar occasion. It would be endless to add special references. The noble lord sees plainly that the same arguments and the same *phrases* belong with equal right to analogous cases. Some elderly reminiscents of the days alluded to, tell us that the old Lord John was the most accomplished man of his time, in that exquisite art of political sensibility which pensively sighs over the plunder it encourages, and sheds tears while superintending the "unfortunate necessity" of public robbery. How touching the grace (they cry) with which, when the starving clergy's arrears of unpaid tithe were handed in, like the Recording Angel, he "dropped a tear upon the page, and blotted them out for ever!"

quainted with many most estimable gentlemen who were impoverished by the present unhappy manifestation of public feeling; and he regretted much that "the false position in which they stood in the country" had exposed them to hardship—hardship, however, "much exaggerated," he believed, by common report. He freely admitted it was not so much their fault as "the fault of the original policy of England" towards the sister country. The people were very wrong, to be sure, to detain the rents and foil the law; very wrong indeed; but then, he *would* be allowed, in the most guarded manner, to hint—just to insinuate (not that he would for the world justify rebellion, but merely to observe) that "it was not to be expected in any country," or under any system of things, that a vast majority of the inhabitants of the soil *could* continue to pine hopelessly in a land, every acre of which they knew well had belonged to their ancestors, when they had in their power so easy, and on a former occasion so successful, an expedient for quietly transferring the value of the produce to themselves. This was all very wrong—he never said otherwise; but then "how could any thing else be expected?" The Irish gentry are, unfortunately, for the most part strangers to the people in blood, and enemies to them in religion (loud cheers from the Irish members.) He feared "they brought a great deal of the opposition on themselves." But gentlemen said, how shall *we* escape the same treatment? Such honorable members should consider the marked difference of the English and Irish cases. *Here* was no intruded order of foreigners, the creatures of confiscation and forfeiture; in *this* country the peasantry could not look from their humble sheds into the records of history, and find in the ancestry of the living ploughman the sovereigns of provinces, and the chieftains of armed clans. But in Ireland (it was his painful duty to acknowledge it) the right to the country remains in those who till lately have been starving upon its scanty potato; with few exceptions, each gentleman whose driver (so the minister of cruelty is named) distrains the cattle of the miserable peasant, is an usurper, or the descendant of an usurper; he has no claim but that built upon the brutal plea of conquest; and what force has given, force may justly take away! (loud cheers.) These are the principles, continued the noble

lord, upon which I accepted office; and I do conceive that a statesman is bound to adhere to "principle"—that is, as long as he is not called to make any absurd or romantic sacrifice for the sake of it. But above all, they are the very principles upon which a revered predecessor now no more (here the noble Lord seemed greatly *affected*) acted, when *he* had to deal with another Irish incumbrance, I mean that defunct anomaly of old-fashioned legislation, the monstrous CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT. I have not gone beyond his principles one step further than the necessary progress of the human mind in liberal enlightenment has since his day required. And now that *that* source of discontent has been destroyed, and "an establishment in accordance with the religion of the majority" substituted in its room, shall we leave the great work of "Irish Tranquillity" imperfect? For the present he only asked the house to make a small deduction—say 50 per cent.—from the "gorgeous revenues of the Irish Hierarchy—he begged pardon—*Squirearchy*, for purposes of general utility to a neglected and impoverished population. He had strong hopes that by this reasonable and timely concession to the popular voice, and the addition of a few thousands a-year to each of the venerable prelates of the sister church in Ireland, to secure their good will and holy influence over the people, the country might very probably get through the winter without a general rebellion. The noble lord, after denouncing the squires as "preferring a few hundreds a-year to the peace of the country," if they murmured at this pacific "arrangement," concluded by moving his resolutions in the usual form, and to the same effect as last year.

"Mr. H— moved as an amendment, that the paltry sacrifice of fifty per cent. cannot, and ought not to satisfy the long oppressed people of Ireland; and that nothing short of an unequivocal surrender of their ill-gotten gains for the public benefit, is to be demanded by English justice of Irish landlords. The honorable gentleman entered into a long statement (backed by several square feet of arithmetical calculation) to demonstrate the enormous importance to that long misgoverned country of a redistribution of property on equitable principles. The present was an inestimable opportunity for such an arrangement. It was shoer

nonsense to tell that house that the landlords had any *right* to their inherited plunder. Thievery is not consecrated by a thousand generations (cheers). But he would put the case on broad grounds. No man had a right to *anything* which the representatives of the people in parliament thought fit to dispose of. Every man is but a trustee for the public advantage. In the feudal days all men held of the king; *now* they all hold of the parliament! (loud cheers). That was his view, and he was not ashamed of it. Those were the principles which his illustrious predecessor had applied to the Irish church; and in virtue of which the plain-spoken patriots of that day had crushed that nuisance. The noble lord who moved the resolutions was beating about the bush; *he* was for "laying the axe to the root." Gentlemen would see he could quote *Scripture* as well as any saintly preacher in or out of the house (loud laughter). The noble lord seemed to be "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike." His desires were stronger than his courage. For his own part, he was convinced that half-measures, or any regard to obsolete prejudices about prescriptive rights, never could or ought to lead to that "final and satisfactory arrangement" which alone could be expected to give "TRANQUILLITY TO IRELAND!"

"AN HONORABLE MEMBER, whose name we could not catch, here rose amid much disorder. The honorable gentleman's expressions were almost wholly lost in the merriment they occasioned. We could only occasionally detect the phrases, "recognised principles of the constitution," "regard for vested rights," &c. &c.; but the exquisite imitation of the braying of an ass, with which an honorable and learned member was delighting the house, usually drowned the rest of each sentence. The Speaker, who himself testified much amusement, at length informed the honorable member on his legs, that the feelings of the house seemed to be clearly against his proceeding; and that, as the organ of that feeling, he must be under the unpleasant necessity of requesting him to give way. Several members, now rose simultaneously; among whom,

"MR. O'FLANAGAN caught the Speaker's eye. The honorable gentleman began by observing that he was himself no landed proprietor (cheers). He believed he might say as much for

most of his Irish friends on that side of the house (renewed cheering). The people had sent them there. The ridiculous prejudices of former days were gradually disappearing; and, according to the late enlightened act of the legislature, patriotism was now the only condition required for a parliament man. And as some one had wisely remarked that an Infidel is the fairest judge of Sectarian controversies, so he firmly believed, a man without acres himself will always make the best arbitrator in disputes about property. It was a gladdening sight to every lover of a free constitution, to see men like himself (if he might venture to dwell on a subject so personal) exalted on the shoulders of the people, from grocers' bills to parliamentary bills, and from weighing paltry pounds of sugar to weighing the destinies of an empire. His heart was with the honorable mover of the amendment, for he liked sweeping measures; but he would vote with the noble lord, as he was persuaded if once the Irish people could fix the crow-bar under the Landed Property Nuisance, very few sessions more would pass before they succeeded in getting parliamentary leave to make away with it altogether. There was an awkward prejudice still subsisting in men's minds against *suddenly* beggaring a large class of British subjects; and therefore, in policy, they should take a lesson from that model of gentle legislation, the progressive extirpation of the Irish *clergy*, whom they had succeeded in starving by insensible gradations, on the principle of that knowing jockey who had "deducted" from his horses' daily allowance the "small per centage" of a grain a day, until just as he had happily brought them to subsist on a spoonful a-piece, they kindly relieved him of all further trouble. He always looked upon that affecting tale as the true pattern of "instalments;" and with those glorious prospects in view, he would give his support to the proposition of the noble lord.

"THE HONORABLE AND LEARNED MEMBER FOR TIPPERARY next addressed the house. The learned gentleman began by disavowing any intention of producing exaggerated excitement. He stood there in a proud position! He was the representative of a county eminently Irish, *Hibernis Hibernior*—a county which, at the close of the century maintained the high character with which it had commenced it; the

stern resolve of freedom, fostered by nightly victories over the myrmidons of oppression; a purpose from which, even if a paternal government could bear to discourage their midnight chivalry, his brave constituents were neither to be seduced nor terrified. And for his own part he could say with proud gratification, that he felt himself not unworthy to represent such a county; more especially (though it was not for him to boast) when he contemplated the sacrifice he had lately made in condescending to accept government emolument, for the *sole purpose* of carrying out the principle of the nocturnal Dracos of his native county—that fundamental maxim in which he and they alike coincided, of *taking from the Saxon all they could get*. After some further observations, and remarking how gratifying to his feelings was the exemption of so many Catholic landlords from the general confiscation, the learned gentleman continued in his usual animated strain to observe, “that Ireland was at length awake! The seeds of English oppression, long buried, had at length ripened, and borne their bitter fruits. Yes, the tithe-war was the blossom, and the rent-war is the fruit! The accursed policy, which in days long past but still unforgotten, still cherished in the tenacious memory of bondsmen, had dared to sell into slavery the descendants of monarchs, was at length to perish amid the execrations of ten millions of men! Infatuated dream of English bigotry! How could the plunderers of Ireland (that Poland of the West!) even in the acme of their drunken triumph, have ever expected that so foul a partition of the spoils of a noble though unfortunate nation must not, sooner or later, right itself? Or how could the last generation have been blind to the fact, that the opposition to the tyrant’s church was an opposition, *not* to the ministry of that church, but to the English tyranny and English Protestantism it represented? You sent us parsons,” continued the learned gen-

tleman, in a still more animated tone, “our land was covered with a church-leprosy, plague-spotted with the scattered emissaries of a detested faith. We purified the country from that uncleanness! We routed your religion and its apostles! But think you that the enmity of a people was confined by limits so artificial as the name of parson, or the gown of preacher? Do you imagine that the hoarded hatred of centuries will be content to flow within the measured channels of a special institution, where *all* is odious? Think you the Irish people hated your parsons as *men*? Far from it. The parson (*de mortuis nil*—we can afford to be generous to the dead!) was in most cases the friend of the poor, the father of the orphan, the refuge of the destitute. But he was *there* as the badge and trophy of English conquest and English Protestantism, and he perished. The individual might be loved, or tolerated—the office he bore, the faith he preached, the British interest he represented, were detested, and he perished! What! could your fathers have indeed imagined that that mysterious Affiliation, whose secret links embraced in one dread brotherhood the whole Catholic peasantry of Ireland, had no farther aim in view than the extrusion of a few heretic ministers from their pulpits? or that in the nightly discussions of the mountain-side, projects more ample swelled not the peasant’s thought—dreams of antique glory, preserved in the careful tradition of the cottage-hearth, aspirations after that mighty *palingenesis*, which should restore to the starving and shivering descendant of a line of kings, the treming domains he contemplated beneath him? The only question was—*how* to effect it; and in sacrificing the church you taught him the secret! Is the plundered *property* of the land less a badge of degradation, than the *titling* of the crop? If they hated your *Church Establishment*, because its wealth had been the wealth of their own *priests*,* shall they not hate your *Land Establishment*

* “Gentlemen were mistaken if they thought such reasons as these would satisfy the Irish people. The true objection which was at the bottom of all the opposition to the Church Establishment was that the people saw the *property which had belonged to the Catholic Church*, in the hands of the ministry of another faith.” Mr. O’Connell’s *Speech in the House of Commons, Friday July 27, 1838*. The ground of hostility here assigned by Mr. O’Connell being unquestionably the real and fundamental one, the argument of the learned speaker in the text becomes obviously unanswerable. It may also be remarked that the statement of Mr. O’Connell, his deliberate and well considered avowal of the feelings of the Romanist body, being quite as applicable to the branch of the Established Church in *England* as to that in

when its wealth is the wealth of their own *forefathers*? Are men likely to be fonder of their *clergy* than of *themselves*? Or are they more anxious to escape paying the minute fraction, which was called a *tithe*, than to seize a *fee-simple*, when the path is the same to each? If you have, yourselves, ad-

mitted by resolutions not yet forgotten, that property left for the *maintenance of religion* ought to be confiscated, shall property left for the selfish purposes of *personal enjoyment* go free? If the Parson's *right* be a dream, where is the Squire's? The people had "a conscientious objection" to your Church, be-

Ireland, may serve to give some conception of the *extent* of the religious revolution meditated by the party be represents. The future chronologist of English story will remember that this memorable confession (not the first of its kind either!) was volunteered in a British House of Commons, *not ten years from the OATH OF EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE.*

And now—setting aside the perjury as a trifle—it might be worth asking once more, what is the real value of this popular topic of Irish party-rhetoric? What is the real state of the question as between the Irish Church of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, and the Irish Church of the nineteenth? Can it be affirmed with truth that the IRISH CHURCH was ever deprived of its revenues by an English Parliament? It is most true, indeed, that certain schismatical bishops and priests, occupants of the sees and parishes of that church, the treasonable "subjects" of an Italian Prince, and the disseminators of doctrines held to be grossly erroneous, were removed by an act of the Legislature upon grounds which would at this day, could they be proved to exist, justify precisely the same removal of their Protestant successors. They preached tenets which were *scripturally false*, and which were *politically dangerous*. To these clergymen an equitable alternative was offered—to resign their errors or their preferments. Those who acceded continued in their benefices; those who persevered became the unpitied victims of their own culpable ignorance, obstinacy, or disaffection. But in all this it is abundantly evident that the Irish Church, and the property of the Irish Church, remain *just where they were*. The Irish Established Church—corrupt and reformed—has no more lost or varied its *corporate*, than the Individual in sickness and in health has lost or varied his *personal* identity.

It is most evident that in the singular and lamentable case of the total corruption of the doctrine and discipline of an established church, there must be *some* final Court of arbitration, to which its condition may be referred. Now that Court (by the very terms of the supposition) cannot be expected *within* the clerical body, or among its immediate lay adherents. It must therefore be sought *outside* the infected limits. And if so, *where* shall it be fixed (when the Providence of God has been pleased to permit the arrangement) but in the supreme legislative council? Such a council may not in itself be the best qualified for religious decisions, but under the unhappy circumstances supposed, it is the best the nation can provide. And if the judgment of the Civil Power be in condemnation of the existing body of prelates and preachers (either as instructors palpably heretical, or as subjects palpably treasonable)—*what* course can conceivably remain but to command a reformation on pain of removal, and sternly to fulfil the penalty if the reformation be refused? In such a state of things would it not be monstrous to plead that the endowments of the church should remain with the teachers of denounced and perilous error? Would it not be, if possible, still more monstrous to uphold such a plea, upon the ground that the preservation of its property to the *purified church* was the spoliation of the *same church in its corruption*; that the church of monkery and Virgin-worship was *robbed*, because it was not suffered to lose by being *reformed*?

The only case wearing the shadow of difficulty is that of church *bequests* for special services. But here the legislature is unquestionably bound to presume that the devisors of these superstitious bequests would, if enjoying the light of a gospel reformation, gladly annul conditions founded in the ignorance of former ages, and willingly consecrate their donations to the general purposes of religion. Their bequests were *to the church of the country and the state*; and they are continued as such. But it is idle to argue on imaginary data: Where is there an instance of such a bequest antecedent to the reformation, and now legally available to the representatives of the precise party to which it was made?

On the whole, it is manifest that the claim of the peasantry to the forfeited estates is absolutely *stronger* than that of the priests to the church property; and if the latter have been the suppressed but earnest demand of Ireland in 1838, as Mr. O'Connell deliberately declared, how is it wonderful that the former should speedily follow?

cause it was, in *this* relief, calculated to spread false doctrine, and you granted the objection; shall this delicacy of *conscience* be less keenly offended in the maintenance of a body, whose whole resources of wealth and influence are known to be, though more indirectly, yet quite as powerfully, devoted to the same or similar purposes? Especially where the sensibility of conscience is so exquisitely quickened (as in most of the disinterested objections of this description) by the inflaming anticipation of sudden and enormous gain? But I waive this point. Englishmen, you are said to love facts, and I come to facts. You may argue, but can you compel? For five years back no rent has been paid in two-thirds of Ireland. How will you enforce it? The peasantry know their power. Their passive resistance to tithe, triumphantly successful, has instructed them in the great Art of *calmly revolutionizing the property of a country*. Can you crush, by a few thousand scattered police, or the reluctant hostility of a semi-Catholic soldiery, or in the face of the sympathies of liberalized England, the fierce energies and sullen unanimity of ten millions of men? They *HAVE* the rents now, and how will you take them? They are rising in wealth and resources—while the baffled gentry are sinking in hopeless poverty, and calling in vain to a government powerless to aid them. The ministers of their holy religion (who feel that *they* must rise as the people rise) instruct, encourage, console, and marshal them!—One out of innumerable petitions,”—continued the honorable and learned member, “with which he had been intrusted by his constituents, would illustrate this fact, and teach the wretched minions of an arrogant oligarchy, how magnificent is the might of a united people, animated by the mingled influences of religion and patriotism! At a meeting of 200,000 men, held after high mass in the chapel-yard and adjacent fields of Killsloughtherknockshane, in the county of Tipperary (a meeting which the learned member rejoiced to say, the present lord lieutenant had pronounced unquestionably legal and constitutional), resolutions were passed, from which he would read an extract or two. ‘Proposed by the Rev. Father Mullally, seconded by the Rev. Father O’Rourke—That it is the duty of every true Irishman, by all legal means, to get rid of the nefarious and blood-stained impost of rent, unjustly wrung

from the true owners of the soil of our lovely land, by a grasping oligarchy.’ ‘Proposed by Counsellor O’Blarney. (Registering Barrister for the county of —), seconded by the Rev. Mr. Shaughnessy—That our fathers, by obstinately refusing to pay, overthrew the nuisance of Sassenagh parsons, and that we, profiting by their example and proceeding on the very same principles, are equally determined to abate the nuisance of sassenagh squires.’ ‘Proposed, &c. &c.’ (he would not mind repeating the names, as the profound divines in question were probably not known very far beyond their parishes, and in the immediate circle of the viceroy)—‘That the present government, and their beloved representative in Ireland, deserve our warmest confidence; but that, at the same time, for fear of any slackness on their part, we would beg leave to remind them, and all whom it may concern, that *WE ARE TEN MILLIONS!*’ It was unnecessary to read any farther. The house would see from this the sort of stuff they had to deal with. Yes,” said the learned gentleman, “my countrymen have marched over the ruins of a prostrate church to victory over a prostrate caste; and they are the *pupils of you and of the Past*, in these strategics of constitutional rebellion. Simple politicians are they—they have but one art—to refuse. The ‘supplies’ are at all times in their hands, more truly than in yours; *you* owe your power to the privilege of refusing them; the *PEOPLE* have at length learned themselves to practise your secret! Let the payers be but unanimous to retain, and who could *take*? Let the *whole* crew of the state-vessel mutiny, and who remains to suppress or punish? Here and there you may distract or imprison, but isolated punishments are drowned in the sympathies of a whole people; the ‘tithe-martyrs’ of old are the rent-martyrs now; and in politics as in religion, ‘the blood of martyrs’ is only ‘the seed’ from which the principles for which they have suffered, grow and spread and multiply! Such a combination as this, no government can cajole, no force can conquer! Faction may subdue faction, but what can subdue the nation itself? When your fathers gave up the property of the Established Church on the majority principle, *virtually and in equity* they surrendered all other rights of property on the same grounds; for if you abandoned the obligation of exclusively up-

holding what you solemnly believed to be *truth*, because an ignorant majority called it error; on what pretence can you now uphold what you believe to be *justice*, when the same majority calls it robbery? Is *truth in religion* less sacred or less important than *property in land*; and if the one must disappear because the people please it, *where* in political ethics shall we find an obligation to bind us to support the other? Out of your own mouths, then, I condemn you, and confidently pronounce, that in refusing the present demands in their most unqualified extent, you either *have* robbed the parsons, or you *are* robbing the people! A consideration not very unlike this acquits us, who are of the religion of that people, from all charges founded on the part which *we* take in vindicating these proceedings. It is urged that our *oath binds us*, under a peculiar pledge, to maintain the established tenures of property. But the answer is manifest. Permitted as we were by tacit consent, to vote away property to the maintenance of which we were (if this obligation be, indeed, of any value) *doubly* bound by two separate clauses of our engagement—both because it was *established* property, and because it was *church* property—once emancipated from any inconvenient regard to these portions of our oath, who shall say that the same permission must not be construed to annul the entire? *If any clause of the oath can be cited to which I am bound by a stronger ligature than that which you have already permitted me to break*, I am ready to abandon my vote and my cause together. Prescription is the true interpreter of oaths, and prescription has dissolved the whole engagement, in dissolving the strongest part of it. So far, then, upon the ques-

tion of Irish Appropriation we stand upon a *level* with the other representatives of the people. But, in fact, such an abrogation upon such grounds *does much more* than this. It amounts to a virtual declaration, that the rights contemplated in the oath do not really subsist. To annul a legislative security never leaves matters as they were before it was imposed! The annulment is itself a distinct act, a direct and positive promulgation of parliamentary opinion. To *omit* a security is to let the opinion against it slumber in *secrecy*, to *abrogate* a security is to give the opinion against it distinct and decisive utterance. *This you did* when you heard and received our votes recorded against the Irish Church; and in so doing, upon the grounds and reasons then offered and understood, you virtually suspended upon a Parliamentary vote, the right of property in every corner of the British Empire!"

[Left speaking.]

"In our next (continues the *Star of Freedom*) we hope to present our readers with the remainder of the debate, and a fuller report of some of the speeches which we have in this day's journal so faintly exhibited. Little doubt is expressed in the 'best informed political circles' as to the ultimate result in the Lower House (to adopt for a moment that insolent title), but we lament to add, it is still apprehended that even a reformed House of Lords will continue for a while to oppose its dull inertia in resistance to that glorious principle of advancement, which an illustrious orator before cited has so happily styled 'the gentle tornado of popular sympathy, and the majestic Mississippi of a nation's will.'"

THE BOAT WRECK.

BY JOHN FRASER.

Mild broke the morn, to give expected birth	Yet ceaseless murmur overflow'd the air,
To youthful sport, o'er ocean and o'er earth;	Like the deep breathings of an ocean pray'r,
Each beacon-blaze on tow'r and rocky steep	As round an isle of granite masses, pil'd Like ocean altar, wonderful and wild,
Withdrew its long reflection from the deep;	The humbled waves appear'd to promise then
The water's dark transparency grew bright	No storm should rouse them into wrath again:
In the young smile of universal light;	Oh! 'twas a scene of each sublimer charm,
On the lone beach the ripple broke so low, The solitude seem'd deepen'd by its flow;	Worthy eternal Deity to form,

As o'er grey coast, thron'd harbour, and
broad bay,
Broke the red glories of that faithless
day.

Nor fail'd the bold divinity of man,
In slight improvements on the gen'ral
plan;
At anchor lay the coasting cutter, fast,
Where seem'd the huge cliff leaning on
her mast:
The outward sloop, as for some summer
haunt,
Spread the wide sea-wing of the emi-
grant;
And like knight-errant, with tall, sable
plume,
The homeward steamer track'd her course
with gloom,
Trailing her tortur'd boat, as by the heel
Was borne the conquer'd at the chariot-
wheel:
Within were countless vessels, still as
slaves,
Bound by their thousand cables to the
waves—
Buoy, beacon, pier, and pinnacle around;
The city stretching to the horizon's
bound;
The gay, white villa, like a city child
At nurse, where air was free, or scene
was wild;
These to the wand'rer of the ocean foam,
Spread the fair features of an harbour-
home;
While wash'd by restless waves, a granite
pile,
That rose like mountain-rampart to our
isle,
Stood flank'd with tow'rs, should daring
foeman cross,
To storm our empire, o'er its ocean fosse.

Oh! who hath gaz'd upon the glorious
sea,
Where *matter's* self seems animate and
free,
Nor felt his soul, howe'er by suff'ring
spent,
Swell to high level with its element?
Such are the base, ambition first may
bind,
As steps to mount the chariot of man-
kind;
Who crawl content, till their exhausted
clay
Has little left to be the earth-worm's
prey,
Rather than launch, with heart and soul
unfurl'd,
Life's warm affections on the moral
world.

Not such was *he*, the leader of a band,
That spread their early viands on the
strand,
A spot so lone, so girt with granite wall,
Were fit for pirate's savage banquet-hall;

And now they stray'd a line of shelly
plain,
Drawn as the bound of mountain and of
main;
Now dipp'd the foot in ocean's rippling
verge;
Now clamber'd wild rocks, sharpen'd by
the surge;
Now downward pour'd the voice, to
fathom caves,
Dug by the billows, for their chieftains'
graves;
Till on the flow of tide their shelter'd
boat
Rose from her sandy anchorage afloat;
And fresh'ning breeze, swift cloud, and
dashing spray,
Mix'd in the mirthful spirit of the day.

But ere a sail was spread, ere flash'd
an oar,
A heavier swell swept inward to the
shore;
The winds, convening in the mountain
caves,
Talk'd of an old alliance with the waves;
Seiz'd each defile, on each commanding
height
Unfurl'd their cloudy banners to the
light;
Then blew a warning trumpet from the
steep,
That rous'd the ocean, like a camp, from
sleep:
Uprose the billows, eager to assume
The foamy crest, as man the helm and
plume,
On plunging steeds, distinct by feath'ry
spray,
Flash'd through the lines, the marshals
of the fray;
And soon in hollow dash, and deep'ning
roar,
Rung the loud music of their march to
shore;
Yet Albert, ever foremost of his train,
Rush'd on, with bosom swell'n as the
main.

He was a youth whose spirit, not whose
years,
Made him high-captain of his young
compeers—
Impress'd a manly ripeness on his mien,
But rarely granted while the age is green:
Soul was on him, in footstep and on
brow,
Writ, like the name on pennant and on
prow:
Gentle, yet grand, it fitted him to roam
The forest cover, or the ocean foam—
To melt in woman's purified desire,
Yet mock man's passion, in the hour of
ire;
But wealth had warp'd his nature from
the growth,
That else had made him the belov'd of
both;

Lur'd him through tangled thoughts, like
brakes, astray,
Where song-bird warbled, but where
serpent lay,
Until the world's applause, tho' strangely
dear,
He, in derision, elighted for its sneer;
But still its scourge, perchance, the world
had spar'd,
In fear or fondness, for the soul that
dar'd;
If over woman's fame he had not thrown
The robe of guilt, selected for his own—
For woman bless'd his home with ev'ry
charm,
That heav'n hath lent her feelings and
her form;
And poor the light a golden crown can
spread,
With all its gems, around a monarch's
head,
To the rich lustre, when a woman's art
Has fix'd her crown of love upon the
heart:
But the oak forest and the vesper air
Was all their temple-roof and marriage-
pray'r:
And fast the feelings to herself grew
dim,
That held unsetting blessedness for him;
For hearts fell off—the dearest to her
own—
And left a lesson, quickly learn'd alone,
How soon, when woman is a blighted
flow'r,
Her chary sisters vanish from the bow'r!

A maiden she, so lovely, that to bless,
Seem'd the mere essence of her loveliness:
Her flashing eye, and fresh, luxuriant
form,
Shone with revealments, that her soul
was warm
With dreams, of sunny purity, above
The earthly dross that nourishes our
love;
When first he saw her move in festive
hall,
To most a marvel, a delight to all;
Though gather'd there, as in a show of
flow'rs,
Were met the beauties of a thousand
bow'rs;
Unverg'd in years, beyond the musing
hour,
When the heart, touch'd by passion's
dang'rous pow'r,
Acquires magnetic nature, to bring near
The thing 'tis doom'd to cherish the most
dear;
And Albert, in one spell-glance of her
eye,
Felt the wild crisis of his fate was nigh;
For in the bosom speaks a stilly voice,
With gypsy pow'r, to prophecy our
choice;

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That startling moment when the gaze is
met
By eyes, wherein life's destiny is set:

Oft had he dreamt (for passion roams
about
The soul in secret, ere it bursteth out)
Of one confiding form, through calm or
strife,
To hang on him for ev'ry thing in life;
On his fond heart, forgetful of all laws,
To lie as still as water in its vase;
Or cling, howe'er, wherever he was
thrown,
Like sea plant, rooted on the rolling
stone:
O'er whose dear image, garner'd in his
breast,
His gaze would be like miser's at his
chest;
A treasure so belov'd and lock'd, that
they
Should break the heart, who'd take the
wealth away:
Such was his dream, ere woman's love
was known,
Of her enduring fealty, and his own:
But real passions, like the river tide,
Are ever deeper than they seem, untried.
In Eveleen's intense attachment burst
A truth, far wilder than the dream he
nurs'd;
For she was nam'd in odious, bridal
deed,
And told, in triumph, that her sire
agreed;
And tho' bright hopes were shatter'd in
the shock,
She fled, like water from its native
rock;
With desp'rate affection left behind
Each bank and bow'r—till, free and un-
confind,
With the low, broken murmur of a
river,
She rested in her Albert's heart for
ever.

Oh! scorn her not—the man is ever
cold,
Who soundeth love with fathom line of
gold;
It may be bad, upon her own free wing,
For maid to choose her partner of the
spring;
But worse it is, in yellow talons borne,
To be, by falcon, at the altar torn.

Unwont to steer thro' danger by the
brim—
The rapid centre of its flow for him—
He boldly snatch'd her from the rival's
hand,
Flung bare the bosom—drew, and dy'd
the brand;

Stood the red brunt of ev'ry foe—the
 fame
 Of whose near lineage suffer'd in her
 shame—
 Until th' arisen vengeance was at rest,
 That sought him, couch'd, like eagle, at
 his nest—
 Then he, whose life were lavish'd for a
 chance,
 To win a warmer greeting from her
 glance,
 Forgot her woman's feelings, while he
 hurl'd
 Defiance back upon the taunting world ;
 And held, in very waywardness of pride,
Love in the only priest can make a
 bride :
 Still, tho' the hour, that, fast aris'n and
 rife,
 Buds, blooms, and falls—the passion-
 flow'r of life—
 Tho' this was past, he in her murm'ring
 kiss
 Was blest, beyond a consciousness of
 bliss ;
 Ev'n she—if wretched while she cou'd
 the cost
 Of fealty, purchas'd with the fame she
 lost,
 No wish she ne'er had lov'd—no wish to
 part—
 (Those fitful moanings of the ruin'd
 heart)—
 No tear—no silence broken with a
 sigh—
 Was paid to mem'ry, while he linger'd
 nigh :
 Ev'n woman's delicate attentions stole,
 Like odours, tend'rer from her wounded
 soul—
 And thus they dwelt, sequester'd in their
 joys,
 From hollow pomp and ceremonious
 noise—
 Each all in all—the one forbidden shrine
 Of love's whole worship—human and
 divine.

And she was with him, as that morning
 light,
 With its first glintings from the mountain
 height,
 Awoke ten thousand birds to song and
 tale,
 Along their leafy cities of the vale :
 And with her white arms folded to the
 shape
 Of love's ring-chain, to baffle his escape,
 She woo'd him back, as if the sunny
 glow
 But dimm'd the path she pray'd him not
 to go—
 " Oh ! no," she cried, " thou wilt forego,
 for me,
 This once again, the raptures of the
 sea—

Or did on thee, like light on infants,
 burst
 My love, to be *alone* observ'd at first ;
 But soon despis'd for any novel hue,
 How dark soe'er, that chance presents to
 view ?
 Nay, roam with me hill-side or forest-dell,
 And show me beauties thou canst see
 so well ;
 The living flow'rs our steps shall wander
 o'er,
 Are not thy broken shells upon the
 shore ;
 'Tis not of spray are form'd the polish'd
 gems,
 With which the dawn has deck'd their
 diadems ;
 On lofty trees, that stand, as 'twere, on
 high,
 To dare the tempest in its native sky,
 I'll show thee billows, greener than the
 seas,
 That rise and fall as gently in the
 breeze—
 Writhe in the blast, thro' many a broken
 form,
 But never wreck the wand'rer of the
 storm ;—
 And I, the wood-nymph, with a mermaid's
 song,
 Thro' bosky paths will lure thy steps
 along,
 To trace the semblance of a life like
 ours,
 In the warm depth and shadow of the
 bowers."

" Hadst thou avow'd," he answer'd,
 " yester-ev'n,
 Thy pleasant wish, my promise were not
 giv'n—
 But now the boat's commission'd, and
 my band
 Of sportive comrades wait me on the
 strand—
 Nay, smile—one smile—thou know'st
 that were I borne
 To lands, where Beauty's brightest garb
 is worn,
 To me the waves were but an ocean-
 chain,
 To bind that land to where thou would'st
 remain.
 In HEAV'N, perchance, from thee my
 soul may stray,
 But Heav'n's the voyage of a life
 away—
 A few, brief hours on sea's imperial
 realm,—
 Then thou shalt steer, as fancy holds the
 helm ;
 Till golden sunset, o'er the earth's green
 sod,
 Glows, like the crest of its protecting
 God—
 Farewell."

She saw them from a headland steep,
Rushing with this rude song upon the
deep :

SONG.

The tempest has stirr'd on its wide bed
of billow,
And lifted its head from its high moun-
tain-pillow ;
The wild waters, glad of rough moments
to roam,
Are hastily hoisting their pennants of
foam ;
And shall we be last with our boat on
the bay,
Where thousands are sporting, like chil-
dren at play—
While vessels, unmov'd by the tide or the
blast,
Like parents look on, whose young plea-
sures are past ?
Lo ! yonder they furl, as a maid, in
affright,
Clips the wing of her bird, when too bold
in its flight ;
They should hang up the rigging they
dread to keep on,
Till it rot, like their courage at home, in
the sun.
But let us be firm—the rock is more
still
In the sweep of the sea than the reed in
the rill ;
How gallant she goes, in the pride of her
form,
With her foot on the wave, and her wing
on the storm ;
And if we be forc'd, to the pow'r of the
gale,
As the conquer'd their flag, so to lower
our sail ;
Still our boat, with her regular, disciplin'd
oar,
Will find footing as safe as the steed on
the shore :
At worst, we will have a loud funeral
dirge,
In the wail of the wind, and the song of
the surge ;
The wave with its foam, like a hearse
with its plumes,
Will bear us, still warm and fresh, to our
tombs—
And where'er go our spirits, that burial
will lay
Our bones in an element purer than
clay.

Alas ! they saw not, as they swept
along,
In the unrecking spirit of their song,
The signs of danger gather'd round their
track,
That stopp'd the near, and warn'd the
distant back ;

The screaming gull no further dar'd to
roam,
But, ev'n unsated, turn'd her wing to
home ;
Oft darted down—as oft afraid to brave
Her native waters, skimm'd the surging
wave
In long, low flight—then wheeling, soar'd
more high,
And gleam'd, like snow-flake, on the
gloomy sky :
Reluctant ceas'd the mariner to rig,
And cast a heavier anchor from the
brig ;
The coast—the outline where the ocean
kiss'd
The feet of heav'n—grew indistinct in
mist—
The waves, assaulting with incessant
shock,
Fast tore the weedy tresses from the
rock ;
And sternly buckling on its foamy belt,
The rock repaid the outrages it felt ;
The winds, careering thro' the vast
array,
Rank'd, rous'd, harangu'd the columns to
the fray ;—
Yet on *they* went, till vanish'd from
their gaze
Each rival boat, amid the deep'ning
haze ;
Rock, buoy, and pier—the very mountain
shore
Was lost, with all the beacon-marks it
bore—
And they were lone—as if they had un-
furl'd
Their sheets, exploring chaos for a world.

Yet rode the boat secure, as if her form
Were some bold, petted offspring of the
storm ;
Till warn'd at length, they stripp'd the
mast, and bore
For land as life ; but where was now the
shore ?
A wat'ry web—whose warp was driven
spray,
And woof was show'r—obscur'd it from
the bay ;
Still, half-assur'd, their darken'd course
they kept,
Less by the helm than as the ocean
swept ;
For in the aspect which the ocean wore,
The very waves seem'd emigrants to
shore :
Then fell the fate of his desponding band,
On Albert's dauntless heart, and daring
hand—
Alas ! in real life, or fancy's scope,
Was nought too high for him to grasp in
hope ;

In thought *thus* destin'd to a glorious
doom,
Ev'n here the least he dreamt of was the
tomb;
Yet small the light his ardent nature
threw
Upon the hopeless visage of his crew;—
Whate'er he might mid other scenes im-
part,
The tempest now spoke surer to the
heart—
Still heav'd heav'd the cradle of the deep,
But could not rock the roaring winds to
sleep;
Within—the water half-possess'd the
boat—
Without—it scal'd. The shore yet seem'd
remote:
Chas'd by the waves—when one the chase
gave o'er,
In last, far spring, and disappointed roar—
Another, with a fiercer, foamier crest,
Rose, like sea-serpent, from the ocean's
breast;
For one home stroke coil'd all its pow'r,
that, when
That stroke was giv'n, it need not strike
again:
Still she escap'd, as in the breathing
pause,
Ere the destroying monster clos'd its
jaws;
Till, louder than the fast-pursuing sea,
White breakers rose, awaiting, on the
lea—
And towards a ragged, mountain shore
she ran,
Where all look'd wild—the mountain and
the man;—
For man was there, whose feelings seem'd
to urge,
And rivet his blind steps amid the surge;
With eyes intense, with arms outstretch'd
to save,
And voice to cheer, those sufferers of the
wave;—
Deepen'd the struggle to the deadly strife
Of human hearts for glory, or for life:
The gallant boat, grown desperate to
close
The conflict, leap'd mid her exulting
foes—
Surf after surf, a phalanx, forc'd and
pass'd,
She near'd her worst assailant, and her
last:
A thrill of triumph, as her glancing prow
Rose on the ridge, stirr'd ev'ry spirit now;
"All safe—hurrah!"—but ere the word
was spoke,
Grasp'd in their grasp the oars, o'er-
burthen'd, broke—
Struck on the stern, the helm was dash'd
aside—
The staggering prow wheel'd errant on
the tide:—

As if one general explosion rent,
From its low bed, the ocean element;
The universal waters, riv'n and hur'l'd,
Seem'd big with pow'r to desolate the
world;
Yet desolation seem'd to have forgot
The world, to make its centre of that
spot:
Still spray, and show'r, and blast, and
billow swell'd—
She struggl'd, plung'd, reel'd, rallied, and
repell'd;
The swift roll forward, add the check'd
recoil,
In vast convulsion, quarrell'd for the
spoil;
"A rock, a rock!" the next high, curving
sweep
Dash'd her on that assassin of the deep;
A shoreward cry, shock'd from the mute
alarm
Of the fixed gazers, echoed o'er the
storm;
An upright billow, pausing at its height,
To grasp full victory, flung down all its
might;
A moment's roar, a crash, a shriek, that
cast
Unearthly, spirit-nature on the blast—
A cry for mercy—a deep, struggling dash,
Distinctly white amid the bubbling dash;
And nought remain'd, to raise against the
waves
The voice for justice, but loose, broken
staves,
Afloat, like feathers, on the surge, above
Where pounc'd the eagle, and where
died the dove.
The evening came—the wearied tem-
pest slept—
And heaven's dimm'd eye clos'd, red with
all it wept.

The moon had risen, and on the beach
was shown
Dark forms, that watch'd in groups, or
pac'd alone—
When, lo! the waves a corse in silence
bore,
And stealthily renounced it on the shore;
But tho' a tear to many an eye was
brought,
It gleam'd thro' thanks *this* was a form
unsought;
And the damp, deadly feeling breath'd
around,
Was more to mourn the absent, than the
found.

Who bursts the throng,—is scarcely
seen, till spread?
Wild as her piercing wail, upon the dead?
Her hair, dishevell'd by the ocean breeze,
Shares with the sand the trampling of her
knees,

As thrown, in heedless sorrow, on his breast,
 She calls her lowly lover from his rest;
 And shall the ear, that ne'er was clos'd
 till then,
 Re-echo never to her voice again?
 Oh! Eveleen, 'tis o'er thy Albert's form,
 Thy fond heart beats so desolately warm;
 Thy first—thy last—thy dearest—only—
 all
 Thy life's collected honey turn'd to gall.

'Twere vain to curse the gloaters on her sin,
 Who hurl'd her forth, as Albert's corse
 came in;
 No curse can be severe enough for those,
 Who add to misery, till it overflows—
 And vainer still to chronicle her grief,
 Or the proud thoughts that lent some
 slight relief;
 Words tell not woman's woe, or woman's
 pow'r
 To cope with suff'ring in the evil hour.
 Enough—that ere a parting gaze was
 giv'n,
 From Albert's hall his Eveleen was
 driv'n:
 And more she saw not, till his head lay
 low
 In cold, funereal mockery of woe,
 Assum'd, and put, like plumes and pall
 away,
 When he was scarce yet coffin'd by the
 clay—
 Ev'n then denied the spectral form of
 bliss,
 The pale, repelling look—the clayey
 kiss—

More spectral still, his coffin-crest but gave
 its ghastly gleams of hist'ry from the
 grave.
 Yet "Dust to dust," which rose from
 priest above
 His senseless breast, were better "Love
 to love,"
 Since she had flung her form, the first to
 close
 This finite scene of earth on his repose.
 What now to her the pity, or the sneer,
 That came half-sigh'd, half-whisper'd to
 her ear?
 The beam extinguish'd, that at once con-
 sign'd
 Her soul to gloom—look forward, or
 behind—
 She stood with feelings faithful to her
 love—
 Fix'd, fierce, determin'd, reckless as the
 dove,
 That o'er her nest holds unavailing fight,
 With wings that once seem'd only made
 for flight.
 But this pass'd o'er—mid suffering and
 strife,
 First drank her babe his bitter breath of
 life;
 And now she walks the world with that
 poor child,
 Proud, silent, alighted, pitied, and re-
 vil'd—
 Content to beg the beggar's broken meat,
 Or dish the dead for viler worms to eat—
 Rather than take, from charity, a mite,
 Of wealth, the law denies them as their
 right;
 Or pittance ask from any of her name,
 Once, and for ever, sullied by her shame

* MERCK'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

"This was a man who exercised the greatest influence upon my life."

GOETHE.

We were very grateful for Mrs. Austin's characteristics of Goethe as a piece of most sterling, well-meant, and honest work in the great field of international civilization; but we must say withal that that work was in respect of time premature, and in respect of execution very imperfect. Premature it certainly was, for since its publication we have received certain voluminous Weimarian memorials from Germany, with which it is indispensable that the future biographer of Goethe or historian of

German literature should be familiar. Imperfect it also was, as appears from the very plan of the work, (a sewing together of patch-work) and from the confession of the modest and talented editor herself, who in the very outset of the work, instead of like a benignant Pallas removing the mist from our eyes, very reverently spreads a veil of mystery over the whole ways and doings of the great poet. This, we think, was bad policy in the first place, for Englishmen hate mystery, and will not be

* Briefe an Johann Heinrich MERCK von GOETHE, HERDER WIELAND und anderen bedeutenden zeugenossen: mit Merck's biographischer Skizze herausgegeben von Dr. Karl Wagner, Lehrer am Gymnasium zu DARMSTADT. Darmstadt, 1835.

Der Deutsche Merkur. Jahrgänge, 1776-1790.

mystified even by a great German poet ; and in the second place, it was quite uncalled for on the occasion, as there is really no mystery about Goethe which any honest man (though perhaps not every woman) may not see through without spectacles. The "characteristics," however, have done their own allotted portion of good in their own allotted day ; and this is all that the best of us can do. What remains is for them that come after not to be idle. If the temple cannot yet be erected, we may at least gather some stones together for the masonry. The cement is to be found in the mind of some honest thinker, perhaps not yet born. The work which heads this page is, in our judgment, no barren quarry, one out of which many stones may be hewn for the future edifice of German literature, when any Englishman shall arise bold enough to attempt the work. Our present duty is to look a little into this mine, and to tell the English student of poetry what it is, and that it is *there*.

We wish Thomas Carlyle would leave his Gallic monsters, his Dantons, Mirabeaus, and other fearful wind-blowing and fire-spitting γίγνους of the moral world, and come back to his native Germany, and that quiet Weimar from which he sucked the milk of wisdom in his youthful days. Here is a field for his comprehensive intellect, in which there is much to do, and absolutely nothing done. The few stray translations that we have, are merely cabinet specimens chipped off from the living rock of Teutonic thought ; but where is the man with a British name and surname, that has yet attempted to give us a scheme of the geological genesis of this mighty country ? We mean that there is no such thing as a philosophical and a well-digested history of German literature in the English language,* though from the character of the time and the daily increasing humanization of intellect, it is manifest that such a work is much wanted, and cannot long be dispensed with. Wolfgang Menzel's work, "*Die Deutsche Literatur*," is excellent in its way, but it will never do for us, being written for and specially addressed to the German people. Besides, were it less German in its topics than it is, it is too polemical, and for some most

important points, too instinct with the spirit of partizanship to satisfy an unprejudiced mind. Nothing then remains for us but to put our own hands to the plough and work ; and if Thomas Carlyle, or some substantial man, would give us a "Life of Goethe," or something to that effect, much might be done to quiet the vain jabber, that critics of German literature still frequently din us withal. Only let Mr. Carlyle or other Weimarian historiographer bear in mind that Goethe is a man, and not a god ; for blind admiration, though not in itself worse than ignorant contempt, is often, by a never-failing reaction, not less disastrous in its consequences. In the meantime we must gather together our scraps and fragments as we best may, and till the "*opus desideratissimum*" that we have hinted at, under whatever shape, make its appearance, we must be content to shape to ourselves such imperfect outlines of the Goethes, the Wielands, and the Herders of the last century, as the scattered lights of stray memorials afford us.

Of these memorials, which are now so numerous that a neat "Bibliotheca Weimariana" might be composed of them—not one of the least interesting is Merck's correspondence. Most of our German readers have heard of Merck — Mephistophiles Merck, as Goethe used to call him—but we believe the knowledge even of professedly German students as to this worthy man, scarcely goes beyond the name, and therefore we must explain ; but we shall do it shortly. John Henry Merck was born in Darmstadt, in the year 1741, where he lived and died, War Councillor by title, though in reality only Paymaster to the Grand Ducal Government. There is nothing in his internal life worth commemorating ; but he was possessed of an intellect so remarkable for activity, acuteness, strength, and comprehensiveness, that he soon became the intimate friend and enjoyed the love and esteem of all those master-minds, who in the middle of the last century, created the polite literature of Germany. Goethe, Wieland, and Herder, exercised an honorable rivalry, in acknowledging and calling forth his talents ; with Wieland especially he continued through life in terms of the most intimate friendship,

* Professor Wolf's sketch, in the *Athenæum*, is excellent so far as it goes ; but the writer's business being with the 19th century only, he was obliged to run over the principal part of German literature by way of introduction.

and was, indeed, his principal *collaborateur* and right-hand man during the many years that he conducted that celebrated periodical (the Edinburgh Review of its time and place) "The German Mercury." But Merck's intellectual activity was not confined merely to polite literature. In clever sketches of character, and acute and pungent criticism he excelled; but in his latter years he devoted himself principally to science, and pioneered to Cuvier in opening up the vast vista into antediluvian times with which geology now delights us. On the subject of fossil bones, Merck published three letters* in the French language, which are yet referred to as forming an epoch in the History of Comparative Anatomy; and the correspondence now published contains many interesting letters from Blumenbach, Sommering, Sir Joseph Banks, Peter Camper, the most celebrated naturalists and anatomists of the day, on the then new subject of pre-adamitic worlds. Merck was also a great connoisseur of the fine arts; his knowledge in this department having been universally considered in Germany as profound, and his judgment as true as in the development of *Belles Lettres*. His personal character was noble and manly, but not without some rather harsh peculiarities which gave occasion to the surname of "Mephistophiles" with which Goethe has baptized him. In his views of human nature and human things, there is always found with great strength, comprehension, and acuteness, a certain tone and tinge of that cutting, critical, and sarcastic disposition which is the characteristic of "the spirit that always denies." But with all this Merck is a generous and kindly man; and of this the love with which he is cherished by the amiable Wieland, is the best proof. His literary compositions being mostly scattered through periodical works (the Mercury especially), are, of course, little, if at all known in this country; but they all bear marks of a strong, clear, truth-loving intellect, and are all seasoned with a sufficient proportion of keen wit, and biting sarcasm. It is not our intention in this paper to

enter at length into Merck's literary merits, which we are afraid would possess little interest, even for our professed German students. We shall only briefly refer to the short critical essay on the spirit of German literature in the 26th, and the characteristic sketch from real life, entitled "Lindor" in the 35th volume of the "German Mercury," as two specimens of as vigorous and healthy writing as we know in the German language.† There is much in the style and character of these short essays, very like the writings of an author, who, at the present moment, is exercising a great influence in the critical world of Germany—we mean Wolfgang Menzel. There is also in these productions very little of what we are accustomed to call "*German*." A strong, clear, practical intellect without mysticism, without smoke, without floundering, leads us along the king's high-way, and shews us what is to be seen with eyes that see it as it is. Merck, in short, is a man of strong sound sense, and that is a quality which cannot be predicated of all German writers, even among those who stand highest in public estimation. Though he occupies but a very subordinate place in the literature of his country, we would advise all persons who wish to obtain from original sources, a "genuine insight" into German literature, to study carefully Merck's critical papers in the Mercury. We have already given our reasons why we do not think Menzel, with all his commanding talent, to be in all things a safe guide. Merck is an equally clear and sharp-sighted, and in many things a more impartial, and what is of importance, a contemporary observer; and if we make allowance for a little over-severity in witty and satirical sallies we shall for the most part find with Wieland, "that no cloud can cover from his cursed penetration, and no illusion can stand before him."

Our present business, however, is not so much with Merck as with his correspondents. Those students of literature who may think the literary paymaster of the Hessian army beneath their attention (how wisely we say not,

* Lettre a Mr. de Cruse, sur les os fossiles d'Elephans et de Rhinoceros qui se trouvent dans le pays de Hessen Darmstadt. Darmstadt. 1782.

Second Lettre a Mr. Cruse, 1784.

Troisieme Lettre a Mr. Forster, 1786.

† The German titles are:—

1.—Anden Herausgeler des Deutsche Merkur's, vol. 26, p. 25.

2.—Lindor eine, bürgerliche Deutsche, vol. xxxv. p. 107.

for the planet may be best observed from its satellite, and the valet often tells secrets that could not be extracted from the master) will nevertheless be willing to seek edification from the words of great men that came to him, as to the focus of an acoustic chamber from all parts of Germany. Doubtless there is much trash among the letters of their great men, which the Germans have lately been publishing in such profusion; but he who cannot find the prime jewels amid that rubbish, has no eyes for literary history. There is, besides, a certain air and atmosphere about the most trifling letters, as about the most trifling conversation of a great man, from which an accurate observer can glean more profound insight into his character, than can be obtained from the study of his most perfect works, or the witnessing of his most important public exhibitions. If you wish to know what sort of a man the actor is, you must go to the green-room, and not to the stage. You must see him in dishabille, lying upon a sofa, smoking a pipe, eating a good dinner, fighting with a bad digestion, or croaking with a bad cold. Any man who is not a very clod may be a hero once in his life, when a heroic occasion excites him; but shew me a man who on all the small occasions of life, the domestic *πρῶματα*, and *πρὸς πρῶματα* that are not sung in any Iliad, and I will shew you, once in your life at least—a thing worthy to be seen—a true Christian, and a great philosopher. Even so in letter writing. If a man does not let out the cloven foot now and then to his familiar friends and confidants in a private time and place, then most certainly he is not a devil. Much, for instance, has been said and written against Christopher Martin Wieland, by people of nice and prime moralities. Of this much we are free to say for ourselves, that we never believed one word; but if any man will sit down in a Christian spirit, and read the threescore excellent letters, from the poet of Oberon, that this correspondence contains, and after that still continue to believe that Wieland was a sensualist and a bad man, some Oedipus may explain what he understands by Christian love and charity, for we cannot. Narrow-souled pedantry may

lace itself round with a double wall of circumvallation; but honest men will walk in the bloomy vale of human charities, and trample upon no flower. It is time, however, that we should proceed to business. Here is a letter from Wieland, very interesting and very edifying in more respects than one: for it tells us something, not only about himself, about human nature, and about the nature of Critics and Reviewers, but also something about Goethe and Herder, which may afford matter for useful meditation.

“ Weimar, February, 1777.

“ Your letter, dear friend, could not have come to me more opportunely. This cursed opera, Rosamond—half too good, and half too bad to see the light, which, however, *volens volens*, I must bring to a conclusion—has check-mated me altogether, and I sit here and eat my thumbs, cursing the day, and the hour, when I was seized (no doubt as a punishment for my sins) with the idea of trying to do what I do not understand, and what all masters of the craft tell me I have no turn for. Besides this, dear brother, I am much in want of a *present* friend to help me on my way; for, of my excellent worthy friends, here, there is not one who can communicate to me heat enough for the laying of two eggs. Even Goethe and Herder are, for me, as if they were not. With Goethe, when he first came here, what a year of blessed hours and days did the gods gift me withal! Now, however, the court relations in which he has encircled himself seem to have extinguished his genius altogether—his fancy is dead—the all-animating warmth that used to go out from his presence, has been succeeded by a political frost. He is always good and harmless as of yore; but he is not communicative, and one can make nothing of him. We see one another seldom; although I am quite convinced that he has no objections to me, and is convinced also that I love him. As to Herder, everything that you prophesied to me has gone into complete fulfilment. The particular circumstances of my various collisions with the learned dean,* I shall reserve till we meet. In the meanwhile, matters lie thus;—my love and good-

* “ Of all authors and men Herder had the greatest partiality for Dean Swift, and we were therefore willing to baptize him, *Der Doctant*.”—GÖTTE, *ans.*, l. iii. III. s. 111. Herder himself seems to have been conscious of a certain likeness between his own character and that of Swift. In a letter to Merck, (p. 37,

heartedness, of which I was sufficiently lavish at first, in the eyes of his eminence, being nothing but weakness, I have packed it all up again, and drawn back my beams with great self-complacency. *This man is an electric cloud; at a distance the meteor makes a very fine effect; but may the devil have such a neighbour hanging over his head.* No person is more ready than I am to acknowledge and rejoice in all the excellence and goodness that may be in a man, and count myself as nothing in the presence of superior intellect. But I care for my soul; and cannot away with it when a fellow is possessed with such a habitual high esteem of his own worth; and, to crown the jest, when a strong giant of an intellect seems to have no other pleasure than pinching other people, and pulling their noses, then may God heap up a thousand Pyrrhees between me and his excellency! But all this *entre nous*.

As to the *vanitas vanitatum* of reviewing and authorship, the *immensum inane* that dwells behind the most splendid thunder-lightning-and-hail-manifestations of our geniuses, and men of esprit—the great truth that in human affairs, everything depends only on light and shade—the still greater truth that it is matter of tears more than of laughter, to see how piously the public allows itself to be cheated by us authors; and how, finally, we are all employed *volentes volentes* in throwing dirt upon one another—as to all and much more that Mephistopheles might sermonize upon, you and I, I suppose, are pretty much agreed. But, with all this, we must never forget that we are no better than our fathers were—that we must, willing or unwilling, bear the burden of our age, as better people have done before us; and, finally, that these very things of which we have most cause to be ashamed (and, for the most part, most ashamed when the simple folks are bawling, *Euge! Bene!* most heartily) do with all their pettiness, often give us occasion—be it illusion or not—to cradle ourselves through many a pleasant moment; and that, without these things, we ourselves, *relative*, would be nothing in the world. For example—you yourself, in the very moment that you Philippize (most justly I confess) against reviews, and reviewers, send

me, with the same post, a pair of reviews, which I count master-pieces, and which, be they bad or good, have at least, given me great pleasure in reading them.”

This letter runs on in that pleasant, playful, easy flow, which gives such a charm to all Wieland's writings, even when he is most prosy, and most diluted. Doubtless, of all the great men of Weimar, Wieland was the most amiable, and the most agreeable. Herder, perhaps, had a more commanding intellect; Goethe unquestionably stood high above him; but the acerbity which mingles with the enthusiasm of the one, and the senatorian distance, and scientific formality that sometimes showed themselves along with the dignity of the other, were certainly not the most agreeable of *personal* qualities. It is an undeniable fact, indeed, and most important to be noted by the historian of literature that the most clever writer is not always (perhaps is seldom?) the most agreeable man. Minds of a high and aspiring character are apt to feel irritated by the many crosses that base and foolish men are continually throwing in their way—and to become impatient of the many incumbences that selfish and interested persons are daily raising up to dam the progress of what is truly great and good. “The external world,” as Goethe said, “is a thorn in the side of every man of genius.” This thorn seems especially to have harassed the flesh of the great Herder. To the small weaknesses, triflings, and follies that are often inseparably connected with the virtues of the best men, he seemed willing to allow no quarter, and the consequence of this was what might have been expected, that, with all his noble enthusiasm, his gigantic erudition, and his unwearied energy, he pleased few people, and few people pleased him. In Weimar he lived almost alone. Goethe again, was of a more tolerant and more social character. The formality and distance of which Wieland here complained, was in some part only occasional, and even in so far as it might be permanent, only external. That it did exist, however, there can be no doubt; but it is to be ascribed not so much to the peculiarities of his

of this correspondence,) he says, “In your criticisms you are always Socrates-Addison, Goethe—a young, haughty English lord, scraping magnificently with cock's feet. And I, when I come among you, am the Irish dean, with the lash.”

literary character, as to his situation as a courtier and a minister, combined with the quiet contemplative scientific character which afterwards distinguished him more than that exuberance and playfulness of feeling and fancy which we expect in a great poet. Notwithstanding all this, however, Goethe was a man, as Burke said of Fox, "made to be loved;" and we find that Wieland and he soon broke down any thin wall of separation that might at first stand between them, and lived together for more than forty years in the most cherished and affectionate friendship. The following letter from Wieland, written immediately after the publication of *Oberon*, shews that the ice had already melted, of whose freezing influence he at first complained. We find in the letter also a valuable remark on Goethe's genius, as contrasted with Shakspeare and Homer, which they who wish to join Goethe in a literary triad with these two greatest poets, would do well to take to heart. Wieland himself more wisely chooses to compare his brother to Xenophon, a parallel which is new to us, but which, in respect of Goethe's prose, at least strikes us as very happy, and capable of being carried successfully into detail.

"Weimar, April 16, 1780.

"May *Oberon* and *Titania* shower blessings on you for the friendly way in which you speak of my *opus* *Oberon*. I know well that a man of your wit and humour must see faults enough in my work to make both it and me appear ridiculous; but I am glad when any thing that I can do pleases those whom I wish to please. Goethe also has been shining most benignantly on me; and I cannot express to you how much I am now pleased with all that he says and does—with his whole manner of existence. Of the duke I may say the same. Of course I speak only of things as they affect my own comfort. I neither know nor care to know the relations of the powers that be among themselves, but I think I may safely say that things are now going on more smoothly than at first, and I begin to perceive in Goethe's public bearing, a *superiorum* that rubs down all rough surfaces, and gives us a happy assurance that things will now go on as well as we can rationally expect.

"His description of his tour through *Vallis*, over the *Furka*, and *St. Got-*

hard, which he lately read to us at the duchess dowager's, is, in its kind, as great a favourite with me as the *Avógaris*, and truly the tour was properly a campaign against whatsoever elements ventured to oppose him. The thing is one of his master-pieces, and instinct with that spirit of calm grandeur which is so peculiar to him; the hearers were enthusiastic on the 'nature' of the thing; the sly art of the composition which lay concealed from them, gave me more pleasure. It is a true poem, however little the outward form of the art poetic appears. *But the remarkable thing is this, and it is a peculiarity which distinguishes him on all occasions from Homer and Shakspeare—that the 'Ich'—the 'Ile ego' shimmers through the whole—without arrogance, however, and with infinite fineness.* The duke is kept, with the same delicacy, for the most part in the background; but, when he is mentioned, the traits of a noble and princely character are brought out with so much tact, that if I were the duke, I should feel more flattered by it than with the loud bepraisings of twenty Laureates.

The self-complacency and confidence, *vulgo* vanity, which you recommend to me, as a wall of defence against the rude attacks of public opinion, were no bad thing. It is an excellent purifier of the blood; but there is one evil attending it; the thought is apt to come across us that the most miserable dunce that ever blotted paper—the most stupid *Gottsched*, as well as the most clever *Horace*, can, with a consciousness of merit equally triumphant, bawl out, '*Eregi monumentum aere perennius*;' and this thought poisons the whole dish. What! can I be helped by a consolation that fits as well to the make of every mechanical scribbler as to the inspirations of genius. Truth to say it is impossible for a man of real genius ever to indulge in much self-complacency; for the image of that thing which we may attain, but have not as yet attained, continually hovers before us. I, for my part, see only one thing that can defend me against the injustice of my contemporaries, and the misfortune of being born a German, and that is, *dulces ante omnia Musæ*; the love of my art, and what I said in my own stupid *Biberach* twelve years ago,

"Du machst, O *Muse*, doch das Glück von meinem
Loben,
Und hörst Dir Niemand zu, so ringst Du mir
allein."

And herewith enough. We have always, at least, this private joy, to count on our fingers the name of half-a-dozen sensible men, and another half-dozen amiable women, who are ready to cry, *Euge! Bene!* to our honest exertions, and what is much more pleasant to me on whom we have been happy enough to produce the effect which it was our intention to produce. But, come of Oberon what may, and I hear preparations are already making for divers minings and batteries, I here give you my mouth and hand to it, 'and by the name be it sworn that even spirits dare not name,' that—however much nonsense may be written against it—however oblique and purposely perverse men's vision may be—I will not give a single word in reply, whether for explanation or defence; but, *nir nichts, dir nichts*, go quietly on my way, as if no Oberon or Titania were in existence. In the meanwhile, thou, my dear brother, do not desert me and the Mercury; for, if we can only keep him afloat, even in his present *aurea mediocritas*, it is always more profitable for the finances to write six sheets of criticism every four weeks, than in the same four weeks to produce one or two dozen stanzas, which, when they are produced, will bring to a starving man nothing more than the salt to eat his meat with. And now, adieu! God bless you, and continue to love me. I am always the same, '*dum spiritus hos regit artus.*' Amen."

The sentiments expressed in the latter part of this excellent letter coincide with those which Walter Scott so early formed, and so long continued to act upon, with regard to *literary polemics*. Wieland, Goethe, and Scott, seem to have instinctively agreed upon this point—a philosophical indifference is an author's only mail against the rude rubs of public opinion. Popularity, indeed, as this world goes, is a thing *not* always to be received with thankfulness, and never to be sought after; for, of those who do make a business of seeking after it in the literary as in the religious world, it may be said—"Verily they have their reward." How little Wieland worked for the mere popularity of the day, appears beautifully in the following letter to Merck, written while the poet was engaged in the composition of Oberon:—

will tell you how Oberon is getting on. I am just finishing the tenth canto; and, after that, 180 or 200 stanzas will finish the business. Of the labour that I have employed on this *opus*, I believe no poet or poetling in the holy Roman empire has any conception. Most of our poetical gentlemen (with a few exceptions) have made their tasks as easy for themselves as possible. I have this time, at least, made it as difficult as I could. The very mechanism of my octave measure, the nature of the Iambics, and the bareness of our language in rhyme, have caused me more perplexity than you can have any idea of. I assure you, dear brother, that I have worked for two days and a half of this week at a single trope, where I wanted nothing but a single word, which I could not find. I turned the thing round and round in my brain, but all to no purpose. When I have got a clear picture of a thing in my own mind, I of course desire to bring as clear a picture before the minds of my readers; but this, *ut nosti*, is not always such an easy affair, for a single line, or shade, or tint, not always perceptible at the first glance, and not very tangible to earthly fingers, often works the whole magic. Often, indeed, with all my honest endeavors, I make nothing of it, and hit the wood instead of the nail. Verily, true it is, that the greater part of my respectable readers will not be apt to inquire curiously how the stroke falls, provided it is a stroke; but that is a poor consolation. He who does not see where the dog lies buried, and where he is not buried, has no eyes for the true excellence of wit, and for his praise I do not write."

We have made these extracts from Wieland's letters as full as possible, because they really form the gem of the correspondence; and no admirer of Oberon, we are sure, will fail to thank us for this last quotation. The letters from Goethe, again, are neither so numerous nor so interesting as those of Wieland. The mind of this extraordinary man (whom many Englishmen only know or dream of as "the celebrated author of that singularly wild and beautiful poem, called *Faust*") seems to have been so much occupied with scientific observations of Nature—mineralogical, botanical, and osteological—that he had no time to indulge in that playful interchange of thought on which the great charm of letter-writing depends. We have noticed this, not only in the present but in

"Weimar, March 1, 1779.

"———Since you must have it, I

other collections of Goethe's letters. In the correspondence with Zelter, for instance, of which six volumes have been published, Zelter's letters are by far the best; and in "Goethe's correspondence with a child," the philosophical "Geheim Rath" is a complete blank before the exuberance of fancy and feeling that is poured out from the poesy-intoxicated soul of Bettine Brentano. The letters to Merck in this collection, though not so laconic, have a great deal of the same calmness which looks like coldness; and instead of warm effusion of feeling between friend and friend, we have merely formal commissions from a man of science and a connoisseur, to a mineralist and a picture-dealer. But even in these communications the student of Goethe's works will find much that characterises the most remarkable man of his time. Nobody will thoroughly understand Goethe who does not also understand a little of mineralogy, and geology, and botanical metamorphosis, and the world-renowned "intermaxillary bone" which Peter Camper most stoutly asserted that he could never see, and Goethe as stoutly asserted that it must be *there*, though it could not be seen. Some light on this mysterious subject may be borrowed from this correspondence; particularly from Cowper's, Soemmering's, and Goethe's own letters; but he who wishes to understand it thoroughly must consult Mr. Whewell's "History of the Inductive Sciences," vol. iii., where "the poet Goethe" is allowed most magnificently to figure among scientific men (Cantab and others), and that in the face of the fact that he was *not* a *mathematician*, and that he *was* a great *philosopher*.

Our limits do not permit us to enter largely into the very miscellaneous correspondence before us; but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of making one other extract—a most characteristic one from Fuseli—a man whom we all know very well, and whom, therefore, we may at once introduce upon the stage without making any elaborate apology for the madness and the nonsense that was so strangely jumbled in him with much sense and extraordinary genius:

"Rome, March 17, 1775.

"Thanks for the books, and have, in return, a little prattle. I knew the st of Klopstock already, when he less artificial than he now is, and

I admire in him as much as the connoisseurs of all ages and all feeling hearts will admire. But his cloudiness and sublime sentimentality I cannot away with. It is images, pictures, substantial imaginative creations that we find in Homer; and these pictures make the poet. You—your German and Swiss, I mean—may despise them if you will. Homer, and the Song of Deborah, and the book of Job—these give a staple habitation and a living root to feeling. An effusion of true individual feeling, incorporated in a living picture, strikes all hearts through all ages; while a false and local and individual feeling pleases only a few, at a particular time and place, and confounds every one else. What a nameless difference is there between the truth and energy of feeling in Sappho's "*φάντασμα*," and the milky confusion and ecstatic dreaminess that characterise your feigned longings for Cidli. The *facultas lacrymatoria*—the beauty-plaster of German poetry from Klopstock down to Dusch—the telescoped eyes, unnameable looks, and the whole theological hermaphroditism, are more perishable rags than the paper on which they are printed. Feel these ecstasies if you please; I, too, had my own experiences of this kind of nonsense when I was a boy; but it is the height of egotistical impudence to drum it up before me; and though it should make the staple of your sacred epos and your holy liturgy, I can have no mercy with it, but say, with Göz von Berlichingen—'I have all possible respect for the dignity of religion, but as to you, Sir Captain, and your hurdy-gurdy solemnities, you may—and here, sir, is the way to the door!'

"As to Klopstock's patriotic poetry, I except 'Hermann and Thusnelda,' and 'the two Muses'—and to the rest I say—go to the devil! I might as soon explain the Talmud to a Jewish synagogue as bring any intelligible poetic shape out of these.

"To distil away such a talent as Klopstock undoubtedly has, after this fashion, is too bad. Lycophron, a prophet by profession, and a Greek, is clearer than this riddle of bardism. What Klopstock writes in these flights of solemn exaltation is not language; it is sandfull of bones, and wrecks upon the sea shore, which the first flood will wash away. As for the Messiah, the ten first books are the song of a swan, the ten last a crow-

concert. Chriemhilde's revenge is far above the Messiah—it is the first of all national German poems.

"The contempt that I have for Klopstock's opinion of German painting is only equalled by the arrogance with which he speaks of the English. His ignorance of their poetry is ridiculous. And as to his eternal 'fatherland,' 'freedom,' 'citizen,' and so forth—if he were only a Swiss—but where is the fatherland of a German? Is it in Swabia, Brandenburg, Austria, Saxony? Is it in the marshes that swallowed up Varus and his legion? Did Rome ever lose a battle when it fought on good solid ground, and on equal terms? What, then, does all this ode-building about Hermann and Velleda come to? A Frenchman (curse him!) has more right to 'fatherlandize' than any miserable Quedlinburger, or Osnabrucker,* or any other blown-up frogs that creep about between the Danube and the Baltic. A slave—what has he to boast of? his master's livery?—and which master? the first, the second, or the third? 'Freedom! God! Freedom from the flatterers of Christina? And then, as to his Anglomania, the English do not boast to have produced a single poet in the present century—except, perhaps, Richardson. Thomson's tame catalogue—which you have so often translated—Young's pyramids of doe, Pope's cadenced and rhymed prose—these they do not dignify with the name of poetry any more than the sweet tears and confections of Wieland and Gesner deserve that name. This is all I have to say on this theme, and may God help you to something better!

"You mention to me a host of painters and crayon-men that I know nothing about. Give me your thoughts on sensible themes. Greet Bodmer, and love me!

"P.S.—*Tres celebre*, before the painter, you must leave out. That is German foolery."

We have inserted this long extract from Eusdis' letter, as being a most curious characteristic of one of the most clever madcaps that the profession of painting ever had to boast

of. There is much truth and much sense in every line of this fiery effusion; but then it is unregulated and unqualified to such a degree that no gigantic truth marches out without twenty minions of falsehood in its train. Fuseli is a man who never fails to hit the nail on the head; but he hits it so hard that it splits the wood, and plays the devil with the box and what is in it. To make any criticisms on the multifarious topics touched in this very original epistle, were here out of place. The reader can make the necessary corrections and qualifications for himself.

We have only to add, in conclusion, that we hope such collections of letters and original sources of literary characteristics as that from which we have here given a few extracts, will be more and more attended to by our students of foreign literature. It is only this minute and accurate study that can dispel the nimbus of a false saintship which the "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*" raises around the characters of distinguished foreigners. We do not wish to detract a single iota from the measure of true greatness; but we wish to see things as they are, and to substitute a discriminating admiration for the blind idol-worship of an "unknown god." With regard to German literature, indeed, matters are improving daily; and a provincial newspaper would now be ashamed to broach such crudities on the subject as some of our leading quarterlies sported not twenty years ago. The flippant ignorance which once characterized our criticisms on foreign literature has now almost vanished; and the excessive admiration and mystic worship which succeeded it—never very deeply rooted among our practical-minded countrymen—is now also run through and laughed at. A just estimate of foreign excellence is what we must now aim at; and the day is hopefully not far distant when the rough irregularities of national peculiarities (so far as these peculiarities are offensive) will have rubbed one another away, and all men of all nations will rejoice mutually to recognize in one another that which is most noble and most excellent in MAN.

* Alluding to Klopstock and Möser, the author of "Patriotic Phantasies," by their birth-places.

NEW GENEVA.

THE fine tract of country which forms the barony of Gaultier, in the county of Waterford, lies near the estuary of the river Suir; and not far from its shores, a few miles from the town of Passage stands a large enclosure, with the remains of houses on the inside, indicating what was once a considerable town. The aspect of the place has something singularly sad and interesting in it—as, at Nicæa, in Asia Minor, there are still the remains of a city now ruined and depopulated, reposing in solitary magnificence on the shore of a noble sheet of water, the walls that surrounded it still perfect, but the houses and all their inhabitants almost as completely obliterated as if they had been swallowed up in an earthquake. There is not a tree near it, to vary the desolate and naked appearance of the long, bare walls; and, though one inhabited house is still standing within the tottering gateway, its shattered windows and broken roof, if possible, increase the melancholy and ruined appearance of the place. Even the tenant of this lonely and scarcely habitable dwelling seemed in perfect keeping with the objects about him: we were informed he was a tithe-defaulter; and the open resistance to the laws, exhibited by this last inhabitant of what seemed once to have been the abode of the peaceful and industrious, formed a sad contrast with its original intention.

The ruin has little to excite the curiosity of the antiquary, being, evidently, a comparatively modern structure, but is, nevertheless, connected with incidents as interesting as any to be found in the annals of Ireland to recommend it to the historian. It was once the refuge of a persecuted people, and the asylum to which art, science, and literature had retired when they were expelled from their own abode—it is all that now remains of New Geneva, that once promised to confer such benefits on Ireland. The building of this place was an event which excited considerable interest for a time, but having, like many other plans for the improvement of this country, ended in sudden disappointment, was soon forgotten, and the history of its rise and fall is now but little known. Being on the spot, I took considerable pains

to make myself acquainted with all the circumstances connected with it, several of which struck me as exceedingly curious.

Among the first communities which showed a spirit of independence in Europe was the little city of Geneva, in Switzerland. It was ruled, during the dark ages, by bishops and counts, between whom there were continual disputes, while the people, by alternately uniting with one or the other, extorted considerable privileges as the price of their adherence. They passed, however, at length to the house of Savoy, by whom the rights conceded to them were gradually obliterated, and an arbitrary authority established in their room. The exactions of their rulers became at last so intolerable, that the citizens rebelled, and having formed an alliance with the people of Berne and Fribourg, they deprived the Duke of Savoy of his authority, drove the bishop from the town, adopted the principles of the Reformation, and from that time a republican form of government was established. The house of Savoy made several ineffectual efforts to regain its authority, the last of which was in 1602; from which time the city and its little territory advanced surprisingly in prosperity. It was constantly resorted to by strangers of intelligence, and was remarkable for the number of learned men it produced. Among its tolerant laws was one on which its prosperity greatly depended. Rejecting the exclusive practice of the other Swiss towns, the Genevans adopted the wiser policy of admitting discerning strangers to the freedom of their city, and conferring on them the rights and privileges of burghers, so that the causes of prosperity at home were continually augmenting by fresh accessions of skill and industry from abroad. The reformed religion had been finally established under the preaching of Calvin and Theodore Beza. In the year 1780, the town contained but 24,000, and the territory annexed 16,000 inhabitants, making the whole population of this small state but 40,000 people; distinguished, however, by an extraordinary degree of industry and activity, and excelling in the mechanical arts, particularly in the nice and delicate

manufacture of watches, and having a commerce in these articles which extended all over Europe.

The population consisted of four classes—citizens, burghers, inhabitants, and natives. The governing body was composed of the two first; the third consisted of strangers who had settled in the town, with certain privileges; and the last comprised their sons, who, being born in the state, possessed many additional advantages. The inhabitants and natives were a large majority of the whole.

Among the evils which attend too popular a form of government, are the factions and dissensions which are ever its inseparable concomitants. Notwithstanding its general prosperity, party disputes were continually convulsing this little state. They had all, however, been happily appeased or compromised, and in the year 1776, France, Zurich, and Berne, became guarantees to preserve the existing order of things then established. It was hoped that this arrangement would be final, but it lasted only five years, when a crisis took place which nearly ended in the total destruction of the state and the transfer of its intelligent and industrious population to a foreign country. The two great factions then existing in the state were the "negatives" and the "representants." The negatives were the aristocrats, who were discontented at the privileges extorted from them on former occasions, which they were eager to resume or recall at the first favourable opportunity. The representants were the democrats, who were determined to support and exercise to the very utmost all the rights they had acquired. There was a third class which, as yet, was allowed but little share in the government, but had grown into importance during the commotions, whom, therefore, each of the rival parties endeavored to gain over by lavish promises of future privileges and immunities. This was the order of the natives, who formed a very large proportion of the populace, and as they took different sides in the dispute, and each party encouraged their adherents to violence against their opponents, the city became a scene of constant tumult and disturbance, till at length the public safety was supposed to be seriously compromised. This induced the aristocrats to apply for external interference, and call on the guarantees for the existing order of things, as before established;

and they were not backward in availing themselves of the pretext for interfering.

On the 5th of Feb. 1781, matters were brought to a crisis in consequence of a very trifling incident. Some natives, who were neighbours, but of opposite sentiments, began to discuss their respective opinions, and proceeded from hostile language to personal violence. The Syndics interposed, and the angry disputants were separated and were retiring home, when a discharge of musketry was heard proceeding from the arsenal. It was occasioned by some young men who, siding with the negatives, had fired by mistake, and killed some of their own party; it was, however, considered by the representants as an organized attempt of their opponents to crush them. The result was a general insurrection, which ended by the representants seizing on the arsenal, and making themselves complete masters of the city. This was at once the signal for foreign interference; deputies were despatched from Zurich and Berne to act, as was said, as mediators, and they obtained a show of acquiescence on the part of the democrats, who seemed inclined to lay down their arms. But fresh elements of discord soon arose. A second insurrection was the consequence. The democratic party were again successful; and now, as a precaution against the probable consequence of their violence, they seized on and imprisoned some of the magistrates and the principal negatives. They expected, of course, that the aristocrats would apply to France, by whom it was known they were particularly favoured; and their adversaries proposed keeping these persons as hostages and making them responsible for the public safety. They then proceeded to place the town in a posture for defence in case of attack, and made such further arrangements as inspired the people with a perfect confidence in their own strength and their capability of resisting any foreign interference.

Immediately on the rumour of this second disturbance, Zurich and Berne interdicted their subjects from any intercourse with the turbulent inhabitants of Geneva; and the French minister returned unopened the dispatches of their senate. But though they were thus abandoned and menaced, they continued inflexible in their determination; and for two months remained

shut up within their ramparts, prepared for an assault, and fully confident that they would be able to repel it.

Meantime the storm was gathering from without. The king of Sardinia, supposing that his interests were compromised in the present state of things, because much of his revenue was derived from the industry and wealth of Geneva, and was now considerably diminished by the disturbances which interrupted the usual avocations of the citizens; he, therefore, without any pretext, volunteered his interference with the French and Swiss: and thus an alliance of three powerful states was formed against the independence of this small but spirited community, to dictate what laws they should make, and by what forms they should be governed. But this fearful combination was so far from intimidating the Genevans, that they continued their preparations for resistance with indefatigable ardour; and the peasantry flocked in from their little territory to share their dangers; and such was the general enthusiasm in this hour of peril, that even the women provided themselves with arms, and determined to abide by their brothers and husbands, and take part with them in all their military duties.

The allied armies now advanced on all sides; the town was blockaded, and a plan formed for a general attack; but, in the meantime, as a act of moderation and mercy, they proposed the following terms, as the only means of averting the threatened calamity:—that the chiefs of the representants should all leave the city in twenty-four hours; that all the arms should be surrendered; and that no person should appear in the streets on pain of military punishment. These humiliating terms, as might have been expected, excited the highest indignation, and were at once rejected with scorn by the Genevans.

But notwithstanding the ardour of the citizens, it soon became evident to the wiser among them, that a contest against such fearful odds must terminate in favour of their enemies.—The Syndics, terrified at the consequence of an assault which might involve the whole city in carnage and destruction, sent privately to the besiegers and demanded an extension of the time, secretly promising to use all their exertions with the citizens to induce them to comply with the terms proposed. In the meantime one hun-

dred persons were selected from among the people who were on military duty, as a council to deliberate on the best means of conducting their defence. It was proposed by some of them, that the hostages in their hands should be brought to the front of the batteries, and placed in a conspicuous place, in order to deter their assailants from firing; but this was over-ruled by the influence of the Syndics, and they even prevailed on the council to dismiss the hostages, and permit as many of the negatives as chose to avail themselves of the opportunity, to seek safety in the camp of the besiegers. It was insidiously and plausibly argued by them, that such a generous proceeding would, at once, have its proper effect on their enemies, and obtain for them the most favourable terms, if they were inclined to accept of them.

The hostages and negatives proceeded to the camp, and the people of Geneva anxiously, but resolutely, awaited the result of their arrival. They expected every moment that some pacific and moderate overture would be made in return; but the evening closed—no mitigation of the former terms was offered—and the citizens had no alternative but to await the sanguinary assault, which was to take place at day-light in the morning. At midnight, however, another deliberation was held by the council of one hundred, and the Syndics artfully impressed on the minds of the most timid in the assembly, the utter hopelessness of resistance to such an overwhelming force as surrounded the town; and dwelt upon the utter ruin which must follow, involving not only the destruction of their properties, but endangering the lives of their wives and children. Wrought upon by these suggestions, they were at length brought to listen to a proposal for general emigration; to seek in another country, with their families, that freedom and independence which they could now no longer find in their own. A declaration was drawn up to this effect; the keys were delivered to the Syndics, who secretly opened the gates, and the body of the principal citizens, with their families, and such effects as they could hastily collect together, silently left the town.

When the day dawned, and the circumstance was made known, nothing could equal the rage and disappointment of the Genevans; they found the senate they had chosen to provide for their protection gone from the city,

and the cannon for its defence dismantled and useless. Left thus unarmed and without leaders, they could devise no better expedient than to follow the example of the council who had deserted them. They determined almost unanimously to leave the city, and before noon a mixed crowd of all ranks, ages, and sexes, amounting to 30,000 people, were seen on one side issuing from the gates, with so much of their property as they could carry with them, prepared to abandon their homes for ever; while an equal number of foreign soldiers, French, Swiss, and Sardinians, were seen entering on the other, to take possession of the deserted city. They marched in triumph through the streets, and the party who had first invited their assistance, succeeded in establishing their authority, supported by an army of strangers.

Meantime the high-spirited emigrants were scattered in various places. An immense number of them, who had not and could not procure the means of living abroad, were, of course, compelled to return and seek their usual subsistence at home; but a great and most respectable body abandoned their native place for ever. Some established themselves at Brussels, and some at Constance and other places. But by far the most important and interesting portion of them proposed to take refuge in Ireland.

Ireland had at this time just established a free trade and independent legislature. Hither, therefore, the Genevans resolved to come as to a kindred country, of whose sympathy and support they thought they might assure themselves. A memorial was drawn up and signed by above 1000 persons, who were either men of property or skill in manufactures, expressing a strong desire for an asylum in this country, and praying that some situation might be allocated to them to form a settlement. This memorial was presented to Earl Temple, then Lord Lieutenant. The advantage of so many enlightened Protestants importing their fortunes and talents into the country, was at once seen; many of them were known to have considerable property already vested in the English and foreign funds; and the skill and industry for which they were celebrated, were considered acquisitions of the last importance to the then state of Ireland. The proposal was, therefore, eagerly received, and on the

27th September following it was submitted to the privy council of Dublin, who readily acceded to it; and it finally received the full approbation and assent of George III.

The circumstance soon excited intense interest; and all classes vied with each other in assisting and promoting the project. The Irish Parliament voted £50,000 towards defraying the expenses of the emigrants, and building a town for their reception. The site selected was a very eligible one, near the mouth of the noble river Suir, about eight miles from the city of Waterford, and nearly opposite the port of Duncannon. Before it was the spacious harbour, and behind it a naturally fine but unimproved champaign country. Of this about twenty-seven acres of crown lands were allotted to the new colony, and all the existing interests of them purchased for the sum of £8000. Ten acres in the centre of this tract were selected as the site of the future town, a plan of which was drawn out, and the building of the different edifices immediately commenced. To superintend and direct the whole, a deputation of the emigrants proceeded, as commissioners, to Waterford, and arrived there in July, 1783. They were men of great intelligence, and a good specimen of the people, by whose accession the society of Waterford was about to be improved.

One of them was Mons. Chalons, a tall, thin man of the most indefatigable activity both of mind and body. He was a simple manufacturer of watches; but to improve himself in the mysteries of his mechanical science, he had travelled all over Europe on foot—working, like Peter the Great, in every place where science or skill could throw any light on the curious art in which he studied to excel. He was a remarkably well informed man, and spoke most European languages with perfect ease and fluency. English was so familiar to him, that he could not be detected, either by his idiom or pronunciation, to be a foreigner.

Claviere was another of these commissioners. He afterwards went to France, where some singularly acute speculations in the funds recommended him to the notice of his countryman, Neckar, who took him into his confidence, and determined to profit by his abilities. He afterwards became himself minister of finance under the

constituent assembly, and was one of the enlightened men who fell victims to the fury of the Jacobins. The arrival of these and other gentlemen of similar ability and character in a country town in Ireland, was a bright era to the citizens. The strangers, some of whom had brought their families along with them, were cordially received, and hospitably entertained, and the highest hopes were conceived of the importance of the new colony, and the benefits it would confer on the country.

The city of "New Geneva" now began to rise. At first a space of ten acres only was enclosed, within which the dwelling-houses and work-shops were erected, and in the meantime the charter to be granted to the new city became the subject of anxious discussion. The Irish government were willing to confer upon the new settlers many privileges. The standard of gold was altered for the accommodation of the goldsmiths and watch-makers; the plan of an academy, on a useful and comprehensive system, was drawn up. It was to contain 44 professors, assistants, and masters, who were to lecture on the arts and sciences; and machines and apparatus of every kind were to be provided for experiment and demonstration. The foundation of an extensive library was laid. The system proposed, though so extensive, was to be conducted on the most economic principles; and the expense of education was not to exceed the very moderate sum of £12 per annum for each young person.

But while every thing seemed to proceed in the most auspicious manner for the establishment of this valuable and interesting colony—when upwards of £30,000 had been expended by government in preparing a place for their reception—and new Geneva was beginning to assume the air and consequence of a city—when it was expected that the dissatisfied population of the old town would soon abandon it, and proceed to join their friends in this new and more inviting asylum—the whole scheme was suddenly and unaccountably abandoned, at the very moment when it promised the most complete success.

The cause of this unforeseen, and, for the south of Ireland, unfortunate circumstance, was never satisfactorily explained. It was said the Genevese were unreasonable in their expecta-

tions and demands, particularly in the articles of their charter, in which they demanded greater privileges and freedom than was compatible with the laws of the country. It was further said, that the jealousy of the corporation of Waterford was roused, and that they insisted on extending a jurisdiction over the new citizens, by obliging them to bring their causes for adjudication to their local courts. This cause of complaint, added to some impediments thrown in the way of finally arranging their establishments, created great dissatisfaction among the emigrants, and the promise of a speedy and satisfactory settlement being made between the parties in their native city, was a sufficient motive for some of the less ardent to return home under the new government. But the circumstance which most of all contributed to render the project abortive, was the recall of Earl Temple from Ireland. He had been its great patron, and when he retired, none of his successors pursued the scheme with similar ardor.

Notwithstanding that several of the most opulent and intelligent emigrants had withdrawn, still there remained a considerable number willing to continue the enterprise, if they were allowed a loan sufficient to supply their want of capital to commence with. They therefore petitioned that £10,000 should be advanced to them out of the £50,000 voted by parliament; but, as almost all that sum was already expended, and there was no one now interested in the project, with sufficient influence to urge their claims effectually, the loan was refused, and the remainder of the emigrants then presented an address to the Duke of Rutland, Lord Temple's successor, intimating their intention of finally relinquishing the enterprise. Immediately after they all abandoned the country, and the young and promising settlement was totally destroyed.

For some years the deserted houses remained shut up, till at the commencement of hostilities on the continent in 1793, the place was converted to a use, very different, indeed, from its original design. It was made a depot for recruits, and the Waterford militia, then for the first time embodied, were its earliest occupants. Young recruits are at all times disorderly, and the manner in which the troops were often necessarily levied during the war, tended to render them still more so.

It is well known how our armies were then supplied. The jails were emptied into the barracks, and new-raised regiments became receptacles for all the indifferent characters in the country. It was a melancholy contrast to see this place, intended for the reception of the high-minded, the intelligent, and the industrious, now filled with the profligate, the ignorant, and the idle ; and the surrounding peasantry, who it was expected would be instructed and improved by the new colonists, now corrupted and debased by the pernicious influence of the lawless and vicious. The peasantry of this part of the country had always been, from local causes, remarkably simple and innocent. The barony of Gaultier, in which New Geneva was situated, is a peninsula, and the people had not much intercourse with other places. They still wore their primitive dress of dark blue, gave 20 ozs. to a pound of butter, and were so free from vice or crime, that for fifteen years there had not been a convict among them. But from the time the depot was established, their morals underwent a sensible deterioration. As one detachment was sent off, another came to supply its place, and thus fresh importations of profligacy were continually arriving to corrupt what yet remained of propriety or honesty among the neighbouring peasantry. It is true that regular regiments were also occasionally quartered there, whose conduct was highly praiseworthy and valuable, as well for their example, as by their preserving the peace of the country. The evils arose only from the undisciplined recruits.

Immediately after the disturbances in 1798, the town received a new destination. A fourth part of it, not occupied by the soldiers, was converted into a prison for the confinement of rebels, and by an odd mutation, the place erected for the reception and asylum of suffering patriots from abroad, was now made the prison and place of punishment for those who imagined themselves suffering patriots at home. Among the attempts to escape recorded to have been made by the unfortunate men confined here, one is remarkable. The place was surrounded by a high wall, which several had endeavoured to scale, but were shot or detected in the attempt. It was then resolved to try and escape not over, but under it. For this purpose they commenced running a mine

from one of the cells, and adopted a most ingenious expedient to dispose of the clay. Their wives had been permitted to bring provisions and refreshments of different kinds, and when they had deposited the contents of their bags or baskets, they took away each a portion of the earth raised from the excavation, and re-passed the sentinels without suspicion. In this way, by every day removing and scattering a little of the mould, the mine was actually pushed to a considerable distance beneath the wall. But just as their plan was likely to succeed, it was discovered by Colonel Hall, who commanded the garrison, the unfortunate convict who was working at the now nearly finished excavation, dragged out of the hole, and placed with his companions under stricter guard for the future.

When the war and the rebellion were happily both concluded, and there was no longer any occasion for using the place either as a barrack or a prison, it was gradually abandoned—a subaltern and a few men now and then occupying a small portion of it, till it rapidly fell into decay. It was, therefore, thought advisable by government, to sell the little territory of twenty-seven acres, with the buildings upon it; but they could find no purchaser—and it actually lay on their hands as a worthless article in the market for years—one or two persons offering small sums for the concern, with the intention of leasing the houses to forty-shilling freeholders. It was at length purchased by a respectable and wealthy gentleman of Waterford, for about £1500, who was so little pleased with his bargain, that he threw it up, on the ground that he ought not to be charged with the expense of the patent. It was finally bought by the nobleman in the centre of whose estates it stands, for the sum (as reported) of £800. Ultimately the houses were sold to a Mr. Galway, for almost a nominal price, who disposed of some of the materials on the spot with considerable profit, and conveyed part of the remainder to Dungarvan, where he used them in erecting cabins for his tenantry. The fine square is now divided into four or five fields, under wretched culture ; and of all the buildings but the one ruined house is standing, tenanted by a tithe-martyr, carried home in triumph from incarceration.

Such then was the fate of this interesting city, whose mouldering remains are still visible. Intended to be the asylum of free citizens—converted into a receptacle for profligate recruits—becoming the dungeon of unfortunate would-be patriots—purchased for a mere trifle as a money-making speculation—and finally the retreat of a law-

less tenant, who glories in bidding defiance to the law. In a few years more not a trace of it will be left. These few anecdotes have been collected while a remnant of it yet exists to mark its site; and the next generation may say of New Geneva—

"*Etiam periere ruinae.*"

THE THIRTY FLASKS.—PART I.

Επιδαν άπας ακουσω, ιερνα, και μη προτιρον προλαμβανω.

Demosthenes.

"Marry, this gallant fulfils the old saw notably: give him an inch, and without more ado he hauls you off a whole ell."—*A Mad World, my Masters.*

CHAPTER I.

—"meet me at the notary's
And I will go and purse the ducats straight."

Merch. of Ven. Act 1. Scene 3.

"Well, my fine fellow, how goes it? Any news?" demanded Heinrich Flemming, as, without much preliminary ceremony, he made his way into the parlour and presence of his friend, Basil Von Rosenwald. "Whom do you think I had a glimpse of as I crossed the Platz? Guess."

"Perhaps the devil," answered the interrogated party, without raising his head from the hand that supported it, as he sat apparently in deep depression at a small cedar-wood table—his dejected tone and manner forming a singular contrast to the levity of his reply.

"Perhaps so, but in the shape of an angel of light, my boy," exclaimed Flemming. "The apparition that floated by me, all pearls, plumes, and prettiness, was none other than the Fräulein Aurelia Jacintha Wilhelmina Elsberg. Know you the fair lady?"

A half-smothered sigh was the only response.

"And yet she looked paler than her wont," said Flemming. "Sick at heart, no doubt—bemoaning the absence of her fickle swain! Ah, Baz, Baz!" He cast, as he spoke, an unobserved look around the room; for a moment his eye dwelt on the space above the mantel-piece, and was withdrawn as rapidly as it had wandered thither. "By the way," he added, "you mean of course to make an exhibition of yourself at the Villa to-morrow night?"

"I mean to make no exhibition of any kind, any where, at any time," answered the other, in the same sad or rather sullen accents as before.

"Eh! how the deuce? What crotchet have you got in your head now, Basil? To bury yourself in a hermi-

tage?" and Heinrich, unasked, took a seat at the table opposite his friend, and looked him in the face with seeming wonder.

"Heinrich Flemming," said Basil, raising his head, "I do not want to quarrel with you. Still you are, perhaps, one of the last persons whose company I could wish for at the present moment. If you cannot remain silent, withdraw. Forgive my frankness, but I am in no mood for bandying compliments."

"So it appears," observed Flemming, quietly. "But, pray, if I may ask the question, my somewhat uncourteous host, in what lies my especial offence? Why should you so particularly wish my absence just now?"

"Since you have asked me, I will tell you," said Rosenwald. "Your presence is unwelcome, because it recalls remembrances I would give worlds to obliterate. Heinrich Flemming! I have cause to curse the day and hour we first met!"

"Good God, Rosenwald! are you mad?"

"Slight wonder if I were," said Basil, with a bitter smile. "I make you no more reproaches, Heinrich; but"—and he opened a drawer and took out a small memorandum-book—"cast your eye over the first page or two of that."

"Very ugly," observed Heinrich, but without much evident emotion, and after he had finished a hasty but accurate scrutiny of the document submitted to him. "Very ugly indeed that, I must say."

"And look around you—look up at the mantel-piece! You recollect the diamond bracelets, my mother's miniature set in brilliants, the other trinkets

that hung there—each of them once dear to me as life—valuable as a world—all, Heinrich, all——” He paused, overcome with emotion, and passed his trembling hand across his brow.

“Gone?” inquired Flemming.

“Gone!” echoed Rosenwald. “As for my property, Steinhart and Groll will come down like wolves upon the Königsmark chateau—and this house, of course, with all its rights, members, and appurtenances, as the lawyers say, goes to Elsberg. Cash I have next to none. A pleasant prospect for the approaching winter!—for come what may, I will not be guilty of the last, basest cowardice of dying.” After a pause of a few moments he added—“It is strange! Surely there are impulses neither to be explained nor controlled, which sometimes urge the half-ruined wretch to anticipate the whole and the worst of what Fortune has in store for him of degrading and bitter! What will you say? Last night in my madness I rushed from the *rouge et noir* room to the *roulette* table—my brain was on fire—and in twenty minutes, without well knowing how, I found that I had parted with notes for four thousand florins!”

“And you attribute your ruin to me, Basil, do you now?” and the speaker looked a sort of mild reproach and amazement at Rosenwald.

“Pardon me, I accuse you of nothing. Not your will, it may be, but that of destiny, is in fault. You are, perhaps, blameless. But, as there is a God that oversees and judges, I was as ignorant as an infant of even the existence of a Spielhaus in the city, until you initiated me into the mysteries of that den of thieves in the Kaiserstrasse.”

“My dear friend,” said Heinrich, “be just. I could not—how could I—how could any one have imagined that a casual introduction of the kind could lead to such disastrous results? I would have laughed to scorn the man who told me that you, of all beings, were likely to prove a gambler. Your habits were so regular! so well governed! What you have told and shown me is like a thunder-clap to me. Yet, though surprised, I am not greatly grieved, believe me.”

“I do believe you,” said Basil, bitterly. “I have no friends. A ruined man is a fool to look for sympathy.”

“He is a fool to expect that his neighbours will sit down and weep like

church-spouts over his misfortunes,” observed Flemming. “Now I, for my part, feel more inclined to laugh than cry on account of your reverses, my grave young bachelor. Take heart of grace; you have lost all; things are at the worst with you; and, of course, you must even now, according to the proverb, be on the mending hand. Tell me: who has got the jewels, and lockets, and so forth?”

“They have fallen into the cursed clutches of that old Jew, Lubeck, in the Brunnengasse,” sighed Rosenwald.

“So far so middling; we know where they are, then,” said Flemming.

“Ay,” observed Basil; “so said the Dutch merchant when his cargo of ingots went to the bottom of the sea. The subject hardly admits of jesting, Heinrich.”

“My good friend, it is you who jest, not I. I am in downright earnest. I am glad I know where your jewels are; because—I mean to recover them, or to get you to do so, which comes to pretty much the same thing.”

Basil looked up. “Recover?—get me—how—did I hear you correctly? What have you to do in the matter?”

“Suppose I choose to raise the ready?” said Flemming.

“I can tender no security,” said the other, gloomily, “and my bond would not be worth the price of the stamp.”

“Bonds are for bondsmen,” said Heinrich, lightly; “don’t talk in that manner to me—it jars upon my notions of the æsthetical in practice. You and I shall march to the man that has the sacks, and he shall shovel out without stint or ceremony. Do you jump?”

“Come, come, Heinrich, be serious, if you please.”

“Serious? By Heraclitus the Howler, you make me serious in spite of my teeth, which are longing to luxuriate in a grin at the present moment. Do you know the Dornensteg?”

“The Halbmond? Yes. What of it?”

“And do you know a certain uncertain old East Indian anudge, vegetating there and thereabouts, any time between day and dark—a Nabob, dwarfish stature—weazened visage—invisible complexion—crooked legs—rich as Cræsus—eccentric—waspish—misanthropic—generous—magnanimous—liver-grown—world-sick—and living all alone, surrounded by piles of ducats, in the vain hopes of getting them out of his hands and house?”

“Psha, Heinrich!”

"Then you do? or you don't? No matter. You shall see him to-morrow."

"See whom?"

"*C'est à dire*, if you wish the introduction. By the way, it is queer, but he bears the same name as yourself."

"Who—who?"

"Hoo, hoo! why thus hoots the owl. I never thought of asking him if he was related to you. I don't mean the owl, but the man rather. What do you think yourself?"

"I think you would worry the devil," answered Basil. "Whom or what are you raving of?"

"Raving of nothing, but conversing rationally with you of this Nabob. He is your man. He will down with the dust."

"An East Indian money-lender! I never heard of such a person," said Basil. "Where does he stop? How is he called?"

"He stops at nothing, and is called, or called on, by nobody. But his name, I have told you, is your own—Rosenwald. The point, you see is, that this ancient oddity has amassed an immense fortune—some millions of ducats, it is said."

"Humph! I see—an old usurer."

"Quite in the wrong box, my penitent elbow-shaker. He *gives*, not *lends* his money."

"Gives? How—or to whom?" demanded Basil.

"As to the *how*," said Heinrich, "on certain conditions; and as to the *whom*, to all who are properly recommended."

"As a man of integrity and truth—you are not mocking me, Heinrich," said Basil, gravely.

"By my soul," said Flemming, "I am in earnest. I know him well; and, which is more to the purpose, I know that he can and will disembarass you from all your debts and difficulties—that is, if you and he agree."

"To any thing in honor I will—I must agree," said Basil. "But do you know what the conditions are?"

"There is but one condition, in fact; that for each thousand ducats the applicant takes, he must swallow a flask of the Black Elixir."

"The Black Elixir? What is that?"

"I don't exactly know," said Flemming; "but I have tasted it, and thought it marvellously like cherry-brandy. It does no harm in the world—not the least."

"All this sounds very odd and curi-

ous," said Rosenwald. "And what may his motive be for annexing such a condition to the acceptance of his money?"

"Deuce knows!" answered Heinrich. "Some whim of his own. But I forgot. He always closets the applicant before-hand; and there is a talk between them *unter vier Augen*. I suppose he explains every thing then."

"Did you ever trouble him on your own account?" asked Basil.

"I? No; and I never introduced but two persons; one of these is dead, and the other gone into La Trappe."

"You say he bears my name? Where is his dwelling?"

"The last house but one in the Dornensteg, as you go down from the Vogelstrasse."

Basil rose up and walked about the room in silence for some minutes.

"What you have told me," he at length said, "excites my curiosity much. My hopes I had better say nothing of, for a drowning man catches at straws. But if your friend will let me have the money I want on any conditions short of dishonorable, I will pass him my bond at twelve months."

"He won't take it. But you will come then?" said Heinrich.

"Settled, Heinrich," said Rosenwald. "To-morrow—would you say to-morrow?"

"Yes—certainly; the sooner the better. Say two o'clock to-morrow—for I should like to call on him before-hand, and arrange every thing for our visit. Besides he would prefer being forewarned—no matter why, but I know it."

"Egad," said Basil to himself, rubbing his hands, when, after some further conversation, his friend had taken his departure—"Egad, this looks providential! But who is this Nabob? and how does it happen I have never heard of him until now? A man that fills other people's purses with ducats, and their stomachs with brandy, and all for nothing! Why, he must be mad! Perhaps overtaken by remorse for some crime: they do ugly things in the East. Perhaps only eccentric. Perhaps—but no matter—it is nothing to me. We'll see to-morrow."

Basil went to bed that night in a more tranquil frame of mind than he had enjoyed for months. Hope gilded the horizon of the future with her beams; and his sleep, if not so refreshing as that of innocence and happiness, had less of a feverish character than

heretofore. One resolution he was determined to adhere to, if his property were but once disencumbered, and his debts paid—never again to enter a Spielhaus. No! he would reform thoroughly—he would become the strictest of economists—a pattern for bachelor housekeepers—a light to enlighten the rising generation upon

the uses of candle-ends and cheese-parings. Zittarotti and Elwes should hide their diminished heads before him. Alas! for the resolutions of the gambler! A burnt child, it is said, dreads the fire. Perhaps;—yet even after the wings of the moth are singed he will persist in fluttering about the flame until he perishes in it.

CHAPTER II.

"I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief these seven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman."—*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii. Scene 3.

"A forsaken-looking quarter, Heinrich!" said Basil, as the friends next day proceeded along the irregular semicircular street forming the Dornesteg. "I have not been here for a long time. It seems going quite to decay."

"Why, yes," said Flemming, "it is less fashionable than it was—particularly since Ullersbruck, the lawyer, cut his throat here,—and the tourist from Berlin was murdered at the Knife and Wallet, (a curst unlucky sign, for him, with his bags, to put up at!)—and the gang of coiners was *déterré* in that house opposite with the broken windows. But all these things, you know, though they *do* operate to the disparagement of a locality, make house-rent the cheaper in it—you understand?"

"Not exactly why so rich a man as your friend should select it for his abode," said Basil.

"You know nothing of the man, his ways or his whims," answered Flemming. "The Nabob Von Rosenwald has not his parallel from this to Calcutta, whence he came. But here is his house. Prepare to behold a strange being." As he spoke he knocked.

The door was opened by a servant in livery, and the friends were ushered into a parlour, Flemming having desired the man to announce their coming to his master. Basil began to survey some very characteristic paintings by Rubens and his disciple Vandyck, which decorated the walls. In a few moments the sound of approaching steps was heard. The Nabob entered, but by a door at the opposite end of the room.

Basil almost started at the sight of him. No! surely he had never before looked upon such a melancholy caricature on the human form. A rich dress, a profuse abundance of rings, chains, and jewellery, and a countenance in which aristocratic pride seemed struggling with the consciousness of personal meanness, were insufficient to screen

from the observer more than a few of the many very repulsive points exhibited by the rare, the almost peculiar deformity of Rupert Von Rosenwald! He was lame, crooked, and shrunken in his limbs. A few straggling hairs still adhered to his head, but his teeth had all abandoned their posts, and the jaws in consequence having collapsed, he presented at thirty-one, the appearance of a man somewhere between fifty and sixty. His eyes were small and spiritless, and his complexion had that sallow, doubtful hue which habits of intemperance are so apt to superinduce in the countenance of a man of naturally feeble constitution. His stature could not have exceeded three feet and a half;—and as he walked into the room, leaning upon an ebony stick and stooping somewhat, he seemed a thing almost too dwarfish and insignificant to be entitled to the epithet of human.

As soon as Flemming had introduced his friend, the Nabob bowed in silence, and then looking at the introducer, he pointed to the door by which the visitors had entered. Flemming seemed to comprehend the hint. Addressing Basil, he quietly said: "It is the wish of the Nabob Bahauder Herr Von Rosenwald that the interview between himself and you should be private from first to last: and therefore you will excuse me for retiring. You will also pardon me for omitting to mention this to you as we came along; I know you will attribute my silence to its true cause—a fear least some groundless suspicion should arise in your mind to the prejudice of the happy result which," he added, glancing significantly at the Nabob, "the Herr Von Rosenwald, as well as myself, I have no doubt, anticipates from this meeting." He then bowed, and took his leave. So abrupt was his departure that Basil scarcely knew he was gone, before he heard the house-door closing after him.

The Nabob now carefully fastened the door, and then turning to Basil, he

requested him, in a subdued and depressed voice, to be seated; at the same time taking a chair himself.

"Your name, if I mistake not, is Basil Von Rosenwald?"

"It is, mein Herr."

"And mine is Rupert Von Rosenwald," said the Nabob.

"That," observed Basil, with a sigh, "was also the name of a brother of mine, who was drowned while I was a child."

"You mistake," said the Nabob, sadly. "He was not drowned. He is not dead. I am he."

"You!" cried Basil, half starting from the chair. "You my brother!—Impossible!"

"I am he," repeated the other, in the same sad, soft accents as before. He added no more.

"But—but—my mother," said Basil, "has always spoken of him to me as dead—as having been drowned. Besides you—you"—he added, as he glanced at the stranger's figure and face, but paused from the natural embarrassment that grew out of his apprehension of wounding the Nabob's sensibilities by an unreserved communication of his meaning.

"I know what you would say," interposed the Nabob, *sadlier* than before. "You would tell me that your brother was young, noble-looking, and beautiful—and that I am old, withered, deformed, a monster! Nevertheless my words are true. I am your elder brother. Hear the brief solution of the enigma. In my twelfth year (you were then but five) I was kidnapped, as your mother knew—I would say, knows, but I have heard of her death. The wretches who spirited me away sold me to the captain of a slave-ship, and about half a year afterwards, to stifle further inquiry, a letter was sent to your parents and mine—stating the truth so far, but adding that the vessel had been wrecked on the Guinea coast and none saved but the captain, the first mate, and the writer. Hence the belief that I was drowned. Happy for me had I been! The sufferings I underwent for many years were dreadful. At length—no matter how—I baffled my tyrants. I escaped. I led for some time a wandering life through the East—through Araby, Persia, Egypt, and Syria. In the end I went to India. I was then nineteen. There I spent ten years in the study of magic."

"What! Do I hear you aright?" asked Basil. "Did you say magic?"

"Suppress your surprise," said the stranger—and a melancholy smile illumined his ghastly features. "Egypt and India familiarise men with many wonders that you in these humdrum countries little wot of. Yes, I studied magic for ten years. My art profited me: I acquired rank, riches, respectability. But I paid for these advantages an awful price!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Basil—"surely you did not—could not be so mad as to—"

"Sell my soul to the Prince of darkness?"—interposed the Nabob. "No, my dear brother," Basil shuddered, "You do me but justice in believing me incapable of that extreme act of insanity and impiety. What I mean is, that my health and personal symmetry were destroyed. At this moment I will not trouble you with uncalled for details: I shall only say, that for months before embarking for Europe, I was unable to eat, drink, sleep, or move—I was as one who should be three-fourths dead in the midst of a living world—as a body from which the soul has all but gone out; and when at length I regained complete consciousness, I found that I had dwindled down to—the wretch and wreck you see me!"

"Marvellous!" said Basil, eyeing the narrator with an undisguised expression of incredulity. "Your tale, my friend, I fear, would not avail you much in a court of equity. But, to save trouble on your part, I may as well inform you at once that any claim you may be disposed to prefer to my property must be nugatory, for this simple reason, that I am no longer the possessor of—"

"Did I say—did I hint," asked the Nabob, reproachfully, "that I intended making any claim of the kind? Believe me, you wrong me. Besides, you forget that I am enormously rich already."

"True—true—I beg your pardon," said Basil, "I have heard as much. But what motive then—"

"Can urge me to play the impostor, would you say? My good sir,"—and he took the unoffered hand of Basil, who slightly shrunk from the contact—"my good sir, before you call me such, before you think me such, first *prove* me such. Your very question, in fact, shows the unreasonableness

of your own doubts. What motive, indeed, can actuate me to claim a relationship with you—all the circumstances considered—your beggary and my inexhaustible wealth taken into account—what motive but the one—a yearning after the indulgence of those fraternal affections from the experience of which I have been so long and so cruelly debarred?”

At the word “beggary,” in spite of himself Basil winced. He rose up. “Your story, mein Herr,” he said, “you will yourself allow, is at least extraordinary; and you must pardon me if I say that a rational man cannot

in one moment upon the mere *ipse dixit* of another, a perfect stranger, give implicit credit to assertions which contradict all his foregone experiences. But, passing that over, I do confess myself what you have said—a beggar—and I believe you are aware of the object which has led me to intrude upon you.”

“Perfectly,” replied the other, also rising,—“and I wish you to understand what I have told you as an introduction to the transaction between us. Will you now accompany me into another room?”

CHAPTER III.

“I would I had thy inches.”—*Ant. and Cleop. Act i. Scene 3.*

He led the way into an adjoining apartment. It was of extensive dimensions and carpeted all over, but, to the surprise of the young man, contained, for furniture, merely a table in the centre, upon which, in superb candlesticks of Damascus silver, three wax lights were burning. There were no windows; while, in lieu of walls, the eye encountered presses on all sides, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, which was lofty and adorned with arabesques.

The Nabob took a small bunch of keys from his pocket and silently opened one of the presses. The sight that presented itself within was singular and startling for the eyes of Basil. Countless rows of diminutive cut-glass flasks filled with a dark liquid, surmounting one another upon shelves of parallel lengths, occupied all the space between the ceiling and the carpet. There seemed to be no end to them; they were in such great numbers that the eye ached and grew bewildered in gazing on them.

Basil was still surveying these in wonder when the Nabob unlocked an opposite press.

“See here,” said he. “Look in; behold these! Here is gold enough to satiate rapacity itself. Judge, after this, if I can have any conceivable object in deluding you with a cunningly devised fable.”

This press was much deeper than the other; and its shelves were stored with black money-bags, apparently well filled. As the Nabob spoke, he took out one of the bags, and, unfastening a clasp round its neck, he showed Basil that it was full of ducats.

“You may, however, suspect,” said

he, smiling, “that this is a decoy-bag:—if so, you are free to take out any other yourself and examine it.”

“No, no,” said Basil, “your word is enough;” and then, looking round him, he relapsed into silence and something like abstraction, as if doubting whether he was not the dupe of a dream.

“Each of these bags,” pursued the old man, “contains a thousand ducats, and there are a thousand bags;—a thousand times a thousand make a million;—and one million of ducats, brother, is no trifle. What say you?”

“Upon my word, Sir,” said Basil, “you are a rich man.”

“Richer than you think,” said the Nabob, “for I have five other rooms in this house stored just as this is. Six millions of ducats, brother, are something to brag of. What do you think?”

“Pray, do not overwhelm me,” said Basil, smiling, for in the midst of his wonder he had his doubts. “But perhaps you would gratify my curiosity on one point, and tell me what those bottles are for?”

“I will tell you *whom* they are for, if you please; they are for all who are willing to relieve me of my ducats.”

“Willing to relieve you?” exclaimed Basil, opening his eyes very widely.

“I say so. I have now been four months and three weeks in town, and during all that time have been able to get rid of no more than sixty thousand—and even those have come back to me,” he added, with a profound sigh.

“You speak riddles!” cried Basil, now more confounded than ever, and

not well knowing what to say or think. "Is it possible that the great majority of those you meet with in this city can be so disinterested as to refuse riches when proffered to them?"

"I rather think not," said the Nabob; "but it happens that I do *not* proffer them to the great majority of those I meet."

"I beg your pardon; I understood you to mean that you did."

"I see," said the Nabob, "that your friend, Flemming, has not sufficiently instructed you. Did he say nothing of the condition upon which I give away my ducats?"

"O, yes—he said that the applicant must take from you a flask of the Black Elixir—ah! now I see—one of those flasks—for every thousand ducats you bestowed."

"So he must," said the Nabob, opening a gold snuff-box which he had produced from his pocket, and accommodating himself with a pinch of snuff.

"And surely that is no such mighty matter?" observed Basil, interrogatively.

"Ah! but he must drink the contents of the flask, too," said the elder Rosenwald, putting up his snuff-box.

"Well? and where is the harm even of that? Is the draught a disagreeable one?" inquired Basil.

"Quite the contrary: as a cordial, a restorative, a renovator, an exhilarator of the system, it beats both tea and tar-water:—gin-twist, nay, jinseng itself, is but hog-wash by the comparison."

"Then, what is the objection?" Basil asked.

At this interrogatory the little East-Indian first looked grave, then puzzled, and then troubled. "My good brother, my excellent friend, my very dear Sir," he said, "you will, perhaps, permit me, before I enter into a detailed explanation of the difficulties in the way of answering you fully, to put a question or two of mine to you. If I have been rightly apprised, you are just now in want of money?"

"My friend, I suppose, has acquainted you with the extent of my embarrassment," replied Basil, "but if he has not, I can have no desire, with you at least, to varnish over the truth. My pecuniary resources are, I acknowledge, quite exhausted."

"Then, my dear friend," said the East-Indian, assuming as he spoke an

expression of countenance so rueful that it bordered on the ludicrous—"then, my dear friend, you will not, perhaps, be disinclined to do me the favour of—of disencumbering me of some twenty or thirty of my bags?"

"Favour?—disencumbering you, my good Sir?" cried Basil. "You astonish me! Were I to accept your generous offer, I believe there could be little doubt that I, not you, would be the obliged party."

"Ah! but if you take my bags you must take my bottles," said the Nabob.

"My bags and bottles go together.—No bottles, no bags; remember that!"

"But as yet," suggested Basil, "I have not been able to learn what obstacle the taking of your bottles could possibly place in my way;—and to avow the whole truth, if I accepted of your ducats I should prefer being at the pains of overcoming some difficulty or making some sacrifice to oblige you in doing so—I should prefer this, I say, to carrying off the cash without proffering you even the shadow of an equivalent. My pride would be less damaged."

"These are sentiments that do you honour!" exclaimed the elder Rosenwald, grasping Basil's hand, which, however, he did not detain. "Would that they were more generally diffused among men! But we live in an age when romance has only to show her face to be sneered at and hooted down."

"I look for none and utter none," said Basil. "But plain-dealing and justice are jewels in their way too."

There was a pause. "You are tall," said the Nabob, breaking the silence at length: "what is your precise stature?"

"Six feet," answered Basil, not a little marvelling at the oddness of the query at such a moment.

"And mine is but three feet six," observed the East-Indian; "so that you are two and a half feet taller than I. Diminutive stature, I dare say, is as contemptible in your eyes as in those of most people?"

"I have never entertained a worse or better opinion of any one on account of his inches," said Basil; "I trust I am not so absurd—so unjust;" and in the speaking he cast a look at the Nabob which seemed to say, I fear, my *mannikin*, that your wits are wandering!

"But," pursued the Nabob, not noticing his look, "I presume it would grieve you considerably to stand no higher in your shoes than I do?"

"If Nature had made me short, I suppose I should have reconciled myself to my lot," said the young man, carelessly.

"Ay, but if Nature had nothing to do with the matter?"

"Now you mystify me indeed," said Basil. "I am in the midst of as German a fog as you please. Plainly, I cannot comprehend you."

"Suppose that Nature had made you long?"

"No necessity for supposing what is actually the case," said Basil, getting extremely fidgetty, and glancing from side to side at the open presses.

"But, suppose that, being long, you had become short?"

"My good Sir," said Basil, turning, as if to leave the room, "excuse me if I appear rude, but this grows tiresome—I cannot understand nonsense, and I do not see what a discussion upon personal height can have to do with the subject we were previously engaged on. If you please I will take my leave, for I perceive you are trifling with me."

The Nabob at these words laid his hand on the arm of Basil. "Pity me and be patient!" he exclaimed—and with such an imploring tone and appealing look that the young man, who was naturally kind-hearted, found it impossible to resist them. "Answer me, for charity's sake," he continued, while the tears almost gathered in his eyes; "could you bear to become as short as I am?"

"To become as short?" said Basil—"Surely, mein Herr, you do not—cannot expect a rational answer to an insane question?"

"Who is insane?" demanded the Nabob. "The prosperous man—the applauded beauty—the worshipped monarch—the flattered millionaire! Not the wretch—the thrice-deformed—the brooder over his own thoughts, black as midnight and cheerless as the sepulchre—the being whom Heaven and Earth abandon—no—to him the blessing of madness is eternally denied! Alas! that I should be but too exquisitely alive to the unutterable loneliness and misery of my destiny! Look at me, Basil Von Rosenwald! I was once as tall as you are now. Nay, more, I had your flowing curls, your

fine firm teeth, your radiant eyes, all that makes you most attractive in the estimation of woman. Even now inspect me narrowly, and you will trace a family resemblance. My nose is still aquiline, like your own. Though my cheeks have fallen in, my lips preserve their shape;—and see and say whether they are not the counterparts of yours. My forehead, separated from my other features, might be mistaken for your own. In a word, give me but your height, your hair, and a few other minor advantages, and I defy the most scrutinising to distinguish between us. These, in fact, are all that I want. But—these are *what* I want. Will you—will you give them to me?—Will you give them to me? I ask but this one gift—this one transfer—in return for my gold!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Basil, laughing outright, "my good Sir, I take you at last—I *was* stupid—pardon me! I did not know you. You wish me to bestow my inches upon you in return for a few of your money bags?"

"Precisely so," said the Nabob; "and I am glad you treat the matter so lightly."

"Capital! Upon my honor, Sir, you are an inimitable wag! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Alas!"—sighed the Nabob—"I fear you—"

"Ha! ha! ha!—fear nothing! my dear Sir," said Basil. "I enter fully into the spirit of your proposition—believe me—Ha! ha! ha!"

"You rejoice me," said the Nabob. "I did not, I confess, expect this ready acquiescence on your part. You agree, then?"

"Agree—to give you my inches and take your ducats—ha! ha! ha!—yes, agree to be sure; though, to be frank, I do feel some scruple in taking such an advantage—"

"No more, my worthy friend—not a word more, I insist. I am, then, to consider the bargain as closed?"

"What can I say, dear Sir," said Basil—"what can I do—except return you my warmest acknowledgments—poor as I am in all besides? You are really very good, exceedingly noble, thus to cloak your unparalleled liberality under the guise of such eccentricity!"

"As it is a settled matter, then, you will pay attention to me now," said the Nabob, gravely. "You shall have thirty of my bags, that is, thirty the

sand ducats; and with those thirty bags you shall take thirty of my flasks." He went to the press. "Here is one flask to accompany this bag. I can let you have as many as you please under six, at a time, but I would recommend you to commence by taking one. To obtain possession of the bag, you must swallow the elixir in the flask: this is an indispensable condition. Now mark and ponder: *Every time that you drain one of these black flasks you lose an inch of your stature, and I gain it.* This is not all: your appearance otherwise becomes altered for the worse; and, in short, by the time you have drained the thirtieth flask you will have sunk down to my height, and present precisely such a spectacle to the eyes of all who see you as I do now, while I, on the other hand, shall be in possession of all your present advantages of feature and figure. You understand me definitely and clearly?"

"Really, my worthy Sir," said Basil, still laughing, "your solemnity would impose on the devil himself. I do understand you—and am willing to go any length you like to countenance your joke. I trust you will not find me ungrateful."

"Observe, however," pursued the Deformed, "that if you can at any time repay me all—if you can return me the thirty thousand ducats—you get your inches back. So, in proportion, you can regain one inch for every thousand ducats you manage to restore me. And now you are *au fait* of every article and stipulation connected with the bargain betwixt us. Will you be satisfied to take a single bag to-day? Mr. Flemming has appraised me of your address; and my servant shall leave the money at your house forthwith."

"Ten thousand thanks, my dear sir. But indeed—indeed, I feel reluctant to abuse your generosity. Could there not be a bond?"

"There is, you know," said the Nabob, quietly.

"Eh!—there is?—how?—what?" asked Basil.

"My flasks are my bonds," said the East-Indian, in the same quiet tone. "But you agree voluntarily to my proposal? You will have the ducats at the price I have stated?"

"I agree to every thing," said Basil—"and I hope that circumstances may yet enable me—"

"Never mind—never mind—don't

mention repayment—as to that, if you can repay me, you will."

"Depend on that, my dear Sir."

"Yes," observed the Nabob, "you will traverse the globe to ferret me out."

"You form but a just estimate of my gratitude, Sir," said Basil.

"Of your gratitude?—Bah!—I am thinking of your probable anxiety to recover your inches."

"To recover my inches?—ha! ha!—Yes, I forgot that."

The Nabob opened a drawer in the table and took out a beer-glass, into which he decanted the elixir. He then proffered the glass to Basil, remarking, as he did so, that he would not find the beverage unpleasant.

Without hesitating a moment, the young man took the glass from his hand and drained it to the bottom in a draught. A thrill shot through his veins as he withdrew it from his lips; and instead of re-depositing it on the table he cast it from him to the end of the room. His eyes were lighted by a fierce and unwonted fire.

"Damned hot!" he said—"why does it burn the fingers? I say, you twaddling old humbug!—you'll be coming down with a smash too, one of these days. By the ghost of Merlin I—I could crush to dust all the dry bones in your shrivelled carcase!—Give me the bag, you hound!"

"Too strong," said the East-Indian calmly, as speaking to himself; and re-producing his snuff-box, he extended it to Basil, who mechanically plunged his finger and thumb into it.

"God bless me," exclaimed the young man the next moment, "where?—what?—did I not utter some foolish thing? You will excuse me!"

"The elixir was somewhat fierier than I thought," said the Nabob—"but I shall remedy the error in the other flasks. And now all is done and settled. As to the ducats, you will find them at home before you. Nay, no more acknowledgments—our bargain is mutual and so are our obligations. When you want a second bag come to me." And he led the way from the chamber.

"You are the truest friend I have ever had," said Basil, clasping the Nabob's hand. "I shall not forget this day."

"I imagine not," replied the Nabob drily. "Take care of yourself." He accompanied Basil to the door, and they parted.

CHAPTER IV.

"The course of true love never did run smooth,"—*Midsum. Night's Dream, Act I. Scene 1.*

Reader! we would fain introduce thee, supposing thee a bachelor, to the lady Aurelia Von Elsberg. And yet a second reflection whispers us that we should not, for wherein could the introduction advantage thee? Bitter are hopes disappointed; and the young damsel's affections are already given away—plighted beyond the possibility of recall to Basil Rosenwald—the hero of the elixir-flasks and ducat-sacks. Content thy soul and sight, therefore, with one passing glimpse of the shining-haired apparition as she sweeps by thee into the saloon. See! she comes—she dazzles—she is gone. Thou art not over-imaginative; and the vision thus vouchsafed thee, far from sufficing to people thy slumbers with shapes of beauty henceforward, is even now melting into misty indistinctness, like the last glories of a departing rainbow. But vain are thy supplications. More of her this night thou mayest not see. Go thy ways from Elsberg Villa, consoling thyself with the recollection that thy purse-strings remain undrawn.

Who is at the Villa to-night? They who know its owners and their guests, and ask the question, are dunces at the reading of the heart. Who it should rather be inquired, is *not* at the Villa to-night? The Prince of Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach is not at the Villa to-night. Groups of the gay, the fashionable, the beauteous, throng those illuminated and mirrored rooms, but the Prince of Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach comes not; and many hearts are depressed and many brows clouded.

And the heart of Aurelia Von Elsberg is depressed, and her brow is clouded, but not for the absence of the Prince of Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach. Her thoughts are on another truant—on Basil—and Basil, where is he? She knows not; but her eye wanders from place to place, from figure to figure, and finds him not, and comes back again, and again wanders, and again is disappointed. Hark!—a knock!—a series of knocks!—and her heart beats responsive. He comes—Basil Theodore Von Rosenwald approaches. All is commotion, anticipation, excitement. Every eye is directed towards the door. The servant announces the new arrival, but mistakes his name and gives him a title. Aurelia prepares to greet her lover *à la mode Germanorum*. Her eyes are sparkling; her bosom throbs. Another moment and the expected is in the apartment. She moves forward, grace in all her steps,

and—O, stars and garters! wherefore is such sorcery permitted in ball-rooms?—beholds the vision of her fancy metamorphosed into the Prince of Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach. There he stands, bowing to the whole *beau monde* in epitome—glittering with crosses and orders, and looking as handsome as any man can look, who is not Basil Theodore Von Rosenwald.

There are bright roses in thy darkling hair, O matchless maiden! and fair pearls cluster on thy fairer bosom, and as thine airy form follows the sinuous evolutions of the dance, and thou appearest less a being of earth than heaven, none can dream that for thee Fortune has a single disappointment in store. Ah, well-a-day! Unwreathe from thy hair those blooming flowers—discard all thy bright pearls—mingle no more in the mazes of the quadrille—but retire—retire and luxuriate in the full indulgence of sorrow; for thy lover, thy beloved, he for whom thou lookest, will not smile on thee, will not sigh to thee, will not see thee to-night.

What a pity that where the affections are concerned, fathers and mothers cannot be made to see with the eyes of their sons and daughters! So much self-immolating love is marred—so many tender hearts are broken, or, at least, get a little bruised!—and all for no reason in life, except that people at fifty pique themselves upon being thirty years older than when they were twenty! It is worse than a pity—it is monstrous!—but let us keep cool. Herr Von Elsberg was an exemplary parent, an honorable man, and a good citizen, as parents, men, and citizens went and go, but he preferred seeing his daughter married to a Prince than to a beggar, and he had been telling her so for some time; and his wife, a shrewd lady in her way, though quiet, had been backing his arguments with all the abundant feminine logic she had at command. On all these occasions almost the sole resource of the poor girl had been to withdraw and weep. The absence of her lover had grieved her much; and the cause of it, when revealed by her father—who was neither slow in discovering nor shy in communicating it—had grieved her more. Unluckily, too, it had chanced that just at the time Basil began his visits to the Spielhaus, the Prince began his visits to the Villa, and fell desperately in love with the illumining star thereof—a brighter than any he had yet taken

unto his bosom. Misfortunes never come singly : to miss a lover was not quite enough ; the unhappy Aurelia must, to say nothing of auxiliary disadvantages, be threatened with a title and a principality. She tried, in compliance with the wishes of Papa and Mamma, to look at the Prince, but somehow the image of Basil constantly interfered with her best attempts, and she felt and acknowledged with Fenelon, *qu'il est plus facile de mépriser la mort même que de réprimer les affections du cœur*. And then over and over again,

“ — she said.

I'll ne'er wed man but thee,
The grave shall be my bridal bed
Ere Græme my husband be.”

Her nineteenth birth-night arrived, and a ball was given in honor of it. Basil had been invited months before, while as yet his prospects were tolerable ;—but circumstances had now assumed such a different aspect ! Would he venture within the precincts of the dwelling from which he had so long remained away, a voluntary exile, self-condemned, and engrossed by one of the most degrading and powerful of all the passions ? I fear he will not, whispered her doubts—and again Fear yielded to Hope. I hope, yes, I think he will—and in a moment after a saddening influence, the result of some trifle lighter than air, would overshadow her spirit. and again Hope would be banished by Fear, and she would sigh, No ! no !—It is vain to expect him—He is cold—changed—cruel ! He will not come !

“ I wonder whether that young scapegrace, Rosenwald, intends to show himself here to-morrow,” said Elsberg to his wife on the day preceding.

“ Why, my dear, he has been invited, you remember—and—and I think he *will* come—and if he should, you know,” she added, significantly, “ we cannot quite turn him out.”

Le sage entend à demi-mot. “ No, as you say, we cannot turn him out,” said the husband. “ But” A certain proverb with reference to the various ways the canine race have of dying occurred to him,—but we quote it not ;—we eschew vulgarity.

Ah ! what a world of untowardnesses is this ! Nobody has ever made the remark before. Why does not every thing happen just as it ought ? This is the sole puzzle that continually employs our reflecting faculties, and baffles our investigations night, noon, and twi-

light, (for we doze away the morning.) How is it that young gentlemen are not always self-possessed and diplomatic on emergencies ? Why will hall-porters prate when they should remain tongue-tied ? What is the reason that a fit of remorse or apoplexy does not seize on a worldly-minded, Prince-for-a-son-in-law-seeking sire precisely at the instant when it would be most agreeable—to one or two others ? Why are lovelorn damsels moving through drawing-rooms when they should be seated in turrets, watching at lattices for the approach of their knights from afar ? Why ? How ?

“ The little bird pipeth, ‘ Why, Why ?’
In the Summer woods when the sun falls low,
And the great bird sits on the opposite bough,
And stares in his face, and shouts, ‘ How, how !’ ”†

We will question no more. Our spirit is a-weary of evoking shadows to be answered by echoes. It is tiresome. A very minute portion of contempt, too, for the philosophy that in some thousands of years has done so little towards enlightening us, may perhaps mingle, we half apprehend, with our ennui, as a drop of tartaric acid slightly relieves the insipidity of a glass of distilled water. *Memnon*, quoth Voltaire, ‘ *conçut un jour le projet d’être parfaitement sage. Il n’y a guère d’hommes à qui cette folie n’ait quelquefois passé par la tête.*’ Very few, indeed, we admit ; and we are not one of them. For the identical *folie* has just occurred to ourselves ; but in us it becomes the quintessence of wisdom, and as one result, we abandon moralising. Let us pursue our interesting narrative, and relate it after the fashion of the day. Amen.

The events of the afternoon had considerably elevated the spirits of Basil. The prospect of being enabled through the agency of the East-Indian to settle his debts, to regain his accustomed position in society, and above all, to re-establish himself upon his former footing at Elsberg Villa, was cheering. Basil was of a sanguine temperament, and he now changed from the extreme of despondency to that of extravagant anticipation. Very little deliberation sufficed to determine him to go to the ball. He had expected that Flemming would accompany him. But he waited until nine o’clock and neither Flemming nor any body else came ; so at last, tired of waiting, away he went by himself in a hackney carriage.

* Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

† Alfred Tennyson.

Upon descending from the vehicle he glanced up at the windows of the Villa; and he fancied he saw, sitting by them, the well-remembered figure of Aurelia. His heart beat quicker for that vision; and he entered the house. He was about taking out his ticket in readiness for the inspection of the janitor at the summit of the staircase, when a door near him opened and the Herr Von Elsberg came forth, accompanied by a tall stranger in a cloak, who shook him (Elsberg) by the hand, and, bidding him farewell, passed rapidly out at the great entrance.

Von Elsberg looked at our hero, and our hero looked at him. Both gentlemen then bowed; but a not very close observer might have discerned something approaching to *hauteur* in the greeting of Elsberg, and a slight indication of embarrassment in that of Rosenwald.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Rosenwald," said Elsberg, with a repelling politeness of manner, not easily described, though frequently encountered.

"Indeed?" returned Basil. "That is somewhat strange. I come on your own invitation, given me two months since."

"Will you step into my study?" said Elsberg. "I am anxious to say a few words to you."

"Willingly," and both crossed the gallery and entered the study. There was a calm but cheerful aspect about this little room. A coal fire—so rarely met with on the Continent—burned in the grate, and a huge tom-cat was reposing upon the hearth-rug. Warm-looking paintings, set in deep gilt Florentine frames, decorated the walls. Elsberg rang for wine and glasses.

"Take a seat, Mr. Rosenwald," said he, "I hope you have not been ill lately?"

"Not particularly," said Basil.

"You are not looking by any means as well as you used," observed Von Elsberg.

"My mind has not been entirely at ease of late," Basil answered.

"I should suppose not," said Elsberg. "Habits such as you have fallen into, Mr. Rosenwald, must disturb the mind very much."

"Sir!" exclaimed our hero—and pride and mortification were both concentrated in the monosyllable.

"Well, Mr. Rosenwald?" returned the other, composedly.

"I may have been unfortunate, Sir,"

said Basil, "but I did not expect to be taunted with my misfortunes—at least by you. It is ungenerous—allow me to add, it is ungentlemanly."

"You are too warm, Mr. Rosenwald—you should learn to hear and to bear the truth," answered Elsberg. "I meant you no offence. Suffer me to help you to a glass of Rhenish," he added, as the servant entering, laid a wine-flask, with glasses and silver salvers, on the table.

"Let me not detain you from your guests, Herr Von Elsberg," said Basil, abruptly rising. "I see—I can perceive—." But a certain consciousness that he was beginning to be agitated beyond what he should be, or should *appear to be*, and that any attempt to explain his feelings would but increase his agitation, checked the rest of the sentence. Basil was proud and sensitive, and, like all proud and sensitive men, he desired to be considered exceedingly impassive and self-possessed.

"Pray, sit down, sit down, Mr. Rosenwald," said Elsberg, tranquilly, and filling his own glass as he spoke. And Basil, ashamed of the emotion he had betrayed, and resolute to rival the coolness of his host during the rest of their interview, whether long or short, reseated himself.

"Mr. Rosenwald," said Elsberg, "it is right that we should come to an understanding with each other. Some weeks have now elapsed since I last saw you—and I am not ignorant of the causes that have produced your absence. It is to me, as it must be to all who know you, matter of deep regret that you, with your advantages of birth, station, and talent, should have yielded yourself up to an infatuation as degrading as it is destructive—and with eyes open to all the consequences of your own misconduct should persevere in pursuing, I may say, the direct path to perdition. This is an afflicting consideration, Mr. Rosenwald. I should be rejoiced, however, to think that your case was not yet wholly hopeless. Let me trust all has not been sacrificed?"

"If you mean my property, Sir," said Basil, "I can give no encouragement to your hopes, though I thank you for them. But this is a subject which—excuse me—I cannot recognise your right of discussing with me. I have already admitted myself to be your debtor, although only a portion of the jewels which, when in busi-

you disposed of to my mother, fell into my hands on her death. You have my bond for fifteen thousand crowns, payable on the first of November. If I liquidate your claim I leave you, at least, nothing to complain of."

"This is the seventeenth of October, Mr. Rosenwald," said Elsberg,—looking at his guest with an eye of triumphant pity.

"Well, Sir,—and were it the thirty-first, what then?" demanded Basil, warmly, for the glance had not passed unnoticed by him.

"You have all but admitted your inability to take up the bond," said Elsberg.

"Pardon me, I have admitted nothing of the kind," said Basil. "My circumstances it is true, are at present embarrassed, but"—and the thought of the Nabob's money-bags flashed across his mind,—"*I entertain no doubt whatever of ultimately retrieving myself.*"

"May I ask how?" demanded Elsberg.

"I must decline answering, Sir," said Basil, "until you have satisfied me of your right to intermeddle in my affairs."

"Mr. Rosenwald," said Elsberg, in severe and reproving accents, "Mr. Rosenwald, I am Aurelia's father!"

The words told. On the instant the young man grew paler. An arrow had pierced to his soul. It seemed as though pride, and the peculiar position in which he had been placed—for his introduction into the study had obviously been a *ruse* on the part of his host to prevent him from ascending to the drawing-room—had hitherto banished every thought of love. But now, and with a force all the mightier for having been so long repressed, his heart and its affections re-asserted their prerogatives and rose paramount to all rival considerations. A thousand fond and woeful reminiscences grew into life, and crowded upon him. All the past year, clad in its lights and shadows of incident, came before him like a panoramic picture. He hid his face in his hands and groaned.

"It grieves me much, Mr. Rosenwald," said Elsberg, "if I have revived unpleasant recollections—but the first duty of a parent is to provide for his child's happiness, and to see that she herself does not mistake it. Young men and young women never look properly before them. Wealth, rank, title, the consideration of society, the more substantial advantages of life, are with

them all secondary to the single passion of love, a passion which from its very nature, from its very violence, must be evanescent—and is too often succeeded by mutual disappointment and dislike. On this account I regard it as imperative on me to make every exertion for the advancement of Aurelia's *real* welfare; and you will not take it ill, Mr. Rosenwald, if I say I conceive that your present circumstances are not exactly those which could justify me in looking forward to you as her husband and my son-in-law. I am frank, you see, with you, because I am aware that you love Aurelia; and it is better, as I have said, that in so important a matter we should arrive at an explicit understanding with one another."

"And Aurelia," said the young man, as soon as he had in some degree recovered himself—"is she—does she participate in your sentiments, Sir?"

"My daughter will entertain no sentiments unworthy of her," replied Von Elsberg. "She knows, in extremity, how to sacrifice feelings that she ought not to cherish."

"Feelings she ought not to cherish!" repeated the young man. "What, Sir, do you look then so lightly upon violated truth and falsified promises? Is the blackest of all perjuries—that in which the heart is forewarn—so innocent or venial in your estimation?"

"I do not know," said Elsberg, doubtfully, "that Aurelia has fixed her affections on you, Mr. Rosenwald."

"She has: lips that never lied have confessed it!" cried Basil.

"Very thoughtless, I must say," observed Elsberg, shaking his head—"the result of her youth and inexperience, Mr. Rosenwald. But she is a daughter of mine—and even if what you state be true—she will—she *shall* submit to be guided by those who are competent to direct her. I have but to speak to her, to reason with her a little, and she will at once consent as she ought, to forego this foolish and inexpedient attachment!"

"Sir," cried Basil, "if those be your real sentiments, I tell you, without circumlocution, that I cannot find language sufficiently strong to express my contempt of them!"

"It is sometimes better," said Von Elsberg, imperturbably, and playing with his watch chain, as he sat back in his chair, "that we should be at a loss for words to express our meaning; our deficiency teaches us a lesson of self-

diffidence and caution. *Au reste*, Mr. Rosenwald, the sentiments you reprobate are such, let me inform you, as will soon be shared and professed by my daughter herself."

"It is false!" cried Basil, as Aurelia's image—the very personification of constancy and devotedness—rose upon his mind's eye—"it is false!" he repeated, standing up; "and you, her father, know it to be false as hell! Shame upon you, sir, so to slander your own blood—ay! and to glory in the slander! But your breast is cased in triple adamant. Were it not so, I would demand of you why it is I am here at this moment—why walls and doors should be permitted to separate on such a night hearts that never can know happiness asunder. I am aware that I should appeal in vain to you, otherwise I would ask you, even now, whether I could see your daughter—if but for a minute."

"Your penetration, such as it is, has not deceived you," said Elsberg. "You cannot, upon any account, see my daughter this evening. The granting of such an interview would be impolitic; I could not possibly permit it. I have every respect for you, Mr. Rosenwald, but circumstances render —"

"You have every respect for hell and damnation, sir!" exclaimed Basil, in a transport of indignation. "Where is my hat? Let me be off!"

"Here is your hat, and there are your gloves, Mr. Rosenwald," said Elsberg very quietly, as he also rose up. "Is this your handkerchief? No; I believe it is my own. You are rather hot-blooded, I think, for your own peace

of mind," he added. "I have often noticed your excitability, and never without regret. I pardon you on this occasion, because you are a lover; and though I have never known what the feelings of a lover are, I can imagine them and compassionate any unfortunate individual who suffers from them. But, if *you* are a lover, Mr. Rosenwald, I am a father; and, as such, I must fulfil the duties of a father. It is pure want of reflection—want of serious habits of thought—want, in short—" and the Herr Von Elsberg put on an uncommonly profound and Socratic countenance—"want, in short, Mr. Rosenwald, of a philosophical, categorical, and analytical system of investigation into the operation of correct and irrefragable principles as contradistinguished from the operation of illusory and fallacious principles, that disqualifies you from perceiving that I act for the best, and with a view to the production of the largest possible amount of good attainable under existing circumstances. If you are determined on going, Mr. Rosenwald—if you will not stop and chat with me over another glass—this Rhenish, I assure you, was four-and-twenty years old last August,—why, I can only say, I have the honour of bidding you a good evening."

All this had fallen upon the ear of Basil "like sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." There was a roaring in his head—a tempest in his heart. He put on his hat, and, without deigning even to notice the farewell salutation of his host, rushed out of the house and made his way home.

CHAPTER V.

"There's money for thee, Greek!"—*Twelfth Night*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

"I prithee, let the Prince alone."—*K. Hen. IV. 1st part*, Act i. Sc. 1.

A tolerable night's sleep—for Basil "slept in spite of thunder"—somewhat restored the every-day tone and temper of his mind. He got up and dressed himself and shaved—or shaved and dressed himself, we forget which—and then he actually breakfasted; and if the curious in dietetics are agog to know of what his breakfast consisted we will gratify them:—it consisted of one colossal roll and butter, two hen eggs, three slices of Westphalia ham, and four cups of Arabian coffee—a breakfast we undertake to recommend to themselves, the curious aforesaid. After he had finished his last cup, it is a fact that he drew his chair to the fire and deposited his toes on the fender;

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and, settled in that position, began to pick his teeth and think of Aurelia. Several minutes elapsed, and he was just deliberating whether he should or should not despatch her a succession of billet-doux, say forty-eight in twenty-four hours—were it only to plague her father, if indeed he were plagueable—when a modest knock was heard at the hall-door, and in a minute afterwards Basil's solitary servant announced, "Der Herr Grabb."

"Show him in," said Basil, rising up carelessly.

And into the room, with a slow and stealthy pace, like Wordsworth's Doe, and silently, as one whose shoon are soled with velvet, came Herr Grabb,

He was a short, thickset man, with a broad head, a low forehead, a small, quick, grey eye, a snub nose, and compressed, though somewhat thickish lips; and displayed altogether a *tout-ensemble* both in person and habiliments, which bespoke him—not to hazard a more perilous and less general guess at his character—as one who in his time had enjoyed a much less intimate acquaintance with the romance of life than with its realities, and was considerably more at home in Albestadt, with all its lampless alleys and *culs de sac* than he could ever feel himself in Faery-land.

"Take a chair, Mr. Grabb," said Basil. He went to a press, unlocked it, and took out the money-bag he had received the preceding day.

"Eight hundred and—a——" he said, looking at Grabb, inquiringly.

"*Vierzig*, forty," said Grabb, in a soft voice, and with an expressive twinkle of one eye.

Basil counted out and set apart one hundred and sixty ducats, which he restored to the press. Having done so, he emptied the remaining contents of the bag out on the table.

"Try whether you have the number there," said he; and again establishing himself before the fire and fender, he re-applied himself to his silver toothpick and golden reveries.

His back was to the thickset man who knew nothing about romance; but reader! we must disappoint thee—thou art knowing, but not all-knowing, and thy chuckle is premature—the thickset man who knew nothing about romance, counted fairly, albeit his sleeves were ample and his pockets capacious. Honesty, even for rogues, is now and then the best policy. The sum was found exact to a piece—eight hundred and forty ducats.

"*Recht*, Right," said the ready-reckoner, with another twinkle of the eye, lost on Basil, though not on us.

"Have you got the receipt?" asked Basil.

"*Ja*, yes," was the answer, and the required acknowledgment was forthwith drawn from one of the recesses of a clumsy, stuffed, venerable-looking, well-handled, nondescript article, which the possessor believed to be a pocket-book,—and laid upon the table.

"Then," said Basil, "you had better put up the—O, you have done so, I see," he added, as he half turned round. "You are a handy lad, Grabb. Give me the receipt."

"*Da*, There!" said Grabb, with his peculiar visual smile.

"I say, Mr. Grabb, before you go, tell me, did you see Schmidt last night?"

"*Nein*, No," replied the little man.

"The fellow owes me four hundred and odd florins, and I can't make him out high or low. It is very hard. Have you any idea where he is gone to?"

"*Ja*."

"You can tell me then?"

"*Ja*."

"Well, where is he gone to?"

"*Zum Teufel gegangen*, Gone to the devil," said Grabb.

"How do you mean?"

"*Todt*, dead."

"Dead?"

"*Ja*."

"Dead! You astonish me. I never heard a word of it. When did he die?"

"*Gestern*, Yesterday."

"So late?" said Basil. "Had he been ill?"

"*Nein*."

"Was he killed?"

"*Er hat sich die Gurgel geschnitten*, He cut his throat," said Grabb, in a very soft tone.

Basil turned his chair involuntarily round,—and fixed his eyes on Grabb in dead silence for a minute. "Cut his throat!" he at length repeated. "Unfortunate devil! What drove him to that?"

"Roulette," said Grabb.

Basil shook his head. "Where did it happen, Grabb?"

"*Im Hause*, At home," said Grabb.

Basil looked down, and appeared to be lost in absorbing study of the grotesque figure-work of the carpet. After a pause of some minutes spent thus, he lifted his head and sighed. "You may go, Grabb," said he. And out went Grabb.

As the servant opened the door for him to make his exit, up walked Heinrich Flemming.

"In the nick of time," said he.

"Hey-day, Grabb!—early at business. Grabb, I must give you a good cleaning out myself one of these days. Within?" he asked of the servant.

"Yes, sir, in the parlour," said the servant, closing the door.

"You have had a dun, I see Basil," said Heinrich, after the first salutations were over.

"Yes—Grabb; he fastened on me like a leech last night as I was turning the corner of the Kaiserstrasse; and

so I told him to come this morning, and bring me a receipt in full for all."

"How much was the all?" asked Flemming.

"Eight hundred and forty ducats."

"Ha, Basil! then I take it, you sped well at the Nabob's."

"Infinitely better than I had any right to expect," said Basil. "Heinrick, you must forgive my petulance yesterday; I see and acknowledge that you are a sincere friend. I touched a thousand ducats. But what is the matter with this little Nabob? Tell me, you who know him, is he crazed, or is it merely a spirit of wag-gery that actuates him?"

"Faith, I can hardly divine; he is a puzzle to the few acquaintances he has. Did he say or do any thing very *outré*?"

"He assured me he was a brother of mine," returned Basil, "and told me a rigmorole cock-and-bull story about his having studied magic in the east, and his dwindling down from six feet to three feet six; and he said that for every thousand ducats I should take from him I would lose an inch."

"An inch of what?"

"An inch of my height."

"Nonsense!" cried Heinrick, laughing. "Well, you have *not* lost the inch, have you?"

"I hope not," said Basil, also laughing. "What do you think?" And he stood up.

"Egad, but that you are in your slippers," said Heinrick, measuring him with his eye, "I should think queer things." Basil laughed louder than before.

"Did he keep his countenance, Baz, though?"

"Keep his countenance? You never saw such solemnity. That was what made the thing so ridiculous. But he told me more; he said that as I lost the inches he gained them; that as I should grow short he should grow tall. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Why, he must be the devil's quiz," said Flemming. "What did he mean?"

"It is hard to say," replied Rosenwald. "I am to get thirty thousand from him. It is needless for me to acquaint *you*, Heinrick, that I accept of this only as a loan. I could not reconcile it with my conscience to take an advantage of the prodigal generosity of any man. One thing, however, is clear to me—he wishes me, I don't know why, to have the money; and I can see that I gratify him by taking it.

As the case is so, why I have the fewer scruples. Accordingly I intend troubling him to-day for a second thousand."

"Bleed him well, bleed him well, my boy, since he will have it so," said Heinrick. "Don't let your bashfulness stand in the way of your fortune. Are you coming out, now, Baz?"

"I believe I may as well taste the morning air," said Basil; "I have nothing particular to do here. Are you going any where yourself?"

"Only to the Exhibition in the Bildstrasse—I have two or three bores to meet and be stupefied by there," answered Flemming.

"Talking of exhibitions," said Basil, "why were you not with me last night? I expected you up to nine."

"I didn't know we had appointed to go together," said Flemming. "But I was not at the Villa at all. A friend that I had not seen for six years dropped in on me in the afternoon, and I couldn't help spending the evening with him, for we had a good deal to talk about that nobody must be the wiser for. So I sent an apology to Elsberg. I believe he didn't care much whether I went or stayed."

"Old Elsberg is a man of marble," said Basil. And thereupon he gave his friend a succinct account of the interview of the evening before.

Heinrick listened attentively, and when Basil had finished he leaned his cheek on his hand and assumed an unusually grave and thoughtful expression of visage. "By Jove, you are diddled, Basil," said he. "I see how it is. I never paid any attention to the rumour before—but I now perceive it is founded. As sure as you have a soul inside your-body, Aurelia will be the Princess von Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach before another month."

"Aurelia will be *what*?" exclaimed Basil, starting from his chair, which he involuntarily pushed from him into the middle of the room.

"A princess," replied Flemming; "a very fine thing to be."

"Who dares to say so?" demanded the young man.

"Her father, in the first place," replied Heinrick, tapping his boot with his ebony cane, "the Prince himself, in the second—thirdly, the whole world—and, finally, your obedient humble servant."

Basil knit his brows. "The base world belies her," he said; "infamously belies her! She has pledged

her troth to me and me only—and she is not—I know she is not—the girl to be coerced by tyranny or dazzled by title. But who, pray, is this Prince? What hole or corner has he come out of? How does it happen that I have never heard of him until now?”

“To answer your last question first, as I am a lover of order,” said Heinrich—“Because you have been for six weeks absorbed in the unhallowed mysteries of cards, dice, tables black and red, ivory balls, and tantalising cylinders—why, man, the Emperor of Morocco—the Great Mogul—the Grand Lama himself—though I don’t know if he marries—might have come into Alberstadt, and borne Aurelia off in triumph to his dominions, without any knowledge on your part of the abduction. What a pretty sort of lover you are! As for Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach, upon my honour, he is in every respect a very desirable *parti*—rich, handsome, accomplished, and, more than all, a Prince.”

“Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach!” echoed Basil, contemptuously. “In what part of space may that principality be lying *perdu*?”

“Somewhere in Silesia, I think,” was the answer.

“He does well not to place it in Saxony,” said Basil. “The further off a vagabond pitches his tent on these occasions the less common eyes can distinguish whether it is of satin or canvas.”

“What!” exclaimed Flemming. “Does His Serene Highness the Prince Von Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach take the shape and qualities of a *chevalier d’industrie* in your eyes? Come, come, Baz; this is too bad; jealousy makes you unjust. Von Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach is a Prince—ay!—a Prince every inch of him.”

“Curse his inches!” cried Rosenwald; “I wish that old East-Indian could melt them down, as he proposes to do with mine. I tell you, Heinrich, I have my suspicions whenever I hear of your *very* foreign noblemen. If lions are got up to be stared at, tigers usually get *themselves* up. I have seen something of the world, and am not easily duped. Was there not

somebody sometime back who passed himself off in Berlin as the Wandering Jew? You have no notion of the gullibility of people. I will tell you a fact; while I lived at Dresden last year, my tailor there, by the help of dyes, dress, moustaches, and the most damned effrontery, got himself admitted into the first circles as a Pomeranian Baron. His title was—no matter—something sounding, like Thunder-ten-Trunk; and he was on the point of making his fortune or getting his scull split, I forget which now, when I exposed the rogue and forced him to shift his quarters. As soon as he found himself blown he took himself off in a twinkling, and by-the-by carried with him a splendid dress lace coat of mine, with a green and gold collar, worth about thirty guineas. If I ever catch him I’ll drub him to some purpose, even though I lay the blows on my own coat.”

“Pooh! pooh!—these little incidents will happen,” said Flemming. “But your inference is somewhat sweeping if you conclude that because a Dresden tailor pretended to be a Pomeranian Baron, every Silesian Prince must be a swindler. However, we’ll discuss the matter more at large another time. If you are for going out now, you had better make your toilet at once, for”—and he took out his watch—“my time is at hand.”

“I shall not delay you,” said Basil; and he tripped up the stairs. In a few minutes he again rejoined Heinrich, and both left the house.

The friends as they walked along arm in arm, resumed the subjects they had been conversing on in the house, but Basil had not arrived at any decision satisfactory to himself with respect to the course of conduct he should pursue in reference to Aurelia, by the time they reached the corner of the Blumenstrasse, where it was necessary that both should part. They therefore appointed to meet again after a short interval. Flemming hurried off to the Exhibition, while Basil, in a thoughtful and perplexed mood of mind, slowly wended his way through the winding strasses and neglected avenues that lead to the Dornensteg.

BY-WAYS OF IRISH HISTORY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—WHITEBOYISM IN MUNSTER—CATHOLIC COMMITTEE IN DUBLIN—
HEARTS OF OAK IN THE NORTH.

THE triumvirate to which Mr. Wyse ascribes the origin of the Catholic Association, appears to have made a judicious division and assignment of labour. Mr. Curry undertook the task of disabusing Protestant prejudice by his writings. Mr. O'Connor negotiated so as to procure Protestant collaborators for his learned associate. Mr. Wise occupied himself chiefly in the endeavour to arouse and combine the energies of the Catholic population. The parts were well cast. Mr. Curry had given to a genius for falsehood of the first order, the advantages derivable from learned labour and research. Mr. O'Connor graced the doctrines of his church, and the designs of his party, by the bearing, and so far as natural disposition prevailed, the principles and habits, of a gentleman. Mr. Wyse appears to have possessed that excitability of temper, and that consciousness or conviction of unacknowledged merit, which are often found eminently successful in awakening and exasperating a spirit of discontent and faction. The triumvirate entered upon its systematic and avowed labours, as well as we can collect, sometime in or about the year seventeen hundred and fifty-seven.

At the same time the first manifestations of agrarian disorder (as the *chouannerie* of the Roman Catholic districts in Ireland has, delicately, been called) broke out in Waterford or Tipperary, or perhaps in both these counties. Mr. Wyse was a resident in Waterford; and although we unaffectedly declare that we have no intention of ascribing to him the system of outrage which speedily arrived at a diabolical perfection in his neighbourhood, we think it due to our subject to extract the character which his descendant has given of this adventurous and discontented gentleman, and to leave it to the judgment of the reader, how far the words and actions of such a leader may have contributed to promote disorder among the people.

"The third co-operator in this national work, was Mr. Wyse, of the manor of St. John, the descendant of an English family, which had accompanied the Earl Strongbow to Waterford, and had continued settled in that country since

the period of the first invasion. The small portion of the originally extensive estates, which had been rescued from three successive confiscations, still pointed him out to the persecution of local and personal enemies: he came to this struggle with feelings not less roused by the home experience of injury and wrong, than Mr. O'Connor; but he wanted somewhat of the cool discretion and judicious temperance, which distinguished his fellow-labourer. The early portion of his life had been spent abroad, and his sons were employed in the service of foreign powers. On his return to his own country, indignant at the daily contumelies which were heaped upon the gentry, he abstained altogether from intercourse with his persecutors. He lived in seclusion, and turned his attention to the improvement of his estates. Manufactories, for which he obtained with difficulty even the connivance of government, were attempted to be introduced. His speculative and ardent spirit, impatient of repose, miscalculated the times in which he lived, and the men with whom he had to deal. The anti-popery spirit came between the country and every improvement; every exertion for the advancement of its civilization, in which a Papist could be concerned, failed. Galled and disappointed, in a moment of despondency and disgust, a correspondence, at first casual, afterwards frequent and sustained, with Mr. O'Connor, opened to him new and ampler views. He seized them with avidity—he saw there were still hopes for Ireland—he girt himself up to give every assistance to the sacred cause, which an oppressed man had still in his power. But far more impetuous than his associates, he disdained to conciliate: he roused—he enkindled—but was little fitted, or little inclined to calm. His habits were not literary, but active; little content with obliterating Protestant prejudice, he thought a more important task still remained behind—the compressing into shape and system the scattered energies of his Catholic countrymen. To that purpose, with the firmness of a will not easily to be swayed from its object, he bent the energies of a bold and

earnest spirit. To him and to Dr. Curry, the Catholic body owe the first seeds of that great confederacy, which in after times was destined, through the labours of mightier men, to embrace the entire island. But his fate was not so tranquil as that of either of his companions. He had rendered himself a far more conspicuous mark to the hostility of the persecutor. His days were embittered and endangered by every ingenious application of the penal code which his enemies could devise; and after successively proving in his own person, the inflictions of the gavel act, and of the disarming act, the ingenious malignity of the discoverer, the secret conspiracy of the Protestant minister, the treacherous calumny of the informer, he sunk broken-hearted into the grave, leaving it as an injunction in his last will to his children, 'that they should, with all convenient speed, sell the remainder of their hereditary property, (a portion of which had already been disposed of for that purpose,) and seek out some other country, where they might worship God, like other men, in peace, and should not be persecuted for manfully observing, in the open day, the religion of their hearts, and the dictates of an honest conscience.'"

Such was Mr. Wyse, according to the representation of his descendant and admirer. Enterprising, impatient, irritated, inflamed by contention with a "minister," harassed by the "informer," and exasperated by the besetting presence of an aggressive Protestant ascendancy, or what he esteemed such, he united himself in an angry hour with his veteran colleagues; but still bent his energies on his own peculiar task, the overcoming Protestant opposition, not by disarming it of prejudice, but by combining the force of Roman Catholics, whether physical or moral we are not clearly told, against it. The physical force was, certainly, soon aroused, organised, and arrayed in the district where Mr. Wyse had most influence. He did not retard the movement, it would seem, or allay the violence of those who sought to obtain their ends by lawlessness and crime. His associates in the work of regenerating "Catholic Ireland" admitted him to their councils, without endeavouring to moderate his temper, at least without requiring him to forego his ambitious and daring purposes.

The disturbances which broke out in Munster in the year 1757 or 1759, and which were, at first, occasioned by the impatience of the people at the erection of enclosures of which they complained as unjust and illegal, increased in violence, and were rendered subservient to more important objects during their progress through some years following. In a former number we showed how formidable the organization of the disturbers had become before the year 1762, and how much the public mind had been alarmed by their excesses. The prevailing opinion upon the subject of the disturbances was, that they had a political origin and object—that they were proofs, in short, of a Roman Catholic rebellion. This was an opinion which, it may well be imagined, was unacceptable to the government. It created disquietude at home, and encouraged hostile purposes abroad. The commission appointed to inquire into the tumults in Munster, reported, as very probably the Irish government desired, that they were not political. At least, such was the impression which the report appears intended to produce. Strong measures, however, had been adopted to repress disorder, and expectations were confidently expressed in the report, that quiet would speedily be restored.

The temporary and insecure tranquillity in the south, on which Lord Halifax congratulated parliament,* was more than compensated by the disturbances which broke out in Ulster. The year 1763 was unhappily memorable for the outrages of the "Hearts of Oak," (so called from the oak branches with which they decorated their hats,) who arose in opposition to the law or custom which imposed the burden of making and repairing roads exclusively on the poor. The rising of the discontented northerners was highly formidable.

"From parishes the contagion flew to baronies, from baronies to counties, till at length the greater part of Ulster was engaged. Besides the overseers of roads, they attacked the clergy, whom they resolved to curtail of their tithes, and their landlords, the price of whose lands (particularly the turf bogs) they set about regulating. The army was collected from the other provinces, for till then the province of Ulster was deemed so peaceful, that scarcely any troops were

* At the close of the session, 1762.

quartered in it. With the loss of some lives the tumult was soon quelled, and by some legislative regulations for the future repair of roads, quiet was restored.”*

Quiet was restored for a season, but the seeds of disturbance were sown in Ulster. They produced an abundant harvest in after years.

It has been the habit of writers on Irish affairs to regard the northern commotions as wholly unconnected with, and independent of the system of disorder in Munster. They reason as if the causes as well as the occasions in both were purely local and temporary. The whiteboys and levelers in the south professed that the object of their rising was to cast down illegal enclosures. The oak-boys in the north affirmed that they were aggrieved by the burden of a particular oppression, and took the field in order to free themselves from an offensive impost. The causes of insurrection, as alleged, being thus distinct, it is assumed that the movements were altogether without concert, and although as the disorders advanced towards maturity, an identity of purpose became developed in Ulster and in the south, it is still contended that this does not argue unity of design—that the agreements or resemblances were accidental,—that the differences were marked and distinguishing.

This is a subject upon which it would be inexcusable to jump to a conclusion, and upon which we regret to say history is very parsimonious in supplying the materials upon which a right conclusion can be formed. We learn, however, some particulars by which our speculations may be aided and directed. We know something of the character of France, and of the recklessness and craft with which that country has laboured to excite disaffection where she could not hope for conquest. We know that when Thurot made his descent at Carrickfergus, he came with an armament far too inconsiderable to be employed if it were designed to effect a settlement in the country. We know how resolutely that sagacious and enterprising commander persevered, (in

spite of all the opposition he experienced from the season, from the wants and even disposition of his troops,) in his determination to effect something for his country. We have reason to believe, from the justice and even generosity with which he conducted himself towards the inhabitants of Isla, where he might have made force do the office of coin, that he was not, whatever his other wants may have been, destitute of money. We know that, as if his work was done, after a few days occupation of Carrickfergus, he embarked his troops, and made the attempt, in which he met his death, to escape. We turn then to the south of Ireland, and find that insurgents there had† received French money as their pay, had sworn, in their oath of association, to be true to a general in Ulster, had adopted as their favourite music a tune of which the name indicated a French origin, and had assumed, in an advanced stage of their insurrection, a name said to be derived from a peculiarity in their costume,‡ but which may, with perhaps at least equal propriety, be ascribed to their being enrolled under the white standard of France—is it altogether unreasonable to imagine that these characteristics of southern insurrection denote some species of connection or correspondence with an influence in the north? and that that power, whatever it was, to which the whiteboys swore obedience under the personification of the Ulster general, was insidiously employed in endeavouring to create the discontent which manifested itself in the risings of the oak-boys and the hearts of steel?

We are not solitary in the conjecture that the movements in Ulster and in the south, had their origin and impulse in the same system. We are countenanced by at least one writer, and that a writer of no ordinary authority, the historian of Captain Rock. The testimony (even though merely matter of opinion) of one to whom so many secret sources of intelligence were likely to spring open, is of too much moment to be disregarded.

“It has been supposed that, in addition to his organization and command

* Plowden's History of Ireland, vol. ii. 142.

† See By-Ways, November, 1837, and January, 1838.

‡ The costume itself may be of French extraction. “Villains dressed in the Whiteboy uniform, with bunches of white ribbons in their hats,” &c. may be read of in various notices of predial disorder. We have copied from a notice in the Freeman's Journal of April 19, 1766. The white cockade seems sufficiently unequivocal.

of the whiteboys, my father also lent his powerful aid to the oak-boys and hearts of steel," &c. "As the two latter insurrections were composed chiefly of northern Protestants, some over-strict Catholics have doubted whether my father would condescend to meddle with them. But the Rocks are no bigots in fighting matters, nor, indeed, at all particular as to whom they fight *with*, so it be but *against* the common enemy—i. e. generally speaking, the constituted authorities for the time being. I can easily, therefore, believe that my venerable parent belonged not only to the whiteboys, oak-boys, heart-of-steel boys, but to all other fraternities of boys then existing, whose sports were at all likely to end in the attitude thus described by Virgil, '*ludere pendentes pueros.*'"

Such is Mr. Moore's opinion respecting the disturbances in Ulster. We may confidently affirm, that the Protestants engaged in them had no knowledge of any ulterior objects which they were intended to promote; but treason can work out its ends by unconscious instruments; and emissaries of sedition may have wrought upon the passions of loyal men, by inveighing against some local annoyance or oppression—and, by engaging them in lawless enterprises, may have hoped to embarrass and weaken the government, to divert attention from themselves, and to gain opportunities of which they might profit, so as to widen the separation between the crown and its most faithful subjects, and by magnifying a grievance, irritating rather than severe, to confirm a passing discontent into disaffection. In a word, the

traitors and conspirators against the throne would not disclose their purposes to the loyal Protestants of Ulster, but much would be gained to their cause if they could deprive the government of their cordial and ready support, if they could place them and the government mutually in the wrong, by lawless proceedings on the one side, and excessive severity on the other. But whatever may have been the moving principle in the northern tumult, whether there was a "general" stationed in Ulster, directing thence the enterprises of the whiteboys, who swore obedience to him in the south, and when they had been reduced for a time to inaction, who succeeded in diversifying the temporary tranquillity which followed, with the excesses of the Hearts-of-oak; or if insurrection arose naturally in the southern provinces, and the shock which convulsed Ulster was merely sympathetic, if not independent;—whether the north dictated its course of action to the south, or the south propagated its insurrectionary movement to the north, or both were comprehended in the ramifications of an all-embracing conspiracy—this much is certain—the descent of the French fleet on the northern coast, the manifestation of whiteboyism in Munster, and the entrance of the Catholic Association upon its duties in Dublin, took place in the same year—the disorders in the north, on the interruption given to Whiteboyism, a few years after. Since then, every province in Ireland has been disturbed, almost without intermission, by faction or by insurrection.

CHAP. XIX.—HOW TO "STIFLE A PLOT."—TRIAL OF FATHER SHEEHY.

While the Roman Catholic committee laboured to remove what they denominated the prejudices of Protestants, and thus to win a favourable hearing to their demands, it is obvious that the whiteboy insurrection would very seriously obstruct their efforts, unless it should be made to appear rather of that character which some of the flippant politicians of modern times ascribe to it, than what it was believed to be by well-informed Protestants. Accordingly it was represented as an "agrarian" tumult. The arrangements made to give effect to such a representation were well contrived. Every body familiar with Old Bayley

strategies in Ireland, in those days when Irish was often the language in which testimony was borne, has heard of the culprit who, while his accomplices in crime were discussing the provision they had respectively made for ensuring an acquittal—one demanding congratulations on the able "counsellor" which his share of the spoil had produced him, and another on his phalanx of undaunted witnesses—listened to them in silence, and when it came to his turn to say what he had done with his guilty gain, declared that he had not feed a lawyer or bribed a witness, and yet had as good hope as his fellows. What have you, then, to

depend on? was the natural question; and the answer silenced further inquiry—"I have the *intherpratur*." A similar policy was adopted by the apologists of insurrection. They could not deny the crime, but they could procure a misinterpretation of the causes. They gained the interpreters. Some they misled by false intelligence—some they bribed by money. Those whom they could not gain they defamed. Over all who wrote or spoke on the disorders of the country they acquired influence, or, failing to mislead, they misrepresented them; and thus they contrived that materials should be ready at hand for all who would advocate their views, while the testimonies by which truth could be ascertained should be inaccessible or disparaged. Their efforts were too cautious and too obscure to alarm Protestants to a sense of duty.

A little book was published in London in the year 1682, entitled, "A History of Popish Sham Plots, especially of the present Popish Plot, being an account of the several methods employed by them to stifle it." Whatever may now be the opinion entertained respecting the mixture of truth and falsehood in testimonies which are defended in this little volume, incidents and frauds notorious in our own time offer strong corroboration to some of its leading statements. The "methods used to stifle" the plot it declares to be these:—

"1. By disheartening the witnesses from making a discovery of it.

"2. By discouraging and taking off those that were too forward to search into it.

"3. By frequent attempts to corrupt the King's evidence.

"4. By designs to blast their credit.

"5. By endeavours to cast it on the Protestants, by forging Presbyterian plots."

Such were the contrivances ascribed to Romanism conspiring against Protestant England in the days of Charles II. The evidence of them in the "History" may or may not be conclusive; but the incidents of Irish disorder would cause us almost to forget that they have been assigned to the contrivers of the Popish plot, and to think of them as constituting part of the tacticque of our own White-boy insurrection. We do not require a more complete enumeration of the arts and practices by which that conspiracy was covered and disguised.

The case of a very remarkable person who suffered capital punishment at a time when insurrection was at its height, will furnish examples of almost all the methods of suppression enumerated by the English historian. The case to which we allude is that of the well known Father Nicholas Sheehy. We shall prefix to our account of his trial and death the representation of it given by Mr. Lewis:—

"The person who, in these disturbances, was the chief object of the enmity of the local authorities, on the alleged ground that he had incited the rioters, or assisted them with French money, was Nicholas Sheehy, parish priest of Clogheen, in the county of Tipperary. 'This man (says Dr. Curry) was giddy and officious, but not ill-meaning, with somewhat of a Quixotish cast of mind towards relieving all those within his district whom he fancied to be injured or oppressed; and setting aside his unavoidable connexion with those rioters, several hundred of whom were his parishioners, he was a clergyman of an unimpeached character in all other respects. During the disturbances, he had more than once been indicted and tried as a popish priest, but acquitted for want of evidence. At last, in 1765, the government were prevailed on to issue a proclamation offering a reward of £800 for his apprehension, as guilty of high treason. As soon as Sheehy heard of this proclamation, he wrote to the government, offering to surrender himself on condition that he might be tried, not at Clonmel, but at Dublin. This proposal having been accepted, he was tried by the Court of King's Bench, in Dublin, for rebellion, and (says Dr. Curry) after a severe scrutiny of fourteen hours, he was honourably acquitted; no evidence having appeared against him but a blackguard boy, a common prostitute, and an impeached thief, all brought out of Clonmel gaol, and bribed for the purpose of witnessing against him. Sheehy's enemies, however, were not daunted by this failure. One Bridge, who had given evidence for the crown, in some former trials against the Whiteboys, and who had recently disappeared, (having probably left the country for security,) was said to have been murdered in revenge by the associates of those against whom he had informed, and Sheehy was accused of his murder. Sheehy was accordingly sent to Clonmel, and was there tried,

convicted, and executed upon the evidence of the same three witnesses whose evidence had just been disbelieved by the Dublin jury; although Bridge's body was never found, and two witnesses of good character swore that he had privately left the kingdom a short time before he was said to have been murdered.* To this Mr. Lewis adds, in a note—"O'Leary, in his answer to Bishop Woodward's pamphlet (London, 1787), page 20, states that Bridge was reported to have been afterwards seen in New-foundland. Sheehy's innocence is confirmed by Dr. Campbell's opinion, Phil. Survey, page 298. Dr. Thos. Campbell was a great admirer of Johnson, and he is mentioned by Boswell as being the author of this work, which he published anonymously. He was also the author of 'Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland,' in the title-page of which book he is called Chancellor of St. Macartin's, Clogher."

Such is the account which Mr. Lewis adopts from Curry, of this remarkable case. It is the case and the account of it which have been uniformly produced to prove the cruelty and injustice of the Irish government. We find it difficult to pronounce whether it is more disgraceful to the Protestants who have accepted it from the original inventor, and have thus been the active retailers of his untruth, or to those of the Protestant body, who are more especially bound to know the history of their country, and who, in their indifference or their indolence, have permitted this scandalous fabrication to remain uncontradicted. There are, however, degrees of guilt in the active and passive participation in the falsehood. For example, we look on Mr. Lewis as far more culpable than Dr. Campbell, whose testimony he cites in corroboration of the statement made by Curry. The passage in which Campbell notices the case of Sheehy is as follows:—

"The only priest charged with fomenting these disorders suffered for his folly if he were guilty; but from what I have both heard and read upon this question, I am inclined to credit his own

declarations before his death, that he was innocent of the crime for which he was to suffer."—*Phil. Sur. p. 298.*

In support of this opinion, Dr. Campbell refers to a pamphlet, entitled, "A candid inquiry into the causes and motives of the late riots in Munster, in a letter to a Noble Lord in England;" and thus indicates the authority on which his belief is grounded. Mr. Curry was the author, then anonymously, now well known, of that pamphlet. Dr. Campbell's opinion, therefore, resting, as it did, on Mr. Curry's testimony, should not be received as a testimony distinct and independent from that by which it was produced. It is, in short, a repetition, and ought not to be cited as a corroboration, of Mr. Curry's statement. We do not accuse Dr. Campbell of evil design or culpable ignorance, in referring to a pamphlet of which the author was in his day probably unknown; but we hold Mr. Lewis guilty of a grave offence in pretending to prove the innocence of Father Sheehy out of the mouths of two witnesses, when he must have known there was but one, because he knew* that Mr. Curry was the author of the pamphlet from which Dr. Campbell had formed his opinion that Sheehy *might not* have been guilty.

As to Curry's account of the case of Sheehy, it is in no respect more incorrect than the other parts of his history, throughout which, every where, some atoms of misapplied truth may be detected. It is true that Sheehy was acquitted in Dublin, and that he was afterwards tried and condemned in Clonmel; but the circumstances under which he was remanded to the latter town appear, not in Curry's version of the affair, but in the following extract from *Exshaw's Magazine*, to which Mr. Curry, for another incident in the case, refers as authority:—

"Monday 10.—The Rev. Nicholas Sheehy, popish priest, was brought on his trial for high treason in his Majesty's Court of King's Bench, which held a considerable time; and the jury, before they returned with their verdict, (which acquitted him,) were out more than two hours. *In the course of the evidence,*

* "Dr. Curry was the author of an anonymous pamphlet, published in 1766, together with a brief narrative of the proceedings against the rioters, in a letter to a Noble Lord in England." "For the high opinion entertained by IMPARTIAL persons of this tract," Mr. Lewis has the courage to desire his reader to "see 'Connor's History of the Irish Catholics.'"—*Irish Dist. p. 5—Note.*

there came out a murder, in which the prisoner appeared to be so much concerned that he was committed to Newgate, in order to be sent to Clonmel to be tried for the same."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, Feb. 1766. Exshaw, Dublin.

The *Magazine* for March contains the following :—

"Mr. Nicholas Sheehy (whom we mentioned at page 127) being lately transmitted to Clonmel, has since been tried there and convicted, with one Edward Meaghan, of Clogheen, of the murder of John Bridge. To this the evidence led which appeared against him on his trial in the King's Bench. The prisoners, at their own request, were separately tried, and by different juries. In the course of the evidence an *alibi* was attempted to be proved, but in this they failed; and in the cross-examination of the evidence for the prisoners, several particulars were corroborated which had been advanced by the evidence of the crown. 'Tis said others are to be tried for this murder, and it is expected an effectual discovery will be made of the uneasinesses that have been so long kept up in that country, which are said to be of a higher nature than at first suspected. The information that led to this has been collected with much pains and hazard. In February, 1765, the government, by proclamation, offered a reward of £300 for apprehending Mr. Sheehy, as bills of high treason were found against him, to which he did not then appear, but afterwards submitted. The unfortunate Bridge lost his life for being suspected of serving government in this particular. Every step was taken to render the prosecution ineffectual, as some were committed to gaol for attempting to seduce the crown evidence."—p. 190.

The following extracts are from the *Freeman's Journal* of March 18 and 22, 1766 :—

"March 18.—We hear from Clonmel, that, on Saturday last, Lord Chief Justice Clayton and Mr. Sergeant Malone arrived there. On Monday the court sat. On Tuesday one Mandeville was found guilty of horse-stealing, and yesterday, Nicholas Sheehy, popish priest, and Edward Meaghan, of Clogheen, were, before both judges, convicted of the murder of John Bridge, by different juries. It is said, that the immediate occasion of the murder of Bridge was, that he had given informations against the priest and some others, and that he refused to take the whiteboy oath. We

also hear, that on the trial of Sheehy, he produced John Keating, of Tubberet, as evidence in his behalf, who, before he quitted court, was, by the Lord Chief Justice's order, taken into custody, being charged with the murder of a sergeant and corporal at Newmarket, in the county of Kilkenny," &c. &c.—"Kearney, a shopkeeper in the town of Clonmel, for an attempt to bribe off the crown evidence against Sheehy the priest, and several others were also taken into custody, against whom informations have been given."

"March 22.—Extract of a letter from Clonmel, dated March 15.—Yesterday the assizes ended here. Sheehy the priest and Meaghan were executed on Saturday, pursuant to their sentence. On their trials they attempted to prove an *alibi*, and that Bridge is living, in both of which they failed, and some of their witnesses on the cross-examination tended to corroborate the evidence for the crown, which was delivered so clearly and circumstantially as not to admit of the least doubt. It is said that Sheehy, since his condemnation, confessed that he knew of the murder of Bridge, but denied that he committed it."

From these statements, and from the defence set up by Mr. Curry, and adopted by Mr. O'Leary and his other followers, it is not difficult to arrive at a proper conclusion. Mr. Sheehy's innocence is vouched by his own declaration, and by the testimony offered in his defence, which Mr. Curry takes care to remind his readers, citing *Exshaw's Magazine* as authority, proceeded to the length of affirming that the man for whose murder Sheehy was tried, was seen alive after the time of his alleged death, so that he might, very probably, in the course of a few days more, be found reading the report of the trial for his imagined murder. Mr. Curry's citation is correct. Such evidence does appear in the report of the trial. To understand its value, and to understand the morality of the culprit in whose defence it was offered, it should be compared with the following passage from Mr. Sheehy's last declaration :—

"The fact is, John Bridge was destroyed by two alone, who strangled him on Wednesday night, the 24th of Oct., 1764. I was then from home, and only returned home the 28th, and then heard he had disappeared! Various were the reports; which to believe I could not pretend to; until, in the discharge of my duty, one accused himself of said fact!

May God grant the guilty true repentance, and preserve the innocent. I recommend them to your care.”*

Thus, then, according to the dying declaration of the Rev. Nicholas Sheehy, it appears that two witnesses were suborned to swear a direct and flagrant falsehood in his defence. He knew that Bridge had been murdered; and he permitted two men to perjure themselves for his sake, by swearing that the murdered man was alive. At the time when he made his dying declaration, in which he denied that he had committed the murder for which he was condemned, but made the confession which we have recited respecting his participation in perjury, there were, waiting their trial as accomplices in his crime, individuals for whose safety he was very solicitous. Surely it is not too much to say, that the man who could allow his own cause to be defended by perjury, would not scruple a falsehood to promote the cause of his friends. Wherever his declaration was believed, the evidence of witnesses for the prosecution against him and his associates would be damaged. A two-fold effect would be produced. The administration of the law would be rendered odious, and compassion would be excited in behalf of those who were regarded as wrongfully convicted or oppressed. The advantages to his party of such a declaration as Sheehy made being thus apparent, the declaration itself containing proof that he was a man who would not refuse to take such advantages as false swearing could afford, it is a natural conclusion that he would not scruple to act the part which he would allow others to act, and to bear false witness for his neighbour, which should testify *against* those only whom he looked upon as natural enemies.

However well designed and constructed, the declaration failed. The friends whom Mr. Sheehy left for trial were convicted. They, also, declared their innocence; but they were not satisfied with denouncing the witnesses against them as false and perjured. They aimed at a more important object. While Sheehy and his

associates were in prison, some valuable information had been obtained by magistrates and gentlemen of the county of Tipperary. One of the persons who was to have acted the part of a witness in Mr. Sheehy's favour, Herbert by name, was himself accused of treasonable offences, and having been arrested, became a King's evidence. From his testimony, corroborated by that of some other witnesses, it appeared that the Whiteboy system was a military organisation, bound to yield obedience to the Pretender and the King of France—that the commissioned officers took an oath to that effect, while the allegiance of the private soldiers was secured by an oath of implicit submission to their leaders.

Some of the persons to whom information to this effect was given, are said to have visited Sheehy's accomplices in prison, and to have endeavoured to procure from them further evidence respecting the conspiracy with which they had become acquainted. They wished to break it up by exposing its wickedness and absurdity, rather than by sacrificing numerous victims, and, it is probable, offered their good offices to procure a pardon for those who should prove themselves worthy of it, by assisting in their endeavours to relieve the country from disorder and disaffection. This was a charitable purpose, but it might be attended with ill consequences to rebellion. A dying declaration was called out, *in terrorem*, against activities so likely to prove pernicious. The names of the individuals who had negotiated with the culprits were divulged. The convicts declared their innocence, and proclaimed to the multitudes sworn to obey their orders that they had been offered pardon and life, if they would confess the truth of the charges against them, and furnish the government with further information. Thus they commended themselves as martyrs to their party, and marked out the individuals whom they named for victims. It was not easy to take a more effectual method of intimidating those persons who might have otherwise been active in sounding the depths of the conspiracy.†

The facts of the case for which

* *Ershaw's Magazine*, April, 1766.

† In *Ershaw's Magazine* for May and June, 1766, there are three of these declarations, two from Jas. Buxton and Jas. Farrell, said to be written by themselves, and one from Edmund Sheehy, (who appears to have been the culprit of most consequence,) not given in his own hand-writing, but subscribed by him. Farrell, in his declaration, says, “I think it conscionable to declare what the following gentlemen wanted me to

Sheehy and his associates suffered, as they may be collected from *Ershaw's Magazine*, and confirmed from other impartial sources of intelligence, are shortly these:—John Bridge was a private soldier in the Whiteboy militia, and, for some offence against their laws, was punished by a very severe whipping. Irritated by this summary infliction, the man indiscreetly made disclosures, which led, ultimately, to his giving information by which the safety of Sheehy and others was compromised. Bridge would have been produced as a King's evidence, and a scheme was skilfully contrived to turn his depositions to account. The plan was, that he should deny the truth of his informations, and thus defeat the prosecution in aid of which he was to appear as a witness. For this purpose he was compelled to attend a nocturnal meeting of his former associates, at which Mr. Sheehy (the priest) tendered him an oath by which he should become bound to bear false witness in favour of his friends. The unfortunate man hesi-

tated; the patience of some of the savages who stood near him was exhausted; and he was brutally murdered. When Sheehy was on his trial for high treason in Dublin, the circumstances of this murder were detailed, or at least referred to in evidence, and in such a manner as to render a trial for the offence matter of necessity. The trial took place, of course, in Clonmel, and it is remarkable that in his declaration, Mr. Sheehy makes no complaint on the subject.

We have more to say on the character and fate of that remarkable man; but must, for the present, forbear. We have thought his trial worthy of a distinct notice, not only because of the misrepresentations to which it has furnished occasion, but also for the insight it affords into the artifice with which, even so early, Whiteboyism endeavoured to defeat and defame the administration of justice. The methods employed to stifle the knowledge of the popish plot, as recorded in the little work to which we have referred above,

do in order to spill innocent blood, &c. &c. They answered, that by swearing against the following persons I would get my pardon." To the same effect James Buxton declares, heading the list of the persons against whom he was required to swear with the name of "Squire Wise;" "Bishop Creagh," and Lord Dunboyne's brother (then R. C. Archbishop in Cashel), with other ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome, were among the persons against whom the declarants affirmed they were required to furnish information. As to the conspiracy, Buxton thus amiably describes it:—"And as to the constitutional schemes of the Whiteboys, as far as ever I found them out in the parish of Tubrid, where I lived, I most solemnly declare before God, that nothing was meant more than the detecting thieves, rogues, and robbers, which said parish was of late remarkable for; that the parishioners joined wherever they found any such roguery committed, and by whom, to report it instantly; not to deal in tithe with any but the dean or minister, and that the tithe was of his or their immediate living."

The dying declarations were not the only contrivances resorted to for the purpose of discouraging attempts to procure information. While the trials were proceeding, threatening letters were written, one of which Mr. Bagwell received, and, retaining it until a conviction was had and sentence passed on the prisoners, produced it then in open court, and sent a copy to the *Freeman's Journal* to the following effect:—

"TO JOHN BAGWELL, ESQ.

"You parcell of heretick dogs, who have taken away Christian innocent lives, for which we will take a hundred for every one you take; you took the head off our Bishop, who was to be Primate of all Ireland; but we have one in his place, and will soon release their heads with some of yours.—I remain, your enemy,

Ershaw's Magazine, April 1766, page 267.]

"SHIVANE MESCULA."

The *Magazine* for May, in the same year, page 311, contains a letter written in a similar spirit, but longer and of a more truculent expression. It appears that the incendiaries in Kilkenny were more ambitious. The *Freeman's Journal* of May 27, 1766, (and some numbers following,) contains an advertisement from Mr. Lucas, describing a most seditious and inflammatory document, forwarded to him from Kilkenny, and circulated in Dublin, and offering a reward of fifty guineas for the conviction of the publisher and printer. Dr. Lucas having thus effectually separated between his patriotism and that of the disaffected, narrowly escaped his reward. He was attacked in the city of Dublin, on Summer-hill, on the night of July 24 or 25, and preserved by the boldness and dexterity of his servant.—See *Freeman's Journal*, Aug. 2, 1766.

were all employed in this one case of Sheehy. 1st, Witnesses were disheartened; 2nd, Magistrates were menaced, and their endeavours to ascertain the extent of the plot discouraged; 3rd, King's evidences were tampered with; 4th, Their credit was impugned; 5th, And the crime of desiring to shed innocent blood was imputed to the Protestants.

It is, we acknowledge, difficult to believe that a man can be influenced to leave this world in the deliberate commission of a lie, which may occasion the loss of life. Recent events, however, have taught us that such things

may be; and even if we had not the remembrance of the Cork assizes to instruct us, the fact that a priest could allow men to perjure themselves in his defence would render it easily intelligible that he might teach them to share also a dying declaration, so as to benefit the cause of their church and country. The conscience of a Roman Catholic is not in his own keeping. He must yield a blind obedience to his priest; and we, unhappily, have not to learn, that some of those who make merchandise of souls have little remorse or pity.

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

CHAP. XXIII.—CALAIS.

It was upon a lovely evening in autumn as the Dover steam-boat rounded the wooden pier at Calais, amid a fleet of small boats filled with eager and anxious faces, soliciting, in every species of bad English and "*patois*" French, the attention and patronage of the passengers.

"Hotel de Bain, mi lor'."

"Hotel d' Angleterre," said another, in a voice of the most imposing superiority. "C'est superbe—'pretty well.'"

"Hotel du Nord, votre Excellence—remise de poste and 'delays' (quere relays) at all hours."

"Commissionaire, mi ladi," sung out a small shrill treble from the midst of a crowded cock-boat, nearly swamped beneath our paddle-wheel.

What a scene of bustle, confusion, and excitement does the deck of a steamer present upon such an occasion. Every one is running hither or thither. "Sauve qui peut" is now the watchword; and friendships, that promised a life-long endurance only half an hour ago, find here a speedy dissolution. The lady who slept all night upon deck, enveloped in the folds of your Astracan cloak, scarcely deigns an acknowledgment of you, as she adjusts her ringlets before the looking-glass over the stove in the cabin. The polite gentleman, that would have flown for a reticule or a smelling-bottle upon the high seas, won't leave his luggage in the harbour; and the gallantry and devotion that stood the test of half a gale of wind and a wet jacket, is not proof when the safety of

a carpet-bag or the security of a "Mackintosh" is concerned.

And thus here, as elsewhere, is prosperity the touchstone of good feeling. All the various disguises which have been assumed, *per viaggio*, are here immediately abandoned, and, stripped of the travelling costume of urbanity and courtesy which they put on for the voyage, they stand forth in all the unblushing front of selfishness and self-interest.

Some tender scenes yet find their place amid the *debris* of this chaotic state. Here may be seen a careful mother adjusting innumerable shawls and handkerchiefs round the throat of a sea-green young lady, with a cough; her maid is, at the same instant, taking a tender farewell of the steward in the after cabin.

Here is a very red-faced and hot individual, with punch-coloured breeches and gaiters, disputing "one brandy too much" in his bill, and vowing that the company shall hear of it when he returns to England. There, a tall, elderly woman, with a Scotch-grey eye, and a sharp cheek-bone, is depositing within her muff various seizable articles, that, until now, had been lying quietly in her trunk. Yonder, that raw-looking young gentleman, with the crumpled frock-coat and loose cravat, and sea-sick visage, is asking every one "if they think he may land without a passport." You scarcely recognise him for the cigar-smoking dandy of yesterday, that talked as if he had lived half his life on the continent. While there, a rather pretty girl is

looking intently at some object in the blue water, beside the rudder post. You are surprised you cannot make it out; but then, she has the advantage of you, for the tall, well-looking man, with the knowing whiskers, is evidently whispering something in her ear.

"Steward, this is not my trunk—mine was a leather——"

"All the 'leathers' are gone in the first boat, sir."

"Most scandalous way of doing business."

"Trouble you for two-and-sixpence, sir."

"There's Matilda coughing again," says a thin, shrewish woman, with a kind of triumphant scowl at her better half; "but you *would* have her wear that thin shawl!"

"Whatever may be the fault of the shawl, I fancy no one will reproach her ankles for thinness," murmurs a young guardsman, as he hops up the companion ladder.

Amid all the Babel of tongues and uproar of voices, the thorough bass of the escape-steam keeps up its infernal thunders, till the very brain reels, and, sick as you have been of the voyage, you half wish yourself once more at sea, if only to have a moment of peace and tranquillity.

Numbers now throng the deck who have never made their appearance before. Pale, jaundiced, and crumpled, they have all the sea-sick look and haggard cheek of the real martyr—all except one, a stout, swarthy, brown-visaged man, of about forty, with a frame of iron, and a voice like the fourth string of a violoncello. You wonder why he should have taken to his bed: learn, then, that he is his Majesty's courier for the foreign-office, going with despatches to Constantinople, and that as he is not destined to lie down in a bed for the next fourteen days, he is glad even of the narrow resemblance to one he finds in the berth of a steam-boat. At length you are on shore, and marched off in a long string, like a gang of convicts, to the Bureau de l'octiar, and here is begun an examination of the luggage, which promises, from its minuteness, to last for the three months you destined to spend in Switzerland. At the end of an hour you discover that the *soi disant* Commissaire will transact all this affair for a few francs; and, after a tiresome wait in a filthy room, jostled, elbowed, and trampled upon, by

hoors with sabots, you adjourn to your inn, and begin to feel that you are not in England.

Our little party had but few of the miseries here recounted to contend with. My "*savoir faire*," with all modesty be it spoken, has been long schooled in the art and practice of travelling; and while our less-experienced fellow-travellers were deep in the novel mysteries of cotton stockings and petticoats, most ostentatiously displayed upon every table of the Bureau, we were comfortably seated in the handsome saloon of the Hotel du Nord, looking out upon a pretty grass-plot, surrounded with orange trees, and displaying in the middle a *jet d'eau* about the size of a walking-stick.

"Now, Mr. Lorrequer," said Mrs. Bingham, as she seated herself by the open window, "never forget how totally dependent we are upon your kind offices. Isabella has discovered already that the French of Mountjoy-square, however intelligible in that neighbourhood, and even as far as Mount-street, is Coptic and Sanscrit here; and as for myself, I intend to affect deaf and dumbness till I reach Paris, where I hear every one can speak English a little."

"Now, then, to begin my functions," said I, as I rung for the waiter, and ran over in my mind rapidly how many of the invaluable hints for my new position my present trip might afford me, "always provided" (as the lawyers say) that Lady Jane Callonby might feel herself tempted to become my travelling companion, in which case—But, confound it, how I am castle-building again. Meanwhile, Mrs. Bingham is looking as hungry and famished as though she would eat the waiter. Ha! this is the "*carte*."

"Allons faire petit souper."

"Coteléttes d'Agneau."

"Maonnaise d'Howard."

"Perdreux rouges aux truffes—mark that, aux truffes."

"Gelée au Maraschén."

"And the wine, sir," said the waiter, with a look of approval at my selection. "Champagne—no other wine, sir?"

"No," said I, "Champagne only. Pappé de Glace, of course," I added, and the waiter departed with a bow that would have graced St. James's.

As long as our immaterial and better part shall be doomed to keep company with its fleshy tabernacle, with all its attendant miseries of gout and indigestion, how much of our enjoyment in this

world is dependent upon the mere accessory circumstances by which the business of life is carried on and maintained, and to despise which is neither good policy nor sound philosophy. In this conclusion a somewhat long experience of the life of a traveller has fully established me. And no where does it press more forcibly upon the mind than when first arrived in a continental inn, after leaving the last hotels of England still fresh in your memory. I do not for a moment dispute the very great superiority in comfort of the latter, by which I would be understood to mean all those resemblances to one's own home which an English hotel so eminently possesses, and every other one so marked by wants; but I mean that in contrivances to elevate the spirit, cheer the jaded and tired wayfarer by objects which, however they may appeal to the mere senses, seem, at least, but little sensual, give me a foreign inn; let me have a large spacious saloon, with its lofty walls and its airy, large-paned windows, (I shall not object if the cornices and mouldings be gilded, because such is usually the case)—let the sun and heat of a summer's day come tempered through the deep lattices of a well-fitting "jalousie," bearing upon them the rich incense of a fragrant orange tree in blossom—and the sparkling drops of a neighbouring fountain, the gentle plash of which is faintly audible amid the hum of the drone-bee—let such be the "agremens" without—while within, let the more substantial joys of the table await, in such guise as only a French cuisine can present them—give me these, I say, and I shall never sigh for the far-famed and long-deplored comforts of a box in a coffee-room, like a pew in a parish church, though certainly not so well-cushioned, and fully as select, with a hot waiter and a cold beefsteak—the only thing higher than your game being your bill, and the only thing less drinkable than your port being the porter.

With such exotic notions, *figurez vous*, my dear reader, whether or not I felt happy as I found myself seated between my two fair friends, doing the honour of a little supper, and assisting the exhilaration of our champagne by such efforts of wit as, under favourable circumstances like these, are ever successful—and which, being like the foaming liquid which washes them down, to be swallowed without waiting, are ever esteemed good, from the ex-

citement that results, and never acerbiously canvassed for any more sterling merit. Nothing ever makes a man so agreeable as the belief that he is so; and certainly my fair companions appeared to take the most excellent idea of my powers in that respect; and I fancy, though it shall not be said, that I made more *bon mots*, hit off more epigrams, and invented more choice incidents on that happy evening, than, if now remembered, would suffice to pay my tailor's bill, when collated for Bentley's Miscellany, and illustrated by Cruikshank—alas! that, like the good liquor that seasoned them, both are gone by, and I am left but to chronicle their memory of the fun in dullness, and counterfeit the effervescence of the grape juice by soda water—one thing, however, is certain—we formed a most agreeable party; and if a feeling of gloom ever momentarily shot through my mind, it was, that evenings like these came so rarely in this work-a-day world—that each such should be looked on as our last.

If I had not already shown myself up to my reader as a *garçon volage* of the first water, perhaps I should now hesitate about confessing, that I half regretted the short space in which it should be my privilege to act as the guide and mentor of my two friends. The impetuous haste which I before felt necessary to exercise in reaching Paris immediately, was now tempered by prudent thoughts about travelling at night, and reflections upon sun-stroke by day; and even my most devoted moments to the object of my heart's aspirations were fettered by the very philosophic idea, that it could never detract from the pleasure of the happiness that awaited me, if I travelled on the primrose-path to its attainment. I argued thus: if Lady Jane be true—if—if, in a word, I am destined to have any success in the Callonby family, then will a day or two more not risk it. My present friends I shall, of course, take leave of at Paris, where their own acquaintances await them; and, on the other hand, should I be doomed once more to disappointment, I am equally certain I should feel no disposition to form a new attachment. Thus did I reason, and thus I believed; and though I was a kind of consultation opinion among my friends in "suits of love," I was really then unaware that at no time is a man so prone to fall in love as immediately after his being

jilted. If common sense will teach us not to dance a bolero upon a sprained ankle, so might it also convey the equally important lesson, not to expose our more vital and inflammatory organ to the fire the day after its being singed.

Reflections like these did not occur to me at this moment; besides that I was "going the pace" with a forty-horse power of agreeability that left me little time for thought—least of all, if serious. So stood matters. I had just filled our tall slender glasses with the creaming and "petellant" source of wit and inspiration, when the loud crack, crack, crack of a postillion's whip, accompanied by the shaking trot of a heavy team, and the roll of wheels, announced a new arrival. "Here they come," said I, "only look at them—four horses and one postillion, all apparently straggling and straying after their own fancy, but yet going surprisingly straight notwithstanding. See how they come through that narrow archway—it might puzzle the best four-in-hand in England to do it better."

"What a handsome young man, if he had not those odious moustaches. Why, Mr. Lorrequer, he knows you: see, he is bowing to you."

"Me! Oh! no. Why, surely, it must be—the devil—it is Kilkee, Lady Jane's brother. I know his temper well. One five minutes' observation of my present intimacy with my fair friends, and adieu to all hopes for me of calling Lord Callonby my father-in-law. There is not, therefore, a moment to lose."

As these thoughts revolved through my mind, the confusion I felt had covered my face with scarlet; and, with a species of blundering apology for abruptly leaving them for a moment, I ran down stairs only in time sufficient to anticipate Kilkee's questions as to the number of my apartments, to which he was desirous of proceeding at once. Our first greetings over, Kilkee questioned me as to my route—adding, that his now was necessarily an undecided one, for if his family happened not to be at Paris, he should be obliged to seek after them among the German watering-places. "In any case, Mr. Lorrequer," said he, "we shall hunt them in couples. I must insist upon your coming along with me."

"Oh! that," said I, "you must not think of. Your carriage is a *coupé*, and I cannot think of crowding you."

"Why, you don't seriously want to affront me, I hope; for I flatter myself that a more perfect carriage for two people cannot be built. Hobson made it on a plan of my own, and I am excessively proud of it, I assure you. Come, that matter is decided—now for supper. Are there many English here just now?—By-the-by, those new 'natives' I think I saw you standing with on the balcony—who are they?"

"Oh! the ladies—oh! yes, people I came over with——"

"One was pretty, I fancied. Have you supped? Just order something, will you—meanwhile, I shall write a few lines before the post leaves."—Saying which, he dashed up stairs after the waiter, and left me to my meditations.

"This begins to be pleasant," thought I, as the door closed, leaving me alone in the "salon." In circumstances of such moment, I had never felt so nonplussed as now, how to decline Kilkee's invitation, without discovering my intimacy with the Bingham—and yet I could not, by any possibility, desert them thus abruptly. Such was the dilemma. "I see but one thing for it," said I, gloomily, as I strode through the coffee-room, with my head sunk and my hands behind my back—"I see but one thing left. I must be taken ill to-night, and not be able to leave my bed in the morning—a fever—a contagious fever—blue and red spots all over me—and be raving wildly before breakfast-time; and if ever any discovery takes place of my intimacy above stairs, I must only establish it as a promonitory symptom of insanity, which seized me in the packet. And now for a doctor that will understand my case, and listen to reason, as they would call it in Ireland." With this idea uppermost, I walked out into the court-yard to look for a commissioner to guide me in my search. Around on every side of me stood the various carriages and voitures of the hotel and its inmates, to the full as distinctive and peculiar in character as their owners. "Ah! there is Kilkee's," said I, as my eye lighted upon the well balanced and elegant little carriage which he had been only with justice encomiumizing. "It is certainly perfect, and yet I'd give a handful of louis-d'ors it was like that venerable cabriolet yonder, with the one wheel and no shafts. But, alas! those springs give little hope of a break down, and

that confounded axle will outlive the patentee. But still, can nothing be done?—eh? Come, the thought is a good one—I say, garçon, who greases the wheels of the carriage here?”

“C'est moi, monsieur,” said a great oaf, in wooden shoes and a blouse.

“Well, then, do you understand these?” said I, touching the patent axle-boxes with my cane.

He shook his head.

“Then who does, here?”

“Ah! Michael understands them perfectly.”

“Then bring him here,” said I.

In a few minutes, a little shrewd old fellow, with a smith's apron, made his appearance, and introduced himself as M. Michael. I had not much difficulty in making him master of my plan, which was, to detach one of the wheels as if for the purpose of oiling the axle, and afterwards render it incapable of being replaced—at least for twenty-four hours.

“This is my idea,” said I; “nevertheless, do not be influenced by me. All I ask is, disable the carriage from proceeding to-morrow, and here are three louis-d'ors at your service.”

“Soyez bien tranquille, monsieur, mi lor shall spend to-morrow in Calais, if I know any thing of my art”—saying which he set out in search of his tools, while I returned to the salon with my mind relieved, and fully prepared to press the urgency of my reaching Paris without any delay.

“Well, Mr. Lorrequer,” said Kilkee, as I entered, “here is supper waiting, and I am as hungry as a wolf.”

“Oh! I beg pardon—I've been getting every thing in readiness for our start to-morrow morning, for I have not told you how anxious I am to get to Paris before the 8th—some family business, which requires my looking after, compelling me to do so.”

“As to that, let your mind be at rest, for I shall travel to-morrow night if you prefer it. Now for the *Vinay*. Why you are not drinking your wine. What do you say to our paying our respects to the fair ladies above stairs? I am sure the *petits soins* you have practised coming over would permit the liberty.”

“Oh! hang it, no. There's neither of them pretty, and I should rather avoid the risk of making a regular acquaintance with them,” said I.

“As you like, then—only, as you'll

not take any wine, let us have a stroll through the town.”

After a short stroll through the town, in which Kilkee talked the entire time, but of what I know not, my thoughts being upon my own immediate concerns, we returned to the hotel. As we entered the *port-cochér*, my friend Michael passed me, and as he took off his hat in salutation, gave me one rapid glance of his knowing eye that completely satisfied me that Holson's pride in my friend's carriage had by that time received quite sufficient provocation to throw him into an apoplexy.

“By-the-by,” said I, “let us see your carriage. I am curious to look at it”—(and so I was.)

“Well, then, come along, this way: they have placed it under some of these sheds, which they think coach-houses.”

I followed my friend through the court till we arrived near the fatal spot; but before reaching, he had caught a glimpse of the mischief, and shouted out a most awful imprecation upon the author of the deed which met his eye. The fore-wheel of the *coupé* had been taken from the axle, and in the difficulty of so doing, from the excellence of the workmanship, two of the spokes were broken—the patent box was a mass of rent metals, and the end of the axle turned downwards like a hoe.

I cannot convey any idea of poor Kilkee's distraction; and, in reality, my own was little short of it; for the wretch had so far outstripped my orders, that I became horrified at the cruel destruction before me. We both, therefore, stormed in the most imposing English and French, first separately and then together. We offered a reward for the apprehension of the culprit, whom no one appeared to know, although, as it happened, every one in a large household was aware of the transaction but the proprietor himself. We abused all—inkeeper, waiters, ostlers, and chambermaids, collectively and individually—condemned Calais as a den of iniquity, and branded all Frenchmen as rogues and vagabonds. This seemed to alleviate considerably my friend's grief, and excite my thirst—fortunately, perhaps, for us; for if our eloquence had held out much longer, I am afraid our auditory might have lost their patience; and, indeed, I am quite certain if our French had not been in nearly as disjointed a condition

as the spokes of the *caleche*, such must have been the case.

"Well, Mr. Lorrequer, I suppose, then, we are not destined to be fellow-travellers—for if you must go to-morrow—"

"Alas! it is imperative," said I.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE GEN D'ARME.

I had fortunately sufficient influence upon my fair friends to persuade them to leave Calais early on the morning following; and two hours before Kilkee had opened his eyes upon this mortal life, we were far upon the road to Paris.

Having thus far perfectly succeeded in my plot, my spirit rose rapidly, and I made every exertion to make the road appear short to my fellow-travellers. This part of France is unfortunately deficient in any interest from scenery; large undivided tracts of waving corn-fields, with a back-ground of apparently interminable forests, and occasionally, but rarely, the glimpse of some old time-worn chateau, with its pointed gable and terraced walk, are nearly all that the eye can detect in the intervals between the small towns and villages. Nothing, however, is "flat or unprofitable" to those who desire to make it otherwise; good health, good spirits, and fine weather, are wonderful travelling companions, and render one tolerably independent of the charms of scenery. Every mile that separated me from Calais, and took away the chance of being overtaken, added to my gaiety, and I flatter myself that a happier party have rarely travelled that well frequented road.

We reached Abbeville to dinner, and adjourned to the beautiful little garden of the inn for our coffee; the evening was so delightful that I proposed a walk on the Paris road, until the coming up of the carriage, which required a screw, or a washer, or some such trifle as always occurs in French posting. To this *la chere mama* objected, she being tired, but added, that Isabella and I might go on, and that she would take us up in half an hour. This was an arrangement so very agreeable and unlooked for by me, that I pressed Miss Bingham as far as I well could, and at last succeeded in overcoming her scruples, and permitting me to shawl her. One has always a tremendous power of argument with the uninitiated abroad, by a reference to a standard of manners

"Then, in any case, let us arrange where we shall meet, for I hope to be in Paris the day after you."

"I'll stop at Meuice."

"Meuice, be it," said he, "so now good night, till we meet in Paris."

and habits totally different from our own. Thus the talismanic words—"Oh! don't be shocked; remember you are in France," did more to satisfy my young friend's mind than all I could have said for an hour. Little did she know that in England only has an unmarried young lady any liberty, and that the standard of foreign propriety on this head is far, very far more rigid than our own.

"La première Rue à gauche," said an old man of whom I inquired the road; "et puis," added I.

"And then quite straight; it is a *chaussée* all the way, and you cannot mistake it."

"Now for it, mademoiselle," said I. "Let us see if we cannot see a good deal of the country before the carriage comes up."

We had soon left the town behind and reached a beautifully shaded high road, with blossoming fruit trees, and honeysuckle-covered cottages; there had been several light showers during the day, and the air had all the fresh fragrant feeling of an autumn evening, so tranquillizing and calming that few there are who have not felt, at some time or other of their lives, its influence upon their minds. I fancied my fair companion did so, for, as she walked beside me, her silence, and the gentle pressure of her arm, were far more eloquent than words.

If that extraordinary flutter and flurry of sensations which will now and then seize you, when walking upon a lonely country road with a pretty girl for your companion, whose arm is linked in yours, and whose thoughts, as far as you can guess at least, are travelling the same path with your own—if this be animal magnetism, or one of its phenomena, then do I swear by Mesmer, whatever it be, delusion or otherwise, it has given me the brightest moments of my life—these are the real "winged dreams" of pleasures which outlive others of more absorbing and actual interest at the time. After all, for how many of our happiest feelings are we indebted to

the weakness of our nature. The man that is wise at nineteen, "Je l'en fais mon compliment," but I assuredly do not envy him; and now, even now, when I number more years than I should like to "confess," rather than suffer the suspicious watchfulness of age to creep on me, I prefer to "go on believing," even though every hour of the day should show me, duped and deceived. While I plead guilty to this impeachment, let me show, in mitigation, that it has its enjoyments—first, although I am the most constant and devoted man breathing, as a very cursory glance at these confessions may prove, yet I have never been able to restrain myself from a propensity to make love, merely as a pastime. The gambler that sits down to play cards, a hazard against himself, may perhaps be the only person that can comprehend this tendency of mine. We both of us are playing for nothing (or love, which I suppose is synonymous;) we neither of us put forth our strength; for that very reason, and in fact like the waiter at Vauxhall who was complimented upon the dexterity with which he poured out the lemonade, and confessed that he spent his mornings "practising with water," we pass a considerable portion of our lives in a mimic warfare, which, if it seem unprofitable, is, nevertheless, pleasant.

After all this long tirade, need I say how our walk proceeded? We had fallen into a kind of discussion upon the singular intimacy which had so rapidly grown up amongst us, and which years long might have failed to engender. Our attempts to analyse the reasons for, and the nature of the friendship thus so suddenly established—a rather dangerous and difficult topic, when the parties are both young—one eminently handsome, and the other disposed to be most agreeable. Oh, my dear young friends of either sex, whatever your feelings be for one another, keep them to yourselves. I know of nothing half so hazardous as that of "comparing of notes" which sometimes happens. Analysis is a beautiful thing in mathematics or chemistry, but it makes sad havoc when applied to the "functions of the heart."

"Mamma appears to have forgotten us," said Isabella, as she spoke, after walking for some time in silence beside me.

"Oh, depend upon it, the carriage

has taken all this time to repair; but are you tired?"

"Oh, by no means; the evening is delightful, but——"

"Then perhaps you are *ennuyée*," said I, half pettishly, to provoke a disclaimer if possible. To this insidiously put quere I received, as I deserved, no answer, and again we sauntered on without speaking.

"To whom does that chateau belong, my old friend?" said I, addressing a man on the road-side.

"A Monsieur le Marquis, Sir," replied he.

"But what's his name, though?"

"Ah, that I can't tell you," replied the man again.

There you may perceive how, even yet, in provincial France the old respect for the aristocracy still survives; it is sufficient that the possessor of that fine place is "Monsieur le Marquis;" but any other knowledge of who he is, and what, is superfluous. "How far are we from the next village, do you know?"

"About a league."

"Indeed. Why I thought 'La Scarpe' was quite near us."

"Ah, you are thinking of the Amiens road."

"Yes, of course; and is not this the Amiens road?"

"Oh, no; the Amiens road lies beyond those low hills to the right. You passed the turn at the first 'barrière.'"

"Is it possible we could have come wrong?"

"Oh, Mr. Lorrequer, don't say so, I entreat of you."

"And what road is this, then, my friend?"

"This is the road to Albert and Peronne."

"Unfortunately, I believe he is quite right. Is there any cross road from the village before us now, to the Amiens road?"

"Yes; you can reach it about three leagues hence."

"And we can get a carriage at the inn probably?"

"Ah, that I am not sure of —. Perhaps at the Lion d'or you may."

"But why not go back to Abbeville."

"Oh, Mrs. Bingham must have left long since, and beside you forget the distance; we have been walking two hours."

"Now for the village," said I, as I drew my friend's arm closer within mine, and we set out in a fast walk.

Isabella seemed terribly frightened at the whole affair; what her mamma might think; and what might be her fears at not finding us on the road, and a hundred other encouraging reflections of this nature she poured forth unceasingly. As for myself, I did not know well how to think of it; my old fondness for adventure being ever sufficiently strong in me to give a relish to any thing which bore the least resemblance to one. This I now concealed, and sympathised with my fair friend upon our mishap, and assuring her, at the same time, that there could be no doubt of our overtaking Mrs. Bingham before her arrival at Amiens.

"Ah, there is the village in the valley; how beautifully situated."

"Oh, I can't admire any thing now, Mr. Lorrequer, I am so frightened."

"But surely without cause," said I, looking tenderly beneath her bonnet.

"Is this," she answered, "nothing," and we walked on in silence again.

On reaching the Lion d'or we discovered that the only conveyance to be had was a species of open market cart drawn by two horses, and in which it was necessary that my fair friend and myself should seat ourselves side by side upon straw: there was no choice, and, as for Miss Bingham, I believe if an ass with panniers had presented itself, she would have preferred it to remaining where she was. We therefore took our places, and she could not refrain from laughing as we set out upon our journey in this absurd equipage, every jolt of which threw us from side to side, and rendered every attention on my part requisite, to prevent her being upset.

After about two hours travelling we arrived at the Amiens road, and stopped at the *barrière*. I immediately inquired if a carriage had passed, resembling Mrs. Bingham's, and learned that it had, about an hour before, and that the lady in it had been informed that two persons, like those she asked after, had been seen in a *caleche* driving rapidly to Amiens, upon which she set out as fast as possible in pursuit.

"Certainly," said I, "the plot is thickening; but for that unlucky mistake she might in all probability have waited here for us. Amiens is only two leagues now, so the drive will not be long, and before six o'clock we shall all be laughing over the matter as a very good joke."

On we rattled, and, as the road became less frequented, and the shadows

lengthened, I could not but wonder at the strange situations which the adventurous character of my life had so often involved me in. Meanwhile, my fair friend's spirits became more and more depressed, and it was not without the greatest difficulty I was enabled to support her courage. I assured her, and not altogether without reason, that though so often in my eventful career accidents were occurring which rendered it dubious and difficult to reach the goal I aimed at, yet the results had so often been more than I could have anticipated, that I always felt a kind of involuntary satisfaction at some apparent obstacle to my path, setting it down as some especial means of fortune, to heighten the pleasure awaiting me; "and now," added I, "even here, perhaps, in this very mistake of our road—the sentiments I have heard—the feelings I have given utterance to —" What I was about to say, heaven knows—perhaps nothing less than a downright proposal was coming; but at that critical moment a *gen-d'arme* rode up to the side of our waggon, and surveyed us with the peculiar significant scowl his order is gifted with. After trotting alongside for a few seconds he ordered the driver to halt, and, turning abruptly to us, demanded our passports. Now our passports were, at that precise moment, peaceably reposing in the side pocket of Mrs. Bingham's carriage, I therefore explained to the *gen-d'arme* how we were circumstanced, and added, that on arriving at Amiens the passport should be produced. To this he replied that all might be perfectly true, but he did not believe a word of it—that he had received an order for the apprehension of two English persons travelling that road—and that he should accordingly request our company back to Chantaine, the *commissionnaire* of which place was his officer.

"But why not take us to Amiens," said I, "particularly when I tell you that we can then show our passports?"

"I belong to the Chantaine district," was his laconic answer; and, like the gentleman who could not weep at the sermon because he belonged to another parish, this specimen of a French Dogberry would not hear reason except in his own "*commune*."

No arguments which I could think of had any effect upon him, and amid a volley of entreaty and imprecation, both equally vain, we saw ourselves

turn back upon the road to Amiens, and set out at a round trot to Chantraine, on the route to Calais.

Poor Isabella, I really pitied her; hitherto her courage had been principally sustained by the prospect of soon reaching Amiens; now there was no seeing where our adventure was to end. Besides, that actual fatigue from the wretched conveyance began to distress her, and she was scarcely able to support herself, though assisted by my arm. What a perilous position mine, whispering consolation and comfort to a pretty girl on a lonely road, the only person near being one who comprehended nothing of the language we spoke in. Ah, how little do we know of fate, and how oft do we despise circumstances that determine all our fortunes in the world. To think that *gen-d'arme* should have any thing to do with my future lot in life, and that the real want of a passport to travel should involve the probable want of a license to marry. Yes, it is quite in keeping, thought I, with every step I have taken through life. I may be brought before the "*maire*" as a culprit, and leave him as a Benedict.

On reaching the town, we were not permitted to drive to the inn, but at once conveyed to the house of the "*commissaire*," who was also the "*maire*" of the district. The worthy functionary was long since in bed, and it was only after ringing violently for half an hour that a head, surmounted with a dirty cotton night-cap, peeped from an upper window, and seemed to survey the assemblage beneath with patient attention. By this time a considerable crowd had collected from the neighbouring ale-houses and *cabarets*, who deemed it a most fitting occasion to honor us with the most infernal yells and shouts, as indicating their love of justice, and delight in detecting knavery; and that we were both involved in such suspicion, we had not long to learn. Meanwhile the poor old *maire*, who had been an employé in the stormy days of the revolution, and also under Napoleon, and who fully concurred with Swift that "a crowd is a mob, if composed even of bishops," firmly believed that the uproar beneath in the street was the announcement of a new change of affairs at Paris, determined to be early in the field, and shouted therefore with all his lungs—"vive le peuple!"—"vive le charte!"—"à bas des autres." A tremendous shout of laughter saluted this

exhibition of unexpected republicanism, and the poor *maire* retired from the window, having learned his mistake, covered with shame and confusion.

Before the mirth caused by this blunder had subsided, the door had opened, and we were ushered into the bureau of the *commissaire*, accompanied by the anxious crowd, all curious to know the particulars of our crime.

The *maire* soon appeared, his night-cap being replaced by a small black velvet skull-cap, and his lanky figure enveloped in a tarnished silk dressing-gown; he permitted us to be seated, while the *gen-d'arme* recounted the suspicious circumstances of our travelling, and produced the order to arrest an Englishman and his wife who had arrived in one of the late Boulogne packets, and who had carried off from some banking-house money and bills for a large amount.

"I have no doubt these are the people," said the *gen-d'arme*; "and here is the '*carte descriptive*.' Let us compare it—'Forty-two or forty-three years of age.'"

"I trust, *M. le Maire*," said I, overhearing this, "that ladies do not recognize me as so much."

"Of a pale and cadaverous aspect," continued the *gen-d'arme*.

"Civil and complimentary, certainly," added I.

"Squints much with the left eye. Look at *Monsieur le Maire*, if you please, Sir," said the *gen-d'arme*.

Upon this the old functionary, wiping his spectacles with a snuffy handkerchief, as if preparing them to examine an eclipse of the sun, regarded me fixedly for several minutes, and said—"Oh, yes, I perceive it plainly; continue the description."

"Five feet three inches," said the *gen-d'arme*.

"Six feet one in England, whatever this climate may have done since."

"Speaks broken and bad French."

"Like a native," said I, "at least so said my friends in the *chaussée D'Antin*, in the year fifteen."

Here the catalogue ended, and a short conference between the *maire* and the *gen-d'arme* ensued, which ended in our being committed for examination on the morrow; meanwhile, we were to remain at the inn, under the surveillance of the *gen-d'arme*.

On reaching the inn my poor friend was so completely exhausted that she at once retired to her room, and I

proceeded to fulfil a promise I had made her to despatch a note to Mrs. Bingham at Amiens by a special messenger, acquainting her with all our mishaps, and requesting her to come or send to our assistance. This done, and a good supper smiling before me, of which with difficulty I persuaded Isabella to partake in her own room, I again regained my equanimity, and felt once more at ease.

The gen-d'arme in whose guardmanship I had been left was a fine specimen of his caste; a large and powerfully built man of about fifty, with an enormous beard of grizly brown and grey hair, meeting above and beneath his nether lip; his eyebrows were heavy and beetling, and nearly concealed his sharp grey eyes, while a deep sabre wound had left upon his cheek a long white scar, giving a most warlike and ferocious look to his features.

As he sat apart from me for some time, silent and motionless, I could not help imagining in how many a hard fought day he had borne a part, for he evidently, from his age and bearing had been one of the soldiers of the empire. I invited him to partake of my bottle of Medoc, by which he seemed flattered. When the flask became low, and was replaced by another, he appeared to have lost much of his constrained air, and seemed forgetting rapidly the suspicious circumstances which he supposed attached to me—waxed wondrous confidential and communicative, and condescended to impart some traits of a life which was not without its vicissitudes, for he had been, as I suspected, one of the "Garde"—the old garde—was wounded at Marengo, and received the *croix d'honneur* in the field of Wagram, from the hands of l'Empereur himself. The headlong enthusiasm of attachment to Napoleon, which his brief and stormy career elicited even from those who suffered long and deeply in his behalf, is not one of the least singular circumstances, which this portion of history displays. While the rigours of the conscription had invaded every family in France, from Normandy to La Vendée—while the untilled fields, the ruined granaries, the half-deserted villages—all attested the depopulation of the land, those talismanic words, "l'Empereur et la gloire," by some magic mechanism seemed all-sufficient not only to repress regret and suffering, but even

stimulate pride, and nourish valour; and even yet, when it might be supposed that like the brilliant glass of a magic lantern the gaudy pageant had passed away, leaving only the darkness and desolation behind it—the memory of those days under the empire survives untarnished and unimpaired, and every sacrifice of friends or fortune is accounted but little in the balance when the honor of La Belle France, and the triumphs of the grande armée, are weighed against them. The infatuated and enthusiastic followers of this great man would seem, in some respects, to resemble the drunkard in the Vaudreuch, who alleged as his excuse for drinking, that whenever he was sober his poverty disgusted him. "My cabin," said he, "is a cell, my wife a mass of old rags, my child a wretched object of misery and malady. But give me brandy; let me only have that, and then my hut is a palace, my wife is a princess, and my child the very picture of health and happiness;" so with these people—intoxicated with the triumphs of their nation, late *montée* with victory—they cannot exist in the horror of sobriety, which peace necessarily enforces; and whenever the subject turns in conversation upon the distresses of the time or the evil prospects of the country, they call out, not like the drunkard, for brandy, but in the same spirit they say—"Ah, if you would again see France flourishing and happy, let us once more have our *croix d'honneur*, our epaulettes, our voluntary contributions, our Murillos, our Velasquez, our spoils from Venice, and our increased territories to rule over." This is the language of the Buonapartite every where, and at all seasons, and the mass of the nation is wonderfully disposed to participate in the sentiments. The empire was the *Æneid* of the nation, and Napoleon the only hero they now believe in. You may satisfy yourself of this easily. Every *café* will give evidence of it, every society bears its testimony to it, and even the most wretched *Vaudeville*, however trivial the interest—however meagre the story, and poor the diction, let the emperor but have his "rôle"—let him be as laconic as possible, carry his hands behind his back, wear the well known low cocked-hat, and the "*redingote grise*"—the success is certain—every sentence he utters is applauded, and not a single allusion to the Pyramids, the sun of Austerlitz,

l'honneur et la vieille garde, but is sure to bring down its thunders of acclamation. But I am forgetting myself, and perhaps my reader too; the conversation of the old *gen-d'arme* had accidentally led me into reflections like these, and he was well calculated, in many ways, to call them forth. His devoted attachment—his personal love of the emperor—of which he gave me some touching instances, was admirably illustrated by an incident, which I am inclined to tell, and hope it may amuse the reader as much as it did myself on hearing it.

When Napoleon had taken possession of the papal dominions, as he virtually did, and carried off the pope, Pius VI. to Paris, this old soldier, then a musketeer in the garde, formed part of the company that mounted guard over the holy father. During the earlier months of the holy father's confinement he was at liberty to leave his apartments at any hour he pleased, and cross the court-yard of the palace to the chapel, where he performed mass. At such moments the portion of the Imperial Guard then on duty stood under arms, and received from the august hand of the pope his benediction as he passed. But one morning a hasty express arrived from the Tuilleries, and the officer on guard communicated his just received instructions to his party, that the apostolic vicar was not to be permitted to pass, as heretofore, to the chapel, and that a most rigid superintendence was to be exercised over his movements. My poor companion had his turn for duty on that ill-starred day; he had not been long at his post when the sound of footsteps approached, and he soon saw the procession which always attended the holy father to his devotions, advancing towards him; he immediately placed himself across the passage, and with his musket in rest barred the exit, declaring, at the same time, that such were his orders. In vain the priests who formed the cortege addressed themselves to his heart, and spoke to his feelings, and at last finding little success by these methods, explained to him the mortal sin and crime for which eternal

damnation itself might not be a too heavy retribution if he persisted in preventing his holiness to pass, and thus was the means of opposing an obstacle to the head of the whole Catholic church for celebrating the mass; the soldier remained firm and unmoved, the only answer he returned being, "that he had his orders, and dared not disobey them." The pope, however, persisted in his resolution, and endeavoured to get by. When the hardy veteran retreated a step and placing his musket and bayonet at the charge, called out, "*au nom de l'Empereur*," when the pious party at last yielded, and slowly retired within the palace.

Not many days after, this severe restriction was recalled, and once more the father was permitted to go to and from the chapel of the palace, at such times as he pleased, and again, as before, in passing the corridor, the guards presented arms and received the holy benediction, all except one; upon him the head of the church frowned severely, and turned his back, while extending his pious hands towards the others. "And yet," said the poor fellow, in concluding his story, "and yet, I could not have done otherwise; I had my orders and must have followed them, and had the emperor commanded it, I should have run my bayonet through the body of the holy father himself.

"Thus, you see, my dear Sir, how I have loved the emperor, for I have many a day stood under fire for him in this world, *et il faut que j'aille encore au feu pour lui après ma mort*."

He received in good part the consolations I offered him on this head, but I plainly saw they did not—could not relieve his mind from the horrible conviction he lay under, that his soul's safety for ever had been bartered for his attachment to the emperor.

This story had brought us to the end of the third bottle of *Medoc*; and, as I was neither the pope, nor had I any very decided intentions of saying mass, he offered no obstacle to my retiring for the night, and betaking myself to my bed.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE INN AT CHANTRAINE.

When contrasted with the comforts of an English bed-room in a good hotel, how miserably short does the appearance of a French one fall in the estimation of the tired traveller. In

exchange for the carpeted floor, the well curtained windows, the richly tapestried bed, the well cushioned armchair, and the innumerable other luxuries which await him; he has nought

but a narrow, uncurtained bed, a bare floor, occasionally a flagged one, three hard cane-bottomed chairs, and a looking-glass which may convey an idea of how you would look under the combined influence of the cholera, and a stroke of apoplexy, one half of your face being twice the length of the other, and the entire of it of a bluish-green tint—pretty enough in one of Turner's landscapes, but not at all becoming when applied to the "human face divine." Let no late arrival from the Continent contradict me here by his late experiences, which a stray twenty pounds and the rail-roads—"confound them for the same,") have enabled him to acquire. I speak of matters before it occurred to all Charing Cross and Cheapside to "take the water" between Dover and Calais, and inundate the world with the wit of the Cider Cellar, and the Hole in the Wall. No. In the days I write of, the travelled men of another genus and you might dine at Very's, or have your sage at "Les Italiens," without being dunned by your tailor at the one, or confronted with your washerwoman at the other. Perhaps I have written all this in the spite and malice of a man who feels that his *louis-d'or* only goes half as far now as heretofore; and attributes all his diminished enjoyments and restricted luxuries to the unceasing comment of his countrymen, whose fate, and the law of imprisonment for debt impel hither. Whether I am so far guilty or not, is not now the question; suffice it to say, that Harry Lorrequer, for reasons best known to himself, lives abroad, where he will be most happy to see any of his old and former friends who take his quarter *en route*; and in the words of a bellicose brother of the pen, but in a far different spirit, he would add, "that any person who feels himself here alluded to, may learn the author's address at his publishers." "Now let us go back to our mathorns," as Barney Coyle used to say in the Dublin Library formerly—for Barney was fond of French allusions, which occasionally too he gave in their own tongue, as once describing an interview with Lord Cloncurry, in which he broke off suddenly the conference, adding, "I told him I never could consent to such a proposition, and putting my *chateau* (*chapeau*) on my head, I left the house at once."

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning, as accompanied by the waiter, who, like others of his tribe, had be-

come a kind of somnambulist, *ex-officio*, I wended my way up one flight of stairs, and down another, along a narrow corridor, down two steps, through an anti-chamber, and into another corridor, to No. 82, my habitation for the night. Why I should have been so far conducted from the habitable portion of the house I had spent my evening in, I leave the learned in such matters to explain; as for me, I have ever remarked it, while asking for a chamber in a large roomy hotel, the singular pride with which you are ushered up grand staircases, down passages, through corridors, and up narrow back flights, till the blue sky is seen through the sky-light, to No. 199, "the only spare bed-room in the house," while the silence and desolation of the whole establishment would seem to imply far otherwise—the only evidence of occupation being a pair of dirty Wellingtons at the door of No. 72.

"Well, we have arrived at last," said I, drawing a deep sigh, as I threw myself upon a rickety chair, and surveyed rapidly my meagre-looking apartment.

"Yes, this is *Monsieur's* chamber," said the waiter, with a very peculiar look, half servile, half droll. "*Madame se couche*, No. 28."

"Very well, good night," said I closing the door hastily, and not liking the farther scrutiny of the fellow's eye, as he fastened it on me, as if to search what precise degree of relationship existed between myself and my fair friend, whom he had called "*Madame*" purposely to elicit an observation from me. "Ten to one though," said I, as I undressed myself, "but they think she is my wife—how good—but again—aye it is very possible, considering me, and in France. *Numero vingt-huit*, quite far enough from this part of the house, I should suppose from my number—that old *gen-d'arme* was a fine fellow—what strong attachment to Napoleon; and the story of the pope; I hope I may remember *that*. Isabella, poor girl—this adventure must really distress her—hope she is not crying over it—what a devil of a hard bed—and it is not five feet long too—and, bless my soul, is this all by way of covering; why I shall be perished here. Oh! I must certainly put all my clothes over me in addition, unfortunately there is no hearth-rug—well, there is no help for it now—so let me try to sleep—*numero vingt-huit*. How long I remain

uneasy, fitful slumber, I cannot tell ; but I awoke shivering with cold—puzzled to tell where I was, and my brain addled with the broken fragments of half a dozen dreams, all mingling and mixing themselves with the unpleasant realities of my situation. What an infernal contrivance for a bed, thought I, as my head came thump against the top, while my legs projected far beyond the foot-rail ; the miserable portion of clothing over me at the same time being only sufficient to temper the night air, which in autumn is occasionally severe and cutting. This will never do. I must ring the bell and rouse the house, if only to get a fire, if they don't possess such a thing as blankets. I immediately rose, and groping my way along the wall endeavoured to discover the bell, but in vain ; and for the same satisfactory reason that Von Trail did not devote one chapter of his work on "Iceland" to "snakes," because there were none such there. What was now to be done ? About the geography of my present abode I knew, perhaps, as much as the public at large know about Coppermine river and Behring's straits. The world, it was true, was before me, where to choose admirable things for an epic ; but decidedly an unfortunate circumstance for a very cold gentleman in search of a blanket. Thus thinking, I opened the door of my chamber, and not in any way resolved how I should proceed, I stepped forth into the long corridor, which was dark as midnight itself.

Tracing my path along the wall, I soon reached a door which I in vain attempted to open ; in another moment I found another, and another, each of which were locked. Thus along the entire corridor I felt my way, making every effort to discover where any of the people of the house might have concealed themselves, but without success. What was to be done now ? It was of no use to go back to my late abode, and find it comfortless as I left it ; so I resolved to proceed in my search ; by this time I had arrived at the top of a small flight of stairs, which I remembered having come up, and which led to another long passage similar to the one I had explored, but running in a transverse direction ; down this I now crept, and reached the landing, along the wall of which I was guided by my hand, as well for safety as to discover the architrave of some friendly door, where the inhabitant

might be sufficiently Samaritan to lend some portion of his bed-clothes ; door after door followed in succession along this confounded passage, which I began to think as long as the gallery of the lower one ; at last, however, just as my heart was sinking within me from disappointment, the handle of a lock turned, and I found myself inside a chamber. How was I now to proceed ? for if this apartment did not contain any of the people of the hotel, I had but a sorry excuse for disturbing the repose of any traveller who might have been more fortunate than myself in the article of blankets. To go back, however, would be absurd, having already taken so much trouble to find out a room that was inhabited—for that such was the case, a short thick snore assured me—so that my resolve was at once made, to waken the sleeper, and endeavour to interest him in my destitute situation. I accordingly approached the place where the nasal sounds seemed to issue from, and soon reached the post of a bed. I waited for an instant, and then began, "Monsieur, voulez vous bien me permettre—"

"As to short whist, I never could make it out, so there is an end of it," said my unknown friend, in a low, husky voice, which, strangely enough, was not totally unfamiliar to me ; but when or how I had heard it before, I could not then think.

Well, thought I, he is an Englishman at all events, so I hope his patriotism may forgive my intrusion, so here goes once more to rouse him, though he seems a confoundedly heavy sleeper. "I beg your pardon, sir, but unfortunately in a point like the present, perhaps—"

"Well, do you mark the points, and I'll score the rubber," said he.

"The devil take the gambling fellow's dreaming," thought I, raising my voice at the same time.

"Perhaps a cold night, Sir, may suffice as my apology."

"Cold, oh, ay ! put a hot poker in it," muttered he ; "a hot poker, a little sugar, and a spice of nutmeg—nothing else—then it's delicious."

"Upon my soul, this is too bad," said I to myself. "Let us see what shaking will do. Sir, Sir, I shall feel obliged by—"

"Well there, don't shake me and I'll tell you where I hid the cigars—they are under my straw hat in the window."

"Well, really," thought I, "if this

gentleman's confessions were of an interesting nature, this might be good fun ; but as the night is cold, I must close the 'séance,' so here goes for one effort more.

"If, Sir, you could kindly spare me even a small portion of your bed clothes."

"No, thank you, no more wine ; but I'll sing with pleasure ;" and here the wretch, in something like the voice of a frog with the quinsy, began, "I'd mourn the hopes that leave me." "You shall mourn something else for the same reason," said I, as, losing all patience, I seized quilt and blankets by the corner, and with one vigorous pull wrenched them from the bed ; I darted from the room—in a second I was in the corridor, trailing my spoil behind—which in my haste I had not time to collect in a bundle. I flew rather than run along the passage, reached the stairs, and in another minute had reached the second gallery, but not before I heard the slam of a door behind me, and the same instant the footsteps of a person running along the corridor, who could be no other than my pursuer, effectually aroused by my last appeal to charity. I darted along the dark and narrow passage ; but soon to my horror discovered that I must have passed the door of my chamber, for I had reached the foot of a narrow back stair, which led to the grenier and the servants' rooms, beneath the roof. To turn now would only have led me plump in the face of my injured countryman, of whose thews and sinews I was perfectly ignorant, and did not much like to venture upon. There was little time for reflection, for he had now reached the top of the stair, and was evidently listening for some clue to guide him on ; stealthily and silently, and scarcely drawing breath, I mounted the narrow stairs, step by step ; but before I had arrived at the landing, he heard the rustle of the bed-clothes, and again gave chase. There was something in the unrelenting ardour of his pursuit, which suggested to my mind the idea of a most uncompromising foe ; and as fear added speed to my steps, I dashed along beneath the low-roofed passage, wondering what chance of escape might yet present itself. Just at this instant, the hand by which I had guided myself along the wall, touched the handle of a door—I turned it—it opened—I drew in my precious bundle, and closing the door

noiselessly sat down, breathless and still, upon the floor.

Scarcely was this, the work of a second, accomplished, when the heavy tread of my pursuer resounded on the floor.

"Upon my conscience it's strange if I hav'n't you now, my friend," said he ; "You're in a *cul de sac* here, as they say, if I know any thing of the house ; and faith I'll make a salad of you, when I get you, that's all. Devil a dirtier trick ever I heard tell of."

Need I say that these words had the true smack of an Irish accent, which circumstance, from whatever cause, did not by any means tend to assuage my fears in the event of discovery.

However, from such a misfortune, my good genius now delivered me ; for after traversing the passage to the end, he at last discovered another which led by a long flight to the second story, down which he proceeded, venting at every step his determination for vengeance, and his resolution not to desist from the pursuit, if it took the entire night for it.

"Well now," thought I, "as he will scarcely venture up here again, and as I may, by leaving this, be only incurring the risk of encountering him, my best plan is to stay where I am, if it be possible. With this intent I proceeded to explore the apartment, which, from its perfect stillness, I concluded to be unoccupied. After some few minutes groping I reached a low bed, fortunately empty, and although the touch of the bed clothes led to no very favourable augury of its neatness or elegance, there was little choice at this moment, so I rolled myself up in my recent booty, and resolved to wait patiently for day-break to regain my apartment.

As always happens in such circumstances, sleep came on me unawares—so at least every one's experience I am sure can testify, that if you are forced to awake early to start by some morning coach, and that unfortunately you have not got to bed till late at night, the chances are ten to one, that you get no sleep whatever, simply because you are desirous for it. But make up your mind ever so resolutely that you'll not sleep, and whether your determination be built on motives of propriety, duty, convenience, or health, and the chances are just as strong, that you will sound and snoring before the

How many a man has

possible, with every effort of his heart and brain aiding his good wishes, to sit with unclosed eyes and ears through a dull sermon in the dog-days; how many an expectant, longing heir has yielded to the drowsy influence when endeavouring to look contrite under the severe correction of a lecture on extravagance from his uncle. Who has not felt the irresistible tendency to "drop off" in the half hour before dinner at a stupid country-house? I need not catalogue the thousand other situations in life infinitely more "sleep-compelling" than Morphine; for myself, my pleasantest and soundest moments of perfect forgetfulness of this dreary world and all its cares, have been taken in an oaken bench, seated bolt upright and *vis à vis* to a lecturer on botany, whose calming accents, united with the softened light of an autumnal day, piercing its difficult rays through the narrow and cobwebbed windows, the odour of the recent plants and flowers aiding and abetting, all combined to steep the soul in sleep, and you sank by imperceptible and gradual steps into that state of easy slumber, in which "come no dreams," and the last sounds of the lecturer's "hypo-genous and perigenous," died away, becoming beautifully less, till as your senses sank into rest, the syllables rigging us, rigging us, seemed to melt away in the distance and fade from your memory—Peace be with you, Doctor A. If I owe gratitude anywhere I have my debt with you. The very memory I bear of you has saved me no inconsiderable sum in hop and henbane. Without any assistance from the sciences on the present occasion, I was soon asleep, and woke not till the cracking of whips, and trampling of horses' feet on the pavement of the coach-yard apprised me that the world had risen to its daily labour, and so should I. From the short survey of my present chamber which I took on waking, I conjectured it must have been the den of some of the servants of the house upon occasion—two low truckle-beds of the meanest description lay along the wall opposite to mine; one of them appeared to have been slept in during the past night, but by what species of animal the Fates alone can tell. An old demi-peak saddle, capped and tipped with brass, some rusty bits, and stray stirrup-irons lay here and there upon the floor; while upon a species of clothes-rack, attached to a rafter, hung a tarnished suit of

postillion's livery, cap, jacket, leathers, and jack-boots, all ready for use; and evidently from their arrangement supposed by the owner to be a rather creditable "turn out."

I turned over these singular habiliments with much of the curiosity with which an antiquary would survey a suit of chain armour; the long epaulettes of yellow cotton cord, the heavy belt with its brass buckle, the cumbrous boots, plaited and bound with iron like churns, were in rather a ludicrous contrast to the equipment of our light and jockey-like boys in nankeen jackets and neat tops, that spin along over our level meadows.

"But," thought I, "it is full time I should get back to No. 82, and make my appearance below stairs;" though in what part of the building my room lay, and how I was to reach it without my clothes, I had not the slightest idea. A blanket is an excessively comfortable article of wearing apparel when in bed, but as a walking costume, is by no means convenient nor appropriate; while to making a *sorti en sauvage*, however appropriate during the night, there were many serious objections if done "in plain form," and that the whole establishment was awake and active; the noise of mopping, scrubbing, and polishing, which is eternally going forward in a foreign inn amply testified there was nothing which I could adopt in my present naked and forlorn condition, save the bizarre and ridiculous dress of the postillion, and I need not say the thought of so doing presented nothing agreeable. I looked from the narrow window out upon the tiled roof, but without any prospect of being heard if I called ever so loudly.

The infernal noise of floor-cleaving, assisted by a Norman peasant's, "*chanson du pays*," the time being well marked by her heavy sabots, gave even less chance to me within; so that after more than half an hour passed in weighing difficulties, and canvassing plans, upon donning the blue and yellow, and setting out for my own room without delay, hoping sincerely, that with proper precaution, I should be able to reach it unseen and unobserved.

As I laid but little stress upon the figure I should make in my new habiliments, it did not cause me much mortification to find that the clothes were considerably too small, the jacket scarcely coming beneath my arms, and the sleeves being so short that my hands and wrists projected beyond

the cuffs like two enormous claws; the leathers were also limited in their length, and when drawn up to a proper height, permitted my knees to be seen beneath, like the short costume of a Spanish Tauredor, but scarcely as graceful; not wishing to encumber myself in the heavy and noisy masses of wood, iron, and leather, they call "*les bottes fortes*," I slipped my feet into my slippers, and stole gently from the room. How I must have looked at the moment I leave my reader to guess, as with anxious and stealthy peace I crept along the low gallery that led to the narrow staircase, down which I proceeded, step by step; but just as I reached the bottom, I perceived, a short distance from me, with her back turned towards me, a short, squat peasant on her knees, belabouring with a brush the well waxed floor; to pass, therefore, unobserved was impossible, so that I did not hesitate to address her, and endeavour to interest her in my behalf, and enlist her as my guide.

"Bon jour, ma chere," said I in a soft insinuating tone; she did not hear me, so I repeated,

"Bon jour, ma chere, bon jour."

Upon this she turned round, and looking fixedly at me for a second, called out in a thick pathos, "*Ah, le bon Dieu! qu'il est drole comme ça Francois, savez vous, mais il n'est pas Francois;*" saying which, she sprung from her kneeling position to her feet, and with a speed that her shape and sabots seemed little to promise, rushed down the stairs as if she had seen the devil himself.

"Why, what is the matter with the woman," said I, "surely if I am not Francois—which God be thanked is true—yet I cannot look so frightful as all this would imply." I had not much time given me for consideration now, for before I had well deciphered the number over a door before me, the loud noise of several voices on the floor beneath attracted my attention, and the moment after the heavy tramp of feet followed, and in an instant the gallery was thronged by the men and women of the house—waiters, hostlers, cooks, scullions, filles de chambre, mingled with gens-d'armes, peasants, and town's people, all eagerly forcing their way up stairs; yet all, on arriving at the landing-place, seeming disposed to keep at a respectful distance, and bundling themselves at one end of the corridor, while I, feelingly alive to the

ridiculous appearance I made, occupied the other—the gravity with which they seemed at first disposed to regard me soon gave way, and peal after peal of laughter broke out, and young and old, men and women, even to the most farouche gens-d'armes, all appearing incapable of controlling the desire for merriment my most singular figure inspired; and unfortunately this emotion seemed to promise no very speedy conclusion; for the jokes and witticisms made upon my appearance threatened to renew the festivities, *ad libitum*.

"Régardez donc ses épaules," said one.

"Ah, mon Dieu! Il me fait l'idée d'un grenouille avec ses jambes jaunes," cried another.

"Il vaut son pesant de fromage pour une Vaudeville," said the director of the strolling theatre of the place.

"I'd give seventy francs a week, 'd'appointment,' and 'Scribe' shall write a piece express for himself, if he'll take it."

"May the devil fly away with your grinning baboon faces," said I, as I rushed up the stairs again, pursued by the mob at full cry; scarcely, however, had I reached the top step, when the rough hand of the gen-d'arme seized me by the shoulder, while he said in a low, husky voice, "*c'est inutile, Monsieur, you cannot escape—the thing was well contrived, it is true; but the gens-d'armes of France are not easily outwitted, and you could not have long avoided detection, even in that dress.*" It was my turn to laugh now; which, to their very great amazement, I did, loud and long; that I should have thought that my present costume could ever have been the means of screening me from observation, whatever it might have been calculated to attract it, was rather too absurd a supposition even for the mayor of a village to entertain; besides, it only now occurred to me that I was figuring in the character of a prisoner. The continued peals of laughing which this mistake on their part elicited from me seemed to afford but slight pleasure to my captor, who gruffly said—

"When you have done amusing yourself, Mons. Amis, perhaps you will do us the favour to come before the mayor."

"Certainly," I replied; "but you will first permit me to resume my

own clothes, for I am quite sick of masquerading '*en postillon*.'"

"Not so fast, my friend," said the suspicious old follower of Fouché—"not so fast; it is but right the *maire* should see you in the disguise you attempted your escape in. It must be specially mentioned in the *procès verbal*."

"Well, this is becoming too ludicrous," said I. "It need not take five minutes to satisfy you why, how, and where I put on these confounded rags—"

"Then tell it to the *maire*, at the Bureau."

"But for that purpose it is not necessary I should be conducted through the streets in broad day, to be laughed at. No, positively, I'll not go. In my own dress I'll accompany you with pleasure."

"Victor, Henri, Guillaume," said the *gen-d'arme*, addressing his companions, who immediately closed round me. "You see," added he, "there is no use in resisting."

Need I recount my own shame and ineffable disgrace? Alas! it is too, too true. Harry Lorrequer—whom Stultze entreated to wear his coats, the ornament of Hyde Park, the last appeal in dress, fashion, and equipage—was obliged to parade through the mob of a market-town in France, with four *gens-d'armes* for his companions, and he himself habited in a mongrel character—half postillion, half Delaware Indian. The incessant yells of laughter—the screams of the children, and the outpouring of every species of sarcasm and ridicule, at my expense, were not all—for, as I emerged from the *port-cochée*, I saw Isabella in the window: her eyes were red with weeping; but no sooner had she beheld me, than she broke out into a fit of laughter that was audible even in the street.

Rage had now taken such a hold upon me, that I forgot my ridiculous appearance in my thirst for vengeance. I marched on through the grinning crowd, with the step of a martyr. I suppose my heroic bearing and warlike deportment must have heightened the drollery of the scene; for the devils only laughed the more. The bureau of the *maire* could not contain one-tenth of the anxious and curious individuals who thronged the entrance, and for about twenty minutes the whole efforts of the *gens-d'armes* were little enough to keep order and maintain

silence. At length the *maire* made his appearance, and, accustomed as he had been for a long life to scenes of an absurd and extraordinary nature, yet the ridicule of my look and costume was too much, and he laughed outright. This was of course the signal for renewed mirth for the crowd, while those without doors, infected by the example, took up the jest, and I had the pleasure of a short calculation, *à la Babbage*, of how many maxillary jaws were at that same moment wagging at my expense.

However, the examination commenced; and I at length obtained an opportunity of explaining under what circumstances I had left my room, and how and why I had been induced to don this confounded cause of all my misery.

"This may be all very true," said the mayor, "as it is very plausible; but if you have evidence to prove what you have stated—"

"If it's evidence is only wanting, Mr. Maire, I'll confirm one part of the story," said a voice from the crowd, in an accent and tone that assured me the speaker was my injured proprietor of the stolen blankets. I turned round hastily to look at my victim, and what was my surprise to recognize a very old Dublin acquaintance, Mr. Fitzmaurice O'Leary.

"Good morning, Mr. Lorrequer," said he; "this is mighty like our old practices in College-green; but upon my conscience the *maire* has the advantage of Gabbet. It's lucky for you I know his worship, as we'd call him at home, or this might be a serious business. Nothing would persuade them that you were not Lucien Buonaparte, or the iron mask, or something of that sort, if they took it in their heads."

Mr. O'Leary was good as his word. In a species of French, that I'd venture to say would be perfectly intelligible in Mullingar, he contrived to explain to the *maire* that I was neither a runaway nor a swindler, but a very old friend of his, and consequently *sans reproche*. The official was now as profuse of his civilities as he had before been of his suspicions, and most hospitably pressed us to stay for breakfast. This, for many reasons, I was obliged to decline—not the least of which was, my impatience to get out of my present costume. We accordingly procured a carriage, and I returned to the hotel, screened from the gaze but still accom-

panied by the shouts of the mob, who evidently took a most lively interest in the entire proceeding.

I lost no time in changing my costume, and was about to descend to the saloon, when the master of the house came to inform me that Mrs. Bingham's courier had arrived with the carriage, and that she expected us at Amiens as soon as possible.

"That is all right. Now, Mr. O'Leary, I must pray you to forgive all the liberty I have taken with you, and also permit me to defer the explanation of many circumstances which seem at present strange, till——"

"Till *sine dié*, if the story be a long one, my dear Sir—there's nothing I hate so much, except cold punch."

"You are going to Paris," said I; "is it not so?"

"Yes, I'm thinking of it. I was up at Trolhätten, in Norway, three weeks ago, and I was obliged to leave it hastily, for I've an appointment with a friend in Geneva."

"Then how do you travel?"

"On foot, just as you see, except that I've a tobacco bag up stairs, and an umbrella."

"Light equipment, certainly; but you must allow me to give you a set-down as far as Amiens, and also to present you to my friends there."

To this Mr. O'Leary made no objection; and as Miss Bingham could not bear any delay, in her anxiety to join her mother, we set out at once—the only thing to mar my full enjoyment at the moment being the sight of the identical vestments I had so lately figured, bobbing up and down before my eyes for the whole of the stage, and leading to innumerable mischievous allusions from my friend Mr. O'Leary, which were far too much relished by my fair companion.

At twelve we arrived at Amiens, when I presented my friend Mr. O'Leary to Mrs. Bingham, and for whom I shall do the same to my readers one month hence.

THOUGHTS ON PASSING THINGS.—NO. I.

WHEN one thinks what a frightful instrument for good or evil popular eloquence is, the "*Flexanima atque omnia regina rerum oratio*," it were to be wished we could bring into practical working the celebrated law of the Athenians, viz. "That no orator should be permitted to intermeddle in public affairs, until his moral character had undergone a careful scrutiny." Had I a vote on the occasion, above all living men (not even excepting the Daniel O'Connells, and Whittle Harveys) I would give it for excluding Lord Brougham. He comes up more to what an able French writer has said of Cicero, than any man living, viz. "*Il étoit un grand esprit et une ame foible, c'est pour cela, qu'il fut un grand orateur et homme d'état mediocre*." But though these were marked defects in Cicero's character, still one can see the strong Roman love of country lifting him out of himself, and his own mere concerns, to use his own beautiful expression, "*omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est*;" whereas, with Brougham it is *self* exclusively that is at work; and further, it is the selfish passion in (if not its worst) at least its most disgusting aspect—a restless vanity, a contemptible, craving, impotent lust of praise, no matter from what quarter it

may come, or by what sacrifice of consistency it may be obtained.

As to O'Connell, there is something dispraisably praiseworthy about him—something approaching to the *splendide mendax*. There is what the painters would call a bold breadth of manner in his ruffianism. It is true, if there be any genuinely philanthropic person at present employed in preparing his public harangues for the benefit of posterity, they would present as extraordinary a double column of *adversaria* as ever was offered to the public gaze; but still there is the one grand principle apparent throughout, viz. the extermination of every thing bearing the name of Saxon in the Emerald Isle, and the establishment of Popish ascendancy in its most high and palmy state. Doubtless, he would not like to see that ascendancy wielded by any one but himself; but still circumstances enable him to disguise the selfish feeling under the mask of public spirit, and if he does turn and twist on public questions, and change his opinion as to public men—if he slanders one day and bites the next—it is because his acquiescence or opposition, his praise and invective, are solely determined by their tendency to serve or obstruct his purpose; and, according as circumstances change, he takes up or flings

to the winds opinions and individuals. "What," says Lord Stanley, "will he bring his power?" Such is the explanation of O'Connell's conduct. He is the leader of a large politico-religious party, and when we consider the latitude that the religious creed of that party allows, the pair-of-breeches conscience which it encourages, perhaps there is nothing peculiarly reprehensible in it.

But of what party is Brougham? Surely of none. He fights on his own account like old Nestor, *Kai maxijun na' iu' airidylas*. At one period his speeches breathe the spirit of mild Conservatism, (see, for instance his famous speech, when chancellor, in which he put the rights of the clergy to their tithe on the same footing as that of landlords to their rents.) At another time he out-Durhams Durham—becomes a maudlin orator of the human race—cries out for ballot—universal suffrage—calls for the sympathies of the world in behalf of the Canadian rebels, about the most uninteresting batch of patriots, with the exception of those nearer home, that ever disturbed the peace and prosperity of a country. This is what renders him the most peculiarly untrustworthy man we know as a member of the legislature. We can pardon the man,

"Who, born for the universe, narrows his mind,
And to party gives up what was meant for man.
kind ;"

because, in a government like ours, we are inclined to agree with Edmund Burke's principle, that a man, to effect any public good, must adhere to some party; nay, even that he must occasionally merge his own sense of what is right, sooner than by an inflexible adherence to his own opinion, lead to the dissolution of that party; but that a man should allow his own morbid and wounded vanity to be his sole prompter—that he should rush into the field with such blind fury as that such a "puny whipster" as Lord Glenelg should get his sword, and give him the unmerciful scourging that he did, this is certainly amongst the most deplorable but instructive instances of human infirmity; and amply confirms Johnson's fine sentence, that minds become enfeebled in their powers when they are lowered in their aims and purposes. He is now an Anacharsis Cloots—an orator of the human race; all the oppressed come under the wide wings of his protec-

tion—Canadian rebels—West Indian slaves—Irish tithe agitators—the bitterness of disappointed ambition being at the bottom of all. He can say, with full as much truth as another incendiary, "*Injuriis contumelisque concitatus, quod fructu laboris industriæque meæ privatus statim dignitatis non obtinebam, publicam miserorum causam pro mea consuetudine suscepi.*" By the way, did the miscreant Cataline really write this letter, and let the cat out of the bag so completely? or is it an invention of Sallust's own—a bitter satirical exposure of the real motives of most of our mouthy patriots? "I have lost all I was looking for myself, and I am now ready to help others to find their own—ready for any plan of confiscation anarchy or rebellion."

THE POOR LAW.

A parish meeting on Wednesday next. A meeting to provide for unforeseen and general distress, and for one of our periodical and not unfrequent epidemics. This year it may succeed, but with what hope will the next meeting for a similar purpose be called upon for contributions? The poor law, in good truth, may soon become a doubtful term, and cynics will speculate with bitter irony, on its meaning. If there are to be poor for whom it will provide relief, there will be poor also whom it will prepare for the relief of the overseer. Amiable compensation! And so the world goes round. Well, at all events, we shall not be in the condition of the prodigals in Young's Satire,

"Who build a house from which to run away."

We shall perhaps have our share in the hospitalities of the work-house.

But to return to my sore annoyance and apprehension;—with what hope can we henceforth assemble the fathers of the hamlet when sickness or sudden distress have fallen upon the poor? The law will afford no relief, and it will have taken away heart as well as means from those whose purses are now open, when want makes a supplication to them. Whom will the poor law serve? Commissioners—profiteers—idlers; and, while the work-houses are in process of erection, carpenters, masons, and labourers, with the long file of architects, accountants, surveyors, engineers, guardians, police, *et hoc genus omne*. Who will suffer from it? The charitable gentry of small fortunes, resident in the country

—the parsons—the farmers—who will be taxed heavily, not to relieve distress from the presence of which they are themselves relieved by the law, but to maintain a costly train of overseers, and guardians, and commissioners, who will learn at least one Scriptural truth, and will take care to make it generally understood — “the poor shall never cease from the land.” *They* will be the better for the taxes by which industry is to be heavily burdened, and which shall take away from benevolence the power by which it should ever be seconded. But the poor, in whom we should feel the liveliest concern—the decent householders who maintain themselves by unintermitting toil, and to whose wants, when sickness or disaster has overtaken them, we would gladly minister—they are not made of the stuff for which the poor law is shapen, and we shall, in all probability, soon be left without the means to relieve them in the event of some occasional calamity depressing them. They must die in their wretched hovels, or they must swell the aggregate of squalid and shameless misery for which our work-houses are to open a market.

How will the law affect absentees? It will enable the griping and hard-hearted to profit by the generosity of more liberal and more honest proprietors. It will hand over to the merciless and niggard the rich gift pilfered from the mansion of the hospitable. It will enable uncharitable A to crowd his lands with wretches whom his exactions render paupers, and for whose maintenance as slaves under him, he makes his benevolent neighbour B furnish large contributions. Will B suffer this? I trow not long; and thus, instead of improving bad landlords into Christians, this rigid law (not meaning a pun) will change good landlords into Jews. This is a vile phrase; but it shall serve. The law is unfit for this country and for these times. I wish my Lord duke or my Lord John had read Schiller's or Coleridge's *Piccolomini*, and pondered on the sage *Jeni's* advice, before they put us in the livery of England.

“My son, there's nothing insignificant—*Nothing!* But yet, in every earthly thing First and most principal is *time and place.*”

THE BALLOT.

Admirable voters we shall have, when they can safely indulge their inclinations under the cover of secrecy.

“Modest merit ever shuns the light.”

There is an objection, however, to the modesty of the modern shurkers, or to the season rather, at which they think proper to display it. We were told, in their behalf, when the great measure of reform was to be carried, that we might rely on them for the faithful discharge of the duties with which they were to be entrusted. The uprightness, the discrimination, the boldness of the middle classes, and of the constituency which was to be created, could not sufficiently be eulogized. These promises, and the advocacy which recommended them, prevailed. The nation gave them the elective franchise, knowing that it was risking much, but encouraged by the remembrance that the powers it bestowed were not to be exercised in the dark. It said, we admit you, if you desire the honor, to the privilege, with the attendant inconveniences, of open voting. Have you firmness enough to brave the inconveniences? If you have, we hold you worthy the honor with which they are associated. The aspirants for political power answered, we have firmness; and they were enrolled among the freemen and freeholders of this great empire. How do they now behave? They say—we are not bold enough to exercise our privileges in open day—purchase our false and coward services by enabling us to render them in secret.

They pretend that the practice of balloting in clubs and other societies, is a precedent of which they may have the benefit. The cases are wholly unlike. The members of clubs choose their associates—men who are to sit with them at table—who are to share with them in familiar conversation—who should, consequently, enter into their society without prejudice against any of its members. In such circumstances, vote by ballot is convenient and unobjectionable. The parliamentary candidate is to be the representative, not the companion, of those by whom he has been elected. He is to discharge a public duty. The society into which he obtains admittance, is not that in which he has been elected. It has, moreover, the advantage of having, at least, two parties, in one of which he becomes politically domesticated. No one of the necessities, which enforce the vote by ballot on clubs, can take effect here, on either constituents or representatives. The analogy, therefore, fails.

But what evil can arise from letting

men vote, safely, according to their inclinations? The evil of enabling them to gratify, without detriment to their worldly interest, inclinations which are depraved. The evil is not to be measured by any thing occurring in the present condition of our affairs. While votes must be given in the open light of day, candidates will not bid up to the demands of base dishonesty. They will not propose an abolition of debts, *novæ tabulæ*, while creditors as well as debtors are cognizant of the votes recorded in their favour. They will not propose the clumsy schemes of the Spences and the Owens, while landlords as well as labourers can see who betray their dishonesty by promoting them. But, take away publicity, encourage the scoundrelism of the candidate to show itself, by enabling the scoundrelism of the voter to lie hid, and then you will have schemes of iniquity and spoliation boldly propounded, such as shall soon familiarise the public mind to practices conformable to the bad principles which shall be brought into fashion. Heathen swindlers prayed in secret for a successful issue to their frauds. Their goddess could hear what was to human sense inaudible. Men must ask votes aloud, and must openly state their pretensions. Knaves are now deterred from revealing their hidden wickedness, because knavish voters would find it inconvenient to display their congenial dispositions. Let us have the ballot, and we shall soon have a parliament composed of members, whose principles and policy are of the kind which ever thrive best in darkness. I would give the ballot-mongers a motto. It should be,

*Pulchra Laverna
Noctem peccatis, et fraudibus obliis nubem.*

REPEAL OF THE CORN LAWS.

It would be wrong to say, that the people, personified under the character of John Bull, are the most gullible of civilised men; but it may be boldly and truly affirmed that the gullible portion of Englishmen have more power in determining the fortunes of England, than has been assigned in any well-governed people to the "*nati consu-*

mere fruges." What a fearful consideration it is, that such a rabble-roust as may be scowered from the "dismal swamps" or dingy lanes and poddles of Brummagem and its dependencies, shall have their sweet voices heard while invoking the curse of famine and foreign despotism upon their too forbearing country. Repeal of the corn laws! cheap loaf! What menaces against the innocent children of the wretches who utter the senseless cry! What menaces against the country!

Repeal of the corn laws! It means, "being interpreted," dependence of Great? (soon the "Great" would be "Little") Britain, on the lands "to which her eyes should be turned," that they might "give her her meat in due season." Abolition of corn law duties! It means, being interpreted, a transfer of duties from the Exchequer of Britain, to the coffers of the wiser states, which will profit by our dupery and madness. The sordid dolts, who would have sold their country's honor and safety for a mess of pottage, would soon find bitterness in the pot.

If the honest dupes of the corn law agitators ever read history, I would recommend to them the 12th Book of the Annals of Tacitus, and desire them to ponder the description in the 43rd Chapter of the condition and the alarm of Rome, when it had provision for but fifteen days, and was relieved in extremity by an unusual mildness in the season. I would recommend to him also, the wise reflection of the annalist, "*At Hercle, olim ex Italia legionibus in Provincias commeatus portabantur: nec nunc infecunditate laboratur: sed Africam potius et Egyptum exerceamus navibusque et casibus vita Populi Romani permissa est.*" "But, by Hercules, our legions in the provinces, in former days, were supplied with provisions from Italy; nor has sterility been visited upon our soil, but we approve rather of cultivating Africa and Egypt, and the life of the Roman people is confided to chance and ships." God grant no future historian will have to make a similar complaint against the politicians of England.

POEMS BY ALEXANDER BETHUNE, LABOURER.

THE following poems have been sent to us by Mr. Bethune, the Author of *Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry*.* We willingly give insertion to them; they do not display much pomp of language, or glowing ornament of imagery, but there is about them a fidelity to truth and nature rarely met with, and which finds its way at once to the heart. Such poetry we

shall always receive with pleasure; and we hail Mr. Bethune's productions as an additional illustration, if any were needed, of the truth that genius is of no condition, and that the true spirit of poetry may no less animate the bosom of the humble labouring man under his cottage roof, than that of the prince in his palace.

LINES ON SEEING A MOUNTAIN DAISY IN FLOWER, NOVEMBER, 2ND, 1834.

There is a rock where oft I pass,
A shapeless and unsightly mass
Of grey and grizzly stone,
And pools of plashy water stand,
And heaps of rubbish lie at hand,
Unnoticed and unknown.

But in the shelter of a cliff,
Which the rude miner's blast has left,
A mountain daisy blooms;
And there its breast of snowy whiteness,
Tipp'd with a tinge of purple brightness,
That dreary spot illumines.

And there it drinks the scanty ray
Of chill November's churlish day,
Nor more seems to desire;
Finding in that lone nook of earth,
What gave its lonely blossom birth,
All that its needs require.

When last I saw that lowly flower,
The dreary midnight's drenching shower
Had weigh'd its bosom down;
I watch'd it till the drops of rain
Were dried, and then it rose again,
By efforts of its own.

And courting no admiring gaze,
Nor struggling its meek head to raise
Above its humble lot;
An emblem of *Content* it seem'd,
As the faint sun-rays round it stream'd,
To cheer that barren spot.

And as I thought upon this flower—
The chilly morn and midnight shower—
I, moralizing, said,
"If man his interest could discern,
From these he might a lesson learn,
His future life to aid.

Though youth's illusions may depart,
And baff'd feelings leave his heart,
Forsaken and forlorn;

Although he feel for other's woes,
Or see his friends become his foes,
'Twere vain to sit and mourn.

The power which makes the daisy bloom,
Where the grey rocks above it gloom,
Amid the wintry air ;
That power may arm the human heart,
To turn aside affection's dart,
Or teach the wound to bear.

Even *I* might gather something here,
To cheat the present, or to cheer
Some yet more gloomy scene,
If I, like that meek flow'r, could bend
To passing storms, and when they end,
Forget that they had been,

Though ills from which I cannot fly
At every turn around me lie—
Though cold and cheerless there
The shadows of delusions past,
Like barren rocks, which brave the blast,
Stand desolate and bare.

Yet even the chill November-sky,
Which wraps the sons of Poverty,
Some sunny gleams will spare ;
And those who yield, when flight is vain,
And strife produces only pain,
May bask a moment there.

Thus I, within the narrow sphere
Which fortune has assigned me here,
May pass life's little day,
And sometimes aim at doing good,
And sometimes catch a brighter mood,
Till it hath pass'd away.

THE ORPHAN'S SOLILOQUY.

I.

Alas ! how lonely I am left on earth :
Those who were bound to me by holy ties
Of love, and truth, and worth, and blood, and birth,
Have vanish'd all from my admiring eyes ;
And none remain to listen to my sighs—
Or lean with kind condoling look to hear
The grief which hidden in my bosom lies,
Which I could pour into a parent's ear,
And feel my soul composed by mild compassion's tear.

II.

But where is now my dear and constant mother ?
My patient, tender, faithful father ?—Where
The soothing pity of my gentle brother ?
The kind compassion of my sister fair ?
All, all have fled, and left me to despair !
Or do they watch me still, and with me grieve,
And long again my lowly lot to share ?
And with their sympathy my soul relieve,
And round my heart the web of fond affection weave ?

III.

Oh, no ! they grieve not. Yet I can believe
 That from their high and holy state of bliss
 They hear my sighs, and see my bosom heave,
 And on my lips impress their spiritual kiss :—
 I will indulge in hopes and dreams like this ;
 Away despair !—my kindred still are near ;
 They know me, see me, hear me, love me—yes,
 And bless me still, though I have ceased to hear
 The voiceless words they breathe in my corporeal ear.

IV.

And wherefore should I meditate and mourn
 On the delights and joys of days gone by ?
 Be hush'd, my yearning heart ! I will adorn
 My brows with roses, and my sorrows dry ;
 For I am still in that society
 Of faithful friends, where once I loved to be ;
 And, though the dimness of my mortal eye
 Their immaterial forms no more can see,
 Yet they behold my thoughts, and dwell and move with me.

V.

I'll weep no more, for friends can never part ;
 And I will think upon each blessed name,
 " With a composed and all enduring " heart :
 Their love, their sympathy are still the same—
 The only change is in the earthly frame ;
 And I will wait till heaven's eternal lord,
 Who bowed his head for me to death and shame,
 Shall to my soul a pass from pain afford,
 And break, with pard'ning love life's frail mysterious cord !

VI.

Oh then, how happily my soul shall fly,
 From this cold earth and its encumbering clay !
 How lightly, brightly, shall it soar on high,
 To those mild regions of unclouded day,
 Where all my friends rejoice in white array ;
 And, crown'd with Mercy's beamy glory, wave
 Celestial palms which never shall decay—
 Trophies of victory which that conqueror gave,
 Who died, their souls and mine from death and doubt to save !

LINES COMPOSED DURING THE ANNULAR ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, MAY 15TH, 1836.

Vast centre of this sailing earth !
 Bright emblem of the living God !
 Who from creation's day of birth
 Hast ploughed along heaven's azure road !

Thou all-pervading orb of day !
 Soul of unquench'd ethereal fire !
 What ails thee now ? What dims thy ray ?
 As if full soon it would expire.

Why shedd'st thou that pale yellow light,
Like glimmer of sepulchral lamp,
Or moon-beam of the northern night,
Which shines on cold Siberia's swamp?

Thy face with every moment fades—
Still faint and fainter grows thy ray—
A solemn veil heaven's beauty shades,
And sickens o'er the brow of day.

The birds appalled and silent sit,
The cattle gaze in wonder lost,
The wild-fowl from the waters flit,
Although no storm their breast has cross'd

And why, I ask, the sudden change,
From skies so blue and so unclouded,
To this unearthly gloom—and strange,
Dim light in which the world is shrouded.

Hath stern ambition's bloody hand
Stamp'd with injustice, wrong, and scath,
The features of some smiling land,
Dooming the innocent to death?

Or is it those with iron gripe
Who hold the slave in chains accurs'd—
For whom the cloud of vengeance ripe
Is ready on the world to burst.

And doth thy pale and shrouded ray
Portend, as in the days gone by,
Famine, and pest, and bloody fray,
And wreck to many a monarchy—

Dire monuments of bleaching bones,
And nations drown'd in seas of blood—
Cities in flames and burning thrones,
Or the hot earthquake's lava flood—

Or ocean with his countless waves
Roll'd headlong o'er the prostrate shore—
Or islands in the deep sea-caves
Sunk down at once to rise no more?

Thou hast no power—the time is past
When Superstition's frenzied eye
Could in the dread eclipse forecast,
War, death, and desolation nigh.

But, though thy darkened form no more
Can strike the nations with amaze,
Or make them tremble as before
Beneath thy pale and shrouded rays:

Although no more in these we read
The fancied doom and dire portend,
The time is fix'd—the hour decreed
At which all earthly things must end.

And thrones and empires crumble down,
 And tombs and pyramids decay,
 The same as erst when in thy frown
 Each nation read its own dismay.

And the same potent hand which roll'd
 Thee forth upon the frozen space,
 Where the great anarch Chaos old
 Held all things in his void embrace—

That hand still holds and governs all,
 Directing when to come and go,
 From the poor fluttering sparrow's fall,
 To the vast empire's overthrow.

ELLIS' TREATISE ON INSANITY.*

Of all disorders to which man is subject those which more immediately affect the conscious and thinking portion of our compound nature, are the most interesting, whether from the awful and afflicting character of their symptoms and effects; from the mysterious agency of mind of which they are the apparent affections; or from the general terror, curiosity, and lamentable ignorance which still continue to pervade the community on the subject. In the most *apparent* freedom from bodily complaint; in the midst of outward prosperity; and in the possession of all that human wishes seek as the means of happiness; while all that the surrounding observation of friends, relations, and acquaintances can observe, seems to exclude all care, already may the intellectual part, the seat of happiness or sorrow, have become the cell of unsuspected, objectless, and secret-working disquietudes; of dark suspicions, awful fears, corroding and embittered sentiments, and of fantasies fearless, nameless, and ghastly, which, having no corresponding object in reality, can as effectually exclude all joy, and plunge their unhappy slave in miseries without remedy or refuge, as if calamity had exhausted its quiver upon the victim of disease, desertion, and want. The mind, of which the most reflecting persons think so much and know so little, is become the subject of diseased action, which, however it begins, or by whatever instrumentality it works, is yet in its

most apparent indications spiritual; a fearful and affecting transformation has taken place in the frame of our immortal part, so great that in its more extreme workings, the moral identity seems to have departed: the friend we loved stands before us a blighted image of all we regarded and respected; as changed in thought as if some spirit of evil had taken possession of the heart and brain.

But there are, if less fearfully interesting, yet more seriously important uses for a general and wide-spread practical information on the subject of insanity. We shall mention some of the most prominent. The first indications of this hapless disorder have so insidious a resemblance to the same operations of the mind, under the action of real causes, that the impression made on the observer, is frequently that such causes exist, and the person thus affected, appears in the light of one either affected by circumstances known to himself, or actuated by passions excited by supposed accidents; consequently, instead of the allowance and the prudent recourse to remedial steps, the friends and intimates of the person so affected, will, according to circumstances, believe and act on his representations, pity his afflictions, as having their source in fact, or despise his meanness, folly, or depraved disposition; and the case will proceed until it reaches a state no longer to be mistaken. On this head we have already hazarded some remarks, to which, as

* A Treatise on the Nature, Symptoms, Causes, and Treatment of Insanity, with Practical Observations on Lunatic Asylums, &c. &c. by Sir W. C. Ellis, M.D. London, Holdsworth, 1838.

they relate to the least noticed part of the subject, we refer the curious reader.*

Another important consequence is the prejudice which seems to have drawn a fearful line of isolation between the sane and insane. The very notion of insanity conveying with it a horror something similar to the superstitious fear of supernatural things. The reputation of the slightest degree of mental alienation, should it once be connected with the fearful word "mad," is enough to cause the unhappy person so distinguished to be feared by some, treated with contempt by others, avoided more or less by all. It has also the effect of causing an unwillingness to recognize a disorder connected with such associations; so that every remedial course is rejected from the mere dislike to admit that it can be wanting. Lastly, this same indiscriminating ignorance has often been the means of causing a harsh and unjust course of measures of restraint, equally tyrannical and insulting. A slightly deranged person, with all the shrinking emotions of the human heart, made more keenly quick by the excitement of disease, and not unfrequently, having more command of reason than his ill-judging or interested friends, may be subjected to the most cruel and unadvised exposure; compelled to submit to the insults of a legal process of inquiry, and for his whole life afterwards be consigned to the truly maddening influence of recollected hostility and insult from those who should from the ties of nature and society have been his protectors and friends. These deeply important reasons make the knowledge, so fully and clearly conveyed by Sir W. C. Ellis, most needful to the public. It is of the most serious moment that prejudices, by which the welfare of an unfortunate class which forms a large and increasing portion of society, should be cleared away; and that insanity should be understood to be one, among many classes of disease—afflicting, the object of earnest care and consideration—but still only disease, containing in its vast range a variety of affections of which some are so slight as to escape all but the keenest scrutiny, and in no way unfitting their subject to share in our pursuits and pleasures, to be the objects of attachment, respect, and pity. We reserve some further notice

of this important topic for the conclusion of this article.

To offer a plainer view of the subject it may be considered as to its nature, its causes, its symptoms, and its treatment. The last of these divisions, belongs more properly to medical students, whom we may safely refer to Sir W. C. Ellis' useful and experienced work. The second and third as most generally important, must form the main material of our paper. On the first we shall offer a brief statement of the most important questions which affect it.

Many curious and interesting speculations have been entered upon, in which, with more or less appearance of success, it is attempted to analyse and trace to their origin and mode of action, and relation to the faculties, the phenomena of insanity. Of these, however valuable they may be as part of the general philosophy of the intellectual powers, we shall here omit all consideration. On the success of such investigations we have already expressed our opinion; nor has the interval brought forth any ground for its alteration. One question alone on this head cannot be passed without notice: whether the mind or body is to be regarded as the primary seat of the disease. Among the medical faculty this question cannot, we believe, now be considered to have any existence. But the opinion of the learned and the common impression of mankind are, as on many other subjects, opposite; for the conclusions drawn by either are drawn from appearances perfectly distinct. The step which passes from indications which are purely moral and intellectual, to the inference of a moral or intellectual cause, is short and obvious, and however erroneous in fact, yet pardonable as the result of an impression which nothing but habit governed by science can resist. But experience, practically conversant with the least equivocal forms of the disease, patiently collecting the indications of its successive stages, and attending with inductive precision to all its phenomena, has arrived at conclusions more accordant with our whole knowledge, both of mind and body, and closely confirmed by its whole progress and symptoms. The importance of the question is easily seen: were insanity to be regarded as simply a disorder of the mind, it would be either concluded

* "Some effects of Unnoticed Insanity," Dec. 1835, p. 666.

to be past cure, or as within the scope of merely moral and intellectual treatment. It might also be set down in the predicaments of vice and folly, and felt to be the fitting subject of punishment and dislike, instead of medical relief.

The medical faculty, with few exceptions, agree in viewing insanity as the immediate operation of causes purely physical, however it may have derived its first origin in the individual diseased. Neither does there seem to be any decided objection to this conclusion to be derived from any knowledge that exists on the mental or physical structure of man. The facts on which this opinion rests, are not in their nature doubtful or difficult to comprehend. The connexion between the cerebral organ and the manifestations of mind, is found to bear a sufficient degree of uniform and co-ordinate proportion to warrant the general inference as to their immediate connexion in such a union as to imply a mutual relation. In what manner this relation subsists, is altogether unimportant, so far as this question is involved: the facts on which the inference rests, are the unequivocal effects of the mutual action implied; and this indeed not simply ascertainable by observation, but even by the most varied forms of experiment. Numerous physical agencies can be employed to act on the brain, and exhibit the subjection of the mind to the fleshly part, with the organization of which it seems to be clothed. The brief insanity of the drunkard is an experiment too often repeated; the delirious vision of the opium-eater; the exhilaration produced by inhaling gas, are but experiments. Again, the varied mental affections which seem appropriate to several diseases and states of frame, are, similarly, indications of the same agency. The obstruction, or the disordered intestinal process, which may be with general certainty recognized in the depression of spirits, the irritated feeling, and the numerous train of affections of the nervous kind, which make the mind a faithful index to the bodily functions. Nor should we omit to notice the various instincts which follow the development of organic structures, the functions of which have their departments in the reason and feelings.

Nor looking on the converse view of this co-relation of mind and body, are we met by any difficulty; as many of

the same experiments can be, as it were reversed, and the same observations present themselves in the opposite order. The moral offence which is aimed at the mind, quickly inflicts its wound in the fine texture of its nervous organization, and the brain and breast are agonized with more rankling wounds than ever hand inflicted; high excitement of blood and nerve; sleepless fever, and a whole train of disordered sensations follow each other, till confirmed bodily disease succeeds. It is needless to dilate on commonly known facts; the effects of fear and hope, of joy and grief, of love and resentment, moral in their causes, and physical in their effects and demonstrations, every one knows. There seems on the whole to be a clear and demonstrable certainty that, whatever its independent nature may be, the mind subsists in a union with the body, so entire that each is subject to the workings of the other. Abstracted from this combination, we have no knowledge of the nature, essence, or separate functions of mind: some such it may, and for other reasons not here involved, is most likely to, have. But this far is independent of all such considerations; its union with its material organ is so entire, that we cannot in distinct conception dissolve it. Some scrupulous moralists, more laudably anxious to avoid conclusions which might seem to favour materialism, than clear in their perception of consequences, have resisted an inference which would refer any of the mental phenomena to material origination; but the objection is merely specious. After all that can be urged, the mutual relation, the law of action and reaction must be admitted, and the question is simply as to the limiting line. The connexion contended for must at some point be admitted by all; the precise line, the actual mode, the how or where, no one can tell, nor has there been found a path to rational conjecture; but, so it is.

So far as insanity is in question, the room for such perplexities is much reduced. Sir W. C. Ellis observes, that "it is quite clear that if we can show that there is an intimate connexion between the action of any part of the human body and the intellectual manifestations and the conduct, which are the subjects of the *alteration* uniformly found to exist in insanity; and can also show, that where this injurious

alteration exists, there is at the same time diseased organization, or diseased action in such parts, we shall have done much to enable us to come to a right conclusion on the nature of insanity." "We shall assuredly on the fulfilment of such a condition have all the evidence that the laws of physical science demand." To enforce this inference, Sir W. after observing the generally known correspondence of phenomena, in different cases where the inflammation of the brain is accompanied by proportionably increasing or diminishing mental manifestations, states, that "the intellectual powers and feelings are never completely restored, if the inflammatory action has remained unsubdued, until the organization of the brain and its membranes has become permanently injured. This is found on dissection to be the case in all instances where the insanity has been the result of phrenitis. Now it is quite clear that every other part of the body may be diseased, or even totally destroyed, and still, if the brain continue to be healthy, the mental manifestations will remain unaffected."

Sir W. C. Ellis supports his reasoning by some cases taken as fair specimens from a list of those which his professional position enabled him to examine after death. The whole amounts to this, that of 154 male patients so examined, 145 had disease strongly marked either in the brain or its membranes; while the remaining nine, were cases in which for different reasons it was not to be expected.

The fact that in some cases of mental disorder no traces may be discoverable in the brain, does not affect the general conclusion. For as Sir W. C. Ellis justly observes, a trifling alteration in the state of the brain, may produce very serious consequences. Sir W. on this point, refers to the obvious analogy of different acute complaints: tic douloureux, cramp, rheumatism, gout, of which the minutest dissection can discover no after traces, unless in the last-mentioned, which after a time produces chalky concretions and distortions of the limbs. This difficulty is shortly removed by the correct distinction between the diseased action of the brain and its effect in *gradually* effecting an organic change of structure.

An objection which he quotes from Dr. Halloran, scarcely needs the attention of a reply. If "there are instances in which insanity has been

cured instantaneously by the operation of moral causes," it is surely no more than can be said as truly of most bodily diseases, which involve no organic change of a permanent nature. It is surely not an objection to, but a confirmation of a theory which affirms the mutual action and reaction of mind and body. A sudden sight, or news, or word, or even fancy, will cause the deadliest torpor to come or go; and relax and deaden, or revive and brace with tenfold energy every fibre of the frame; and why should it not be felt to operate on the very seat of thought and sensation, from which all nervous influence goes forth as from a quickening centre. This argument is involved in Sir W. C. Ellis' remark, "now, had we no instances where diseases, universally allowed to be bodily, were as instantly brought on and cured also by the operation of moral causes, as those which are said to be purely mental, the Doctor's argument might be perfectly valid." Sir W. gives, for instance, the various known cases of gout caused or cured by the effect of violent emotions. He also mentions some curious similar instances of asthma. But we cannot now afford further space to this portion of the subject, than to notice the objection which seems to carry with it more real weight, but admits of as brief a reply. "It is urged that insanity is not a disease of the brain, because diseases of the brain to a great extent exist without it." The objection might as wisely say that toothach is not a disease of the tooth, because disease of the tooth may exist without it. But Sir W.'s reply claims precedence. Sir W. observes, "it is from our ignorance of the quantum of disease which must exist, according to the particular constitution, before certain consequences are produced. We know, from *post mortem* examination, that a disease of the lungs has existed to such an extent, as would have been attended with the most painful consequences to some individuals, and yet so far from the usual signs (not stethoscopic) of consumption being exhibited, no disease of the lungs whatever was suspected. Yet who would argue that consumption is not a disease of the lungs." The analogy is just; but we feel more strongly impressed by the consideration of another oversight which the objection appears to us to involve: our ignorance is not merely as to the *quantum*, but as to the character of the diseases of the brain.

Insanity is not simply disease, but a particular and special disease of that organ: it is not that it is physically altered, but that the alteration is such as to disorder that special part of its functions which affects the manifestations of the mind, in a *special manner*, called insanity. Some affections may not affect its action: some may affect it by increasing, modifying, or arresting certain tendencies, so slightly as not to be noticed, or if noticed, yet not fall under the classification of insanity. A slight impression on a particular nerve, or the paralysis of a muscle, will have more effect to suspend the uses of the hand and arm, than if half the hand were gone, or the whole member ulcerated from the shoulder to the finger tips. A few drops of serum effused or extravasated blood, will produce more decided effect, than if a considerable portion of the brain were diseased; and the fact should suggest that it is not a question either of quantum, or of mere disease, but as to the manner of the affection. The facts are such as to set aside such considerations as nugatory; and the true statement of the point is this,—mental alienation can be sufficiently proved by experimental observation to be accompanied by (not cerebral disease merely, but) certain special alterations of the cerebral structure or its membranes. And the fact may be confirmed by the converse affirmation, that certain ascertained alterations of these parts cause a (perceptibly consequent) alienation of the mental faculties.

According to the main inference here affirmed, we may define insanity as a disorder of the mental operations consequent on some disease affecting the action or structure of the brain. In *practical consideration* this disorder occurs uniformly (or mostly) as an *alteration* in the character of the person affected, such as may be distinguished from his previous healthy state. A further condition, which has been uniformly noticed, and which seems also to follow from the supposition of an organic affection, is the peculiar characteristic of the mental hallucinations of the insane. Instead of arising and succeeding in the mind according to the commonly experienced course of human thought, they seize on it like the fantasies of dreaming, and impress it with notions which it has not sought, cannot reject, and which neither have their foundation in reason, nor can, unless for a moment, be reasoned away,

The attempt is made, the patient perceives that his impression is contrary to reason; he assents to the affirmation of its fallacy; a moment passes and the inference is gone, while the impression becomes as it were a settled portion of his being, returns, as the waters fall back when the vessel has cleaved its trackless way. Such is the character of insanity which appears so inscrutable to those in perfect mental health. Such too is the principle on which appears the hopelessness of the use of reasoning as an instrument to undeceive hallucination of its dream. The sleeper must be awakened first. This condition is that which has led some ingenious writers to compare insanity with dreaming, and it is easy to follow the comparison through the progress of a disorder which, like dreaming, is an involuntary and controlling affection of the mind. And, as in sleep, the faculties of thought and sense are liable to different degrees of seizure, and fall severally in succession into its utter depths of fantasy or darkness, so insanity descends along the scale of hallucination from the slight illusion of a speck within the eye, to the mock emperor who struts in the pomp of imaginary royalty, and converts the "horrors of his cell" into visions of magnificence and luxury. It is not here our place to diverge from the practical simplicity of Sir W. C. Ellis' book, into the many curious questions connected with the general philosophy of mind which force themselves on us at every paragraph. Among the objects of this work, the principal seems to be to call the attention of the public to those practical considerations according to which it concerns so many to act. Of these, none can be more important than the correct view of the degree of insanity which requires medical aid, or demands restraint. On this important point Sir W. makes some useful observation at the conclusion of his chapter on the nature of insanity. For the sake of method, we shall here defer their consideration to a further stage of this notice in which its symptoms are discussed.

Among the causes of insanity, the first noticed by Sir W. C. Ellis is one on which we do not consider much comment required. The pre-disposition which descends in families is, as our author observes, "too well known to admit of doubt. The only point which seems to be of practical consequence in this fact is, the still more curious affirmation of medical persons,

that it is increased by the consanguinity of parents. This seems intelligible enough, on the assumption of a hereditary transmission of disease, as it is evident that the apparent cause is doubled by the union of two similarly affected constitutions. It is also important as a consolation to those who are within the range of this liability, that the consequence is by no means so likely as the escape from it; but still a greater caution must be required to avoid *similar* exciting causes. This is the more important, as it has been noticed that in hereditary cases the disease assumes a similar type."

Our next consideration is of the most urgent and awful importance to parents :—

"When in early life the inclinations have never been thwarted, and the passions have been allowed to remain unsubdued, the disappointments and reverses of fortune, which almost invariably attend every human being in his passage through this world, frequently cause such over anxiety of mind, before unaccustomed to restraint, that it is no longer capable of abstracting itself from the consideration of the painful events; and its organ, the brain, from over-exertion, becomes diseased as the consequence. When we find that distressing circumstances, combined with the want of proper education, are very frequently sufficient to produce insanity in those who have no hereditary predisposition to it, how manifestly important is it for those who have the care of children, whose parents or ancestors have been deranged, to teach them, from their earliest infancy, habits of self-government."

In reading this most just and well-grounded page of truth, how many cases of application have arisen to our mind's eye. The tenderness of parents, themselves reared in the luxury of the hereditary house, and having through life but the means of *younger* children, will but too often be found inconsiderate of the common descent in the scale of fortune which awaits this second remove from wealth and station, and only too anxiously careful to secure for their children those comforts and that share of happiness which they enjoyed themselves, and have learned to think of as a right and as a necessary. This is one most common source of the discontent, the incapacity for useful pursuits, and the miseries which the world abounds with. Parents but too often, while sedulously careful of the health and education of a rising

family, altogether lose sight of the real probable condition of their future lives;—the severe trials of exertion, patient industry, submission to privations, and obscure prospects—the sea of troubles into which they are in a few years more to be plunged perforce, with all their softness, inexperience, tenderness, and false notions. There is another common error, on which Sir W. C. Ellis should be heard with deference, as a sound practical authority :—

"There is, at the present period, a laudable anxiety to instruct children at a very early age. As far as this tends to their moral education, it is most advantageous; but I am afraid that the systems which exist in some infant-schools will tend rather to weaken than strengthen the brain, by too early calling forth the powers of the mind. In fact, the soft structure of the brain in infancy seems to indicate the impropriety of exercising it too much in its immature state. And how rarely do we meet with instances of those who have exhibited very precocious talents fulfilling the anticipations of their friends in after life! But I am afraid that the intellectual powers, not being eventually so strong as they otherwise would have been, is not the only mischief. The constant undue excitement of the brain, before the constitution has attained sufficient strength, will make the rising generation peculiarly liable to disease of that organ, and of the nervous system in general."

One of the most common of the physical outward causes of insanity is a blow on the head, which injures the brain either by concussion or compression. Of this Sir W. C. Ellis gives several instances. *Coup de schiel* is another not uncommon cause, and seems to act by directly exciting inflammatory action in the brain. A third is the natural consequence of the decay of life. "It seldom happens," Sir W. observes, "that the decay of the body is so general or uniform, that some one part of it does not show symptoms of disease, while the other parts remain unaffected." The limbs, the sight, the hearing, or some one or other of the functions gives way, and while it seems but as the transient access of partial disorder, announces more truly to those who understand the real characters of the last event of life, that it is on its way. Among these forerunning signs, servile insanity sometimes appears, and causes moral and intellectual changes, the pain of

which must be alleviated by the consideration of how much of the sufferer's life has been allowed to pass in the sunshine of unimpaired reason, and how little remains to be clouded by so dark a change.

The most general primary cause "of diseased action, and therefore of insanity," Sir W. C. Ellis says, is over-exertion of the brain. "When," he says, "the brain has been for too long a time intensely employed on any subject, it is thrown into such a state of excitement that its operations are no longer under the control of the will: the incipient state of insanity then commences; a superabundant flow of blood is propelled to the head; irritation and want of sleep are the immediate consequences, and if proper treatment be not applied, inflammation is the ultimate result. The diseased action, if unchecked, produces diseased organization." These remarks may be usefully applied to those students who are in the habit of over-indulgence in continued chains of reasoning, or still more to those who have addicted themselves to the intellectual vice of castle-building—which, of all the operations consistent with a sane, waking state, bears the nearest resemblance to insanity. The mind, heated, strained, exalted, and inflamed by turns, courts and becomes the slave of its favourite dispositions and ruling passions; and while it loses sight of the tamer excitement of realities, which is the natural stimulus to effort, it becomes subject to the circle of sleepless fantasies of imagination which, in the day, interfere with business, and, in the night, with sleep. How often, indeed, in the strange involuntary dreams of the maniac, may the visionary recognise the waking exercises of his reason and fancy. The peculiar character of insanity, by which it entertains impressions which are not subject to the control of the will, bears a curious connection with the next step by which the reason is eluded and set aside. When a particular notion, by its over-frequent recurrence, begins to obtrude itself out of season and uncalled, it assumes evidently a character which does not belong to mere notions, but is the distinction of those ideas of sensation which have the permanence of external things. Consequently these notions, coming constantly according to the law of a totally different class of thoughts, gradually assume their

form and attributes. The mind diseased, finds itself under the control of notions thus petrified into realities, and believes them to be such, not by any deliberate inference of false reasoning, but because such is the law of its impressions. It is—though in a different manner—affected in a manner which bears a close affinity to its state in dreaming.

Intense study is not, generally, a cause of disease; as it is but occasionally that the *student's* mind is thus liable to be arrested by single notions or investigations of intense difficulty. There are cases, now fortunately of rare occurrence, in which the mind, heated with the expectation of some recondite discovery, wastes down life in the pursuit, and, by a transition not very broad, passes into a state of insanity. Such have been the numerous cases of watchmakers, affected by an ardent desire to improve the chronometer. As the brain may be thus affected by the continued retention of a single idea, so it may be inflamed by the confusion arising from a multiplicity of ideas. Of this Sir W. C. Ellis gives two curious instances, both results of a visit to London. Such an effect, it is evident, is likely to be felt on occasion of intense hurry, when much is to be done in a little time.

Grief and distress are common causes of insanity; and there is no class of cases so numerous as of those arising from reverse of circumstances, with its awful and afflicting train of humiliations and calamitous incidents, of which the most truly dreadful is the heart-rending sight of wife or children, accustomed to comforts, and wanting bread. Sir W. C. Ellis mentions some affecting cases of this description. There is, indeed, it is apparent, none of the moral affections to which man is liable which may not be the means of overworking the brain by the seizure of some harrowing thought, that will not pass away. Among such, remorse is the more effective, because, on a precise analysis, which we have not time for, it will be ever found in connection with some other painful affection—the sense of ingratitude, confidence abused, wounded love, of which the injured form and eye follows in the fixed gesture of reproach.

We shall extract two cases, in which terror was the efficient cause. The first we have already seen in another work, but it is important that it should

be known, and will be new to most of our readers:—

"A melancholy instance of the sudden effect of terror happened a few years ago in the north of England. A lady had gone out to pay an evening visit, at which she was expected to stay late. The servants took advantage of the absence of the family to have a party at the house. The nurse-maid, in order to have enjoyment without being disturbed by a little girl who was entrusted to her care, and who would not remain in bed by herself, determined upon frightening her into being quiet. For this purpose she dressed up a figure, and placed it at the foot of the bed, and told the child if she moved or cried it would get her. In the course of the evening the mother's mind became so forcibly impressed that something was wrong at home, that she could not remain without going to ascertain if any thing extraordinary had occurred. She found all the servants dancing and in great glee; and on inquiring for her child, was told she was in bed. She ran up stairs and found the figure at the foot of the bed where it was placed by the servant, and her child with its eyes fixed upon it, but, to her inexpressible horror, quite dead."

"A case occurred, within my own observation, where insanity was the immediate consequence of a fright. A woman was walking through the market of a town in Yorkshire with her husband, and seeing a crowd, she went to learn the occasion of it, when a large dancing bear, which a man was showing the public, suddenly turned round, and fixed his fore paws on her shoulders. She became dreadfully alarmed. She was got home as soon as possible; but the excitement was so great that she could not sleep, nor could any thing persuade her but that the bear was every moment going to devour her. At the time I first saw her, which was some months after the occurrence, she was in the most pitiable state of distress, obstinately refusing all food, which she thought was only given to fatten her for the bear. She got no sleep, and was in great terror from hearing the noise of the *steam-engine*, which was near the ward in which she was placed. She was removed into another, out of the sound, as she imagined, of the grumbling of the bear; and she afterwards slept better. She was kept alive for nine months by food being forced into her stomach, but never without having to overcome all the resistance she could possibly make. In the end she became consumptive, and died."

"In these cases," says Sir W. C.

Ellis, "the immediate effect of the sudden shock upon the nervous system is to diminish the action of the heart; and where death ensues, this action ceases entirely." Sir W. gives some interesting cases of the effects of mortified pride, disappointed love, &c.; but it must be at once evident to every one, that however the nature of the moral affection connected with the stronger passions may vary, their organic effects on the seat of thought and feeling must be nearly, if not wholly, the same.

From the consideration of causes acting primarily on the brain, Sir W. C. Ellis proceeds to the consideration of a different class; those which affect it by sympathy. For some of our readers it may be desirable to quote his explanation on this head:—

"Upon what other supposition could we account for the fact, that the irritation of teething, worms in the intestines, punctures in different parts of the body, will give rise to convulsions, which are universally allowed to be the consequence of disordered brain? The morbid action of the part primarily diseased, spreads itself along the whole chain of nerves, until it reaches the sensorium; irritation is caused there, and hence arise the convulsions. This irritation, however, when once produced, will not always cease on the discontinuance of the cause; and thus the convulsions remain frequently for some time after the primary cause of them has been removed. It is precisely in the same manner that diseases of the stomach, liver, lungs, intestines, &c., operate upon the brain as to produce insanity. A large class of patients from sympathetic causes, and by far the most easily cured, are those who have become insane from disorder of the chylopoietic viscera. A train of hypochondriacal symptoms usually exists in them for a length of time before they can be pronounced decidedly insane."

Sir C. W. Ellis, as usual, verifies his theory by statements from observation. But we shall content ourselves by calling the reader's attention to the important fact in the conclusion of the above extract. The disease, when confined to that effect on the action of the brain, of which the origin is not in itself, is removed, or ceases with the action of the external cause; thus indicating, by a well-defined difference, the distinction between the cases of disordered action and altered organization. A difficulty in practice may arise, to decide which is the primary

disease; as it is as possible that the disease of the brain may have disordered the chylipoietic functions as the contrary. But the result of remedial means will most probably decide. We shall not delay to enter on the effects of colds and consumptions, further than to observe, that the alternating succession between consumption and insanity, mentioned by Sir W. is very curious, and seem to us to be well worth the attention of medical students.

The effects of vice are too obvious to be dwelt on, except in a treatise like that before us. Drunkenness is insanity. Some other vices are too disgusting to be mentioned here; but Sir W. C. Ellis discharges an important, praiseworthy, and painful duty, in giving them sufficient notice in *his notes*. The delicate reader's eye will not be disgusted in the perusal of a book which should be universally read; and they whom it concerns—who have within them

“undivulged crimes
Unwhipt of justice”—

will find a fearful salutary statement of the consequences.

One class of cases alone calls for any peculiar comment. Religious madness, not in itself more the object of attention than most other forms of this fearful disease, yet has a reflex ill consequence attendant on its existence, with which every person acquainted with society is acquainted. Among the motley ranks of infidelity, and the large majority of the loose and heedless multitude who dislike religion, it is a well known reproach that it is one of the causes of insanity; and undoubtedly it may, so far as any thing in which the most momentous interests of humanity are involved, be the means of agitating, alarming, and inflicting upon the mind the extremes of remorse or terror. So far, it should be so. But *so far*, the constitution of society and prevalence of irreligion makes it impossible that religion should be a preponderating cause: the inordinate passions of the world, its follies, vices, and untempered desires, are more so, and must first meet the force of such an objection. But other considerations meet us with more just force—*true religion*, properly applied, does not contain in it the elements of such a result. It is the source of consolation only—for it assures the sinner of salvation—it offers an all-

sufficient grace, and an entire remission. The subject of religious insanity is either one who would be at all events mad, or who, having a peculiar temperament, takes up notions of religion as false as the hallucinations of witches, ventriloquists, poisoners, and magnetizers, which form so large a portion of maniacal fantasies. In either case, religion is not primarily concerned. The external seeming power which, as we have observed, is the effect of the involuntary character of hallucination, naturally tends to awaken superstition, and to impress fears too nearly akin to religion not to take its name and form occasionally. And this is the *rationale* of the subject. Let any reasonable person study the *entire* history of the subject of this affection, and he will easily be satisfied of our correctness. It is true, that a case is very conceivable in which insanity might be the immediate effect of just notions of religious truth. But on this we can only say—that there are worse effects conceivable from the rejection of truth; and that if religion have any foundation, the maniac's dreams may be worse than verified to the scorner of truth, because folly is imputed to its adoption.

In discussing the indications of insanity, Sir W. C. Ellis confines himself to the most commonly recurring modes of its appearance. In cases, where “organic lesion” of the brain exists, one of the first symptoms to be observed is, the “intellectual faculties gradually become confused; there is an embarrassment in speaking, and a general difficulty of articulation, as if the tongue had suffered a slight paralysis.” Torpor of the limbs, and a dislike to active exertion follow, with other similar distressing symptoms—more likely to be distinctly understood by the medical examiner. The approach of insanity, when it takes place from a gradual inflammation of the brain, is often attended by pain in “some of the *encephalon*, which every mental exertion tends to increase.” In this the connexion between the mental and organic reciprocating actions seems distinctly evidenced, and another accompanying symptom seems with as much distinctness to exhibit the principle of intellectual aberration, and the manner approved. “A variety of ideas seem to float across the mind, without making the slightest permanent impression; there exists a consciousness that the mind is wandering without a power of controlling its

operations;" thus showing that the mental process is the separation of the voluntary operations from the governing and rectifying control of the will. Much of this is yet likely to be unnoticed by all but the patient; the general manner will never fail to exhibit the following indication, with which they who have the misfortune to have intimate experience with the approach of insanity are likely to be familiar.

"Intense abstraction of mind may be considered as the first alteration that is observable in the great majority of patients, who become insane from moral causes. The ordinary duties of life are either altogether neglected, or only performed on the pressing solicitation of friends. After this state has continued for a short time, it becomes necessary, if we wish to arrest the attention of the patient to speak to him loudly and repeatedly, and when at last he seems conscious of what is said, he appears as if just aroused from a dream, and relapses into the same state of forgetfulness, as soon as the sound of the voice has ceased to vibrate in his ears; his whole air and manner evidently indicate that the inner man is dwelling upon a subject far different from that about which he is addressed. The general desire to please no longer influences the character, and the dejected looks, and the forlorn dress, sufficiently proclaim that the mind is entirely absorbed in its own contemplations."

This is the period when the most active measures should be employed, and when the treatment of medical skill may ward off consequences which, when they shall have taken place, are mostly past relief. The diseased action, from which these distressing symptoms proceed, having in its course acted on the structure of the brain or its membranes, so as to effect a permanent change. There are, however, indications of an opposite class, arising from different originating causes, either in the constitution or external circumstances.

"The silent abstraction most frequently arises from depressing causes. The symptoms of insanity, produced by joy and unexpected success, assume a different character. Under these circumstances, the alteration, which displays itself in the increased quickness and vivacity of the demeanor, the continued talking and extravagant expressions of hope, is indicative of an unhealthy action of the brain and nervous system, and requires

to be as carefully watched on its very first appearance, as the depressing symptom of abstraction which we have just prescribed. It must not be supposed that to make precaution necessary, incoherence must exist; or that the mind, when called into action, should be incapable of displaying its usual powers. These are amongst the last and severest consequences of an unhealthy action in the brain, which may exist without producing them for a considerable period; but as every prudent man, when he feels a pain in his chest, and a teasing cough attended with fever, indicating an inflammatory action going on in his lungs, does not wait until the expectoration of pus has taken place, to denote that the disease has already reached the state of phthisis, before he sends for his physician; so ought we to consider the premonitory symptoms we have mentioned as an evidence of the diseased action of the brain having commenced, of which insanity is the end. And as we should look upon this even with more horror than we should upon consumption, so ought we still more carefully to use every possible expedient to prevent its approach. I know an instance where a man became insane from a sudden access of prosperity; but no notice was taken of his altered conduct until he ordered a carriage and four to go to London, to pay off the National debt. His friends then saw the necessity of placing him under medical care. It was too late; the disease had been allowed from neglect to gain a hold which was never recovered."

The cases arising from sympathetic action are needless to be entered on very minutely—dyspepsia and the common accompaniments of depression and other hypochondriacal ailments. The demand for medical advice seems independent of the consideration of the possible result of complaints, which have in themselves a sufficient claim to attention. We must not defraud yet the reader of Sir W. C. Ellis' remarks, which besides point out some additional symptoms, which are common enough to be very important.

"When insanity arises from the brain, sympathising with the chylopoietic viscera, the premonitory symptoms are dyspepsia combined with hypochondriasis, of which it is unnecessary to give a particular account. After the unhealthy action of the brain has proceeded to such an extent as to produce insanity; its symptoms, from whatever cause it may primarily have arisen, depend very much upon the natural character of the patient,

except in the case of organic lesion of the brain, which we have mentioned already. One of the most frequent modes, in which these mental aberrations exhibit themselves, is by a constant feeling of suspicion. The patient continually fancies that every one is combining against his happiness; his most intimate friends and connexions, probably from being more immediately in contact with him, are the most frequently suspected, and are the subjects of his greatest aversion. In these, as in all other instances of mental delusion, every attempt to convince the patients, by reasoning, of the extravagance of their notions is worse than useless."

This last caution, though founded on experience here, is still a result to be inferred from the principle already noticed. It is indeed a well known maxim, that the delusion of the insane is not an error of reason, but an error in opposition to reason. We have ourselves taken part in a conversation, in which a person who was insane, yet, as often happens, possessed the clearest and most perfect reasoning power, was distinctly satisfied with the reasonings brought to convince him of his delusion, admitted them to be conclusive, and drew the correct inference. "You have unanswerably proved that my statements are mere delusions, and as a reasoner I am compelled to admit them to be such; but they recur not the less forcibly to my mind, with a conviction of their truth, as strong as my existence, and I therefore infer that I am under the influence of some derangement of the brain." Such in substance (for some years have elapsed) was the answer of a person at the time suffering under the painful conviction of a conspiracy against him, with other kindred illusions, which are commonly known to accompany or succeed each other. The most common forms of the gloomy class of cases are the notion of conspiracy, poison, or some sort of magnetic or bewitching influence. Two cases of the latter are mentioned by Sir W. C. Ellis, and are curious enough to be worth extraction.

"S. W. about thirty years of age, has been insane for four years. This patient has no other symptom of the disease but her peculiar notion of witchcraft. She considers that she is under the influence of three witches, one of blood, one of spirits, and another of death, and that each takes possession of her in turn. She is sometimes filled with the blood of other people, her own being first abstracted. If a patient in the ward, or one whom

she has known in any other part of the house, dies, she imagines the spirit witch transposes the body of the dead patient into her, and she suffers exceedingly from it. Nothing can persuade her but the witch of death frequently comes to her and stops the action of her heart for a season, and then suddenly departs.

"Another imagines that witches have power to throw gas upon her, so that she is almost suffocated with it. She says that the first feeling she had of the kind, was one evening when she was looking at herself in the glass, she suddenly saw something which she could not comprehend, and became dizzy. She afterwards found that it was high witchcraft, and that, besides throwing gas, the witches have the power of putting electricity into every part of her body. She says that she is always glad of employment, for that they then keep most away from her. The result, which her experience has taught her, that the mental delusion is the least powerful during the time of active employment, is not, as we shall have occasion to observe, confined to the cases where witchcraft is the subject of it."

Sir W. C. Ellis mentions that few of this class of cases are ever entirely cured, which fact he accounts for by the slow progress with which they come on, not being sufficiently remarkable to attract timely notice. We pass many highly interesting but melancholy statements on the subject of the propensity to suicide so commonly accompanying derangement. One curious fact is noticed by Sir W.—the tendency to the exclusive contemplation of some particular manner of death. So remarkable is this, that a person who has fixed his mind on drowning, suspension, or any special mode of dying, may be entrusted with edged tools, or such other means as his particular wish does not imply. Another remark may also interest our readers.

"A singular expression of countenance, particularly in the eye, has been noticed by many authors as an unvarying attendant on a disposition to suicide. This, as well as the factor before described, certainly exists in a great many cases. Indeed when powerful feelings or passions are in active operation in the insane or in the sane, they draw the muscles of the face into particular forms; and if they continue for a length of time to be greatly predominant, they impress upon the countenance an appearance indicative of the character."

We cannot without a very consider-

able trespass on the space allotted to other subjects, enter on the remaining topics of Sir W. C. Ellis' most valuable and interesting book. We have passed more lightly than we could have wished over those parts, which, from their subjects, are most likely either to instruct or awaken the attention of our unprofessional readers. Yet it would be unjust to our author not to say that the remaining parts are by far the most valuable, as they present to the public the fruits of the long and tried experience of one practically engaged in the study and treatment of insanity. On this subject the reader will find gratification in the humane and skilful treatment which affords the utmost hope of cure and the best alleviation of which this deplorable ailment is susceptible. Happily the callous brutalities of the old practice of mad doctors, who for the most part were not physicians, and which degraded below the level of the caged monster of a bear-garden, the hapless subject of mental disease; happily they have been exploded and are replaced by systems of treatment so gentle, considerate, and humane, that insanity is no longer to be reckoned as the most fearful visitation by which humanity can be struck down. Sir W. gives at the commencement of his book a plan of the institution under his care, and at the end the regulations by which it is governed. They will be inspected with the general approbation of every judicious person.

We shall conclude these observations with some notice of a subject on which we lightly touched in the beginning, but which from its importance to the public seems to demand a little further attention. In considering the measure of aberration to which it should be judged fit to apply constraint, the steps to be taken must depend on the consideration of the character, the degree, and the progress of the disease. It must be considered whether or not the person so affected, is by the nature of his delusion, or the tendency of its manifestations, unfit for the conduct of his affairs, or whether his own safety or that of others is likely to be endangered. Another consideration, is the danger likely to arise from the future progress of an increasing malady. On this Sir W. will be heard as an authority.

"But as according to the general opinion respecting insanity, every insane person is totally unfit to manage his af-

fairs, and dangerous to society; we will next endeavour to show that there are as many degrees of insanity as there are of other diseases; and that in the same way as some bodily diseases are too trifling to interrupt the ordinary course of a man's pursuit, so there are states of insanity which neither require restraint nor incapacitate a man for the various duties of life. The *measure* of insanity that must exist before an individual ought to be precluded from all the comforts of social life, virtually consigned to a civil death, and exempted from the punishment attendant on the commission of great crimes, will be the object of our most serious inquiry.

"But before we proceed, I would again urge the necessity and importance of remembering, that to constitute insanity there must be an *alteration*. For a man of a weak intellect, but perfectly capable of managing his affairs, may be taken by interested relatives to a medical man; who, from having fixed in his mind some vague or arbitrary standard of sanity, to which the person examined does not come up, will, without any inquiry as to his previous state, or upon a hasty examination, give, uninfluenced by improper motives, but simply from ignorance or carelessness, a certificate of his insanity. Again, a perfectly sane man of ordinary, or even more than ordinary, powers of mind, may from some unaccountable eccentricities, which not unfrequently attend genius, be put into confinement solely from the medical person not having inquired into his previous habits. Another reason will naturally suggest itself to us, no less powerful than those we have just brought forward, in showing the necessity of attending to this distinction, viz. that from neglecting it, those, who have been really insane and dangerous, have been merely considered eccentric, and have not been put under proper restraint, until some melancholy catastrophe has been the result. This we find to be the case in all ranks of society. The history of the few last years will unfortunately bring to our recollection too many fatal incidents, which have arisen from individuals of the most exalted rank, not having been properly confined, solely because, in their insanity, they have exhibited intellectual powers greater than those which are usually found amongst mankind; although if their previous habits and capacities had been attended to, such an alteration would have been seen as would have proved the necessity for confinement. And every medical practitioner will recollect cases, which have fallen under his own observation, in the humbler walks of life, where families have

been thrown into the deepest affliction, from a father, a mother, or a child having become the victim of unrestrained insanity.

"Let us now return to the consideration of the extent of the alteration, which must exist before it becomes requisite to treat the patient as insane. It is quite evident that this alteration may exhibit itself in various modes, both as it regards the intellectual manifestations, the sentiments, and the passions. The powers of perception alone may be affected. An individual may erroneously think that he sees various forms and substances which do not exist except in his own imagination; but as long as his reason is sufficient to correct these false impressions, and he is himself conscious that they have no real existence, he is not a fit subject for confinement. Nay more, even if his reason be not sufficient to correct these false impressions, if they be of such a nature as not to interrupt his ordinary pursuits, or to render him obnoxious to society, as for instance, if he imagines that he sees or converses with spirits, but is not influenced by them, it would be unjust to lock him up in a mad-house; though it is almost unnecessary to say, that it is of the highest impor-

tance that in both instances proper steps should be resorted to, before these erroneous impressions have been too much confirmed by time to be incapable of removal. For although, in the first instance, these effects may be harmless, yet, viewing them but as the symptoms and results of diseased action of the brain and nervous system, which may, if allowed to continue, cause organic disease, it is evidently desirable to use the most expeditious means to restore a healthy state of action in these organs. But if the diseased perceptions be of such a kind as to render him incapable of the management of his affairs, or to make his conduct injurious to himself or others, confinement ought immediately to be resorted to."

The perusal of Sir W. C. Ellis' book may be strongly recommended to parents, as strongly impressing the importance of early discipline, vigilant watchfulness, and careful and conscientious instruction in the truths of the gospel. The indulgence of every vice which enervates body or mind, will find some salutary warnings in pages, which with impressive evidence and distinctness describe their consequences.

SONNET BY COUL GOPPAGH.

A spirit haunteth me : I cannot fly
 From its sad company and be at rest,
 To shape glad fancies in my lonely breast
 As was my wont before. 'Tis ever by,
 And it disturbs my peace, though not with dread—
 For it is beautiful ; and in its eyes,
 As in some deep, clear fountain's gleamy bed,
 I can discern each glimmering thing that lies
 A-stirring in the light of loveliness,
 As the pure fountain moves it. They do vary,
 Even as the crystal spring ; now shadowless,
 Now dark with passing clouds, now, as a fairy
 Had dipp'd her wing, it feels the summer air :—
 So change those eyes within that dark inveiling hair.

A CROON BY COUL GOPPAGH.

In this deep solitude,
 All in a dismal mood,
 Fain would I hear—
 For that sad moaning sea,
 Some voice come on mine ear
 From olden time, of friend beloved by me.

Thou melancholie sea !
 When wilt thou ever be
 As once of yore ?
 When, dancing on thy waves,
 Thou broughtest evermore
 Strange moving voices forth from the old caves ?

Ah me ! that Time should fling
 Such shadow from his wing !
 Nor sun, nor moon,
 Nor stars with quiet joy,
 Can bring again the boon
 Unto the man he stealeth from the boy.

And yet, methinks, once more,
 Beside the voicy shore,
 At eve or noon
 My spirit would rejoice ;
 Or if, beneath the moon,
 Midnight might bring me back some blithesome voice

Heard sweetlie long ago—
 Or ever sullen woe
 Intruded here—
 When of the clouds (mine eye
 Uplifted to their sphere)
 I made soul-wings, and clave the claspings sky !

The bird that in the air,
 Slumbring, the cloud doth bear
 In heavenlyie sleep,
 Made never higher nest
 Far in that sunny deep
 Than I, among the sunset beams to rest.

Twain monarchs there did dwell,
 With sceptre and with spell,
 In covenant ;
 Of cloudland one, and one
 Of dreamland jubilant,
 In that domain around the setting sun.

A glorious canopy
 Up in the gladsome sky
 Curtain'd my head ;
 The hills and vales did fall,
 In lustrous crimson spread,
 Down to pearl streams that made no noise at all !

Broad seas of glory there
 Upon their bosoms bare
 Skiffs of sunbeam :

But never a wave did break
 Where, silent as a dream,
 They glided o'er the flood and left no wake.

Pillars of Beryl stone
 Beneath high arches shone
 Of diamond ;
 And in I wandered there,
 Those portals far beyond,
 Through secret palaces right brave and fair.

And, of those heavenlyie haunts,
 The shining habitants
 Discoursed to me
 A harmony divine,
 That, o'er the swelling sea,
 Came floating, till my spirit called it mine.

* * * *

Come from that gruesome grave
 Where thou so long dost have
 Thy dwelling-place—
 My little sister—come !
 With smiles upon thy face,
 Let us be hand in hand once more at home !

The little daisies greet
 Thy grass-begirdled feet,
 And streams do go
 Among green flags, so clear
 That underneath their flow
 The rising water-lilies' leaves do peer.

Sing softlie in mine ear,
 My little sister dear,
 A pleasant song !
 That, as in fairy dream,
 While as it mourns along,
 I scarce may know thy singing from the stream.

O ! I am lonely, speak
 Yet once, for I do seek
 But one small word ;
 Ah me ! I had forgot,—
 Save unto thee, O, Lord !—
 The dweller in the dull tomb answers not.

Cloudland is overthrown !
 The land of dream is gone !
 The stream its lay
 Hath utterly forgot !
 No voice for ever may
 Bring to my heart the merrie pulse it brought.

Ah, me ! that time should fling
 Such shadow from his wing !
 Nor sun, nor moon,
 Nor stars with quiet joy,
 May bring again the boon
 Unto the man he stealth from the boy.

LETTERS ON PARAGUAY.*

THE volumes which we purpose introducing to our reader's notice, in the present article, may be considered as affording the most interesting and faithful account of an highly important portion of the globe that has for some time been brought before the public. Without professing to give a regular book of travels, and, consequently, without entailing upon their readers the necessity of wading through a "made up" book, the authors have combined together excellencies which few modern travel-writers attain to; they have given us little else than the rough notes of their first impressions in travelling through the most interesting portion of the South American republic, and consequently enable us to feel all the interest created by the first impressions in visiting a new or little explored country. In wandering with them through their letters we feel as if travelling over the Pampas, or sailing on the sea-like rivers of the mighty southern continent, and though we find much that more care would have avoided or supplied, yet the very redundancies or omissions add to the confidence we feel in these travels as the faithful description of what the authors felt and saw.

The Messrs. Robertson were induced to visit America in consequence of the glowing accounts conveyed to this country after the capture of Buenos Ayres by Marshal Beresford. Mr. J. P. Robertson having sailed from England in the year 1806, and Mr. W. P. Robertson in the year 1813, having been induced by the representations of his brother also to push his fortunes in that distant clime; to the former we owe the letters contained in the first volume and part of the second, and the latter has given us only a few letters in the second volume. We shall, therefore, for the present confine our observations to the letters of Mr. J. P. Robertson, who, as we have already stated, left England in 1806, and arrived at Buenos Ayres in time to find that it had been recaptured by

the Spanish forces, and that he must transfer his expectations of successful mercantile establishment to Monte Video, which city was then in a state of siege by the troops commanded by General Auchmuty; a few days after the arrival of his ship at this roadstead the town was captured, and our author disembarked on the conquered shores of the La Plata, to commence the series of wanderings detailed in his letters. We should however state here, that our author was obliged again to return to England, in consequence of our giving up Monte Video after the failure of the unfortunate expedition against Buenos Ayres, under General Whitelocke, the vacillation and ignorance of this worst of commanders, compelling us to desert a country which had cost us so much of the blood of our bravest soldiers. Our author, however, took ship again for Portuguese America, when the royal family of Portugal sailed for Rio de Janeiro in 1808, and arrived with the fleet which conveyed the House of Braganza to their foreign possessions in October of the same year. The description of the arrival of this fleet at this place, and the impressions produced upon our author at the time, we shall here lay before our readers.

"When we first got soundings, we knew from the chart that we must be at the mouth of the entrance to the harbour, but we had not yet seen land. The ship lay for two days motionless upon a sea like glass, a dense fog was outspread upon the water, and shut up our view within a very narrow space. The air was so sultry as to be scarcely supportable, and the act of breathing was difficult almost to suffocation. Every living thing on board panted, and sought in vain a breath of air to relieve it from the intolerable weight of the heated atmosphere. Towards the afternoon a gentle breeze came rippling along the surface of the water. The air grew comparatively cool, and the vessel began to move; the mist, in some places, gently faded away; in others, it rose in a dense mass up from

* Letters on Paraguay, comprising an Account of a few Years' Residence in that Republic, under the Government of the Dictator Francia, by J. P. and W. P. ROBERTSON. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1834.

the bosom of the sea, our view began to expand, and we saw what looked like land within a short distance of us. The fog kept still clearing away and the breeze freshening, till at length the whole firmament of mist broke up into large clouds, and separated, as it were, not "the waters from the waters, but mountains—headlands— islands, from each other, leaving them to stand out, in all their tropical richness, and in all their varied magnificence of altitude and shape. We were in the midst of islands. Forth from a lingering body of mist, in the distance sailed a majestic sloop of war, with the English ensign flying; and another moment discovered to us a fort in the midst of the sea, with the Portuguese royal standard unfurled. Vessels which had been in the same predicament with our own started up around us; and whereas, we seemed at first to be the only ship bound for Rio de Janeiro, we were now sailing into that place with a little fleet. Any thing so like magic can scarcely be conceived. It seemed as if we had been conveyed in one instant, without either expectation or volition, from chaos into a world clothed in richness and beauty, altogether marvellous. From being the solitary inmates of a confined ship, we felt as if transformed into colonists of a fairy land, already peopled and prepared for us. We became actors in the busy scene now before us. As we approached the bay, and had a moment's leisure to look back upon the splendid entrance through which we had sailed, we saw behind us a gorgeous succession of richly-wooded mountain scenery, with one conspicuous cone towering above its fellows, and called from the singular accuracy of its conic form "The Sugar Loaf." Before us lay outspread the large city of Rio de Janeiro, with its houses all white-washed, and conspicuously contrasting with the deep shades of tropical verdure all around. Then there was an innumerable fleet of ships at anchor in the bay, and this was large enough to contain, and sheltered enough to protect the navy of the whole world. Along the circular and sweeping beach we saw on every hand beautiful white-washed villages, isolated mansions, or small groups of cottages. They lay embosomed in a profusion of luxuriant vegetation; the sea laved the white sandy beach with a succession of breaking waves; and the scene altogether was one of such grandeur, beauty, variety, and animation, as quite to forbid the hope of conveying a just idea of it by description."

Nothing can be more beautiful than the first view of Rio de Janeiro from its splendid bay: the fine sloping country rising from the water's edge till the hills attain an elevation of 5,000 or 6,000 feet—the richly cultivated lands—the mighty forests, to which the number of flowering trees give a splendour of which the inhabitants of the temperate zones can form no conception—the numerous islands which adorn its magnificent harbour—form a picture which it does not even require the previous miseries of a long voyage to enable us to appreciate. If we combine with this the picturesque beauty and vastness of some of the Brazilian forest trees, the cedar, wild cinnamon, and rose-wood, which reach the height of 100 feet, its lofty palms and cocoa nuts, and the richly-clothed myrtle, we can form a landscape which no tropical climates can surpass, and few can equal. But this is only when we view Rio de Janeiro from a distance; when we land upon its quays the beauty of the landscape fades away, or is unfelt from the disgust which is produced by entering the city. We cannot do better than give this in the words of our author.

"Of course our feelings on proceeding to land, after the distant contemplation of the beauties by which we were surrounded, were brought up to a high pitch of interest, and we indulged in exaggerated anticipation of what we were to see on shore. We expected something of the fairy-like enchantment of feeling which had come over us as we sailed into the bay would be preserved. But who shall describe our disappointment? The first scene that presented itself to our view was a row of filthy canoes, with nearly naked blacks in them waiting to paddle people off to the shipping. Then there were numbers of huge uncouth market boats, covered with thatch, so as to constitute sorts of floating-houses. These were filled with blacks and mulattoes, male and female, in the most scanty and filthy habiliments. The fruit, most of it was stale, and sending forth a very noxious smell—the heat was altogether suffocating, for the sea-breeze had now died away. The beach was covered with the offal of a huge city, in which there is literally no police—and where every thing eatable turns to immediate putrefaction. This offal, with endless heaps of fruit and vegetables, which had become putrid before they could be sold in the market,

was alternately laved up upon the beach, and drawn back again to the sea by the receding surge. The whole of this part of the sea was made by filth, as the sea by Leviathan, "like a pot of ointment;" one would have pronounced "the deep to be hoary." Clumsy wooden piers, supported by huge wooden piles, jutted a little way into the water, which, with all its scum, dashed in among them and literally seemed to boil.

"As we landed we were assailed by a smell of fried sardinhas (a sort of herring) and of pork, from innumerable little stalls, kept by men and women of every colour under the sun. We proceeded into the town, and what objects presented themselves to us there! First, there was the custom-house, which surpassed all the conceptions I had ever formed of Babel. Hundreds of people were crowding into it, and out of it, and every one of them obstructing the way of the other. There was your man of office, dressed formally in his suit of court black, and his dozen clerks in one corner. They were beset by fifty applicants, bawling out in Dutch, German, English, and French, for their respective documents. There was a room in which innumerable packages of British manufactures were opened, and where each piece of goods had affixed to it, by means of pending threads, a stamp upon molten lead. The operations of the glass house, during the heat of summer in England, are cool and refreshing, as compared with the glow of fire, and the process of fusing lead in this tropical pandemonium. From it we passed to the place where brawny negroes were landing goods from fifty misshapen barges. Each troop of blacks, as they were hoisting out the goods, were singing their own peculiar war-song; while the perspiration poured from the grooves of their backs in torrents as they were thus engaged.

"Passing at length from the piers to the yard where merchandise was finally taken away, there were pipes of wine slung by thick cords to a long pole, which was laid on the shoulders of six nearly naked negroes. These marched off with their swinging load, and sung, in a loud and marvellous dissonance, to the unequal but elastic motion of their burthen, as they carried it over streets, in which every huge stone stood up and and left a yawning gulf between it and its next neighbour. These blacks were followed by a constant succession of laborious groups, all carrying their respective burthens in the same way. Now and then low-wheeled hurdles were in-

troduced, upon which they bore off the unwieldy bales, and discordant songs and yells accompanied each individual process.

"The merchandise of Tyre could not have been more cumbrous and varied than that of Janeiro. The hubbub and fatigue of every thing connected with the custom-house made me hasten away from a place so unbearable, at once from its confusion, effluvia, heat, and deafening din. I wondered how any organization of human senses and susceptibilities could be found equal to the work going on within this monstrous Babel.

"I now threaded my way through streets so narrow that it was with the greatest difficulty one carriage could pass another in them. The houses were from two to four stories high, not a pane of glass was to be seen in any of them. Instead of this, the openings in the house for light and air were shrouded by ballustrades of latticed wood-work.

"From under these the inhabitants, chiefly females, raising the galousies or lowering them down at pleasure, peeped out upon passengers, without, in return, being seen by them. The whole town looked like a large darkened convent. The men you met were all of a swarthy and unhealthy complexion; women you saw none except mulattoes and negroes. Every here and there two athletic blacks were to be observed carrying a large palanquin, the female inside of which was sacredly guarded from public gaze by the close and richly embroidered folds of a scarlet or blue cloth. From between the opening of these folds, as, from under the lattice window, the lady thus envied could also look out upon passengers without being perceived by them. The few carriages I saw were drawn by two mules. The postillions were accoutered in an awkwardly cut but full dress livery coat, the colour of which was generally sky-blue or tawny orange, with deep and gaudy facings. An opera cocked-hat, and boots that reached to the thighs completed the costume. The carriages themselves looked exactly like those we still see in this country made of gilt gingerbread.

"The number of persons I met in full dress—black coats, black satin breeches, silk stockings, gold knee and shoe-buckles, opera hats, gold-headed canes, and ponderous gold seals—led me to think there must be a great many dinner parties going forward. I was mistaken; for, as I went into a shop to buy a pair of gloves, the man-milliner who served me was

precisely so attired. A little farther on I saw a whole group of men, in similar costume, sitting at a shop door, smoking cigars and drinking lemonade.

"This seemed odd: but what was my surprise, as I proceeded, to see two negroes meet each other, dressed in tattered and ragged coats, waistcoats, knee-breeches, and opera hats, but without shoes or stockings! They stood bowing the one to the other, hat in hand, and in polite contention as to which should be covered first. They at length seemed to agree that they should return their hats to their heads simultaneously, so that one should not have precedence of the other. A snuff-box was then pulled out by each from his respective girdle; with half a dozen bows a pinch of snuff was exchanged, and very ceremonious inquiries were naturally made about their respective *senhoras*, or ladies. The hats were again taken off and bowed to the ground; and, after an amicable struggle as to which should take the wall, these curious specimens of Brazilian politeness and etiquette walked on their several ways.

"I now passed down a street called '*Rua dos Plateiros*,' or silversmith's street, where in little dark and miserable shops I saw trinkets of massive gold, pearls, and diamonds, and every kind of precious stones of the richest description. Gold buckles of every size and shape formed a conspicuous part of the rich display before me.

"From this street I passed into the '*Rua dos Alfayetes*,' or tailor's street, and to have judged by the rows of benches filled by men working on the pavement in front of every door, as well as by the number of blacks and mulattoes all busy at their needles, I might have supposed the whole population of the town to be occupied in this one trade. The '*Senhor Alfayete*,' or my lord tailor, as he is called, is a very important person among the Brazilians, for this people can form no conception of dignity unless it be dressed up in all the extravagance of old-fashioned finery."

We may add to this lively description, that the population of Rio de Janeiro our author estimates at 200,000, but according to Mr. Henderson it amounts to only 150,000, of whom two-thirds are negroes and mulattoes; the other part of the population consists almost entirely of descendants of the original European settlers; none of the aborigines remain in Brazil,

with the exception, perhaps, of a few wandering tribes in the Pampas; the cruelties of the early Portuguese conquerors, drove to more distant regions those of the owners of the soil whom their swords, or what were worse, their tortures spared, and hardly a vestige remains of the numerous aborigines of this immense district.

In consequence of Rio Janeiro being the only harbour for many miles along the coast, it is gradually becoming one of the most important cities for trade along the east side of South America, and will certainly, under a better form of government, attain the highest degree of importance, as the emporium of Southern Europe. At present, however, in consequence of the long-continued misrule of the Portuguese government, and the selfish policy which it pursued towards its colonies, and the harsh restrictions placed upon its trade, by which the mother country falsely imagined her own supremacy would be better maintained, it has far from reached the degree of commercial importance its situation and other natural advantages entitle it. It seems probable, however, that the renunciation of the throne of Portugal by Don João, will obtain for this mighty continent a degree of independence and liberty which will bring, as their natural consequences, wealth and happiness. We have much more hopes from this circumstance than from any hasty revolution; indeed the experience of how little benefit the semi-barbarous inhabitants of Paraguay, Buenos Ayres, and Peru have derived from their hasty and ill-considered reforms in government, lead us to hope that Brazil having a government no longer dependent on a distant and feeble monarchy, and possessing at the same time the authority of antiquity and hereditary right, will, ere long, prove the truth of our anticipations. Of the present king (the ex-king of Portugal) we have the following amusing anecdote:

"A vessel having arrived in port, at a time of great anxiety as to the state of the campaign in Portugal, with recent news from that country; the king, anxious to have a *vivid voce* account of all the particulars, ordered the captain of the vessel, a rough, independent John-Bull sort of man, into his presence. As an act of condescension, the royal hand

was held out for the English tar to kiss; unaccustomed to the etiquette of a court, and little dreaming that any one human being could be expected to kiss the hand of another, the English captain took the action for one of simple kindness, indicative of his majesty's desire to welcome him to Brazil, and make his better acquaintance—in the fulness of his heart the sailor grasped the royal hand as he would a marline-spike, and shaking it with seamen-like cordiality, he told king John not to be down-hearted, for that the English would certainly drive the French out of Portugal. The king wiped his tears, forced from him, partly by the tale he heard and partly by the squeeze he received; the courtiers would have interposed, but the king, with his usual composure and paucity of words, said, '*deixa estar*,' 'let him alone.'

Of the society in Rio Janeiro our author speaks with great disgust, indeed the state of almost oriental bondage in which women are kept in the Portuguese settlements must render society most disagreeable, especially to a foreigner, who is so dependent on female society for any thing like relaxation from the toils of business; in Spanish America the case is quite different, there female society may be fully enjoyed, and the evening party, of which ladies form the ornaments, may be enjoyed as in England.

From Rio de Janeiro our author proceeds to Buenos Ayres and there made arrangements for proceeding to Paraguay; and as the voyage up the Plata was one of great tedium, owing to the power of the stream, he undertook to make it across the plains, something "*a la Head*," with this difference, that he *only* galloped at the rate of 15 or 16 miles per hour, or about 60 miles daily; of this journey little is recorded of much interest, if we except a dinner given by a party of friars at Luxan, which was only remarkable for the appetites of the givers, and the raptures which one of the dishes caused our author. This exquisite dish consisted of "the ribs, cut hide and all from the side of a fat yearling ox, the piece weighing about 20 pounds; this is roasted in the hide, by which means the juice of the meat is preserved; this roast is styled, '*carne, con cuero*,' and no Englishman can boast of his roast beef after tasting this delicacy." So says our author

and so thought the friars, who ate about four times as much as he did, to prove the excellence of the treat. Hear this ye worshippers of Kitchener and Ude, and let us no longer be deceived by French jargon, but let "*vols vents*," and "*patés a la fôte gras*," and even the glories of "Harvey's *genuine* sauce for fish *steaks*," &c. be eclipsed by the far greater splendour of a dish of fresh killed beef, dressed *cum cortice*. Who would desire a haunch of prime venison, or the calipash or calipee of an overweighted turtle, when he can on our high-ways and by-ways find a dish of which even a holy friar could take a quadruple allowance. Independently of this prime living on the road, this travelling at a rate that a fast coach would hardly surpass, had all the charms of economy to recommend it; indeed, we strongly recommend those who travel merely for locomotion sake, to take to posting per Buenos Ayres to Santa Fe, if they can digest "*carne con cuero*," and are economists; for instead of paying £2 2s. a stage, (of 15 miles,) which is about the rate of posting with us, the Pampas traveller may post in the best style the same distance, for an expense of three shillings and nine-pence. We regret that we cannot accompany our traveller stage by stage on his journey; as his book is "*touching Paraguay*," and we wish to have a palaver relative to that interesting country, we shall pass over Sante Fe and its bathing parties, Candiotti, the Rothschild of the Province, Baxada and its ostrich hunts and partridge chases, &c. &c. and deposit our author comfortably in Assumption, the capital city of Paraguay.

Having established our author at the capital city of the province we shall leave him there for some time, while we give our readers some information relative to this country, rendered so interesting by having been the scene of two most extraordinary forms of government, both obtained by usurpation, and both now overturned, leaving nothing behind but the traces of the desolation caused by them; we mean the government of the Jesuits, and that of the Dictator Francia, which has been terminated by his death since these volumes were written; both begun by force, and carried on by fraud, and both sacrificing to individual aggrandisement the happiness

and prosperity of thousands of their fellow-creatures. However, before proceeding to this task we may give a short sketch of the geography and history of this remarkable province.

The district of Paraguay is comprised between the 24 and 27 parallels of south latitude, and the 54 and 58 degrees of west longitude, containing a superficial area of 50,000 square miles, and a population of about 100,000. It is almost completely contained within the rivers Paraguay and Parana; its soil is very fruitful, and the climate healthy, and there are no great mountain chains in the whole province. Previous to the South America revolution it was attached to the viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres, but became an independent state in 1826. Its capital, Assumption, was taken from the native inhabitants by the Spaniards, under Juan de Ayolas in 1547, and in 1586 the first Jesuit *Reduction* was established in Guayra, from whence their settlements spread over the whole face of the country, which remained under their almost undisputed sway, until their expulsion in 1760.

Of the civil government of the Jesuits it has been the custom to speak in terms of the highest commendation; and if rendering men the ignorant and willing slaves of a dominant priesthood, and teaching them merely the duty of an absolutely passive obedience to the will of their masters, for whose aggrandisement they were compelled to toil, then indeed we can join in the commendations. But if ignorance of the lowest kind, obedience the most implicit to commands the most abhorrent to the first principles of right, belief in the most degrading superstitions, and an utter disregard for the real interests of their species, be unbecoming the high destinies of man, and contrary to the laws that Providence has directed for his advancement, as well in temporal as in spiritual things, then indeed was the system of the Jesuits one to be repudiated by all well-minded philanthropists; if this system was one calculated to be of essential benefit to these poor native Indians, its fruits would have been apparent in their increased civilization at the present day; and some trace of the benefits conferred upon them would now remain, instead of which, not a vestige of education or civilization is to be found among a people, after a lapse of a few years, who were repre-

sented as fitter inhabitants of a Utopia than of this nether world.

Of the mode in which the Jesuits educated the people they had obtained the government of, it was comprised in one word, obedience—even in believing the most childish superstitions: by instilling into their minds this principle, and by keeping them in the most profound ignorance, they were enabled to hold their sway. The contrast their peaceful mode of government afforded to that of the original Spanish and Portuguese settlers, gave them also a great ascendancy over these poor, persecuted people, and this was kept up by the means of the superior education of their pastors, their own ignorance, and the state of poverty and dependence which the policy of the Jesuits ever kept them in. Each *Reduction* was governed by two priests with the most arbitrary sway: the people were allowed to acquire no property—their labour was entirely the property of the mission, and their ignorance prevented their ever seeking more than the supply of their daily wants. Each family had a portion of ground allotted to them, which they cultivated for their support; but even this only belonged during the life of the head of it, and they were not allowed to have more than what was sufficient for their own support, all surplus produce being the property of the church or mission in which it was placed. The education, also, of the children consisted merely in instilling into their minds some of the fables of the breviary, but calculated to give them an idea of the immense power of the Padre, and the duty of labouring for the benefit of their pastors. They were, in the words of Francia, “refined rogues;” and their whole system one calculated to make man but the instrument of priestly tyranny.

We shall give two extracts relative to these missions, written by a Spaniard, Don Gonzalo de Doblas, governor of the province of Concepcion, which will probably set this matter in a clearer light, and enable our readers to judge how far the Owenite system of the Jesuits was calculated to produce amelioration of the people under their care, and how perfect the system was for the perfecting their own ascendancy:—

“One of the greatest points with the

curates, perhaps the greatest, was to keep up a perfect equality among the Indians, as well in matters of dress as in a regular attendance at work; that the lord mayor was required to be the first at the spot selected for the day's work, and was then joined by the other workmen—so it was with the aldermen and their wives. (These were officers to whom the Jesuits pretended to entrust the civil government of the settlement, though they were utterly powerless, being obliged to obtain the consent of the curate for every act.) Not one of them was allowed to wear shoes nor any distinctive badge of clothing—not even to vary the general mode of wearing what they had. All were put upon a footing of strict equality. The only distinction conceded to the lord mayor and aldermen was a permission, on days of public festivity, to carry their black wands, and to dress in suits kept by the padres under lock and key, expressly for such occasions, and for them only. The caciques were generally the most miserable of the whole community, and very rare it was to find any of them that could read. They never gave them any public office, or, if they did, it was on occasions few and far between. It came to be known at the time of the expulsion of the Jesuits, that in thirty townships there were only found three cacique mayors. No doubt the fathers feared that if they added to the veneration entertained by the people for their caciques, they might aspire to more authority than was at that time altogether convenient."

However excellent a *regime* this might be, if practised by a master towards his pupils, or by a father towards his children in their nonage, it could never train or form a people to any thing like knowledge or liberty. These consequences could be hidden neither from the curates nor their superiors; but their private interests occupied the place of the first importance in all they ever did, and thus they adopted a method of their own, the grand object of which was to keep the Indians aloof from every thing that could tend to rescue them from ignorance and degradation.

"When men acted upon this principle, it cannot be a matter of surprise that in the course of one hundred and fifty years, which it is since these establishments were formed, such immense wealth should have been found as well in the churches as in that fund called 'the fund of the community.' For my part, I am not as-

tonished at this, when I consider the vast fertility of this province; the complete subjugation of the Indians; that they were absolutely shut out from all intercourse with the Spaniards, and that, knowing no other authority than that of the Jesuits, they became mere tools in their hands."

Of the enormous wealth (which, as a source of power, the Jesuits are always active in amassing) collected by them in Paraguay, our author enables us to speak: by the free labour of the people they built their churches and colleges, which he estimates in the whole province as worth £600,000—the church ornaments and plate with which all Jesuit churches are so richly adorned, as worth £720,000—and their other property as worth £4,321,200. If this estimate be correct, we see that poverty was not one of the sources of the enormous power this body obtained over Europe during the sway of that body which we have yet to see the downfall. We shall now, in a few words, explain the causes which led to the expulsion of these men from Paraguay—a circumstance which we might regret, did any fruit of their labours remain in this country, or if we could divest our minds of the impression that covetousness or love of power were not the predominating principles of all their conduct.

All our readers are aware that from the first institution of the order of the Jesuits, this body has acted upon the principle of establishing an *imperium in imperio* in every country where their establishments have been allowed, paramount to the established government of the country; in fact, their great object has been to establish an hierarchy to which the legitimate government of the country should be completely subservient. To effect this one object, they have hesitated, by their own confessions, at no means, however vile—falsehood, perjury, murder, assassination have been by them considered as virtues so far as they tended to produce the great end of establishing the Jesuit supremacy; in the words of the council of Spain's report to Charles the Third, "they have altered the theological doctrines, doubted the authenticity of the sacred writings, rendered compatible the worship of God and Mammon, lent a deaf ear to pontifical decisions, and been in Europe the

focus and *point d'appui* of tumults, rebellions, and regicides"—in a word, taking as the guiding maxim of their policy, the end justifying the means employed to gain it, there has not been a crime abhorrent to the very first principles of natural or revealed religion that they have not outraged in their continued struggle for their own supremacy.

In Paraguay, under the guidance of this policy, they by degrees got the undivided allegiance of the people of the whole province, and were gradually obtaining a total independence of the Spanish monarchy. The state of ignorance in which the people were designedly kept, led them to look upon the Jesuits as their only true sovereigns, as they were *de facto*, being absolutely possessed of all the wealth and power of the country. In this state of things, Charles the Third of Spain, plainly perceiving that if they were allowed to remain in Paraguay, he should not only lose all right over that country, but that the probability was that the holy fathers would extend their rule over the rest of his dominions, wrote a letter to Pope Clement XIII., requesting the sanction of that pontiff to the measures he was taking for their expulsion, but at the same time announcing his positive determination to effect it, and also to provide a sufficient sum for the support of each member of the body out of the royal treasury. To this letter he received a reply from the pope, remonstrating with him upon his conduct, which, being submitted to his privy council, called forth the reproof from which we have already quoted, and concluded by recommending his majesty to persevere in his intention in despite of his holiness, "it being proved against them, that in Paraguay they took the field with organised armies, to oppose themselves to the crown; and now at this very time have they not been, in Spain, endeavouring to change the whole government, to modify it according to their own pleasure, and to promulgate and put in practice doctrines the most horrible?"

In pursuance of the advice contained in this report, the minister of state dispatched a ship of war to the Rio de la Plata, with orders to the viceroy to seize on all the Jesuits, and ship them off for Europe. This order was received by the viceroy, Bucarelli, on the 7th of June, and on the 22nd of July following, all the Jesuits, to the

number of 500, were simultaneously seized and sent to Buenos Ayres, and from thence shipped off to Italy; and this act of necessity terminated for ever the rule of the Jesuits in Paraguay—would that we could add their power elsewhere, which has continued and will continue over Europe as long as governments are too weak or too short-sighted to exercise the same rigour against a power, which must be ultimately subversive of all civil polity wherever it is permitted.

We have now to speak of the subsequent government of Paraguay, and introduce to our reader's notice the Napoleon of South America, Don Francia. Up to the period of the expulsion of the Jesuits, the government of Paraguay may be said to have been vested entirely in the hands of these crafty politicians. Subsequent to that event the Paraguayans remained attached to the Spanish government, until the year 1810, when, after defeating the *revolutionary* general sent against the Spanish governor of their province, they themselves effected the revolution which it had been attempted to force on them, and substituted for the viceregal government that of a *junta*, composed of a president, two assessors, and a secretary. This change was effected with nearly the same commotion as attends an election of a lord mayor or a member of parliament. Indeed, the violence attendant upon a South American revolution is seldom equal to that which results from a Tipperary or Galway election. The generals, or presidents, and their *juntas*, were replaced by the *new* revolutionary powers with but little disturbance, and very rarely with bloodshed. Of this first *junta* Dr. Francia was secretary, and in 1814, a new revolution having replaced the *junta* by a consular government, he was made one of the consuls, and shortly after, in imitation of his European prototype, he soon contrived to displace his fellow-king, and seize on the government for himself. To give our readers some idea of this extraordinary personage, we cannot do better than transcribe the first meeting which took place between him and our author:—

"On one of those lovely evenings in Paraguay, after the south-west wind had both cleared and cooled the air, I was drawn, in my pursuit of game, into a peaceful valley, not far from Donna Juana's, and remarkable for its combina-

tion of all the striking features of the scenery of the country. Suddenly I came upon a neat and unpretending cottage. Up rose a partridge; I fired, and the bird came to the ground. A voice from behind called out 'Buen tiro,' a good shot. I turned round and beheld a gentleman of about fifty years of age, dressed in a suit of black, with a large scarlet capose or cloak thrown over his shoulders. He had a *mâté* cup in one hand and a cigar in the other; and a little urchin of a negro, with his arms crossed, was in attendance by the gentleman's side. The stranger's countenance was dark, and his black eyes were very penetrating, while his jet hair, combed back from a bold forehead, and hanging in natural ringlets over his shoulders, gave him a dignified and striking air. He wore on his shoes large golden buckles, and at the knees of his breeches were the same.

"I apologised for having fired so close to his house; but with great kindness and urbanity, the owner of it assured me there was no occasion for my offering the least excuse; and that his house and grounds were at my service whenever I chose to use my gun in that direction. In exercise of the primitive and simple hospitality common in the country, I was invited to sit down under the corridor and take a cigar and a *mâté*. A celestial globe, a large telescope, and a theodolite were under the little portico; and I immediately inferred that the personage before me was no other than Dr. Francia.

"He then introduced me to his library, in a confined room, with a very small window, and that so shaded by the roof of the corridor, as to admit the least portion of light necessary for study. The library was arranged on three rows of shelves extending across the room, and might have consisted of three hundred volumes. There were many ponderous books of law; a few on the inductive sciences; some in French and some in Latin, upon subjects of general literature, with Euclid's *Elements*, and some school-boy treatises on algebra. On a large table were heaps of law papers and processes. Several folios, bound in vellum, were outspread upon it; a lighted candle (though placed there solely with a view to light cigars) lent its feeble aid to illumine the room; while a *mâté* cup and inkstand, both of silver, graced another part of the table. There was neither carpet nor mat on the floor; and the chairs were of such ancient fashion, size, and weight, that it required a considerable effort to move them from one spot to another. They were covered with old tanned ox leather, indented with curious hieroglyphics, and from long use very

brown and glossy. An earthen jar, for water, stood in one corner, and the doctor's house-furniture in another—slippers, boots and shoes lay scattered about, and the room had an air of confusion, darkness, and absence of comfort, the more striking that the outside of the cottage, though lowly, was perfectly neat, and so romantically placed, as to have all the air of an abode at once of beauty and of peace.

"Not a trace of the sanguinary propensities, or of the ungovernable caprice, by the exercise of which he afterwards attained so bad a celebrity, was observable in the manner nor deducible from the conversation of Francia at the time of which I am now speaking. Quite the reverse. His demeanour was subdued and unostentatious; his principles, so far as they could be ascertained from his own declarations, just, though not very exalted; and his legal integrity, as an advocate, has never been disputed.—*Vanity* seemed to me to be the leading feature of his character; and although there was a latent sternness and almost continual severity in his countenance, yet, when it relaxed into a smile, they only made, by contrast, an impression the more winning upon those with whom he conversed.

"He was pleased it should be known that he understood French—a very uncommon branch of knowledge in Paraguay. He made some display of his acquaintance with Voltaire, Rousseau, and Volney, and he concurred entirely in the theory of the latter. But he was most of all proud to be known as an algebraist and astronomer. He was, it is true, but a very short way inducted into these sciences. It was sufficient, however, in Paraguay, to justify the Spanish proverb, that '*Eu tierra de los ciegos el tuerto es rey.*' In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king. In Paraguay, an acquaintance with French, Euclid's *Elements*, equations, and the mode of handling a theodolite, or with books prohibited by the Vatican, was, in point of knowledge, quite the exception to the general rule."

At this period Francia was preparing, by intrigues of the most crafty kind, for stepping into the supreme power: by flattering the passions or prejudices of the lower ranks, and keeping aloof from the higher, he lulled all suspicion among the latter, and gained the good-will and admiration of the former, and, like all other usurpers, was, by seeming to be above the desire of personal aggrandizement,

laying the surest foundation for obtaining it.

Francia was in 1814 appointed joint consul with Don Fulgentia Yegros, and though this was equivalent to giving him supreme power, yet his ambition could not allow of even a nominal division of the supreme power. To obtain a more unlimited sway he called together a congress at the expiration of a year. This body was to consist of a thousand members named by the government; "as might have been expected, more than half of the knights of the shire could neither read nor write;" and few of them even possessed the luxuries of shoes and stockings. To this assembly was submitted the proposition for appointing Francia dictator for three years. The debate was both literally and metaphorically a warm one. Our author went to the church about twelve o'clock, and meeting one of the members dressed in a white dimity jacket, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, asked "how matters were going on?"

"Why," replied the honest member, "to tell you the truth, these are matters I do not at all pretend to understand; but if I may judge from the noise—*todo va bien*—all goes well."

Even with such members of congress, the question was not carried without violence. For Francia was obliged to send a body of troops to surround the church to prove to the members the necessity of rapidly arriving at a termination of their debate, and deciding in favour of his election. The question was then decided by one of Francia's friends getting up and saying, "Gentlemen, why should we waste our time here? The Carai (Lord) Francia wishes to be absolute. He ought to be absolute, and I say (here he struck the table at which he stood with his whole force) he SHALL be absolute!"

Immediately the debate terminated by the congress electing Francia dictator for three years, and at the end of this period he was elected dictator for life. Of his government since that period we can only say, that it far exceeded for tyranny and oppression any despotism that the world has ever witnessed.

As our authors have at this juncture terminated their labours for the present, reserving for a future occasion the details of his government after his appointment as dictator, we shall postpone any further remarks upon this extraordinary man, until the appearance

of their printed volumes, at present merely mentioning a few anecdotes of his early life, given by our authors. Of his tyrannical disposition, previous to his appointment as dictator, we have the following specimen:

"A circumstance occurred during our interview, curiously illustrative of the growing despotism, the abrupt manner, and rude disregard of propriety which Francia was taking daily less pains to conceal. The sentry announced as being in the lobby, the minister of finance; 'El señor Tesorero aguarda,' (Mr. Treasurer waits) said the sentinel. 'Que aguarde,' (*let him wait*) replied the consul. Two hours did the consul's harangue to me and subsequent explanations occupy, and when at the close of it he saw me off, the treasurer was still pacing up and down the corridor of the palace, and *waiting* as he had been ordered, to do his master's further commands. Upon seeing Francia come out, the minister of finance went up to him, and most respectfully taking off his hat, asked him if he were that night to give in his accounts? 'Take him to the guard-house,' said the supercilious despot. 'Did I not tell the fellow to *wait*?' and now he must needs ask questions."

"Off was the Chancellor of the Exchequer marched to the guard-house, and there, on a bullock's raw hide, in company with the soldiers, was he constrained to ruminate all night upon the danger of breaking in upon the consul's associations, even for the purpose of rendering an account of his stewardship."

Many years before Francia became a public character, he quarrelled with his father, though we believe the latter was in the wrong; they spoke not, met not, for years; at length the father was laid on his death-bed, and before rendering up his great and final account, he earnestly desired to be at peace with his son José Gaspar. This was intimated to the latter, but he refused the proffered reconciliation. The old man's illness was increased by the obduracy of his son; and indeed he showed a horror of quitting the world without a reconciliation taking place. He conceived his soul to be endangered by remaining at enmity with his first-born. Again, a few hours before he breathed his last, he got some of Francia's relatives to go to him and implore him to receive the dying benediction of his father. He refused: they told him his father believed his soul could not reach heaven unless it

departed in peace with his son. Human nature shudders at the final answer which that son returned—"Then tell my father that I care not if his soul descend to hell." The old man died almost raving, and calling for his son José Gaspar. After this horrible anecdote, we may well expect that no tenderness of feeling could touch the breast of such a monster, and are prepared to find him, who disregarded the prayer of a dying father, scoffing at the supplications of the wife for the husband, or the father for his child, and gradually becoming the gloomy, blood-thirsty tyrant. We cannot now, however, trace out his career; we have shown sufficient to convince our readers of the wretchedness of the country which could endure such a governor for four and twenty years. But we may hope that now that death has freed this lovely country of its ruthless master, the people will be wise

enough to adopt some form of government, not likely to cause them similar sufferings.

We must now close our review of these interesting volumes. Our examination of the different governments which has prevailed in Paraguay, have precluded our saying much relative to the natural products of the country; and we must refer our readers to the volumes themselves for some most interesting details relative to the preparation of the Yerba or Paraguay tea, the staple manufacture of the country. Heretofore Paraguay has been as completely closed against foreign travellers, as China or Japan; such was the policy of Francia, and years must elapse ere travellers can enjoy the same opportunities as our authors have. We therefore feel most happy in obtaining this accession to our stock of valuable histories of distant climes.

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THE REDDERBRAE.—AN IRISH STORY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"CATCH me waiting—that's all!" exclaimed Mary Basset, while pulling out the strings of her bonnet—"Catch me waiting, Ellen—there, put a pin in the back of my handkerchief—will you?"

"La, Mary!" replied Ellen, glancing slyly over her shoulder at the same moment, to note in the looking-glass the effect of her remark—"La, Mary, you are as particular as if you were a born old maid."

Mary coloured a brilliant crimson, and attempted to stick a needle instead of a pin in the front of the said handkerchief, and then laughed at her blunder; but the laugh was not her natural one; and Ellen, instead of joining in it, sighed, for she saw her sister was agitated, and unhappy.

"Do wait, Mary," she said. "You are always so hasty and impatient that you do not give yourself time to think."

"But I have plenty of time to *feel*," replied Mary. "I hope you will allow that, and I do not mean to suffer my feelings to be interfered with by anybody."

Ellen made no comment on this ill-tempered speech; but as she wrapped her sister in her mantle, Mary saw that her eyes were filled with tears. Now, be it remembered that Mary Basset was a warm, careless, Irish girl, and be it also borne in mind that the warmth and carelessness of an Irish girl are warmth and carelessness of the very first class—that is to say,

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they are more warm and more careless than any other girls in the world; consequently Mary threw her arms round Ellen's neck, and burst into tears.

"Ellen—Ellen *darlint*, can you forgive your poor Mary? Ellen, you were always wise, and kind, and considerate; your mother's own child, Ellen, full up of goodness, while I have been ever and always wilful and spoilt—that is it, Ellen—spoilt by my kind father, by my cross aunt, and good-tempered uncle; and why, I don't know."

"I do," said Ellen, quietly—"look there;" and she pointed to the glass which reflected the faces of both sisters.

Mary was tall and graceful; her beaming forehead clustered over and about with long black silken tresses—her eyes sparkling—her complexion glowing; and if a little pouting devil did occasionally take a mischievous perch on her lips, why the sooner he got away the more happy did every one seem to be; and in his absence he was seldom remembered. Ellen looked still more pale and still more dark than usual by the side of her brilliant sister. Constitutional delicacy, with its attendant thoughtfulness, had made her old, while her years were few—and never had the contrast appeared to her more striking than at that moment, when she pointed to her sister's glass.

"But you are more good than I

am—far, far more good—more true—more just,” exclaimed Mary, while I do believe her tears dried all the faster, in the reflection of her own beauty.

“If I am more just,” said Ellen, hastily, “prove that you think so, and wait for Jasper a little, only a little longer.”

“I wonder at you, Ellen—you are such a quiet, tame thing, you have no spirit; it is twenty minutes past the time—if he loved me!”

“If he loved you, Mary,” interrupted Ellen, “he would not offend a kind employer, merely to prevent your walk from being delayed for half an hour. Remember how often you made him wait.”

“Well, it’s no use—go I will. I want to return early. I have a great deal to say to my aunt and my uncle Ben—and it is three good miles there.”

“It is a long and a lonely road.”

“Well, Nel, you are a coward! Oh! dear, I had almost forgot to take father’s watch to tell the time.”

“Well, Mary, here it is—put it in your pocket.”

“In my pocket,” repeated Mary, laughing.

“No, I’ll hang it on my beautiful chain (doesn’t it look like *rale* goold?) round my neck, and stick it in my belt. So!”

“Aunt Beck and uncle Bob will think you’ve lost your senses, Mary.”

“Aunt Beck likes to cut a figure herself sometimes, when she puts on her beaver hat, and her long-tailed habit, and comes to mass on the high pillion behind old Joe; and as to uncle Bob, the dear little friar thinks I’m an angel, and I return the compliment, by trying to think him a saint,” replied Mary, laughing.

“And what shall I say to Jasper?”

“Say—why that I’m gone; and you may add, as if from yourself, you know, Ellen, that he may come after me, if he likes—mind, I don’t like, but if *he* likes! And now, good by.”

“Don’t walk too fast, Mary,” said Ellen, as her sister bounded over the threshold. “And sure,” continued the gentle girl, “I might have known that would only make her go the faster. How handsome she is! No wonder at the joy of my father’s heart, and light of his eyes. There isn’t a finer girl in the whole kingdom of . . . Jasper will go mad, so he

will—he must learn to take her easy, and so he will after a time: no one could be angry with her for long. Well, beauty’s a fine thing—but it’s a bother, so it is; yet there’s none of us but would have it if we could. I don’t think Mary would have gone off in such a huff, but she’s a taste jealous of Jasper and Jinny Collins, old Jack Collin’s neice of the Redderbrae. Maybe it might tame her a bit—but no, it won’t—she’s as soft as a lamb when she has her own way—but now,” concluded the gentle Ellen, “that she’s gone, I’ll have mine.” And so she had, for she sat down to twill Mary’s frills, and trim her Sunday bonnet, without bestowing a single thought on her own finery.

Mary and Ellen were the children of a half Irish, half Scotch farmer, whose ancestors had resided for many years near the populous and thriving city of Belfast. They had lost their mother at Ellen’s birth—for Ellen, though the most wise, was younger than Mary by three years: and Jacob Bassett cherished (for a man) the extraordinary idea that the best way of making women happy was allowing them to do exactly as they liked. Mary used her privilege to the utmost. Ellen, whom nature had formed of more gentle and yielding materials, considered her sister in all things, and was perfectly oblivious of self. Mary Bassett had many lovers, of whom Jasper Collins was the most favoured; and, in accordance with her perverse disposition, consequently the worst treated. She liked to worry, and tease, and perplex him; and he was too much in love to oppose her humour. With such a father, and such a sister, and such a sweetheart, and other flattering relatives, is it to be wondered that the frank, affectionate, impetuous girl was, in every sense of the word, at twenty, perfectly spoiled? I had almost forgotten that she was to inherit, jointly with Ellen, the possession of about seventy acres of finely cultivated land; for the peasants of the north of Ireland are gifted with much of the careful industry of their Scottish neighbours; and the farming abilities of old Bassett were recognised by all the gentry in the county. One would have supposed that such advantages, natural and acquired, would have driven jealousy out of the head and heart of the pretty maiden; but, without knowing it, she was fond of excitement, and fitful as a mountain

breeze. More than once did she look back on her path to see if Jasper was following; and if she did observe a shadow pass along the hill side, more than once did she exalt her voice to the highest pitch in the refrain of a ballad, hoping, "if it was Jasper," that he might be convinced by oral demonstration that she pursued her way joyously, and did not think of him.

On she went, along the beaten road—then over a furze-clad ditch, for the purpose of making what the Irish call a "short cut," but by which I have generally found they double the distance—then down one of these green and sparkling valleys, which are never so green or so sparkling (to me, at least) as in my native land, a clear rill singing through its tangled way—now moving sedately along—then breaking into fairy diamonds over the white grey stones which oppose its progress—then spreading into many shreds of liquid silver, and circling some gigantic tuft of grass or overgrown rush—and then uniting again into one mimic river.

As Mary stept along the green sward, her bravura, lulled into the whisper of a melody, which at last became altogether hushed, as if she felt the mingled music of the streamlet and the birds was sweeter than her own. It was the latter end of "harvest," as autumn is always called in Ireland, and the corn fields, on which Mary trod when she left the valley, shorn of their riches, looked bleak and barren to the eye. Stubble is always unpicturesque—but singularly so in Ireland, where it has not the relief afforded by the neat bright hedges of hawthorn and roses, which render our English landscape fresh and varied, even to the end of old "jolly October." "It is all well enough to this," murmured Mary, looking round—"and the hill, forebye the cut corn, is pleasant, summer or winter—but, save us! how dark is the hollow of the Redderbrae!"

Mary had climbed the hill in pursuance of her "short cut," and stood, when she paused on its summit, leaning over a projecting rock from which she had a perfect view of the glen beneath. Well might she call it "dark;" it was so: large masses of grey granite, of a sterile and burnt appearance, projected from the declivity, interspersed here and there with knots or clumps of furze; while beyond lay a deep, dark

marsh—*bog* it is called in its own neighbourhood—full of holes and pools of standing water. Unightly as the district was, it had its times of beauty. In the spring and early summer, that dreary land looked like a dell of ever-living blossoms, lichens, wild flax, waving rushes, several species of heather, fern, and a long snowy flower (I forget its name) luxuriated in the soft, warm soil; while thousands of migratory birds hovered over the knolls and reeds which sheltered their dappled eggs, or chirping brood. It had its legends also—some poetic—others but too true. Hundreds would swear that the hammer of the clurea^aawn reverberated through the bog; and many a "fine boy" had been lured by the sound to a mud bath instead of a crock of goold. The phooka led his wild pranks from the very spot where Mary stood—flitting, like the summer lightning, from crag to crag, and then far and away,

"O'er moss and o'er mulr,"

no one knew where. There was, moreover, a small island of dazzling green, upon which grew a solitary and not ungraceful tree. Pretty it looked, by sunlight or moonlight—a solid and substantial emerald, where all else at that season seemed grey and barren; "and there," thought Mary, "they do say the good people gather on midsummer eve, and that the inside of it is hollowed into a palace fine enough for the King of France." But while Mary looked, a passing cloud cast its heavy shadow so as to darken even the fairy island, and if a poet had been there, he would have immortalized both the island and the cloud, and called forth, by the strong power of 'witching song, tears and smiles associated for ever, and a day after, with the dark glen of the Redderbrae. The realities of the locality would have sobered his romance, had he known that a woman had been murdered there some years before, and thrown into the sinking moss by an unknown hand. Her body would never have been found, but that a boy, driving two cows to a fair across this particular portion of the brae, found it impossible to make them proceed: they stopped, snuffed the ground, pawing it with their hoofs, and moaning most piteously all the time. The lad returned to his home, mentioned the circumstance, and revisited the spot, accompanied by his father. The cattle were still in the

same place; and the singularity of the event led to an examination of the locality, and discovery of the body. The victim had evidently been possessed of much personal beauty, but was unknown. She was afterwards buried in consecrated ground, and her clothes, and part of the handle and blade of a knife with which the murder had evidently been committed, were placed in the keeping of the nearest magistrate.

As the incident occurred to Mary's mind, she drew her cloak more closely round her, and proceeded, with a somewhat quickened pulsation, down the steep.

"The world's better than it was then," she whispered to herself, and so do the young always whisper, and always believe; and it is well they do so, for what is called "knowledge of the world" is a heavy burthen to the heart and spirits. She would have rejoiced to have seen even Jasper's shadow, as the damp air of the glen gathered round her, and a solitary magpie (sure omen of ill luck) chattered its wild and spiteful glee from a stunted and ill-shaped thorn, upon which the leaves still lingered, and the ripe red berries glittered. Her path was not, however, solitary—first, she encountered a group of children belonging to her cousin's bleach-green, who hailed her, as she passed, with "God save you kindly, Miss Mary, and may you never be poorer, but richer and richer to the day of your death"—then she met her uncle, the friar's runner—the half-clothed, half-fed, barefooted, crabbed urchin, who did her aunt's as well as her uncle's bidding by night and day, through fair and foul weather—who drove home the cow, killed the fowl, fed the pigs, went of all messages, cleaned his reverence's boots, carried his vestments, served on the altar, bore evil report and good report with the same enviable equanimity of temper, and was rewarded for all his labours by a dry potato and a suit of clothes, which, in but one particular, answered the purpose for which clothes are intended—they covered him, to be sure—but after such a fashion!

No other greeting did Mary receive, except from a half-witted fellow, who screamed to her across the morass, to go with a proud step by the dead 'ooman's first grave—an observation which made her shudder the more, for she was at the moment passing the spot

marked by tradition, and the long grass

and rushes waved mournfully in the *sough* of the Autumn wind. On, however, she went, but her song was subdued, and her step, not elastic as at first, was firm and steady; the day grew dark and heavy, and her spirits sank with the lowering clouds; still she continued her way, and saw, just as two or three large, cold, sudden drops of rain struck upon her cheek and brow, the hut of Simon Murphy, the furze-cutter, like a huge mole-hill by the side of a dark slate rock, and she was too anxious to preserve undimmed the brightness of her new ribbonds to call to mind the several hints which she had heard to the disadvantage of the furze-cutter's character. It has been many a long day since the peasantry of Ireland have dared to speak out their opinion of each other; they have learned, as an intelligent labourer said to me the other day, "to hould their tongues, and not to see what did not concern them;" and consequently, though much was really known to many, as to the actually vicious habits of the old miser, who had dwelt in apparent misery for nearly forty years in that desolate spot, nothing was positively stated; and though watched by the police, and avoided by his neighbours, old Simon lived on in uninterrupted possession of a wide and wild tract of furze and bog, which he either cut himself, or farmed out (if so it may be called) to his poorer acquaintances. She had not seen the furze-cutter more than half-a-dozen times in her life; but no one hesitates to enter an Irish cottage, no matter what the character of its inmates may be, as they rarely, if ever, violate that hospitality which protects the traveller, from the moment that his foot passes the threshold of the dwelling of the greatest outlaw in the kingdom.

If Mary Basset had remembered that Simon Murphy was deaf, she would not have twice hailed him with the "God save all here"—the cheerful salutation of every Irish man, woman, and child, when entering a residence. The old man was occupied close to a small window, at the gable-end of the cottage, with his bill-hook, which he was sharpening on a small sort of grinding-stone of his own contrivance, ingeniously fixed in the recess of the window, where he managed to bring the iron to a considerable degree of brightness. Mary, unwilling to enter much beyond the threshold, and seeing that there was no fire by which she

could dry her clothes, endeavoured to untie her bonnet, anxious to ascertain the extent of injury done to her precious ribbands; her fingers, however, seemed unable to execute their task as nimbly as usual, and instead of succeeding in her intention, she pulled the ribband into what maiden's call a "dead knot;" provoked at this misfortune she advanced to borrow Simon's knife, which at that moment she had seen him cautiously pull from a hole close to where the window fitted into the wall; he looked upon it, and had just applied the blade to the wetted stone when Mary Bassett touched him on the shoulder. It would be quite impossible to describe the sensation the touch of her hand produced on the old man. He thrust the knife back to its hiding place, and trembled in every limb, while he held her from him, looking vaguely into her face, while a deep red hue, which seemed quite unnatural to his sallow cheek, faded almost instantaneously into ashy paleness.

"The Lord save and protect us!" exclaimed Mary, "is it sick you are, Mr. Murphy—take yer grip off my arm, sir; sure it's wanting to frighten the life out of me you are with your faces." The young girl's voice recalled him to himself, and letting go her arm, turning so that his back concealed the greater part of the window from her observation, he inquired in his shrill, piping voice, "what she wanted?"

"And a pretty question to ask," replied the indignant damsel, giving another tug to the damp and knotted strings. "A pretty question to ask, and the rain dropping as large as widows' tears, and the clouds tearing over the sky like mad, and the sunbeams hid, and every blast of the wind dipping the green rushes in the mountain brook. What do I want? Shelter from the shower that's crossing the Redderbrae, and the loan of that knife you thrust into a hole, to cut these weary strings." And again Mary Bassett, impatient of restraint, pulled the ribbands, whose beauty the rain and her violence had combined to destroy.

"There is no knife there," replied the old man, parrying Mary's attempt to seek what she required, "there is no knife there—but stay, I'll get you one—I'll get you one, if I have it," and he produced a small blunt tobacco-knife from his pocket, which, however, accomplished Mary's purpose; having cut the strings with the wilfulness of a petted child, she flung off her bonnet,

exclaiming, "a bother on it for a weary string; I'll never have satin strings again as long as I live; and indeed, Mister Murphy, you might, I'm thinking, have a spark of fire such a day as this, and use the plenty the Lord has given you—turf and furze under your very nose, and you havn't the heart to burn them."

"How do you know what I have the heart to do?" replied the old miser, leering at the angry maiden, while he stirred up the turf ashes with the end of a long pole; "but I can work as well without a fire, and a poor lone body like me must be saving—must be saving."

"See how my fine ribband is murdered entirely, hackled to pieces with that baste of a knife," persisted Mary. "Indeed, and if you war a dacent old body you'd lend me a loan of a cut of that fine knife you war sharpening when I came in, just to smoothen the edges. My aunt will murder me, so she will, for cutting it at all, that she will, and say I did it in a pet."

"And so ye did," growled the miser, as kneeling before the fire place he puffed the fading remnants of his breath upon the kindling embers. "So ye did, like all women kind—thank God I've no such cattle on my farm."

"I dare say not," replied Mary, annoyed with herself, and glad of an opportunity to vent her spleen upon another. "I wonder who would be bothered with the likes of you."

Simon Murphy raised his head, and placing his hands upon his knees, looked with his keen grey eyes into her angry face; the coat, which was fastened at the throat for the purpose of concealing his want of shirt, did not hide the strong sinews of his muscular throat that supported his large head, covered by a profusion of white and matted hair; at first his lips were drawn together, but they parted slowly, revealing his toothless gums, from whence at last issued a low gurgling laugh, both unnatural and horrible, for it made the young girl shudder and draw towards the door, with a feeling of satisfaction that she was at liberty.

"The likes o' me—the likes o' me," he repeated. "I tell you what, Mary Bassett—for so I see you are—fresher, and fairer, and better than ever you war have followed me by day and night—more than was good for either of us—though it's little then I expected to be sneered at by the daughter of a Scotch farmer, who holds her he-

higher than is becoming in a woman. Ah! ah! high heads may have a fall, my purty maiden, for purty ye are, and devil a better judge of beauty in the country than Simon Murphy the furze-cutter."

Mary felt indignant and out of temper; and seeing that the clouds were dispersing, and a long under-gleam of sunlight brightening the landscape. She coolly told the old man not to trouble himself with the fire, as she could not wait to dry her cloak, and her aunt would think her long coming, "I'll just trim the edge of my ribband," she continued, moving towards the window, "and then bid you good-morrow."

The old man did not suffer her to fulfil her intention, but springing from the ground with an agility which could not be expected from one so attenuated and worn, he seized her cloak, and commanded her for "her life,—not to dare to approach, nor meddle with any thing in the house."

"Ye'r nothing more nor less than an ould bear, Simon Murphy," she answered, retreating to the door, "bad cess to yerself, and yer knives—let go my cloak—and good' by to ye." The miser did not, however, let go the cloak so quickly, for he had caught sight of the watch and glittering chain, which the girl's vanity had tempted her to hang round her neck, and fascinated by the sight of the ore he so dearly loved, Simon kept his eyes fixed upon it with an expression that struck terror into the maiden's heart.

"Is it real silver, and real goold," he inquired eagerly—"real is it? sit down Miss Bassett—I'll get ye a knife directly—I'll not heed the cost of the fire, but make ye a good one, a fine one—what a beautiful watch—yer father's well to do—and a rale goold chain!—let me look at it Miss, just let me look at it—it hasn't quite given over raining yet—ye'll eat something, Miss Mary, after yer walk, or take a drop—just one drop of what will keep the cowl from you—do, alanna—I have a little sup in a corner, a little sup"—and his voice and manner were more hateful to Mary in its tones of kindness, than it had been before in its bitterness. She gave up all idea as to the arrangement of her ribbands, and only thought as to the most speedy mode of escape from the cottage; with her usual impetuosity she stood no further parley, and despite the furze-cutter's entreaties dashed from his dwelling, having been rude enough to call him, "a bit-

ter, cunning, bad old man, who deserved all that was said bad of him through the country."

Mary did not pause until she had reached an eminence at some distance, commanding a view of the cottage. She saw the furze-cutter still standing at its door, and for the first time questioned herself as to what had occasioned her alarm—danger when passed immediately loses more than half its terror, and the girl's buoyancy of spirit assisted her to overcome a feeling at which she was now tempted to laugh. "Why should I have taken fright at all—sure he was only civil at the latter end; and as to his minding the watch, no wonder he was struck with it on the likes o' me. I'm ashamed of myself, so I am, to be so easily frightened. I shouldn't, however, much care if Jasper was to meet me soon going home; and if he doesn't—why maybe he won't pay for it—that's all—maybe he won't"—and in this no kindly spirit towards the man she loved, perhaps (for sometimes such things happen) even better than her father. Mary Bassett entered her aunt Beck's house. Aunt Beck and uncle Bob—brother and sister as they were—it must be confessed, were two particularly well preserved specimens of single life. They had been remarkable in childhood for always quarrelling with each other; they had quarrelled from childhood into youth, from youth to middle age, from middle age to old age, and that without a single day's cessation, never agreeing except upon that solitary point, the only one of real union in Ireland—hospitality. They certainly did agree in making every one welcome to their farm, from the beggar who had his bag filled from the potato-pit or the meal-chest, to the gentleman upon whom the stirrup-cup was pressed with the most true and unaffected kindness.

"Oh, Mary, is that you—kindly welcome, my darlint—sure we're glad to see you—there's a cake on the griddle intended for the tay."

So far uncle and aunt had chimed together as harmoniously as the greatest lover of harmony could desire, but they divided at mention of the cake.

"I wouldn't have had it touched for tay," said Bob. "I hate hot cake."

"I would, though," responded Beck, "for I doat on hot cake."

"You'll cut it now I'm come, anyway," said Mary, who knew how to change the subject.

"Oh, to be sure we will, darlint," was the instant reply.

Aunt Beck was tall and stiff, the perfection of old maidenhood, looked as if her flesh had turned to bone, and her bone to iron; her chintz gown was pinned behind over a black, quilted petticoat, and her dress seemed part and parcel of herself; shoes, buckles, cap, handkerchief, and all—all in *statu quo*. No one could imagine the possibility of her clothes ever coming off; she would have made a splendid show at those fancy fairs, where ladies are so fond of exhibiting themselves under the wrapping-cloak of charity. As a model of the antique, aunt Beck would have been invaluable. She was so pale and particular—so measured in her words—so choice in her phrases—while little Bob her brother was short, fat, rosy, and slovenly—the "very moral," as the Irish have it, of what he was—a good-natured and perfectly harmless friar, cheerful and cheery, never differing from any one, except his sister, whom he spitefully enough always denominated "long cross Beck;" she, no ways loath, returning the compliment by calling him "Father Bob short." Mary was, as her sister Ellen had anticipated, soundly lectured by her aunt Beck for sporting a watch and chain, while uncle Bob observed that all women, young and old, invariably endeavoured to make the most of themselves, and that no doubt Mary took after her aunt. Thus the worthies went on—the lady snapping at the gentleman, while his good-humoured laugh provoked her irritability ten times more than systematic opposition.

"There's no pleasure in life in coming near either of you," said Mary, as she put on her cloak; "you're always fighting; I'm sure, uncle, if I was aunt Beck I wouldn't stay with you; and I'm sure, aunt Beck, I'd leave his reverence to be as untidy as he pleased, and breakfast, dine, and sup with the pigs if he liked it, sooner than be playing cat and dog as you do. Well, God be with you, which of you will put me a piece on my way for good luck?"

"We'll both do that," they answered simultaneously.

"Not a bit of it," replied the laughing girl, "for ye'd be at the quarrelling again, as you've been ever since I've entered the house, and I want a word of peace, not to be always at war, like the grate Oliver Cromwell."

"So here," and she snatched up two straws of dissimilar length, "draw lots for which 'ill have the luck of a bit of walk with Mary Bassett."

"You're a dale too pert, Mary," said aunt Beck.

"She's not any such thing," laughed the Friar: "as unlike her aunt as possible—her little innocent ways have no harm in them, only all for divarshun."

"As well as to say mine have," responded Miss Beck.

"No fault of your's if they haven't—you try hard for it, a *lanna*."

"Don't use your vulgar Irish to me."

"Straws, straws!" exclaimed Mary. "Come draw my straws, and leave off quarrelling."

The long lot fell to the Friar's share, and notwithstanding the contemptuous glances cast by his sister on the careless manner in which he fastened his "big coat" round his neck by a single button, leaving the sleeves to wander at "their own sweet will" in the evening breeze, he set off, right glad to escape from the eternal fault-finding of his lean and stately sister. And then Mary recounted to him the strange conduct of the furze-cutter, and her hope that, though she was not at all frightened, he would see her across the Redderbrae, adding that she had managed that he should have the longest straw. The friar laughed at her fears, which had evidently returned as the evening closed, but promised to comply with her request, and had entered the valley for that purpose, when a bare-legged urchin overtook his reverence, with the intelligence that his grandmother "wasn't expected, and that he must (if he plazed) not let grass grow under his feet, till he gave her the rights of the church, as Father Mulvany, the parish priest, and Father John (his coadjutor) war both gone to a station, and there was no one to the fore but his reverence."

"Never mind, Uncle dear," said Mary, "never mind, I've a bether heart now than I had a while ago—the sun has only just set—I'll be across the brae in no time, and I couldn't have it on my conscience to keep a poor soul waiting in danger on account of my whim, which maybe, afther all, is nothing on earth but maiden fancy. Never heed me then, I'll be off in a minute; give me a right blessing, bid God speed me, Uncle Ben, and that will do."

Uncle Bob, who had seen nothing to apprehend from the first, did as his niece required, making, in addition to the benediction, the sign of the cross upon her forehead; and Mary tript away, looking back every now and then to catch a glimpse of his receding figure, which remained in her opinion but a short time in sight. To avoid passing close by the furze-cutter's cottage, she made a *detour* in the bog, which lengthened her journey; but though the evening had set darkly in, she was so pleased at being so far in safety on her way, that she went forward with redoubled speed. The elements seemed to have conspired against her, for while ascending towards the high ground I mentioned before, a sudden and heavy shower threatened the positive destruction, not only of the tarnished ribbands, but the bonnet itself; and Mary this time sought the shelter of a hawthorn brake, where two or three stunted trees, intertwined with many brambles, formed a small close thicket, so close that more than one person might have been concealed therein without seeing each other. The rain was accompanied by a heavy squall of wind, which did not abate until she was completely under shelter, buried, as it were, amongst the foliage. Two minutes could not have elapsed from her time of entrance therein, when she heard a murmur of voices from the opposite side, and became aware that she was not in solitary concealment, although her neighbours were unconscious of her proximity. The storm had lulled, but the pattering of the rain prevented her hearing what was said, though she fancied that they named her name more than once.

"Perhaps," she thought, "it is Jasper! Jasper, and maybe my father, or Jasper and his brother Joseph come to meet me; I wonder what they are saying, or if they are talking of me!" and instigated by a perfectly feminine and perfectly natural curiosity, she gently endeavoured to open a loophole in the thicket to enable her to discover if her lover was really there.

She could only perceive through the aperture a dark mass, which she imagined to be a man's hat—and now came another subject for deliberation. She felt assured, positively assured, that it must be her lover, for she listened attentively, and though they spoke in whispers, she was this time convinced that she heard her own

name. Should she, therefore, maintain her dignity, and, despising Jasper's protection, thread her way home by herself? The night was closing, and Mary was as true a coward as ever curled a ringlet—so that idea was abandoned as speedily as formed; besides, it was really very kind, very good-natured of Jasper, to seek her out after the way she had behaved to him of late. She had behaved very badly; to be sure she did not *quite* mean it, but how was Jasper to know that? He must be very fond of her! and this always delightful idea to your true woman, who has a perpetual, though perhaps unknown, and certainly an unacknowledged longing to be the *first* object, the dear first object to him she loves, lent a sparkle of triumph to her eyes, and a warm blush to her cheek. She now made up her mind to touch his hat, so as to arrest his attention, and yet remain invisible sufficiently long to gratify her love of tormenting. With considerable difficulty she succeeded in working her arm through the bushes, and managed so that her fingers reached the top of the supposed hat; but they were quickly withdrawn when she discovered that she had grasped the cold, thorny, deserted nest of some wild bird. The rain had considerably abated, and the clouds which flitted across the sky were less heavy than they had been. Mary, whose disappointment, trifling as it may seem, annoyed her not a little, almost resolved to call out; but here, poor girl, her womanly pride again came in her way. If she called aloud, Jasper might fancy she had been wishing for him, watching for him, wanting him. So after much *pro* and *con*, much impulse, and more than her usual share of reasoning, Mary resolved, as soon as the rain had nearly abated, to steal round to the other side of the brake, as if she was returning by that path, and show off a fair proportion of surprise at the meeting which she looked forward to with heart-beating delight.

She continued to listen with unabated anxiety for the sound of his voice, but nothing beyond a murmur reached her ear. The storm at length was almost passed, and she crept cautiously round the bushes on tiptoe. The crisp leaves of autumn had been so saturated with rain, that they did not betray her footfalls, and when she arrived on the little plain which spread at that side of the trees, she saw a man,

a stout man, enveloped in a loose coat, looking down on the path she had traversed.

"That," she thought, "is my father." This idea was confirmed by seeing another person still in the brake; she sprang towards him, exclaiming, "Father! Jasper!"

The figure turned round, the face was not the face of him she loved—the toothless gums were bared by a triumphant grin—a chuckling laugh replied to her exclamation—an uplifted weapon gleamed in the villain's hand—the gripe of the furze-cutter was on her throat.

"She's here," he exclaimed to his companion, "she's here!"

Mary could not scream, her voice was choked, but she was strong of heart, and if not stout of limb, still hers was not a weakly frame. Incapable of defence, by a violent effort she succeeded at last in freeing herself from the old ruffian, and uttered a scream so loud and piercing, that its echo resounded through the brae.

"Another such as that," exclaimed he who had been watching over the cliff, and who tightened a handkerchief across her mouth, "and we shall be silenced. What the devil did ye seize her for, till we war ready; you war ever too hasty, Simon."

"She must ha' been hid hereabouts," replied the old man, gasping for breath, "she must ha' been hid hereabouts, and heard all we said. She saw too much, I tell you, to-day, and here's the watch, the watch and goold chain."

"I tell *you*," persisted the younger, while he prevented her repeating the scream, "ye're a greedy ould bound, and greedy dogs burn their snouts; couldn't you have left me to dale with her, after you had pointed her out on the sly, and then, she was robbed, that's all; but she knows you—she does, and so the hemp's spun at last."

Mary Bassett retained a perfect consciousness of what passed; she felt that she was about to lose her life; this was fully impressed upon her mind. She would have prayed to them for mercy, but the stranger prevented all motion, while the furze-cutter, having secured the unfortunate chain and watch, muttered she had "ear-rings, too, broad gold ear-rings, and commenced fumbling about the handkerchief that his accomplice had passed round her head for ornaments of which the poor girl had been so proud.

"Havn't I asked you what's to be

done now?" inquired the younger, in a tone whose ferocity froze the warm blood in Mary's heart. "I was bothered to trust you; there's but one thing for it; while you are after the shiners we may be surprised. Couldn't you have had patience? When onct the bird is snared, it's safe; every fool knows that. Where's yer knife?"

"Here it is, here," muttered the old sinner; "no, not that; I've another—another; can't ye let me have the ear-rings first?"

Simon Murphy was still groping about Mary's head with one hand, while he searched for his knife with the other; and she felt distinctly the jerk occasioned by the stronger ruffian's snatching the knife from his accomplice.

"Open it, and be-curst to you. Or, where's the reaping-hook?"

He flung the knife from him, and seized the weapon which Simon had dropped upon the grass; while the old miser, with the blind intoxication of avarice, continued to mutter, "I want the ear-rings—I want the ear-rings!" The ruffian placed his knee upon her chest, and, had Simon assisted him, there would have been no possibility of her making even an effort at escape; but, intent as he was upon the spoil, Mary, by an effort strong and unexpected, managed to raise herself from the ground, and utter shrieks so loud and appalling that the old man was at last roused to the necessity of stifling them.

"It's you loosed the handkerchief!" exclaimed the stranger.

"It's long since I heard such cries," said the furze-cutter, when their united strength had at last overpowered the girl in her death-struggle; "now——"

But, as the man was in the very act of repeating a stab he had given to his helpless victim, he himself received a blow which sent him reeling to the earth; in the same instant Mary was in the arms of her shrieking sister, and Jasper and his brother had secured the murderer. Ellen was the first to recover her presence of mind, and, while chafing Mary's temples exclaimed—

"There were two; it wasn't so dark but I saw two men."

Jasper's brother proceeded to search the brake, and there, crouched beneath the bushes, he discovered old Simon, jabbering forth his innocence, and declaring that the other was the ruffian, for he had been doing his best to save his neighbour's child.

With the assistance of two or three peasants, who in general do not care to undertake such offices, but whose warm feelings were roused by such an assault on one who was beloved by all who knew her, the two men were lodged in the county jail, and Mary Basset was conveyed to the home she had quitted in the morning so full of life and mirthfulness, in a state of insensibility, brought on as much by terror as by the violence of the first blow she received, which, but for the particular position in which she fell, must have proved fatal.

The assizes were at hand, and the party assembled in Jacob Bassett's little parlour were conversing on the probable punishment that would be awarded to the furze-cutter and his accomplice. Mary never, in Jasper's opinion, looked half so lovely; gratitude towards the preserver of her life had rendered her more gentle and kindly than she had ever been before, and she had not tormented him, as he himself said, "much to signify," since that well-remembered night. Uncle Ben and aunt Beck had come to the farm, intending to accompany their niece and brother to the trial, which excited a great deal of interest throughout the country; and, as the assault was in no degree connected with politics, religion, or individual factions, the country people ventured for once to express their loud and honest indignation at so barbarous an act. Mary had been visited by the gentry—described in the county chronicles—received a copy, indeed I believe two copies of verses, from the nearest schoolmaster, and showers of blessings from her poor neighbours; for, what the Irish give, either of good or evil, they give with their whole hearts and souls. Every one, therefore, who knows how much praise is apt to spoil a pretty woman, will, I am sure, give Mary Bassett her fair proportion of credit for her good behaviour to that member of an ill used community—for lovers are, generally speaking, ill used—not that I think it does them much harm, I rather incline to the opinion that a moderate share of ill usage is of use to a lover—keeps down his conceit—disposes him to think more humbly of himself than is his custom. I can forgive a woman for inflicting a moderate degree of torment on her devoted; besides, if she marries she is pretty certain that the

compliment will be returned some time or other; though I believe Jasper, to this hour, never tormented Mary; to be sure they have but one law between them—the law of affection—and that is the great peace-keeper of matrimony.

On this particular evening, as I have said, the family, of whom Jasper and his brother were considered part, were assembled in Jacob Bassett's parlour. Ellen, seated as usual a little behind her sister, who, after keeping a long silence exclaimed,

"Well, I wish it was over, for I'm weary of thinking of it; and though the mark I got that blessed night will never leave my shoulder, yet the bitterness has left my heart against them."

"So best, my darlint!" exclaimed uncle Ben.

"It is not," replied aunt Beck, sharply.

"I swore to my God," said Jacob Basset, and while he spoke he struck the table with his clenched fist, and the steadiness of a dark and determined purpose clouded her brow—"I swore to my God, the night that my bleeding child was brought home to me—whether for life or death was in the hands of the Almighty—that I would be revenged on THEM, while life was left me. If the law doesn't do its duty, I will!"

"And so will I," responded Jasper; "I said Amen to your oath long ago."

"Hush," interrupted Mary, in a voice of strong emotion; "you have both done more than your duty to me, and heaven bless you for it."

"It's very odd," said Jasper's brother, "that no one ever could make out who the strange man is; no one knows, though some do say, they think they've seen his face, as through a mist years, and years ago; he does nothing but curse Simon Murphy, who, he says, proposed that he should rob Mary, when he pointed her out, as he was a stranger; but she came upon them unawares, and then, on account of her knowing the furze-cutter, why there was nothing for it but to finish her."

"It was God's great mercy that saved her," said Friar Ben, "and, indeed, brother, you should have made an acknowledgment to the church for it before."

"For what, I should like to know?" inquired aunt Beck, tartly.

Uncle Ben did not reply.

"I wish it was over," repeated Mary,

mournfully. "I don't know how I shall ever face the judge, and the jury, and the court-house, and all."

"The light will leave my eyes, and the strength will leave my heart, I am sure," echoed Ellen.

"The blessed saints will support you," said the Friar.

"If you war in it, it's not only *that* you'd take to support you," observed the never-ending Beck.

"Brother," inquired Jacob Bassett, "what story was that, which many have come over lately, and mixed Simon Murphy's name with something long ago, about a woman found murdered in the bog of the Redder Brae. I think you knew about it?"

"I saw the body, Christ be betwixt us and harm," he answered, crossing himself.

"You were too young to remember any thing about it," interrupted his sister.

"Beck," said Jacob Bassett, "now just keep the peace for a few minutes. If I was Ben I'd lay yer tongue in the Red Sea, the way they do the evil spirits."

"That's past my power," sighed the little fat friar; while Beck bridled up, and contented herself, for once, with looking fierce indignation on them all.

"I remember as I said," continued his reverence, "the finding of the body, by means of the cattle; and I remember the deep lowing of the cows, and the mad capers and bellowing of the bull, and the body, as Pat Clancy and another dragged it out of the bog, the green, wet slime, and small herbs of the place clinging round the white limbs, which the nature of the bog had kept wonderful from decay, and the long hair hanging like a shroud over the shoulders; and, when the face was turned up, the long deep cut across the throat; and, then, when the air acted upon the poor body, I saw the flesh melt from the bones, and——"

"Stop, uncle, for God's sake!" exclaimed Ellen; "there's a weakness coming over Mary; you shouldn't speak that way before her, after what she's gone through."

"But what hand had the furze-cutter in it?" inquired Mary, faintly.

"The Lord knows, he was a suspicious man—a lonely, odd, strange man—no one exactly knew what sort of man. I am tould for certain he *never went to his duty in all his life!*"

An exclamation of horror passed

from lip to lip at this information, and then the friar continued—

"There was nothing, I think, calculated to lead to discovery, except indeed some of her clothes, and the blade and part of the handle of a knife; it was only the other day I had the honour of a long talk with Mr. Hitchcock, the magistrate, with whom those things were deposited, and coming over this piece of work about poor Mary; he showed them to me—it was a quare-shaped blade, and the handle ridged the contrary way to any handle I had ever seen before——"

"Any thing like that?" said Ellen Bassett, laying a knife, or rather part of a knife upon the table.

The friar seized the fragment, and, after crossing himself, exclaimed—

"Blessed Jesus! where did you find that?"

"In the grass, close to where Mary was attacked," she replied; "it was hard under my knee, when I knelt to pick it up, and I put it in my pocket, thinking it might be of use somehow; part time I forgot it, and thin, whin I thought of it, why I didn't care to mention to Mary, and often wanted to speak to Jasper about it——"

"It's the hand of Providence—the finger of God—the overlooking of the saints!" exclaimed Friar Ben.

"I could almost swear," said Mary, "that it is the very knife I saw him hide in his cottage."

"I could take my Bible oath, it's the knife I saw at the magistrates," persisted uncle Ben, and aunt Beck, for once, was too horrified to contradict him.

The next morning the farmer and his family called on Mr. Hitchcock, and the portions of the knife, so long separated, were again united. The old furze-cutter was taxed with the crime, and confessed it, giving vent, from time to time, to weak tears, and bitter curses.

"His blood won't be on me, any way," said Mary; "and sure the care of the Almighty was over me more than I deserved, for if I had been taken off in my sins, it would have been bad for such a thoughtless soul."

At the ensuing assizes both the men were condemned, though only one was executed; for the stranger, who persisted in a dogged silence as regarded his former life, destroyed himself in prison; an event, at that time so uncommon, that it created a feeling of deep horror throughout the country,

and many people assert, to this day, that he is not dead at all—but that he was spirited into the place, and out of the place, in no right manner, though others believe that he had been connected with the old furze-cutter in more than one crime; be that as it may, the family of Jacob Bassett

are in the enjoyment of as much health and happiness as falls to the lot of mortals even in Ireland, where people could be very happy, if they would; though Mary never since ventured, either by night or day, to cross the Redderbrae alone.

THE SUPPRESSION OF PROTESTANT CHARITIES.

It is a pretext put forward by the supporters of the present ministry to justify every new aggression, and palliate every fresh insult to the Protestants of Ireland, that the immense majority of the people of this country are Roman Catholics, and that this majority is continually increasing. They even affect to consider the Protestant portion of the community so very minute a portion, that till the admission lately made by the noble viceroy on his "sentimental journey" to the shores of the Atlantic, their opponents in Ireland have been usually treated as a mere cypher in their political calculations. We do not mean now to discuss the truth of these assumptions, or the legitimacy of the conclusion—that because the Protestants of Ireland are few in number, they are therefore unworthy of protection or encouragement from rulers who profess the same faith and have sworn to uphold it;—but as the doctrine is so frequently employed to excuse the policy of the Whigs towards the Protestants of Ireland, we will say a few words on one of the many means which have contributed to increase and secure this convenient Popish ascendancy.

The means we allude to is the suppression of Protestant Charitable Institutions; more particularly such as had for their object the education of the children of the poor in the truths of the Protestant religion. The Popish party in Ireland, now the guide and support of her majesty's government, are fully sensible of the importance of imbuing the minds of the young with the feelings and principles which it is desired they should be attached to in after-life. They know the opinions which are earliest imbibed, are ever the most ardently clung to; and the prejudices which are first taught, are ever the most difficult to eradicate. Their serfs have reduced their knowledge to practice by providing for the poor a system of education, by which they have secured in nineteen cases out of twenty, Popish books to be read, Po-

pish directors to control, and Popish teachers to instruct them; and by a prospective provision, in perfect keeping with their leech-like tenacity, with which they themselves cling to place, endeavouring to create an increased body of supporters in Ireland for any future ministry, who, like them, will not hesitate to purchase the continuance of their pay by sacrificing the interests of the religion they profess. Encouraging Popish instruction is, however, but one branch of the system; discouraging Protestant instruction is necessary for its completion; and while the former has been but lately put into active operation, the latter has been silently but perseveringly pursued for a much longer period; and that its success has been due almost as much to the negligence of Protestants as to the energy of their opponents, as it cannot lessen the evil of the result, is no reason that it should pass unnoticed.

One of the institutions to whose suppression we allude, was the Foundling Hospital in Dublin. It is difficult to conceive a charity conducted on principles of more universal benevolence than this, from the nature of the misery it was intended to alleviate, it was necessary the assistance it afforded should be immediate and easily accessible. No complicated applications or hardly procurable certificates checked the hand of charity, till its object was beyond the power of relief. The helpless and unfortunate, to be received under its shelter, required no other recommendation than that they stood in need of its assistance. A cradle was inserted in the wall of the edifice, beside the porter's lodge. The unhappy mother had nothing to apprehend from repulse or exposure. A bell stood beside the door, which she rung, and the cradle was pushed out for the reception of the child. As the feelings of maternal affection in Ireland are proverbially strong, and seldom subdued, even by guilt or sorrow, few children were left without a strong feeling on the mind of reclaiming them again.

A certificate, therefore, was usually pinned to the child's clothes, stating its name and age; and this, with the date, was carefully registered, so that the wretched creature, who, with a heavy heart, deposited her burden in this strange place, did it with the certainty that it would be better cared for than by herself, and could be regained when circumstances enabled her to support it. The Asylum was not confined to illegitimate children, but was open to every offspring of want or distress; and in the course of ten years, from 1801 to 1811, there were 567 of the children again claimed and restored to their parents.

Many of the children were located with nurses in the country. The clergyman of each parish was requested to select the most healthy and decent women among his parishioners. He was required to certify the quantity of land, the number of cows, and the state of the cottage in which the proposed nurse resided. As all the requisites were more universally found with the Protestant peasantry, the nurses selected were of that persuasion. Besides the yearly wages for care and nutriment, a sum was annually allowed for clothing and schooling; and it was required that the child should attend the parochial school and the parish church. When he arrived at a competent age a master was carefully selected, either by the Hospital, or in the country where the child was educated. An applicant for an apprentice was required to produce a certificate, signed by the clergyman, churchwarden, and a magistrate, stating his fitness for the charge; and that he did not keep a public-house, or vend spirituous liquors; and further, that he was a Protestant. The same reason that engaged a preference for a Protestant nurse, obtained it also for a Protestant master, because they are almost invariably distinguished for decency and respectability among the peasantry. They were required to be present at divine service every Sunday; and on the expiration of the term were entitled to a gratuity, or a certificate from the clergyman, that they had properly conducted themselves. To enforce these regulations, they were not left entirely to local superintendence, but an inspector from the hospital periodically visited the counties where they were located, and personally examined the state and progress of the children. The nurses and masters be-

came strongly attached to their adopted inmates, and were generally repaid with duty and affection. When they had served out their time they established themselves in their various callings, generally in the place where they had been brought up; intermixed with the families, and so became settled residents. It is one hundred years since this noble institution was first opened for the reception of deserted children; and at this day, in various counties of Ireland, they or their descendants form a deserving portion of the Protestant population; their origin is overlooked or forgotten, and their general good conduct places them on a level with any other class in the community. The importance of the asylum in this point of view will be appreciated by the fact, that in ten years, from 1800 to 1811, 26,085 were received under the protection of the institution; and during the same period 1599 were apprenticed, and became in this way useful and respectable members of society. Human prudence could hardly devise a more effectual means of remedying the evil of their birth, than converting it into a national benefit.

From the year 1796 to 1826 there were in all 52,150 received into the institution—in 1812 alone there were 2670! and there were generally about 7000 under its protection. In the report of the Board of Education in 1810, we find the Commissioners were struck with the order and regularity, as well as the neatness and healthy appearance of the children; the whole economy of the hospital appeared to them truly admirable. Of the gentleman who conducts it, they say, "we feel ourselves bound to say that his plan of instruction, and the success that has attended it, gave him the strongest claims to public notice. We had an opportunity of witnessing the progress of the children under his care, and found it fully answerable to the high character we had heard of it." The institution was reduced in 1821. The report of the Commissioners of Inquiry in 1826 is far less favourable. They, however, in the highest terms commend the conduct of the directors. They object to large boarding-schools in principle, and, therefore, recommend some alterations in the system of education pursued here, which were afterwards partially adopted with success.

In consequence of the recommendation of the Commissioners of Inquiry in 1829, the gradual suppression of the

institution was commenced, and its doors were, for the future, closed ; since the relief which it afforded has been withdrawn, the offspring of illicit intercourse, or of parents too poor for their support, is disposed of by its mother in either of two ways, infanticide or exposure. The former crime from its very nature, is one which is seldom open to discovery, still less to prosecution or conviction—its increase must therefore be judged of by other means than observation. It appears that in the 21 years ending 1796, of the children sent to the infirmary of the Foundling Hospital, 10,201 were cases of disease which proved them the offspring of prostitution ; their mothers being of a class that are known seldom or never to rear their children, render it probable that the great majority, if not the entire of these 10,201 infants would have been murdered, had it not been for the asylum that received them. The other alternative, exposure, is now of almost universal occurrence. A clergyman on whose observation the fullest dependence may be placed, in whose parish a great number of the children of the Foundling Hospital had been located, who now form a most industrious and deserving portion of his parishioners, has told us, that since its suppression the exposure of children, before unknown, has become most frequent in the district near him. He thus describes two instances which occurred within a year in his parish :—

“ A farmer was planting potatoes, and his labourers went to dinner, leaving a sack half full of cut potatoes on a car. When they returned they shook out the potatoes for planting, when an infant fell out among them. The ground was soft and it was not injured. The mother was never discovered, and it now remains with a poor labourer's wife who has several children of her own. Another instance occurred a short time after. A cotter's wife went to a neighbouring mill for meal, leaving only a child behind to mind the house. On her return she found a large wisp of dry ferns lying on the floor, which she took up to place as fuel under a pot of potatoes. When in the act of doing so, she was shocked at hearing a child cry, and then found that it was rolled up in the bundle of ferns. She learned on inquiry, that during her absence a woman had come into the house with something wrapped up in a shawl, and requested the child to get her a drink of water, and while she was bringing it, the infant was transferred to the

bundle of ferns. A female had been observed watching the return of the woman from behind a hedge, but she disappeared the moment she came. The poor woman had seven children of her own, and could find no trace of the person who had left this eighth to her care. She had no alternative but either again to expose it, or endeavour to rear it with her own. She preferred the latter—the very helplessness of the infant attached her to it, and she took great care of it ; but it caught some disease, for which the wet potatoes and water which she gave her own children were not fit food, and the child died. As the ecclesiastical commissioners were supposed to have taken upon them every thing which a vestry formerly provided, they were applied to for a coffin, but this was refused, and the putrid body of the foundling actually lay for some time among her own children, tainting the air of the cabin, before she could get the means of burying it.”

There are, we know, some who, on principle, object to foundling hospitals, as an encouragement to vice. It would be out of place here to discuss the question, though it is evident such objections apply with equal force to lying-in hospitals, or, indeed, any asylum for the destitute. However, such reasons had little weight in causing its suppression, for a provision was afterwards made for deserted children by application to the grand jury, but beset with so many difficulties and delays, as to be seldom available ; and even when resorted to, the sole dependence of the infant is the good-will and honesty of its casual protector, over whom no further control is exercised, so that the little helpless being is exposed to all the extremities of want, sickness, poverty, without education, religious principle, or moral restraint—the very scorn and outcast of society. The noble institution where all these evils were carefully counteracted, is now closed up—its courts grass-grown—its roof falling in—its windows broken—exhibiting, with the young population that once filled it, a melancholy picture of moral as well as physical ruin.

At the same time when the suppression of this institution was begun, an attack was commenced on another class of charities, whose object was the education of the poor in the Protestant faith—the Charter Schools of Ireland. The commissioners who recommend the abolition of the former, express their high approval also of this

sacrifice. The appropriation of the estates of the Protestant Charter Schools was the first step taken towards the more extensive confiscation of the Protestant property in Ireland, and the prelude to the aggressions on the church. The objections to the Charter Schools and the Foundling Hospital were much of the same character. It is needless to detail them; whatever may have been their faults, it is evident they were capable of being remedied, without perverting the original object of their endowment—the encouragement of Protestantism. When a fund has been devoted to a certain purpose, it does not in the least justify its suppression or application to other purposes, to say that it has not been employed in the most efficient manner conceivable, or been productive of all the good imaginable, while the errors in its management may be corrected. We should be glad to see the doctrine applied generally to the Whigs—that because some of the innumerable sub-commissioners, whom their place-providing ingenuity has fitted with an office, had misconducted himself, his office should be abolished, and the hopes of the reversion of his place and pension snatched from among their expectant dependents. As to the supposed abuses, however, in the conduct of the Foundling Hospital and Charter Schools, it does not appear that any suggestion for their improvement was ever neglected, but, on the contrary, eagerly adopted by their directors. In one particular, at least, the former institution would be worthy of imitation. From the report of the commission, in 1829, it appears that the total amount of the retired pensions paid by this immensely extensive institution—the influence of which spread to the remotest parts of Ireland, and which had then under its protection nearly 7,000 human beings—was not, in all, £350 a year!

There can now be but little doubt of the real motive of the outcry raised against these institutions. However specious the arguments employed against them—though they may have occasionally satisfied the indolent or blinded the well-meaning—if traced to the source that suggested them, they would be found to have originated in an undying and uncompromising hostility to every thing exclusively Protestant. The first reflection was, better far the innocent victim of its parent's guilt should perish by its mother's

hand than be reared a heretic—better far to be brought up in a life of drunkenness, idleness, and profligacy, to earn their bread by prostitution or by theft, and end their days in a gaol or an hospital, than be led in the path of industry and virtue, if the blessing is to be conferred by a society of heretics—better a temptation to murder should be offered to the old, and a means of escaping the contact of vice and misery snatched from the young, provided the means that tend to lessen the one or increase the other, can be devoted to purposes more congenial to the spirit and less hostile to the progress of the Popish religion.

That other plausible arguments were discovered against these institutions is no proof that the real objection was not as we have stated. Such reflections are not more consistent with the intolerant and persecuting spirit of their religion than the concealment of them is with the usual indirect and jesuitical course of their policy. The recent concession of the revenues of the church was made in the hope of securing peace and reconciliation; and such hopes were warranted by their professions, but the moment their point is gained and deceit is no longer useful—the moment the victim is secured, and the sacrifice is certain, the mask is cast aside, and we are told of their “conviction that the bill of last session, instead of being an additional security to the parsons, would increase the resistance to the payment of tithes—that it will bring into the field a new class of White-boys—that is, of tithe resisters.” “I have reason to believe, as I sincerely hope,” continues their leader, “that resistance to the payment will be augmented and not diminished by the late act of parliament.”—*Mr. O’Connell’s letter, Oct. 3rd.* Such is their policy now—such it was previous to the passing of the emancipation act—such in a thousand other instances; and surely we are warranted in concluding that the suppression of these schools is not an exception.

It is, of course, not to be expected that any of these charities will ever be revived. No—institutions that subtracted thousands from the growing mass of discontented vice and reckless degradation, to mix with the peaceful, industrious, and enlightened—such as the Protestant portion of the population of Ireland universally are—present too formidable an obstacle to the now

dominant party. But their extinction may teach the Protestants of Ireland a useful lesson. The means which held out an inducement to the children of Protestants to continue in the faith of their fathers, and instructed the unfortunate and the destitute in the truths of the same pure religion—which added annually to the Protestant population of the country multitudes rescued from death or infamy—have been destroyed; while the convulsed and agitated state of the country is now, each year, draining it of its Protestant inhabitants, who are driven, by the hopelessness of expecting better times, to seek refuge in emigration. Schools where the Bible was read—where the pure doctrines of the reformed religion were taught, and whence the mummeries of superstition were excluded—have been suppressed, and the funds that supported applied to other and far different purposes; while schools have been established in every corner of the kingdom where the word of God is *not* read, where the doctrines of Protestantism are *not* taught, and where the popish religion is disseminated with

all the success that the untiring zeal of the teachers, and ardent encouragement of the patrons, can secure; and all this has been done under the pretence of impartiality, by one class of advocates, and a disgusting affectation of good will to the cause of the reformed religion, by another. The Protestants of Ireland have calmly suffered their Church to be plundered of one-fourth of all her revenues. The leader of their enemies declares that the assault is but commenced, and that what they have lost is but an instalment of what they are to lose. While the means of support is thus taken from the ministers of the Protestant religion, applications are eagerly pressed and graciously listened to for increasing the wealth and importance of institutions for the education and maintenance of the Romish clergy;* and their less cautious friends plainly avow their hopes, that all the ecclesiastical revenues of Ireland are soon to be devoted to the same cause. It is unnecessary to draw the moral of such a parallel.

* *Vide* the address of the deputation of Romish Bishops who waited on Lord Normanby last month.

PASSAGE IN THE SECRET HISTORY OF AN IRISH COUNTESS.

BEING THE FIFTH EXTRACT FROM THE LEGACY OF THE LATE FRANCIS PURCELL,

P. P. OF DRUMCOOLAGH.

THE following paper is written in a female hand, and was no doubt communicated to my much regretted friend, by the lady whose early history it serves to illustrate, the Countess D—. She is no more—she long since died, a childless and a widowed wife, and, as her letter sadly predicts, none survive to whom the publication of this narrative can prove “injuriously, or even painful.” Strange! two powerful and wealthy families, *that* in which she was born, and that into which she had married, have ceased to be—they are utterly extinct. To those who know any thing of the history of Irish families, as they were less than a century ago, the facts contained in this paper will at once suggest *the names* of the principal actors; and to others their publication would be useless; to us, possibly, if not probably, injurious. I have, therefore, altered such of the names as might, if stated, lead at once to detection; others, belonging to minor characters in the strange story, I have left untouched.

My dear friend—You have asked me to furnish you with a detail of the strange events which marked my early history, and I have, without hesitation, applied myself to the task, knowing that while I live, a kind consideration for my feelings will prevent your giving publicity to the statement; and conscious that, when I am no more, there 'll not survive one to whom the nar-

rative can prove injurious, or even painful.

My mother died when I was quite an infant, and of her I have no recollection, even the faintest. By her death, my education and habits were left solely to the guidance of my surviving parent; and, as far as a stern attention to my religious instruction, and an active anxiety evinced by his procuring

for me the best masters to perfect me in those accomplishments which my station and wealth might seem to require, could avail, he amply discharged the task. My father was what is called an oddity, and his treatment of me, though uniformly kind, flowed less from affection and tenderness, than from a sense of obligation and duty. Indeed, I seldom even spoke to him except at meal times, and then his manner was silent and abrupt; his leisure hours, which were many, were passed either in his study or in solitary walks; in short, he seemed to take no further interest in my happiness or improvement than a conscientious regard to the discharge of his own duty would seem to claim. Shortly before my birth a circumstance had occurred which had contributed much to form and to confirm my father's secluded habits—it was the fact that a suspicion of murder had fallen upon his younger brother, though not sufficiently definite to lead to an indictment, yet strong enough to ruin him in public opinion. This disgraceful and dreadful doubt cast upon the family name, my father felt deeply and bitterly, and not the less so that he himself was thoroughly convinced of his brother's innocence; the sincerity and strength of this impression he shortly afterwards proved in a manner which produced the dark events which follow. Before, however, I enter upon the statement of them, I ought to relate the circumstances which had awakened the suspicion; inasmuch as they are in themselves somewhat curious, and, in their effects, most intimately connected with my after-history.

My uncle, Sir Arthur T——n, was a gay and extravagant man, and, among other vices, was ruinously addicted to gaming; this unfortunate propensity, even after his fortune had suffered so severely as to render inevitable a reduction in his expenses by no means inconsiderable, nevertheless continued to actuate him, nearly to the exclusion of all other pursuits; he was, however, a proud, or rather a vain man, and could not bear to make the diminution of his income a matter of gratulation and triumph to those with whom he had hitherto competed, and the consequence was, that he frequented no longer the expensive haunts of dissipation, and retired from the gay world, leaving his coterie to discover his reasons, as best they might. He did not, however, forego his favourite vice, for,

though he could not worship his great divinity in the costly temples where it was formerly his wont to take his stand, yet he found it very possible to bring about him a sufficient number of the votaries of chance to answer all his ends. The consequence was, that Carricleigh, which was the name of my uncle's residence, was never without one or more of such visitors as I have described. It happened that upon one occasion he was visited by one Hugh Tisdall, a gentleman of loose habits, but of considerable wealth, and who had, in early youth, travelled with my uncle upon the continent; the period of this visit was winter, and, consequently, the house was nearly deserted excepting by its regular inmates; it was, therefore, highly acceptable, particularly as my uncle was aware that his visitor's tastes accorded exactly with his own. Both parties seemed determined to avail themselves of their suitability during the brief stay which Mr. Tisdall had promised; the consequence was, that they shut themselves up in Sir Arthur's private room, for nearly all the day and the greater part of the night, during the space of nearly a week, at the end of which the servant, having one morning, as usual, knocked at Mr. Tisdall's bed-room door repeatedly, received no answer, and, upon attempting to enter, found that it was locked; this appeared suspicious, and the inmates of the house, having been alarmed, the door was forced open, and, on proceeding to the bed, they found the body of its occupant perfectly lifeless, and hanging half way out, the head downwards, and near the floor; one deep wound had been inflicted upon the temple, apparently with some blunt instrument which had penetrated the brain, and another blow, less effective, probably the first aimed, had grazed the head, removing some of the scalp, but leaving the skull untouched; the door had been double locked upon the *inside*, in evidence of which the key still lay where it had been placed in the lock. The window, though not secured on the interior, was closed; a circumstance not a little puzzling, as it afforded the only other mode of escape from the room; it looked out, too, upon a kind of court-yard, round which the old buildings stood, formerly accessible by a narrow door-way and passage lying in the oldest side of the quadrangle, but which had since been built up, and

as to preclude all ingress or egress ; the room was also upon the second story, and the height of the window considerable ; near the bed were found a pair of razors belonging to the murdered man, one of them upon the ground, and both of them open. The weapon which had inflicted the mortal wound was not to be found in the room, nor were any footsteps or other traces of the murderer discoverable. At the suggestion of Sir Arthur himself, a coroner was instantly summoned to attend, and an inquest was held ; nothing, however, in any degree conclusive was elicited ; the walls, ceiling, and floor of the room were carefully examined, in order to ascertain whether they contained a trap-door or other concealed mode of entrance—but no such thing appeared. Such was the minuteness of investigation employed, that, although the grate had contained a large fire during the night, they proceeded to examine even the very chimney, in order to discover whether escape by it was possible ; but this attempt, too, was fruitless, for the chimney, built in the old fashion, rose in a perfectly perpendicular line from the hearth, to a height of nearly fourteen feet above the roof, affording in its interior scarcely the possibility of ascent, the flue being smoothly plastered, and sloping towards the top, like an inverted funnel, promising, too, even if the summit were attained, owing to its great height, but a precarious descent upon the sharp and steep-ridged roof ; the ashes, too, which lay in the grate, and the soot, as far as it could be seen, were undisturbed, a circumstance almost conclusive of the question. Sir Arthur was of course examined ; his evidence was given with clearness and unreserve, which seemed calculated to silence all suspicion ; he stated that, up to the day and night immediately preceding the catastrophe, he had lost to a heavy amount, but that, at their last sitting, he had not only won back his original loss, but upwards of four thousand pounds in addition ; in evidence of which he produced an acknowledgment of debt to that amount, in the hand-writing of the deceased, and bearing the date of the fatal night ; he had mentioned the circumstance to his lady, and in presence of some of the domestics ; which statement was supported by their respective evidence. One of the jury observed, that the circumstance of Mr. Tisdall's having sus-

tained so heavy a loss might have suggested to some ill-minded persons accidentally hearing it, the plan of robbing him, after having murdered him in such a manner as might make it appear that he had committed suicide ; a supposition which was strongly supported by the razors having been found thus displaced, and removed from their case ; two persons had probably been engaged in the attempt, one watching by the sleeping man, and ready to strike him in case of his awakening suddenly, while the other was procuring the razors and employed in inflicting the fatal gash, so as to make it appear to have been the act of the murdered man himself ; it was said that while the juror was making this suggestion, Sir Arthur changed colour. Nothing, however, like legal evidence appeared against him, and the consequence was, that the verdict was found against a person or persons unknown, and for some time the matter was suffered to rest, until, after about five months, my father received a letter from a person signing himself Andrew Collis, and representing himself to be the cousin of the deceased ; this letter stated that Sir Arthur was likely to incur not merely suspicion, but personal risk, unless he could account for certain circumstances connected with the recent murder, and contained a copy of a letter written by the deceased, and bearing date, the day of the week, and of the month, upon the night of which the deed of blood had been perpetrated. Tisdall's note ran as follows :—

“DEAR COLLIS—I have had sharp work with Sir Arthur ; he tried some of his stale tricks, but soon found that I was Yorkshire too—it would not do—you understand me—we went to the work like good ones, head, heart and soul ; and, in fact, since I came here, I have lost no time. I am rather fagged, but I am sure to be well paid for my hardship ; I never want sleep so long as I can have the music of a dice-box, and wherewithal to pay the piper. As I told you, he tried some of his queer turns, but I foiled him like a man, and, in return, gave him more than he could relish of the genuine *dead knowledge*. In short, I have plucked the old baronet, as never baronet was plucked before ; I have scarce left him the stump of a quill ; I have got promissory notes in his hand to the amount of—if you like round numbers, say, thirty thousand pounds,

safely deposited in my portable strong box, alias double-clasped pocket-book. I leave this ruinous old rat-hole early on to-morrow, for two reasons—first, I do not want to play with Sir Arthur deeper than I think his security, that is, his money, or his money's worth, would warrant—and, secondly, because I am safer a hundred miles from Sir Arthur, than in the house with him; look you, my worthy, I tell you this between ourselves—I may be wrong, but, by G—, I am as sure as that I am now living, that Sir A—— attempted to poison me last night; so much for old friendship on both sides. When I won the last stake, a heavy one enough, my friend leant his forehead upon his hands, and you'll laugh when I tell you, that his head literally smoked like a hot dumpling; I do not know whether his agitation was produced by the plan which he had against me, or by his having lost so heavily; though it must be allowed that he had reason to be a little funk'd, whichever way his thoughts went; but he pulled the bell, and ordered two bottles of Champagne. While the fellow was bringing them he drew out a promissory note to the full amount, which he signed, and, as the man came in with the bottles and glasses, he desired him to be off; he filled out a glass for me, and, while he thought my eyes were off, for I was putting up his note at the time, he dropped something slyly into it, no doubt to sweeten it; but I saw it all, and, when he handed it to me, I said, with an emphasis which he might or might not understand, 'there is some sediment in this, I'll not drink it.' 'Is there;' said he, and at the same time snatched it from my hand and threw it into the fire. What do you think of that? have I not a tender chicken to manage? Win or lose, I will not play beyond five thousand to-night, and to-morrow sees me safe out of the reach of Sir Arthur's Champagne. So, all things considered, I think you must allow that you are not the last who have found a knowing boy in your command, HUGH TISDALL."

Of the authenticity of this document, I never heard my father express a doubt; and, I am satisfied that, owing to his strong conviction in favor of his brother, he would not have admitted it without sufficient inquiry, inasmuch as it tended to confirm the suspicions which already existed to his prejudice. Now, the only point in this letter which made strongly against my

uncle, was the mention of the "double-clasped pocket-book," as the receptacle of the papers likely to involve him, for this pocket-book was not forthcoming, nor any where to be found, nor had any papers referring to his gaming transactions been found upon the dead man; however, whatever might have been the original intention of this Collis, neither my uncle or my father ever heard more of him; but he published the letter in Faulkner's newspaper, which was shortly afterwards made the vehicle of a much more mysterious attack; the passage in that periodical to which I allude, occurred about four years afterwards, and while the fatal occurrence was still fresh in public recollection; it commenced by a rambling preface, stating that "a *certain person* whom *certain persons* thought to be dead, was not so, but living, and in full possession of his memory, and moreover, ready and able to make *great delinquents* tremble;" it then went on to describe the murder, without, however mentioning names; and in doing so, it entered into minute and circumstantial particulars of which none but an *eye-witness* could have been possessed, and by implications almost too unequivocal to be regarded in the light of insinuation, to involve the "*titled gambler*" in the guilt of the transaction. My father at once urged Sir Arthur to proceed against the paper in an action of libel, but he would not hear of it, nor consent to my father's taking any legal steps whatever in the matter. My father, however, wrote in a threatening tone to Faulkner, demanding a surrender of the author of the obnoxious article; the answer to this application is still in my possession, and is penned in an apologetic tone: it states that the manuscript had been handed in, paid for, and inserted as an advertisement, without sufficient inquiry, or any knowledge as to whom it referred. No step, however, was taken to clear my uncle's character in the judgment of the public; and, as he immediately sold a small property, the application of the proceeds of which were known to none, he was said to have disposed of it to enable himself to buy off the threatened information; however the truth might have been, it is certain that no charges respecting the mysterious murder were afterwards publicly made against my uncle, and, as far as external disturbances were concerned, he enjoyed henceforward perfect

rity and quiet. A deep and lasting impression, however, had been made upon the public mind, and Sir Arthur T——n was no longer visited or noticed by the gentry and aristocracy of the county, whose attentions and courtesies he had hitherto received. He accordingly affected to despise these enjoyments which he could not procure, and shunned even that society which he might have commanded. This is all that I need recapitulate of my uncle's history, and I now recur to my own. Although my father had never, within my recollection, visited, or been visited by my uncle, each being of sedentary, procrastinating, and secluded habits, and their respective residences being very far apart—the one lying in the county of Galway, the other in that of Cork—he was strongly attached to his brother, and evinced his affection by an active correspondence, and by deeply and proudly resenting that neglect which had marked Sir Arthur as unfit to mix in society. When I was about eighteen years of age, my father, whose health had been gradually declining, died, leaving me in heart wretched and desolate, and owing to his previous seclusion, with few acquaintances, and almost no friends. The provisions of his will were curious, and when I was sufficiently come to myself to listen to, or comprehend them, surprised me not a little: all his vast property was left to me, and to the heirs of my body, for ever; and, in default of such heirs, it was to go after my death to my uncle, Sir Arthur, without any entail. At the same time, the will appointed him my guardian, desiring that I might be received within his house, and reside with his family, and under his care, during the term of my minority; and in consideration of the increased expense consequent upon such an arrangement, a handsome annuity was allotted to him during the term of my proposed residence. The object of this last provision I at once understood; my father desired, by making it the direct, apparent interest of Sir Arthur that I should die without issue, while at the same time he placed me wholly in his power, to prove to the world, how great and unshaken was his confidence in his brother's innocence and honour, and also to afford him an opportunity of showing that 'his mark of confidence was not unorthly bestowed. It was a strange, rhaps an idle scheme, but as I had

been always brought up in the habit of considering my uncle as a deeply injured man, and had been taught almost as a part of my religion, to regard him as the very soul of honour, I felt no further uneasiness respecting the arrangement, than that likely to result to a timid girl, of secluded habits, from the immediate prospect of taking up her abode for the first time in her life among total strangers; previous to leaving my home, which I felt I should do with a heavy heart, I received a most tender and affectionate letter from my uncle, calculated, if any thing could do so, to remove the bitterness of parting from scenes familiar and dear from my earliest childhood, and in some degree to reconcile me to the measure. It was upon a fine autumn that I approached the old domain of Carricleigh. I shall not soon forget the impression of sadness and of gloom which all that I saw produced upon my mind: the sunbeams were falling with a rich and melancholy tint upon the fine old trees, which stood in lordly groups, casting their long, sweeping shadows over rock and sward; there was an air of neglect and decay about the spot, which amounted almost to desolation, the symptoms of this increased in number as we approached the building itself, near which the ground had been originally more artificially and carefully cultivated than elsewhere, and whose neglect consequently more immediately and strikingly betrayed itself. As we proceeded, the road wound near the beds of what had been formerly two fish-ponds, which were now nothing more than stagnant swamps, overgrown with rank weeds, and here and there encroached upon by the straggling underwood; the avenue itself was much broken; and in many places the stones were almost concealed by grass and nettles; the loose stone walls which had here and there intersected the broad park, were, in many places, broken down, so as no longer to answer their original purpose as fences; piers were now and then to be seen, but the gates were gone; and, to add to the general air of dilapidation, some huge trunks were lying scattered through the venerable old trees, either the work of the winter storms, or perhaps the victims of some extensive but desultory scheme of denudation, which the projector had not capital or perseverance to carry into full effect. After the carriage had tra-

velled a mile of this avenue, we reached the summit of rather an abrupt eminence, one of the many which added to the picturesqueness, if not to the convenience of this rude passage; from the top of this ridge the grey walls of Carricleigh were visible, rising at a small distance in front, and darkened by the hoary wood which crowded around them; it was a quadrangular building of considerable extent, and the front which lay towards us, and in which the great entrance was placed, bore unequivocal marks of antiquity; the time-worn, solemn aspect of the old building, the ruinous and deserted appearance of the whole place, and the associations which connected it with a dark page in the history of my family, combined to depress spirits already predisposed for the reception of sombre and dejecting impressions. When the carriage drew up in the grass-grown court-yard before the hall-door, two lazy-looking men, whose appearance well accorded with that of the place which they tenanted, alarmed by the obstreperous barking of a great chained dog, ran out from some half ruinous out-houses, and took charge of the horses; the hall-door stood open, and I entered a gloomy and imperfectly lighted apartment, and found no one within; however, I had not long to wait in this awkward predicament, for before my luggage had been deposited in the house, indeed, before I had well removed my cloak and other muffles, so as to enable me to look around, a young girl ran lightly into the hall, and kissing me heartily, and somewhat boisterously exclaimed, "my dear cousin, my dear Margaret—I am so delighted—so out of breath, we did not expect you till ten o'clock; my father is somewhere about the place, he must be close at hand. James—Corney—run out and tell your master—my brother is seldom at home, at least at any reasonable hour—you must be so tired—so fatigued—let me show you to your room—see that Lady Margaret's luggage is all brought up—you must lie down and rest yourself—Deborah bring some coffee—up these stairs; we are so delighted to see you—you cannot think how lonely I have been—how steep these stairs are, are not they? I am so glad you are come—I could hardly bring myself to believe that you were really coming—how good of you, dear Lady Margaret." There was real good-nature and delight in my cousin's

greeting, and a kind of constitutional confidence of manner which placed me at once at ease, and made me feel immediately upon terms of intimacy with her. The room into which she ushered me, although partaking in the general air of decay which pervaded the mansion and all about it, had, nevertheless, been fitted up with evident attention to comfort, and even with some dingy attempt at luxury; but what pleased me most was that it opened, by a second door, upon a lobby which communicated with my fair cousin's apartment; a circumstance which divested the room, in my eyes, of the air of solitude and sadness which would otherwise have characterized it, to a degree almost painful to one so dejected in spirits as I was. After such arrangements as I found necessary were completed, we both went down to the parlour, a large wainscoted room, hung round with grim old portraits, and as I was not sorry to see, containing, in its ample grate, a large and cheerful fire. Here my cousin had leisure to talk more at her ease; and from her I learned something of the manners and the habits of the two remaining members of her family, whom I had not yet seen. On my arrival I had known nothing of the family among whom I was come to reside, except that it consisted of three individuals, my uncle, and his son and daughter, Lady T——n having been long dead; in addition to this very scanty stock of information, I shortly learned from my communicative companion, that my uncle was, as I had suspected, completely retired in his habits, and besides that, having been so far back as she could well recollect, always rather strict, as reformed rakes frequently become, he had latterly been growing more gloomily and sternly religious than heretofore. Her account of her brother was far less favorable, though she did not say any thing directly to his disadvantage. From all that I could gather from her, I was led to suppose that he was a specimen of the idle, coarse-mannered, profligate, low-minded "*squirearchy*"—a result which might naturally have flowed from the circumstance of his being, as it were, outlawed from society, and driven for companionship to grades below his own—enjoying, too, the dangerous prerogative of spending much money. However, you may easily suppose that I found nothing in my cousin's communication, fully

to bear me out in so very decided a conclusion. I awaited the arrival of my uncle, which was every moment to be expected, with feelings half of alarm, half of curiosity—a sensation which I have often since experienced, though to a less degree, when upon the point of standing for the first time in the presence of one of whom I have long been in the habit of hearing or thinking with interest. It was, therefore, with some little perturbation that I heard, first a slight bustle at the outer door, then a slow step traverse the hall, and finally witnessed the door open, and my uncle enter the room. He was a striking looking man—from peculiarities both of person and of garb, the whole effect of his appearance amounted to extreme singularity. He was tall, and when young his figure must have been strikingly elegant; as it was, however, its effect was marred by a very decided stoop; his dress was of a sober colour, and in fashion anterior to any thing which I could remember. It was, however, handsome, and by no means carelessly put on; but what completed the singularity of his appearance was his uncut, white hair, which hung in long, but not at all neglected curls, even so far as his shoulders, and which, combined with his regularly classic features, and fine dark eyes, to bestow upon him an air of venerable dignity and pride, which I have never seen equalled elsewhere. I rose as he entered, and met him about the middle of the room; he kissed my cheek and both my hands, saying—

“You are most welcome, dear child, as welcome as the command of this poor place and all that it contains can make you. I am most rejoiced to see you—truly rejoiced. I trust that you are not much fatigued—pray be seated again.” He led me to my chair, and continued, “I am glad to perceive you have made acquaintance with Emily already; I see, in your being thus brought together, the foundation of a lasting friendship. You are both innocent, and both young. God bless you—God bless you, and make you all that I could wish.”

He raised his eyes, and remained for a few moments silent, as if in secret prayer. I felt that it was impossible that this man, with feelings so quick, so warm, so tender, could be the wretch that public opinion had represented him to be. I was more than ever convinced of his innocence. His

manner was, or appeared to me, most fascinating—there was a mingled kindness and courtesy in it which seemed to speak benevolence itself—it was a manner which I felt cold art could never have taught—it owed most of its charm to its appearing to emanate directly from the heart—it must be a genuine index of the owner’s mind. So I thought. My uncle having given me fully to understand that I was most welcome, and might command whatever was his own, pressed me to take some refreshment; and on my refusing, he observed that previously to bidding me good night, he had one duty further to perform, one in whose observance he was convinced I would cheerfully acquiesce. He then proceeded to read a chapter from the Bible; after which he took his leave with the same affectionate kindness with which he had greeted me, having repeated his desire that I should consider every thing in his house as altogether at my disposal. It is needless to say that I was much pleased with my uncle—it was impossible to avoid being so; and I could not help saying to myself, if such a man as this is not safe from the assaults of slander, who is? I felt much happier than I had done since my father’s death, and enjoyed that night the first refreshing sleep which had visited me since that event. My curiosity respecting my male cousin did not long remain unsatisfied—he appeared upon the next day at dinner. His manners, though not so coarse as I had expected, were exceedingly disagreeable; there was an assurance and a forwardness for which I was not prepared; there was less of the vulgarity of manner, and almost more of that of the mind, than I had anticipated. I felt quite uncomfortable in his presence; there was just that confidence in his look and tone, which would read encouragement even in mere toleration; and I felt more disgusted and annoyed at the coarse and extravagant compliments which he was pleased from time to time to pay me, than perhaps the extent of the atrocity might fully have warranted. It was, however, one consolation that he did not often appear, being much engrossed by pursuits about which I neither knew nor cared any thing; but when he did appear, his attentions, either with a view to his amusement, or to some more serious advantage, were so obviously and perseveringly directed to me, that young and inexperienced as I was, even I could not be

ignorant of his preference. I felt more provoked by this odious persecution than I can express, and discouraged him with so much vigour, that I employed even rudeness to convince him that his assiduities were unwelcome—but all in vain.

This had gone on for nearly a twelvemonth to my infinite annoyance, when one day as I was sitting at some needlework with my companion Emily, as was my habit, in the parlour, the door opened, and my cousin Edward entered the room. There was something, I thought, odd in his manner—a kind of struggle between shame and impudence—a kind of flurry and ambiguity which made him appear, if possible, more than ordinarily disagreeable.

"Your servant, ladies," he said, seating himself at the same time; "sorry to spoil your *tete-a-tete*; but never mind, I'll only take Emily's place for a minute or two, and then we part for a while, fair cousin. Emily, my father wants you in the corner turret—no shilly, shally, he's in a hurry." She hesitated, "be off—tramp, march," he exclaimed, in a tone which the poor girl dared not disobey.

She left the room, and Edward followed her to the door. He stood there for a minute or two, as if reflecting what he should say, perhaps satisfying himself that no one was within hearing in the hall. At length he turned about, having closed the door as if carelessly with his foot, and advancing slowly, as if in deep thought, he took his seat at the side of the table opposite to mine. There was a brief interval of silence, after which he said—

"I imagine that you have a shrewd suspicion of the object of my early visit; but I suppose I must go into particulars. Must I?"

"I have no conception," I replied, "what your object may be."

"Well, well," said he, becoming more at his ease as he proceeded, "it may be told in a few words. You know that it is totally impossible, quite out of the question, that an off-hand young fellow like me, and a good-looking girl like yourself, could meet continually as you and I have done, without an attachment—a liking growing up on one side or other—in short, I think I have let you know as plain as if I spoke it, that I have been in love with you, almost from the first time I saw you." He paused, but I was too much horrified to speak. He interpreted my silence favorably. "I can tell you,"

he continued, "I'm reckoned rather hard to please, and very hard to *hit*. I can't say when I was taken with a girl before, so you see fortune reserved me —"

Here the odious wretch wound his arm round my waist: the action at once restored me to utterance, and with the most indignant vehemence I released myself from his hold, and at the same time said—

"I have not been insensible, sir, of your most disagreeable attentions—they have long been a source of much annoyance to me; and you must be aware that I have marked my disapprobation, my disgust, as unequivocally as I possibly could, without actual delicacy."

I paused, almost out of breath from the rapidity with which I had spoken; and without giving him time to renew the conversation, I hastily quitted the room, leaving him in a paroxysm of rage and mortification. As I ascended the stairs, I heard him open the parlour-door with violence, and take two or three rapid strides in the direction in which I was moving. I was now much frightened, and ran the whole way until I reached my room, and having locked the door, I listened breathlessly, but heard no sound. This relieved me for the present; but so much had I been overcome by the agitation and annoyance attendant upon the scene which I had just gone through, that when my cousin Emily knocked at my door, I was weeping in strong hysterics. You will readily conceive my distress, when you reflect upon my strong dislike to my cousin Edward, combined with my youth and extreme inexperience; any proposal of such a nature must have agitated me—but that it should have come from the man whom of all others I most loathed and abhorred, and to whom I had, as clearly as manner could do it, expressed the state of my feelings, was almost too overwhelming to be borne: it was a calamity, too, in which I could not claim the sympathy of my cousin Emily, which had always been extended to me in my minor grievances. Still I hoped that it might not be unattended with good, for I thought that one inevitable and most welcome consequence would result from this painful *eclaircissement*, in the discontinuance of my cousin's odious persecution.

When I arose next morning, it was with the fervent hope that I might never again behold the face, or even

hear the name of my cousin Edward ; but such a consummation, though devoutly to be wished, was hardly likely to occur. The painful impressions of yesterday were too vivid to be at once erased ; and I could not help feeling some dim foreboding of coming annoyance and evil. To expect on my cousin's part any thing like delicacy or consideration for me, was out of the question. I saw that he had set his heart upon my property, and that he was not likely easily to forego such an acquisition—possessing what might have been considered opportunities and facilities almost to compel my compliance. I now keenly felt the unreasonableness of my father's conduct in placing me to reside with a family of all whose members, with one exception, he was wholly ignorant, and I bitterly felt the helplessness of my situation. I determined, however, in case of my cousin's persevering in his addresses, to lay all the particulars before my uncle, although he had never in kindness or intimacy gone a step beyond our first interview, and to throw myself upon his hospitality and his sense of honour for protection against a repetition of such scenes. My cousin's conduct may appear to have been an inadequate cause for such serious uneasiness ; but my alarm was caused neither by his acts nor words, but entirely by his manner, which was strange and even intimidating to excess. At the beginning of the yesterday's interview, there was a sort of bullying swagger in his air, which towards the end gave place to the brutal vehemence of an undisguised ruffian—a transition which had tempted me into a belief that he might seek even forcibly to extort from me a consent to his wishes, or by means still more horrible, of which I scarcely dared to trust myself to think, to possess himself of my property.

I was early next day summoned to attend my uncle in his private room, which lay in a corner turret of the old building ; and thither I accordingly went, wondering all the way what this unusual measure might prelude. When I entered the room, he did not rise in his usual courteous way to greet me, but simply pointed to a chair opposite to his own—this boded nothing agreeable. I sat down, however, silently waiting until he should open the conversation.

"Lady Margaret," at length he said, in a tone of greater sternness than I

thought him capable of using, "I have hitherto spoken to you as a friend, but I have not forgotten that I am also your guardian, and that my authority as such gives me a right to controul your conduct. I shall put a question to you, and I expect and will demand a plain, direct answer. Have I rightly been informed that you have contemptuously rejected the suit and hand of my son Edward ?"

I stammered forth, with a good deal of trepidation—

"I believe—that is, I have, sir, rejected my cousin's proposals ; and my coldness and discouragement might have convinced him that I had determined to do so."

"Madam," replied he, with suppressed, but, as it appeared to me, intense anger, "I have lived long enough to know that *coldness* and *discouragement*, and such terms, form the common cant of a worthless coquette. You know to the full, as well as I, that *coldness* and *discouragement* may be so exhibited as to convince their object that he is neither distasteful or indifferent to the person who wears this manner. You know, too, none better, that an affected neglect, when skilfully managed, is amongst the most formidable of the engines which artful beauty can employ. I tell you, madam, that having without one word spoken in discouragement, permitted my son's most marked attentions for a twelvemonth or more, you have no right to dismiss him with no further explanation than demurely telling him that you had always looked coldly upon him, and neither your wealth nor your *ladyship* (there was an emphasis of scorn on the word, which would have become Sir Giles Overreach himself) can warrant you in treating with contempt the affectionate regard of an honest heart."

I was too much shocked at this undisguised attempt to bully me into an acquiescence in the interested and unprincipled plan for their own aggrandisement, which I now perceived my uncle and his son to have deliberately entered into, at once to find strength or collectedness to frame an answer to what he had said. At length I replied with some firmness—

"In all that you have just now said, sir, you have grossly misstated my conduct and motives—your information must have been most incorrect, as far as it regards my conduct towards my cousin ; my manner towards him could

have conveyed nothing but dislike ; and if any thing could have added to the strong aversion which I have long felt towards him, it would be his attempting thus to trick and frighten me into a marriage which he knows to be revolting to me, and which is sought by him only as a means for securing to himself whatever property is mine."

As I said this, I fixed my eyes upon those of my uncle, but he was too old in the *world's ways* to falter beneath the gaze of more searching eyes than mine ; he simply said—

"Are you acquainted with the provisions of your father's will?"

I answered in the affirmative ; and he continued—"Then you must be aware that if my son Edward were, which God forbid, the unprincipled, reckless man, you pretend to think him"—(here he spoke very slowly, as if he intended that every word which escaped him, should be registered in my memory, while at the same time the expression of his countenance underwent a gradual but horrible change, and the eyes which he fixed upon me became so darkly vivid, that I almost lost sight of every thing else)—"if he were what you have described him, think you, girl, he could find no briefer means than wedding contracts to gain his ends—'twas but to gripe your slender neck until the breath had stopped, and lands, and lakes, and all were his."

I stood staring at him for many minutes after he had ceased to speak, fascinated by the terrible, serpent-like gaze, until he continued with a welcome change of countenance—

"I will not speak again to you, upon this topic, until one month has passed. You shall have time to consider the relative advantages of the two courses which are open to you. I should be sorry to hurry you to a decision. I am satisfied with having stated my feelings upon the subject, and pointed out to you the path of duty. Remember this day month—not one word sooner."

He then rose, and I left the room, much agitated and exhausted.

This interview, all the circumstances attending it, but most particularly the formidable expression of my uncle's countenance while he talked, though hypothetically, of *murder*, combined to arouse all my worst suspicions of him. I dreaded to look upon the face that had so recently worn the appalling livery of guilt and malignity. I re-

garded it with the mingled fear and loathing with which one looks upon an object which has tortured them in a night-mare.

In a few days after the interview, the particulars of which I have just detailed, I found a note upon my toilet-table, and on opening it I read as follows :—

"My dear Lady Margaret,—You will be, perhaps, surprised to see a strange face in your room to-day. I have dismissed your Irish maid, and secured a French one to wait upon you—a step rendered necessary by my proposing shortly to visit the continent, with all my family.—Your faithful guardian, ARTHUR T—N."

On inquiry, I found that my faithful attendant was actually gone, and far on her way to the town of Galway ; and in her stead there appeared a tall, raw-boned, ill-looking, elderly Frenchwoman, whose sullen and presuming manners seemed to imply that her vocation had never before been that of a lady's-maid. I could not help regarding her as a creature of my uncle's, and therefore to be dreaded, even had she been in no other way suspicious.

Days and weeks passed away, without any, even a momentary doubt upon my part, as to the course to be pursued by me. The allotted period had at length elapsed ; the day arrived upon which I was to communicate my decision to my uncle. Although my resolution had never for a moment wavered, I could not shake off the dread of the approaching colloquy ; and my heart sunk within me, as I heard the expected summons. I had not seen my cousin Edward since the occurrence of the grand *eclaircissement* ; he must have studiously avoided me—I suppose from policy, it could not have been from delicacy. I was prepared for a terrific burst of fury from my uncle, as soon as I should make known my determination ; and I not unreasonably feared that some act of violence or of intimidation would next be resorted to. Filled with these dreary forebodings, I fearfully opened the study door, and the next minute I stood in my uncle's presence. He received me with a politeness which I dreaded, as arguing a favorable anticipation respecting the answer which I was to give ; and after some slight delay, he began by saying—

"It will be a relief to both of us, I believe, to bring this conversation as

soon as possible to an issue. You will excuse me, then, my dear niece, for speaking with an abruptness which, under other circumstances, would be unpardonable. You have, I am certain, given the subject of our last interview fair and serious consideration; and I trust that you are now prepared with candour to lay your answer before me. A few words will suffice—we perfectly understand one another.”

He paused; and I, though feeling that I stood upon a mine which might in an instant explode, nevertheless answered with perfect composure, “I must now, sir, make the same reply which I did upon the last occasion, and I reiterate the declaration which I then made, that I never can nor will, while life and reason remain, consent to a union with my cousin Edward.”

This announcement wrought no apparent change in Sir Arthur, except that he became deadly, almost lividly pale. He seemed lost in dark thought for a minute, and then with a slight effort said, “You have answered me honestly and directly; and you say your resolution is unchangeable; well, would it had been otherwise—would it had been otherwise—but be it as it is—I am satisfied.”

He gave me his hand—it was cold and damp as death; under an assumed calmness, it was evident that he was fearfully agitated. He continued to hold my hand with an almost painful pressure, while, as if unconsciously, seeming to forget my presence, he muttered, “strange, strange, strange, indeed! fatuity, helpless fatuity!” there was here a long pause. “Madness indeed to strain a cable that is rotten to the very heart—it must break—and then—all goes.” There was again a pause of some minutes, after which, suddenly changing his voice and manner to one of wakeful alacrity, he exclaimed, “Margaret, my son Edward shall plague you no more. He leaves this country on to-morrow for France—he shall speak no more upon this subject—never, never more—whatever events depended upon your answer must now take their own course; but as for this fruitless proposal, it has been tried enough; it can be repeated no more.” At these words he coldly suffered my hand to drop, as if to express his total abandonment of all his projected schemes of alliance; and certainly the action, with the accompanying words, produced upon my mind a more solemn and depressing

effect than I believed possible to have been caused by the course which I had determined to pursue; it struck upon my heart with an awe and heaviness which *will* accompany the accomplishment of an important and irrevocable act, even though no doubt or scruple remains to make it possible that the agent should wish it undone.

“Well,” said my uncle, after a little time, “we now cease to speak upon this topic, never to resume it again—remember you shall have no farther uneasiness from Edward; he leaves Ireland for France on to-morrow; this will be a relief to you; may I depend upon your *honour* that no word touching the subject of this interview shall ever escape you?” I gave him the desired assurance; he said, “it is well—I am satisfied—we have nothing more, I believe, to say upon either side, and my presence must be a restraint upon you, I shall therefore bid you farewell.” I then left the apartment, scarcely knowing what to think of the strange interview which had just taken place.

On the next day my uncle took occasion to tell me that Edward had actually sailed, if his intention had not been interfered with by adverse circumstances; and two days subsequently he actually produced a letter from his son, written, as it said, *on board*, and despatched while the ship was getting under weigh. This was a great satisfaction to me, and as being likely to prove so, it was no doubt communicated to me by Sir Arthur. During all this trying period, I had found infinite consolation in the society and sympathy of my dear cousin Emily. I never in after-life formed a friendship so close, so fervent, and upon which, in all its progress, I could look back with feelings of such unalloyed pleasure, upon whose termination I must ever dwell with so deep, so yet unembittered regret. In cheerful converse with her I soon recovered my spirits considerably, and passed my time agreeably enough, although still in the utmost seclusion. Matters went on smoothly enough, although I could not help sometimes feeling a momentary, but horrible uncertainty respecting my uncle's character; which was not altogether unwarranted by the circumstances of the two trying interviews whose particulars I have just detailed. The unpleasant impression which these conferences were calculated to leave upon my mind, was fast wearing away, when there occurred a circumstance, slight indeed in itself,

but calculated irresistibly to awaken all my worst suspicions, and to overwhelm me again with anxiety and terror.

I had one day left the house with my cousin Emily, in order to take a ramble of considerable length, for the purpose of sketching some favourite views, and we had walked about half a mile when I perceived that we had forgotten our drawing materials, the absence of which would have defeated the object of our walk. Laughing at our own thoughtlessness, we returned to the house, and leaving Emily without, I ran up stairs to procure the drawing books and pencils which lay in my bed-room. As I ran up the stairs, I was met by the tall, ill-looking French woman, evidently a good deal flurried; "Que veut, Madame?" said she, with a more decided effort to be polite, than I had ever known her make before. "No, no—no matter," said I, hastily running by her in the direction of my room. "Madame," cried she, in a high key, "restez ici si vous plaite, votre chambre n'est pas faite"—your room is not ready for your reception yet. I continued to move on without heeding her. She was some way behind me, and feeling that she could not otherwise prevent my entrance, for I was now upon the very lobby, she made a desperate attempt to seize hold of my person; she succeeded in grasping the end of my shawl, which she drew from my shoulders, but slipping at the same time upon the polished oak floor, she fell at full length upon the boards. A little frightened as well as angry at the rudeness of this strange woman, I hastily pushed open the door of my room, at which I now stood, in order to escape from her; but great was my amazement on entering to find the apartment pre-occupied. The window was open, and beside it stood two male figures; they appeared to be examining the fastenings of the casement, and their backs were turned towards the door. One of them was my uncle; they both had turned on my entrance, as if startled; the stranger was booted and cloaked, and wore a heavy broad-leaved hat over his brows; he turned but for a moment, and averted his face; but I had seen enough to convince me that he was no other than my cousin Edward. My uncle had some iron instrument in his hand, which he hastily concealed behind his back; and coming towards me, said something as if in an explanatory tone; but I was too

much shocked and confounded to understand what it might be. He said something about "*repairs*—window-frames—cold, and safety." I did not wait, however, to ask or to receive explanations, but hastily left the room. As I went down the stairs I thought I heard the voice of the French woman in all the shrill volubility of excuse, which was met, however, by suppressed but vehement imprecations, or what seemed to me to be such, in which the voice of my cousin Edward distinctly mingled.

I joined my cousin Emily quite out of breath. I need not say that my head was too full of other things to think much of drawing for that day. I imparted to her frankly the cause of my alarms, but at the same time, as gently as I could; and with tears she promised vigilance, and devotion, and love. I never had reason for a moment to repent the unreserved confidence which I then reposed in her. She was no less surprised than I, at the unexpected appearance of Edward, whose departure for France neither of us had for a moment doubted, but which was now proved by his actual presence to be nothing more than an imposture practised, I feared, for no good end. The situation in which I had found my uncle had removed completely all my doubts as to his designs, I magnified suspicions into certainties, and dreaded night after night that I should be murdered in my bed. The nervousness produced by sleepless nights and days of anxious fears increased the horrors of my situation to such a degree, that I at length wrote a letter to a Mr. Jefferies, an old and faithful friend of my father's, and perfectly acquainted with all his affairs, praying him, for God's sake, to relieve me from my present terrible situation, and communicating without reserve the nature and grounds of my suspicions. This letter I kept sealed and directed for two or three days always about my person, for discovery would have been ruinous, in expectation of an opportunity which might be safely trusted, whereby to have it placed in the post-office; as neither Emily or I were permitted to pass beyond the precincts of the demesne itself, which was surrounded by high walls formed of dry stone, the difficulty of procuring such an opportunity was greatly enhanced. At this time Emily had a short conversation with her father, which she reported to me instantly. After some

indifferent matter, he had asked her whether she and I were upon good terms, and whether I was unreserved in my disposition. She answered in the affirmative; and he then inquired whether I had been much surprised to find him in my chamber on the other day. She answered that I had been both surprised and amused. "And what did she think of George Wilson's appearance?" "Who?" inquired she. "Oh! the architect," he answered, "who is to contract for the repairs of the house; he is accounted a handsome fellow." "She could not see his face," said Emily, "and she was in such a hurry to escape that she scarcely noticed him." Sir Arthur appeared satisfied, and the conversation ended.

This slight conversation repeated accurately to me by Emily, had the effect of confirming, if indeed any thing was required to do so, all that I had before believed as to Edward's actual presence; and I naturally became, if possible, more anxious than ever to despatch the letter to Mr. Jefferies. An opportunity at length occurred. As Emily and I were walking one day near the gate of the demesne, a lad from the village happened to be passing down the avenue from the house; the spot was secluded, and as this person was not connected by service with those whose observation I dreaded, I committed the letter to his keeping, with strict injunctions that he should put it without delay into the receiver of the town post-office; at the same time I added a suitable gratuity, and the man having made many protestations of punctuality, was soon out of sight. He was hardly gone when I began to doubt my discretion in having trusted this person; but I had no better or safer means of despatching the letter, and I was not warranted in suspecting him of such wanton dishonesty as an inclination to tamper with it; but I could not be quite satisfied of its safety until I had received an answer, which could not arrive for a few days. Before I did, however, an event occurred which a little surprised me. I was sitting in my bed-room early in the day, reading by myself, when I heard a knock at the door. "Come in," said I, and my uncle entered the room. "Will you excuse me," said he, "I sought you in the parlour, and thence I have come here. I desired to say a word with you. I trust that you have hitherto found my conduct to you such that of a guardian towards his ward

should be." I dared not withhold my assent. "And," he continued, "I trust that you have not found me harsh or unjust, and that you have perceived, my dear niece, that I have sought to make this poor place as agreeable to you as may be?" I assented again; and he put his hand in his pocket, whence he drew a folded paper, and dashing it upon the table with startling emphasis he said, "did you write that letter?" The sudden and fearful alteration of his voice, manner, and face, but more than all, the unexpected production of my letter to Mr. Jefferies, which I at once recognised, so confounded and terrified me, that I felt almost choking. I could not utter a word. "Did you write that letter?" he repeated with slow and intense emphasis. "You did, liar and hypocrite. You dared to write this foul and infamous libel; but it shall be your last. Men will universally believe you mad, if I choose to call for an inquiry. I can make you appear so. The suspicions expressed in this letter are the hallucinations and alarms of moping lunacy. I have defeated your first attempt, madam; and by the holy God, if ever you make another, chains, straw, darkness, and the keeper's whip shall be your lasting portion." With these astounding words he left the room, leaving me almost fainting.

I was now almost reduced to despair—my last cast had failed—I had no course left, but that of eloping secretly from the castle, and placing myself under the protection of the nearest magistrate. I felt if this were not done, and speedily, that I should be murdered. No one, from mere description, can have an idea of the unmitigated horror of my situation—a helpless, weak, inexperienced girl, placed under the power, and wholly at the mercy of evil men, and feeling that she had it not in her power to escape for a moment from the malignant influences under which she was probably fated to fall—and with a consciousness that if violence, if murder were designed, her dying shriek would be lost in void space—no human being would be near to aid her—no human interposition could deliver her.

I had seen Edward but once during his visit, and as I did not meet with him again, I began to think that he must have taken his departure—a conviction which was to a certain degree satisfactory, as I regarded his absence as indicating the removal of immediate

danger. Emily also arrived circuitously at the same conclusion, and not without good grounds, for she managed indirectly to learn that Edward's black horse had actually been for a day and part of a night in the castle stables, just at the time of her brother's supposed visit. The horse had gone, and as she argued, the rider must have departed with it. This point being so far settled, I felt a little less uncomfortable; when being one day alone in my bed-room, I happened to look out from the window, and to my unutterable horror, I beheld peering through an opposite casement, my cousin Edward's face. Had I seen the evil one himself in bodily shape, I could not have experienced a more sickening revulsion. I was too much appalled to move at once from the window, but I did so soon enough to avoid his eye. He was looking fixedly into the narrow quadrangle upon which the window opened. I shrunk back unperceived, to pass the rest of the day in terror and despair. I went to my room early that night, but I was too miserable to sleep. At about twelve o'clock, feeling very nervous, I determined to call my cousin Emily, who slept, you will remember, in the next room, which communicated with mine by a second door. By this private entrance I found my way into her chamber, and without difficulty persuaded her to return to my room and sleep with me. We accordingly lay down together, she undressed, and I with my clothes on, for I was every moment walking up and down the room, and felt too nervous and miserable to think of rest or comfort. Emily was soon fast asleep, and I lay awake, fervently longing for the first pale gleam of morning, reckoning every stroke of the old clock with an impatience which made every hour appear like six. It must have been about one o'clock when I thought I heard a slight noise at the partition door between Emily's room and mine, as if caused by somebody's turning the key in the lock. I held my breath, and the same sound was repeated at the second door of my room—that which opened upon the lobby—the sound was here distinctly caused by the revolution of the bolt in the lock, and it was followed by a slight pressure upon the door itself, as if to ascertain the security of the lock. The person, whoever it might be, was probably satisfied, for I heard the old boards of the lobby creak

and strain, as if under the weight of somebody moving cautiously over them. My sense of hearing became unnaturally, almost painfully acute. I suppose the imagination added distinctness to sounds vague in themselves. I thought that I could actually hear the breathing of the person who was slowly returning down the lobby; at the head of the stair-case their appeared to occur a pause; and I could distinctly hear two or three sentences hastily whispered; the steps then descended the stairs with apparently less caution. I now ventured to walk quickly and lightly to the lobby door, and attempted to open it; it was indeed fast locked upon the outside, as was also the other. I now felt that the dreadful hour was come; but one desperate expedient remained—it was to awaken Emily, and by our united strength, to attempt to force the partition door, which was slighter than the other, and through this to pass to the lower part of the house, whence it might be possible to escape to the grounds, and forth to the village. I returned to the bed-side, and shook Emily, but in vain; nothing that I could do availed to produce from her more than a few incoherent words—it was a death-like sleep. She had certainly drank of some narcotic, as had I probably also, spite of all the caution with which I had examined every thing presented to us to eat or drink. I now attempted, with as little noise as possible, to force first one door, then the other—but all in vain. I believe no strength could have effected my object, for both doors opened inwards. I therefore collected whatever moveables I could carry thither, and piled them against the doors, so as to assist me in whatever attempts I should make to resist the entrance of those without. I then returned to the bed and endeavoured again, but fruitlessly, to awaken my cousin. It was not sleep, it was torpor, lethargy, death. I knelt down and prayed with an agony of earnestness; and then seating myself upon the bed, I awaited my fate with a kind of terrible tranquility.

I heard a faint clanking sound from the narrow court which I have already mentioned, as if caused by the scraping of some iron instrument against stones or rubbish. I at first determined not to disturb the calmness which I now felt, by uselessly watching the proceedings of those who sought my life; but as the sounds continued, the horrible curiosity which I felt overcame

every other emotion, and I determined, at all hazards, to gratify it. I, therefore, crawled upon my knees to the window, so as to let the smallest portion of my head appear above the sill. The moon was shining with an uncertain radiance upon the antique grey buildings, and obliquely upon the narrow court beneath, one side of which was therefore clearly illuminated, while the other was lost in obscurity, the sharp outlines of the old gables, with their nodding clusters of ivy, being at first alone visible. Whoever or whatever occasioned the noise which had excited my curiosity, was concealed under the shadow of the dark side of the quadrangle. I placed my hand over my eyes to shade them from the moonlight, which was so bright as to be almost dazzling, and, peering into the darkness, I first dimly, but afterwards gradually, almost with full distinctness, beheld the form of a man engaged in digging what appeared to be a rude hole close under the wall. Some implements, probably a shovel and pickaxe, lay beside him, and to these he every now and then applied himself as the nature of the ground required. He pursued his task rapidly, and with as little noise as possible. "So," thought I, as shovelful after shovelful the dislodged rubbish mounted into a heap, "they are digging the grave in which, before two hours pass, I must lie, a cold, mangled corpse. I am *their's*—I cannot escape." I felt as if my reason was leaving me. I started to my feet, and in mere despair I applied myself again to each of the two doors alternately. I strained every nerve and sinew, but I might as well have attempted, with my single strength, to force the building itself from its foundation. I threw myself madly upon the ground, and clasped my hands over my eyes as if to shut out the horrible images which crowded upon me. The paroxysm passed away. I prayed once more with the bitter, agonised fervour of one who feels that the hour of death is present and inevitable. When I arose, I went once more to the window and looked out, just in time to see a shadowy figure glide stealthily along the wall. The task was finished. The catastrophe of the tragedy must soon be accomplished. I determined now to defend my life to the last; and that I might be able to do so with some effect, I searched the room for something which might serve as a weapon; but either

through accident, or from an anticipation of such a possibility, every thing which might have been made available for such a purpose had been carefully removed. I must then die tamely and without an effort to defend myself. A thought suddenly struck me—might it not be possible to escape through the door, which the assassin must open in order to enter the room? I resolved to make the attempt. I felt assured that the door through which ingress to the room would be effected was that which opened upon the lobby. It was the more direct way, besides being, for obvious reasons, less liable to interruption than the other. I resolved, then, to place myself behind a projection of the wall, whose shadow would serve fully to conceal me, and when the door should be opened, and before they should have discovered the identity of the occupant of the bed, to creep noiselessly from the room, and then to trust to Providence for escape. In order to facilitate this scheme, I removed all the lumber which I had heaped against the door; and I had nearly completed my arrangements, when I perceived the room suddenly darkened, by the close approach of some shadowy object to the window. On turning my eyes in that direction, I observed at the top of the casement, as if suspended from above, first the feet, then the legs, then the body, and at length the whole figure of a man present itself. It was Edward T——. He appeared to be guiding his descent so as to bring his feet upon the centre of the stone block which occupied the lower part of the window; and having secured his footing upon this, he kneeled down and began to gaze into the room. As the moon was gleaming into the chamber, and the bed curtains were drawn, he was able to distinguish the bed itself and its contents. He appeared satisfied with his scrutiny, for he looked up and made a sign with his hand, upon which the rope by which his descent had been effected was slackened from above, and he proceeded to disengage it from his waist: this accomplished, he applied his hands to the window-frame, which must have been ingeniously contrived for the purpose, for with apparently no resistance the whole frame, containing casement and all, slipped from its position in the wall, and was by him lowered into the room. The cold night wind waved the bed-curtains, and he paused for a moment

—all was still again—and he stepped in upon the floor of the room. He held in his hand what appeared to be a steel instrument, shaped something like a hammer, but larger and sharper at the extremities. This he held rather behind him, while, with three long, *tip-toe* strides, he brought himself to the bedside. I felt that the discovery must now be made, and held my breath in momentary expectation of the execration in which he would vent his surprise and disappointment. I closed my eyes—there was a pause—but it was a short one. I heard two dull blows, given in rapid succession: a quivering sigh, and the long-drawn, heavy breathing of the sleeper was for ever suspended. I unclosed my eyes, and saw the murderer fling the quilt across the head of his victim: he then, with the instrument of death still in his hand, proceeded to the lobby door, upon which he tapped sharply twice or thrice—a quick step was then heard approaching, and a voice whispered something from without—Edward answered, with a kind of chuckle, “her ladyship is past complaining; unlock the door, in the devil’s name, unless you’re afraid to come in, and help me to lift the body out of the window.” The key was turned in the lock—the door opened—and my uncle entered the room. I have told you already that I had placed myself under the shade of a projection of the wall, close to the door. I had instinctively shrunk down cowering towards the ground on the entrance of Edward through the window. When my uncle entered the room he and his son both stood so very close to me that his hand was every moment upon the point of touching my face. I held my breath, and remained motionless as death.

“You had no interruption from the next room?” said my uncle.

“No,” was the brief reply.

“Secure the jewels, Ned; the French harpy must not lay her claws upon them. You’re a steady hand, by G—; not much blood—eh?”

“Not twenty drops,” replied his son, “and those on the quilt.”

“I’m glad it’s over,” whispered my uncle again—“we must lift the—the *thing* through the window, and lay the rubbish over it.”

They then turned to the bedside, and, winding the bed-clothes round the body, carried it between them slowly to the window, and, exchanging a few brief words with some one below,

they shoved it over the window sill, and I heard it fall heavily on the ground underneath.

“I’ll take the jewels,” said my uncle; “there are two caskets in the lower drawer.”

He proceeded, with an accuracy which, had I been more at ease, would have furnished me with matter of astonishment, to lay his hand upon the very spot where my jewels lay; and having possessed himself of them, he called to his son—

“Is the rope made fast above?”

“I’m not a fool—to be sure it is,” replied he.

They then lowered themselves from the window. I now rose lightly and cautiously, scarcely daring to breathe, from my place of concealment, and was creeping towards the door, when I heard my cousin’s voice, in a sharp whisper, exclaim, “Scramble up again; G—d d—n you, you’ve forgot to lock the room door;” and I perceived, by the straining of the rope which hung from above, that the mandate was instantly obeyed. Not a second was to be lost. I passed through the door, which was only closed, and moved as rapidly as I could, consistently with stillness, along the lobby. Before I had gone many yards, I heard the door through which I had just passed double locked on the inside. I glided down the stairs in terror, lest, at every corner, I should meet the murderer or one of his accomplices. I reached the hall, and listened for a moment to ascertain whether all was silent around; no sound was audible; the parlour windows opened on the park, and through one of them I might, I thought, easily effect my escape. Accordingly, I hastily entered; but, to my consternation, a candle was burning in the room, and by its light I saw a figure seated at the dinner table, upon which lay glasses, bottles, and the other accompaniments of a drinking party. Two or three chairs were placed about the table, irregularly, as if hastily abandoned by their occupants. A single glance satisfied me that the figure was that of my French attendant. She was fast asleep, having probably drank deeply. There was something malignant and ghastly in the calmness of this bad woman’s features, dimly illuminated as they were by the flickering blaze of the candle. A ~~look~~ upon the table, and the terrible ~~thought~~ struck me—“Should I kill an accomplice in the guilt of

and thus secure my retreat?" Nothing could be easier—it was but to draw the blade across her throat—the work of a second. An instant's pause, however, corrected me—"No," thought I, "the God who has conducted me thus far through the valley of the shadow of death, will not abandon me now. I will fall into their hands, or I will escape hence, but it shall be free from the stain of blood—His will be done." I felt a confidence arising from this reflection, an assurance of protection which I cannot describe. There was no other means of escape, so I advanced, with a firm step and collected mind, to the window. I noiselessly withdrew the bars, and unclosed the shutters—I pushed open the casement, and, without waiting to look behind me, I ran with my utmost speed, scarcely feeling the ground under me, down the avenue, taking care to keep upon the grass which bordered it. I did not for a moment slack my speed, and I had now gained the centre point between the park-gate and the mansion house—here the avenue made a wider circuit, and in order to avoid delay, I directed my way across the smooth sward round which the pathway wound, intending, at the opposite side of the flat, at a point which I distinguished by a group of old birch trees, to enter again upon the beaten track, which was from thence tolerably direct to the gate. I had, with my utmost speed, got about half way across this broad flat, when the rapid treading of a horse's hoofs struck upon my ear. My heart swelled in my bosom, as though I would smother. The clattering of galloping hoofs approached—I was pursued—they were now upon the sward on which I was running—there was not a bush or a bramble to shelter me—and, as if to render escape altogether desperate, the moon, which had hitherto been obscured, at this moment shone forth with a broad clear light, which made every object distinctly visible. The sounds were now close behind me. I felt my knees bending under me, with the sensation which torments one in dreams. I reeled—I stumbled—I fell—and at the same instant the cause of my alarm wheeled past me at full gallop. It was one of the young fileys which pastured loose about the park, whose frolics had thus all but maddened me with terror. I scrambled to my feet, and rushed on with weak but rapid steps, my sportive companion still galloping round and

round me with many a frisk and fling, until, at length, more dead than alive, I reached the avenue-gate and crossed the stile, I scarce knew how. I ran through the village, in which all was silent as the grave, until my progress was arrested by the hoarse voice of a sentinel, who cried, "Who goes there?" I felt that I was now safe. I turned in the direction of the voice, and fell fainting at the soldier's feet. When I came to myself, I was sitting in a miserable hovel, surrounded by strange faces, all bespeaking curiosity and compassion. Many soldiers were in it also: indeed, as I afterwards found, it was employed as a guard-room by a detachment of troops quartered for that night in the town. In a few words I informed their officer of the circumstances which had occurred, describing also the appearance of the persons engaged in the murder; and he, without loss of time, proceeded to the mansion-house of Carricleigh, taking with him a party of his men. But the villains had discovered their mistake, and had effected their escape, before the arrival of the military.

The Frenchwoman was, however, arrested in the neighbourhood upon the next day. She was tried and condemned upon the ensuing assizes; and previous to her execution confessed that "*she had a hand in making Hugh Tisdal's bed.*" She had been a housekeeper in the castle at the time, and a kind of *chère amie* of my uncle's. She was, in reality, able to speak English like a native, but had exclusively used the French language, I suppose to facilitate her disguise. She died the same hardened wretch which she had lived, confessing her crimes only, as she alleged, that her doing so might involve Sir Arthur T——n, the great author of her guilt and misery, and whom she now regarded with unmitigated detestation.

With the particulars of Sir Arthur's and his son's escape, as far as they are known, you are acquainted. You are also in possession of their after fate—the terrible, the tremendous retribution which, after long delays of many years, finally overtook and crushed them. Wonderful and inscrutable are the dealings of God with his creatures.

Deep and fervent as must always be my gratitude to Heaven for my deliverance, effected by a chain of providential occurrences, the failing of a single link of which must have ensured my destruction, I was long

before I could look back upon it with other feelings than those of bitterness, almost of agony. The only being that had ever really loved me, my nearest and dearest friend, ever ready to sympathise, to counsel, and to assist—the gayest, the gentlest, the warmest heart—the only creature on earth that cared

for me—*her* life had been the price of my deliverance; and I then uttered the wish, which no event of my long and sorrowful life has taught me to recall, that she had been spared, and that, in her stead, I were mouldering in the grave, forgotten and at rest.

THE DRESSED GRAVE.

BY JOHN FRASER.

'Twas night—a cottage brow look'd fair,
From out its clust'ring woodbine hair,
Upon the moon in silence keeping
Her vigil, while the sun was sleeping;
And all their starry children brighten'd
The watch their simple presence light-
ten'd.

With dreaming tears the dewy hours
Loaded the lashes of the flow'rs;
The leafy dance was o'er—tho' still
Gay music bounded from the rill—
That restless thing, whose joy, or sad-
ness,

Never owns an hour's control—
In gloom or sunshine—grief or glad-
ness—

Harmonious still, like poet's soul.

But dull was that delightful hour,
And charmless that lone, cottage bow'r,
To him, who hoped against despair,
To see an heav'nlier beauty there:
He deem'd not that her eye was glist'ning,
As fondly as her heart was list'ning;
While thus his song, thro' night's repose,
Beneath her latticed casement rose:

"And where art thou, while hour like
this

Is blessing every bow'r?
For beauty to bestow the bliss,
Enshrin'd in beauty's pow'r:

Oh! come—the moon is in its noon,
Divinely fair, like thee—
And all is bright beneath its light,
But slighted youths like me.

In Heav'n the blushing moon will tell,
And tell the tale too true,
That young and fair on earth may dwell,
But that the fond are few:
And she may speak of hearts that break—
May number mine for one—
To think that thou wouldst have me
now,
And evermore, be gone.

Oh! didst thou grant one hour of love,
Tho' fast its flight might be,
That blissful hour were prized above
The years I lost by thee:

Or if I had one link to add,
Such torture would not thrill
My soul, to find the chain I twin'd
Without thee captive still.

A victim this young heart was cast,
Unblemish'd at thy shrine;
I worshipp'd thee—but feel at last
I have no part in thine:
And now I go my path of woe,
An exile from the scorn
Of eyes, whose light, from eve of night,
I watch'd for till the morn"—

"Not so—not so"—Maria cried,
And he beheld her stand,
Timidly shrinking at his side,
Yet offering her white hand:
And never did electric wire
Flash forth its unsuspected fire
More quickly than her hand reveal'd
The love her heart long kept conceal'd;
And never did the subtle flame
From anguish sooner free the frame,
Than from his soothed soul was taken
The woe of *slighted*, or *forsaken*—
Albeit that hand was, in his hold,
Like fresh leaves, delicately cold:—
Oh! who has lov'd, and has not learn'd,
What trifles from his own dear maid,
By none, except himself, discern'd,
Can clothe his life with sun or shade?
The soul that sternly has withstood

The searing of the evil day,
Softens with unexpected good;
As earth, made hard by summer ray,
Beneath the fertilizing pow'r
Of some kind, planetary show'r,
From sunburnt glebe, and sterile clod,
Murmurs the mercies of its God—
And thus o'erborne with bliss to find
Sweet fruit beneath love's bitter rind,
His head upon her neck he bow'd—
He felt her fondness was avow'd—
And almost breathlessly he said,
"I suffer'd, but I am repaid"—

Nay, smile not—there must be a dearth
Of goodness, not to be forgiv'n,
In him, who deems love little worth—
That man, who never felt the leav'n
Of woman's cordial love on earth,
Methinks, has little chance of heav'n.

That overflowing moment ceas'd—

But like the rivers, whose renown
Is storied from the glorious east,
It brought the gold and diamond down;

And with that modesty of mind,
Whose very ebb leaves some behind,
She said, "If, with a maiden's art,
I veil'd the altar of my heart;
It was not to conceal from thee
Its image of idolatry;
But lest the idol, held aloft,
And my deep worship both be scoff'd.
A maiden never found disguise,
Could screen her love from lover's eyes;
The frozen surface o'er them cast,
May lock her liquid feelings fast;
But still he sees the wish to bless,
Thro' its transparent iciness.

'Tis true, I could not tell aloud
My love, before the sneering crowd;
Whatever change its banks might bring,
The stream was silent at its spring;
It ever made the shortest stay,
Where most it sparkled into spray;
Yet Harry's eyes, that watch'd it roll,
Might easy trace it to the soul:
But true to this," she said, and spoke
As if some deadly pang awoke:
"From me thou mayest learn full soon,
The fervour of love's summer noon;
Though maiden coyness, now withdrawn,
Had made it chilly at the dawn;
Before to-morrow's sun shall rest,
At the stain'd windows of the west,
By haughty Bernard's haughtier son,
I will be woo'd—but never won."

"What!—Bernard!—he, whose greatest
pride,

Is to be scourge to country side;
Whose name and nature rise by stealth,
In stories of ill-gotten wealth;
Whose purest actions have their track,
Like smoky volumes, vile and black;
Although at issuing forth they be,
White with their dark intensity.
And does his son—a wretch, the same
In skin, and spot—still more than name;
That crippled form, with hearth beneath,
As narrow as a dagger's sheath,
Who lingers on at pleasure's brink,
To poison all he cannot drink:
Does he expect, in holy love,
To mate the raven and the dove?
Go—bare thy breast—thine arms en-
twine,

Around the bristling porcupine;
Do aught but give the turtle's kiss,
For tiger's growl, and serpent's hiss."

"Fear not," she cried, "to-day he
pray'd,

At distance through my father's aid;
And while a courteous ear I lent,
Nor frown'd indignant discontent,
Like fountain streaming in the frost,
But little of love's heat I lost;

For all his wealth, whate'er betide,
Young Bernard ne'er shall call me *bride*.
The golden blossom may be her's,
Who likes to wreath her brow with
furze;

But mine the humbler wealth to see,
The diff'rence 'twixt the wasp and bee,
To fly from him—and follow thee."

Delighted pair!—we leave them now,
With heart to heart, and brow to brow,
With murmuring kiss, and wordless look,
To play the willow and the brook,
Assur'd their virtue, like pure gold,

Though tried in passion's furnace
flame,

Whate'er its weight or worth when cold,
Will conquer, and come out the same;
A feast is theirs—too sweet for lover
To hurry, or be hurried over—
And our's a tale too sadly long,
To linger with an happy song.
That night beheld a deed of guilt;
Young Bernard's blood was sought, and
spilt.

At morn a stiffen'd corse was he,
Beneath a paralytic tree,
Whose mould'ring bark, and grey old
trunk,

Were blotchy with the blood it drunk:
Then sprung report, (whose careless
tongue

Is ever so uncertain hung,
A tale of feather-weight can guide,
And keep it steady to a side:)
That Harry's well-known rifle gun,
The fearful deed had dar'd, and done;
Beside the gory man it lay,
Whose flesh its fire had turned to clay;
'But by a desperado band,
'Twas lately wrested from his hand.'
Alas! that new suspected tale,
Weigh'd little in the other scale:
'Twas certain he, in secret, strove,
And haply won Maria's love;
While Bernard urged an open flame,
With sanction of her father's name;
And well the poor, who sued by stealth,
Might hate the rich who won by wealth.
Whate'er his crimes, his cruel fall,
Had made young Bernard mourn'd by
all:

The human heart, with any form,
Is readily impress'd, when warm;
And fair or false the impress rules,
Its changeless aspect, when it cools.
Suspicion, with injustice rife,
Thus travers'd Harry's stream of life;
To gen'ral pureness, basely dumb,

But to a partial failing never,
It caught, like net-work, all the scum,
And let the clear wave pass for ever:
One half-bred lie, in whispers told,
Many a weak conjecture bold;
Each gather'd tales to make them known,
And boast they but confirm'd his own;

And ev'ry tale, as truth was term'd,
Till hints and falsehoods all confirm'd,
The pale ink, scarcely seen when shed,
Shone out in blackness, easy read;
And none presuming to inquire
How great the smoke, how small the fire,
The timid tongues that harbour'd doubt,
The sly imposter twined it out;
His very kindred shrunk in grief,
From facts that lied, yet wrought belief:
And startled Henry, when at last
His eye was on the current cast,
Saw ev'ry act, or gay, or grave,
Distorted by the ruffled wave.

At length so loud the rumour spoke,
The law its silence sternly broke;
And, doom'd to hear his noble air,
Miscall'd the courage of despair,
Beneath the gloating with'ring glare
Of eyes that would have seen unmov'd,
The worst indictment doubly proved,
Far rather than behold him freed,
To shame the falsehood of their creed.
Before a crowded court he stood,
And blanched not, though arraign'd for blood.

Of yore his form and brow had been
Unmatch'd and matchless on the green;
But here the energies of life
Were summon'd for one desp'rate strife,
And, like an oak tree that had cast
Its useless foliage on the blast,
To be at once improv'd by both,
The loss in leaf, and gain in growth.
In bare, bold majesty of form,
He met the elemental storm;
Whose wintriness had chill'd the glow,
And clad his cheek with early snow
Albeit, his heart, despite the bloom
Of innocence, foreboded gloom,
(And rarely heart forbodes an ill
That fate contrives not to fulfil;)
Albeit, his soul was like the mast,
Which trembles tho' the anchor's cast;
He spurn'd the charge, convinc'd that
shame

Should never settle on his name,
Since, spite of pleader's perverse skill,
All legal proof was absent still.

Alas, that justice, in her hand,
Has not the true enchanter's wand;
She ne'er a charmed circle drew,
Corruption could not steal into;
In Bernard's sire, with doubt unmix'd,
Belief in Harry's guilt was fix'd;
And he was cruel to a foe,
As hungry wolf in Alpine snow;
To ev'n a friend he show'd, in ire,
The mercy water shows to fire;
The blackest baseness would not tinge
His spirit, if it brought revenge;
For that, the steepest cliff of crime,
His cloven foot would dare to climb;
And wonderful should be its lack
Of footing, if it forc'd him back.

His practis'd eye perceiv'd, from first,
That Harry might defy his worst,
Unless! !——

What then—he look'd around—
For hire approvers soon were found;
The hour—the spot—the flash of flame—
The death-shriek of the murd'rer's
name—

The weapon curs'd, and dash'd to ground,
For failure of a fatal wound;
Then left behind in hasty flight,
When footsteps echoed thro' the night—
The closing strife—the mortal groan—
Were told with truth's convincing tone;
And Harry, while he still condemn'd
The torrent that he vainly stemm'd,
Saw ev'ry face with pleasure beam'd,
To find him villain, as he seem'd.

Here woman's love, which blooms the
same,

In joy or sorrow, flood or flame,
Shone out in its eternal pow'r,
To soothe, or share, the suffering hour.
Oh! if an erring heart may claim
A boon from heav'n, be *love* the name,
In its bright world, for ev'ry bliss,
That springs from woman's heart in
this—

For bliss itself would lose above,
With any name, save *woman's love*.
What tho' she be but form'd to glide
A light boat o'er life's summer tide,
When billows sweep the sinking deck,
That light boat ventures to the wreck;
Glories in snatching from the waves,
Ev'n one survivor, sinks or saves.

When banks and bow'rs are dress'd in
green,

The song-bird's nest remains unseen;
But when the leaves that round it clos'd,
Are seared and scatter'd, 'tis expos'd,
And village truants wonder how
It had escap'd their search till now,
And, like that song-bird's ruin'd nest,
Stood forth Maria's love confess'd;
When fronting the excited crowd,
She motion'd to be heard aloud;
How could they deem such maid had
built

Her nest of love, to share with guilt!!

Her slender form might rival well
The young ash of the forest dell,
When warm, impassion'd summer vows
Eternal sunshine to its boughs;
And from its heart the blackbird's lay
Returns the promise to the ray;
Her hair was like an ostrich braid,
On cygnet's snowy bosom laid;
Her eye, as when the morning glow
Strikes light into the dewy sloe;
But more than these the spirit charm'd,
Whose sympathies seem'd all endued

With wing for heav'n—while, o'er-in-
form'd,

They were compell'd to earth for food.

The pressure of a friendly hand
Is something in a stranger land ;
There's something in the hour of woe,
To cling to in the voice we know ;
In shame, 'tis comfort still more sure
To turn to one who *knows* us pure ;
And *this* was all her earnest soul
Could mingle with his poison'd bowl—
For vainly did her bursting brow
Flash forth its burning knowledge now—
The flashes, smother'd by the gloom,
But show'd the hopelessness of doom,
They could not alter or illume.
And when she said, yon fatal hour,
His home was in her happy bow'r ;
Her very breast his resting spot ;
When broke the shriek—when rang the
shot—

A scornful—an impatient spurning,
At once in court, and crowd, was seen,
With pity blent for love—whose burning,
At least, had proved it young and
green.

And when the sum at length was cast,
What answer on the sheet was shown ?
His name was blacken'd to the last—
And sadder still—the guilty dye,
The pure wave could not purify,
Tho' undiminish'd, stain'd *her own*.

The rocky soul that often wept,
But ne'er dissolv'd, still justice kept—
And, weeping, we must turn aside,
Nor view the felon's death he died.

It was a calm, sequester'd spot,
Where lay the dead, in dreamless slum-
ber ;

Scarce more forgetful than forgot—
Each undistinguish'd from the number,
Save only, as the earth betray'd,
Where it a late repast had made ;
And indigestion of the prey,
Was seen on the still bloated clay—
An ancient temple o'er their bed,
The quiet of the altar shed ;
And, like a watcher, took as deep
A silence from their guarded sleep.
There oft the radiant noon was sprink-
ling

The sword with sun-drops, ere the dew
Had ceas'd its pure and pearly twinkling ;
So deep the shadow, elm and yew,
On coverlid and curtain threw.

Oh! when their full, expanded bloom
Pour'd down the luxuries of gloom,
Alike o'er temple and o'er tomb,
It was a spot where none should tread,
That lov'd not language from the dead ;
For living voice would be a rude
Disturber of its solitude.

There—where the sunbeam never glow'd,
The murder'er's grave was shunned and
show'd—

No sister thither turn'd aside,
To talk, or think, of him who died—
A mother kneeling at his breast,
He rock'd her throbbing heart to rest—

No father, with his forehead bare,
Leant o'er it on his way to pray'r—
His sullied kin had sought a clime,
That could not taunt them with his
crime.

Yet on the day when garden bow'rs
Were stripp'd, to strew the graves with
flow'rs :

And maid and matron hop'd the best
Would be the grave herself had dress'd ;
The sweetest flowers in that fond fray
Upon the murderer's bosom lay.
But whose the hand that darkly spread
Their bloom o'er his dishonour'd bed ?
For none by day would dare to trace
The heart's affection on disgrace.
Oh ! ask not—let the dead have rest—

The living it were best to spare—
And nettles planted on his breast,
Can only sting the mourner there.

What tidings creep from ear to ear,
'Tis pain to tell, and shame to hear ?
Out with the worst—it must be told—
Poor Harry's blood was bought and sold ;
The true assassin's dying claim
Has borne the blackness from his name ;
Old Bernard mingled with the dead—
The base, suborn'd approvers fled ;
Ev'n sympathy of no avail—
What boots a loit'ring with our tale ?
Maria, like the lark at morn,
When first she felt her young love born,
Soar'd to affection's proudest height,
With song as sweet, and wing as light ;
And when the orb that won her praise,
At once was clouded from her gaze,
Altho' the pow'r to soar was spent,
The love-song lasted her descent ;
She shrunk into herself—but pin'd
Less visibly in form than mind ;
And yet, so deep her sorrow flow'd,
No ripple on the surface show'd
The rocks it covered in its road.
She sigh'd not, amild not, wept not—
wrong

Had steep'd her suffer'ing heart so long ;
Ev'n when the bright reversal came,
And late remorse wash'd off the shame,
She could not triumph in that hour—

The marvel was confirm'd and shown,
That some peculiar lakes have pow'r
To turn some soft, young hearts to
stone.

But when again the garden bow'rs
Were stripp'd to strew the graves with
flow'rs,

And maids and matrons brought at last,
Their worthless payment for the past ;
Too soon to see—too late to save,
They found her breathless on his grave ;
His name arisen—her last fond trust—

Coherence with the world was quell'd—
The faithful urn fell into dust,
And mingled with the dust it held.
The sweetest flow'r already lay,
Wither'd upon his breast away.

THE FALCONER'S BRIDE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SPINDLER.

WHOSOEVER had seen the daughter of the farmer at Ebersteinburg, before the Falconer of the Margrave of Baden sought her hand, must surely have allowed that she was a fair and lovely child; but whosoever had beheld her on her bridal morn, must no less have said, "Rosina is fairest amid the daughters of the Margravate." In her father's farm-house, at a short distance from the village of Ebersteinburg, did this fair flower bloom in peaceful seclusion, until being observed by the Margravine, and attracting the favor of that illustrious personage, she had gladly consented to devote a few years to her education in the convent at Baden; and now, well versed in all female accomplishments, and no stranger to the French and Italian languages, had returned as a jewel to her father's house. The Margravine rejoicing in her work, resolved to complete the happiness of the maiden, and by a favourable marriage bind her to her household. The man deemed worthy to lead home the farmer's daughter was soon found. Christian Dreyer, the Court Falconer, a tried and faithful servant, who had once saved his master's life, was alike recommended by youth, appearance, and the favour of the princess, and Rosina and her parents joyfully assented. The Margravine, with all a woman's impatience, hastened the ceremonies of affiancing dispensation—her generosity arrayed Rosina in costly bridal dress; and surrounded by admiring friends, there stood the farmer's daughter on the morning of the solemnity, charmed, smiling, happy, awaiting the arrival of the bridegroom, to escort her to church to Baden. Suddenly all was bustle and alarm—the Falconer in his state livery, but pale and covered with perspiration, dashed into the court-yard—flung himself from his reeking steed, and rushed into the chamber of the bride, who drew back suddering from his presence. With an agitated voice he informed her that the solemnity could not proceed that day, as the Margravine had learned by express that the French had burst into the country, having passed the Rhine, and were already on their way to Rastadt and Baden, pillaging and burning all before them—that the household had been

armed in the defence of the Margravine—and that he with difficulty had obtained leave for two hours only, to bear his unwelcome tidings, and advise his bride and her parents to retire to the mountains, where they should be safe from the assaults of the foe.

Rosina, dissolved in tears, hung upon Christian's neck, who, however grieved, was obliged to disengage himself, and after pressing the hands of the farmer and his wife, sprang upon his charger, and dashed rapidly towards the forest road.

Scarce crediting what they heard, the wealthier inhabitants of the valley, and amongst them Rosina's parents, set about packing up their most valuable possessions, burying their secret treasures, and driving off their herds; yet great was the confusion that evening had set in ere half the effects of the farmer were ready for flight. From the Rhine villages too poured in the scattered peasantry, dilating on the ferocity of the French soldiers, who must have sworn to lay waste all Germany with fire and sword; they affirmed that the strange troopers knew to a hair's-breadth where to find the buried treasures; and in their wrath wherever houses were deserted, levelled them with the ground; whilst others whose inhabitants had remained, escaped the devastation. Such rumours made much impression on the farmer, who, being wealthy, and fond of his wealth, trembled more for his possessions than the lives of his family or his own. Accordingly he determined to await the infringers of the peace—his wife and daughter were withheld from flying through affection for him—they trusted too somewhat to their proximity to Baden, and to Christian's assistance.

The following day the French appeared in Baden before the castle of the Margravine. Terror was their best herald; no one thought of resistance; the guests soon made themselves at home; whilst the citizens following the example of their princess, suffered and were silent. Meanwhile the general's staff of the foe did not neglect precautions for their security; and the flying corps of Captain Milhand received orders to advance into the valley of

Gernsbach, as far as Eberstein, in order to secure their repose in that quarter. The corps assembled before the Hostelry and Badhaus at Baldreit, and were portioned off, whilst the officers in the coffee-room drank a farewell to their comrades. One of them, distinguished by his immense length and giant stature, walked backwards and forwards in evident displeasure, and at last asked the drawer of the house whether Ebersteinburg, to which he was ordered, were a town or a village. When the person interrogated, with a shrug of his shoulders, replied that it was a mere hamlet, and a very wretched one moreover, the ill-humour of the Frenchman burst forth, "*Trente mille moustaches*," exclaimed he, striking his sabre with violence against the ground. "Have you heard, my masters, what a pitiful nest it is where we are to roost; hear you that, Lieutenant Letellier? hear you, Master le Grenade? not such a thing as a town to be found in this cursed Germany!"

"It is ever so in the North," observed the handsome, haughty lieutenant, with a supercilious smile; "and for that reason my uncle wishes to have all these crow's-nests and tasteless castles on the Rhine burned down—lovely France endures not such a smirchy neighbourhood."

"De feu, Monseigneur le Marquis," said La Grenade, a fierce looking volunteer. "Had many of us known that what you now term war was to be converted into wanton marauding, we should have remained at home."

"Devoted yourself to the Sorbonne, and done right therein," added Letellier, scornfully; "whosoever is not a soldier in his heart, should lay aside even the dress of one—a fierce beard and swaggering name is not sufficient to constitute such—honour, courage, and blind obedience, are the duties of our station."

"I will prove that I am at least acquainted with the first two," answered La Grenade, touching his sword, "if the cousin of the Marquis de Louvois will have a moment to spare me."

"With pleasure," said Letellier, and grasped his weapon. Involuntarily all the officers and volunteers present drew together, forming a wide circle round the combatants. A single old colonel in a warning voice exclaimed, "My masters, recollect the mandate of his majesty;" the rest, however, laughed,

Captain Milhaud himself replied, "upid" blockhead to call this affair

a *duel* without cartel and without seconds—it is merely a *rencontre*—nothing more."

All clapped their hands in approbation; and Letellier seemed inclined to make it a *rencontre* in reality, for his blade flashed like lightning on the challenger, who had but time to spring back and draw his sword, when a desperate combat commenced. Not a word disturbed the combatants; but when La Grenade's blade had marked with a considerable gash the forehead of his opponent, every sword was interposed between the pair, and further conflict prevented. Letellier had quite enough, and the volunteer was satisfied—the hostile scene was over, and La Grenade, with a generous pressure of the hand, bound his own kerchief on the head of his discomfited adversary.

"Master Chaquifonnes," said Milhaud, looking at his watch, "have the goodness to order for your wounded lieutenant the detachment which is to march to Ebersteinburg—it already grows dark, and the way leads through the forest."

Thereupon the trumpets sounded, and Chaquifonnes, the long ensign, ordered the men to charge their pieces. Letellier and La Grenade were the last to take their departure, receiving instructions from Captain Milhaud to shoot or hang up every one who opposed them, and when they moved, to set fire to their late quarters.

The lieutenant laughed and promised obedience, whilst the volunteer shook his head, muttering a low imprecation through his teeth, and under a brisk "*Vive le Roi*," the troops moved forward—before them their reluctant guides—behind them the secret curses of the harassed burghers.

Meantime Rosina, who had not the slightest anticipation of the visit that was to be paid her late in the evening, sat in her chamber, entertaining a gloomy guest—the pangs of jealousy, and the vexation of wounded vanity. She had not yet been two days separated from her affianced husband, and already she had heard that he had proved disloyal to her charms, and unworthy of her love.

It happened that ere the Falconer had seen Rosina, he had formed an attachment for Johanna, the wood-miller's daughter, who was at service in the counsellor's house in Baden; and had with fair speeches turned the poor

creatures head, protesting with a thousand oaths, that he would never marry another; but Rosina being proposed to him, he had preferred the handsomer and wealthier bride, and abandoned the miller's daughter to her fate. Poor Johanna, who had confided in his honour, and loved him with genuine affection, unable to sustain this heavy affliction, had left her service, and retired to her father's cabin, to weep in solitude. The old miller, alarmed for the life of his child, repaired to the village doctress, (an old beldame, who tried her nostrums on such unfortunates as were afflicted with chronic diseases, and were given over by the physicians) and revealing Johanna's secret as earnestly besought her assistance. Old Anna, who was no less famous for match-making than for her medicinal skill, had already been engaged, for a considerable bribe, by Woolpert, a substantial farmer's son, to endeavour to procure Rosina for him in marriage. Hitherto, however, all her efforts had been ineffectual—all her arts and powers of persuasion had been idly spent on the repugnance wherewith Woolpert's exterior and conduct inspired Rosina. But scarcely had she heard from the old wood-miller the history of Dreyer's faithless conduct, when she seized this opportunity of working for her client. In a quarter of an hour Rosina already knew the entire story, with all the embellishments that interested malice can alone invent. The maiden, pale and trembling, heard of an improper connection between her lover and Johanna, and of the degrading consequences of such a match, as every objection was silenced by the volubility of the hag, who blackened without mercy Christian's character, and Johanna's unblemished reputation.

Oppressed, enraged, and bathed in tears of shame, Rosina had remained alone, and was only awakened from brooding in her dusky chamber by a short summons of a trumpet before the house, and her parents calling, "Rosina! Rosina! for God's sake! the French are here!"

"Holà! holà!" thundered from without; "open! Bourgeois! open! lights here."

"Rosina, my child," cried the farmer in the anguish of his heart, "we are lost, if the devils break in here. You understand their gibberish—go and meet them—say, do what you will, only rid us of them."

Her mother, with chattering teeth,

seconded him, and Rosina did not long deliberate; taking a lamp and the man servant and the maid along with her, to have at least the shadow of protection, she went and opened the door, which was already giving way under their impatient blows.

With tolerable fluency she informed them that the village lay still a good way farther off, and begged they would pass on, as there was an invalid in the house.

The lieutenant laughed archly, and replied, "So far as concerns my people, they may with their sergeants march to the village; I, however, and my officers, have chosen this for our quarters, and you, my child, are far too pretty for me to change my resolution quickly."

So saying he gave the leaders the signal to march—a watch was set round the farm—and then gallantly offering his arm to Rosina, Letellier and his companions entered the house.

The wandering son of war is soon accommodated; a fire warm enough to dry the wet, or dispel the cold; half a quiet couch, and a well-covered board are his highest demands on comfort. Letellier's companions were contented; before them steamed a tempting mess; behind their chairs stood their respectful hosts, silent through fear, whilst a charming maiden quickly and gracefully laid the choicest morsels before them. Letellier was more than contented—enraptured, he could not turn his gaze from Rosina's graceful figure—the wounds inflicted by the sword of La Grenade no longer smarted, but the arrows of the urchin-god had smitten deeper. His mouth was silent whilst his dark eyes spoke to the maiden, and he scarcely heard the sensible conversation of La Grenade or the pomposity of Chaquifonnes.

When supper was over the farmer seized the lamp to light them to their sleeping apartments, and Letellier secretly pressing Rosina's hand whispered, "good night, my sweet friend;" and with a melancholy sigh withdrew. Rosina, with half sorrowful feelings, gazed after him, and to the urgent questions of her mother, who had once more let loose her tongue, answered confusedly or not at all. Silent and embarrassed, she sought her couch, whilst the image of the tender Frenchman, whom the wound on the forehead only rendered more engaging, stood before her until she sunk into repose, in order again to walk hand in hand

with the dangerous phantoms on the floor of her dreams.

It was a cold and gloomy evening that Johanna, returning from the bedside of a dying relative, was crossing a waste ground towards her father's house, when a half-stifed moan arrested her attention; she advanced to the sufferer, who appeared to have sunk down in despair on the stump of a willow tree.

She started on recognising him. "Is it you, *dear*," inquired she trembling, and then instantly correcting herself, "is it you, sir Falconer? and can I assist you?"

The Falconer no less shocked, shook his head in silence, and motioned to her to pass on; but she observing a pistol in his hand, suspected something wrong, and continued to address him. "Take it not ill of me, Master Dreyer; but, however, we may now stand towards each other, I cannot leave you in this solitary place in such trouble and alone, with that bad weapon; say candidly if I can be of any service to you, and come with me from this place—come! I will lead you to the farmhouse, where one better loved may attend to your spirits and well-being."

"No!" answered Dreyer passionately. "Only not to the farm! not to the false one! Well, Johanna, five weeks have scarcely passed since the devil tempted me to play thee false—and already have I my reward. Rosina requites me for my conduct—the Frenchman has seduced her—she has sold her heart to him for fine speeches—her father, fearing his own and his daughter's shame, sent me a warning hint. I came—my presence was of no avail—the insolent ridicule of the Frenchman—Rosina's vain consequence—her slighting manner—I was maddened—and to avoid committing murder, rushed from the place, I know not whither."

"How little have you known me, Master Falconer," answered Johanna, after a long pause, "if you imagine that I should feel pleasure in your sorrow. Yet you do your bride injustice—it is her duty to be attentive to the foreign soldiers, and I cannot comprehend how in two days a maiden, that truly loves, can be unfaithful to the object of her choice. Nevertheless another's eye will see more clearly—come in the morning to the beech-
beside the path leading to the
I will then bring you intelligence

on which you may rely; but meanwhile lay aside all violence; it becomes a man to have his mind calm and composed for all events."

Dreyer now followed his guide without opposition. She led him to the forest-road, and then with a scarce articulate "good night," took her leave of him. Having passed the greater part of the night in prayer, she put on her best attire, and with a cheerful eye and an unclouded brow, proceeded to the house wherein the Falconer's bride resided. She found Rosina leaning from her window, admiring Letellier, who had just mounted a fiery charger to display his horsemanship. The farmer's daughter opened her eyes when she beheld her visitant, and received her with the most chilling and constrained address. Johanna, however, meekly and plainly told her how she had met the Falconer yesterday—how she had found him distracted with rage and sorrow—how she had believed and persuaded him that it was merely suspicion and distrust that had deluded him; "and, therefore, dearest maiden," continued she, "if Master Dreyer offended you by his suspicions yesterday, he entreats forgiveness of you by my mouth, and every thing shall be between you as if nothing had occurred."

Rosina for a considerable space regarded Johanna with an expression of amazed contempt, and then said haughtily, "Master Dreyer must indeed be very earnest in his wish for peace, since he has sent you to intercede for him. Your presence, Hanna, has not failed in its object; what I *hinted* to the Falconer yesterday, he shall learn through you—we are henceforward *two*—take his ring with you, he may make better use of it."

"How?" stammered Johanna, overcome with anguish.

"Just now," continued Rosina, tauntingly, "he shall place it upon your finger—it becomes him to do so—you had a prior claim, Hanna—had you not? I shall not prevent your good fortune; I will, on the contrary, forward it, and guard myself from the shame of seeing an improper connection continued in my house. Have you both believed that my ears are deaf, and that I had no warning friend, or—that that your infamy was not known to all the world. Go now, in God's name."

"Oh, my God! you crush my very heart and treat me cruelly indeed," replied Johanna, sobbing, "you are so

unjust as to believe falsehood rather than innocence—you are making your affianced husband unhappy, and plunging yourself into destruction—yet give not your love to the strange officer—the stranger is ever false, and 'tis at home alone that true hearts beat for us. Depend not on the soldier-luck of a foreign coxcomb. I speak not for my own sake—in God's name I will drain the cup which his chastening angel presents to me—for your bridegroom's sake—for your own youth and beauty's sake, do not your friends injustice."

"Insolent hypocrite," cried Rosina, "it suits well a mechanic's daughter to lecture me. Go—go, and forget not to take the ring with you—let Master Dreyer look out for another to bear his chaplets."

"Now, will I take the ring," replied Johanna, turning pale and losing her composure, "may God preserve Master Dreyer from a wife that can play such an ungenerous game with the companion of her youth."

"Bring him these roses," cried Rosina, with a forced laugh, and turning to the lieutenant, who had just entered, she added, "rid me of that troublesome damsel."

A threatening gesture from Letellier scared away the silenced Johanna. Rosina half reluctantly prattled a few moments with the Frenchman, then ran away to hide in a corner and weep herself weary.

The fate of Baden was decided— notwithstanding every intercession, and even the entreaties of the Margravine herself, the doom pronounced by the ruthless minister of Louis was carried into execution; and, with the exception of the castle and a few convents reserved until further orders, the entire city was given to the flames.

The Falconer, urged on by the tempest within him, and forgetting alike his mistress and his friends, fled from the deed of burning, and favoured by the dusk of the early-closing evening, reached, unobserved, the appointed tree. Johanna was not awaiting him, but in her stead a boy, her brother.

"God save you, Master Dreyer," said the youth, "my sister sends you this box."

The boy delivered into the Falconer's trembling hands the little case, and disappeared through the thicket. Dreyer opened the *pacquet*. Within lay the betrothed ring, which he had

given Rosina. This silent evidence of his now irrevocably pronounced doom goaded him to madness. With an imprecation he flung it far from him into the rustling leaves, and hastily tore from his finger the ring which he had received from Rosina. "We will exchange, haughty girl," said he, grinding his teeth, then drawing forth his pistol and loading it with a ball and the ring, strode gloomily and silently to the farm-house. "*Qui vive?*" called out the sentinel. "A friend," muttered Dreyer to the soldier, who seeing his bold entrance into the court, believed that he either belonged to the house, or at least had some business of importance. Dreyer had no occasion to advance much farther to find the object of his search. There was light upon the ground floor. Upon a bench at the first window sat the farmer and his wife in gloomy conversation; near a table in the second window sat the lieutenant toying with Rosina, who smiled on him with melancholy pleasure. Without knowing whether he aimed at the head of the Frenchman or his bride, Dreyer fired towards the window—a report—the ball whizzed through the window, over the heads of the pair, and lodged in the ceiling. A brawny hand at the same instant seized the murderer, and dragged him into the apartment. Rosina, with a shriek, recognised the criminal, and the lieutenant with a gloomy visage commenced the examination.

The Falconer answered whatever his passion and despair suggested, and sentence of death instantly rolled from the lips of Letellier, who had scarcely refrained from assaulting the prisoner. La Grenade considerably restrained his fury, and represented that humanity demanded at least an hour for the criminal to prepare himself for death. Letellier after some deliberation consented, and ordered the prisoner to be conducted to the guard-house in the village. La Grenade himself accompanied him thither, and in the meantime affairs at the farm took a most extraordinary direction. The lieutenant's brow assumed a gloomy sternness—his smiling tone was exchanged for a terrific—and turning to Rosina he said, "hypocritical creature! thy baseness is now made evident—you wished to play me the comedy of Sisera and the blood-thirsty Jewess. Your friendship was deceit, and your charms the lure to draw me into an abominable plot—but thou mayest repent, all is

over with thee—thy parents and thy hired assassin."

Rosina was beyond measure terrified—she perceived that the trial just held had, in consequence of an imperfect interpretation, given the officer a wrong idea of the entire matter; yet it was impossible for her vanity to disclose to the not unloved Letellier, the true grounds of Dreyer's conduct. She therefore turned all her eloquence to represent the Falconer as an unfortunate fanatic; and to remove from her parents all suspicion of being privy to the crime.

Letellier observed with pleasure, the agony of her soul—he was penetrating enough to divine what feeling in particular, throughout Rosina's defence, spoke in favour of the Falconer, and cruel enough to take advantage of her pitiable situation.

"You will find it difficult to convince me by words," said he, "although I might allow all credit to that pretty mouth. I would trust deeds more than empty speeches."

Rosina gazed on him anxiously and inquiringly. He continued with a smile of triumph, "A soldier is privileged to pluck the flower wherever he finds it. You are the rose of this valley—my hand is outstretched to possess you—you have opposed a barrier to my passion, and I have honoured this resistance—but now acquiescence is the only virtue which can remove my just suspicions."

"Sir lieutenant," faltered the maiden.

"I can cherish my mistrust," continued Letellier. "I can proceed according to the stern usages of war—burn down your dwelling, put to death your parents, and seize your treasures. I can do more—the criminal is a huntsman of the Margravine—she is doubtless concerned in this conspiracy—one word from me, and she is in prison, nay, on the scaffold even!"

"The Margravine! my benefactress!" almost screamed Rosina. "Oh, sir, have pity at least upon my second mother—at least believe in my sincerity."

"Prove it, my child!" rejoined Letellier, composedly. "I love thee inexpressibly, consent to be mine, and this house shall remain untouched—yet grant me not merely a fleeting favour *here* amid the tumults of war—continue mine—live with me, and die my arms."

"As your wife," asked Rosina.

"Is there occasion for that solemn bond?" replied Letellier. "True love spurns the constraint of forms. My relatives would shudder at a misalliance—leave them their prejudices, and venture to be happy in trusting to a son of honour."

"As your wife!" repeated Rosina, pale, and in violent emotion. Letellier observed her attentively, and was silent before the earnestness that gleamed from her looks. The maiden continued, "you have no light-minded creature before you sir officer! The church must sanction the feelings of my heart before I yield to them—if you are cruel enough to make my hand the sole condition of life and freedom to my guiltless parents. I will offer myself with joy—but the errant mistress of a soldier I may not be."

"Eh! how high-minded!" said Letellier, hesitating between jest and admiration, "you shall complain still more of my high-mindedness," continued Rosina, becoming bolder, "only upon one condition will I give my hand—the unfortunate man must be pardoned and set free; and your most efficient protection afforded to my parents."

"What! let go the murderer?" demanded Letellier angrily; "my child, you dictate a hard capitulation to your conqueror. I reject it. The fellow must meet the bullet; and you, without being Lady Letellier, must submit to me."

Instead of answering, Rosina proudly stretched out both her arms and said, "Bind me then, sir! and fling me into prison with my parents—at such a price my life were worthless."

Letellier examined her from head to foot with a long admiring look—folded his arms—and after musing for some minutes left the apartment. Then returning with a calmer brow said, "you have conquered, little witch. I have sent for a capuchin, and this very night the ceremony shall take place."

Rosina's hand lay cold and passionless in his; and her mouth almost refused its service, whilst she communicated to her parents, who had all along been listening without comprehending a syllable, what had threatened them, and what now awaited her. The farmer tore his hair—but his vainer wife soon dried her tears, when she recollected that Letellier was a nobleman, and that his uncle possessed considerable influence with the king of France.

Father Anthon, the capuchin, came

according to directions: The questions were few; such was the lieutenant's express wish; and in a few moments Rosina became Lady Letellier de Listoon.

Scarcely had the ceremony been concluded, and Letellier, pressing his ill-presaging partner to his bosom, had whispered, "Is it true, fair Rosa, that thou art now mine own!" when an alarm of trumpets and horns was heard from the village, succeeded immediately after by the report of firearms. The inmates of the farm in terror rushed into the open air: in Ebersteinburg all was conflagration and tumult—a horseman galloped through the gloom—and Letellier, raising a torch, recognised the Ensign Chaquifonnes, whom he had sent with the reprieve.

"Trente mille moustaches," cried he, sliding from his wounded horse, "the village is in an uproar; a young fury, with hair dishevelled like a witch, burst into the cottages, and summoned forth all the boors to rescue the murderer lying in the guard-house. When I arrived murder was at full work: our brave fellows were cut to pieces, the guard-house stormed, and the fury who instigated all rushed in herself and tore out the prisoner, who, in two minutes, would have been free without her. Although in full retreat, I wished at least to disappoint the enemy in the object of their slaughter, and with my good horse-pistol (it was made by Rabet of Dignon) shot to the earth the scoundrel for whom all this occurred, together with his liberator. I would exult still more, had not at the same instant a clown, maddened with rage and brandy, struck me on the hand a blow of a scythe, that will lame the member for life."

Rosina was less shocked at sight of the cruelly wounded hand, which Chaquifonnes held up to the light, than by the tidings which the gascoigner so unpitifully uttered. "Then my sacrifice was in vain," groaned she, and fainted away.

Letellier would have assisted her, but the moment called for his undivided attention. An express had just arrived from Captain Milhaud, saying that he found himself in the greatest danger, surrounded by armed bands of desperate boors, who had possessed themselves of the passes of the mountains, and requiring Letellier to set out instantly with all his troops, to hasten

to his aid, and secure for his companions a retreat from the valley.

Letellier forthwith ordered every thing for their march. At that instant his eye fell upon his bride, and the danger of his situation flashed upon him: uncertain what to do, he imparted his fears to La Grenade.

"If you would act like a man of honour!" said the volunteer, "send madame across the Rhine—Chaquifonnes is unfit for service, and will gladly be a protector to your bride."

"You are right," replied Letellier, rejoiced to have found an expedient.

Chaquifonnes did not refuse: a carriage was instantly procured, and Rosina, still insensible, was lifted into it despite the tears and remonstrances of her afflicted parents.

"Forward, master Chaquifonnes," cried Letellier; "this purse will supply your expenses. On, then, to Strasburg; and if I come not thither within eight days, or if you receive no intelligence of my wishes, bring Lady Letellier to Listoon—farewell, until a happier meeting."

The carriage set off like lightning by the way of Stollhofen, the brands flung into the roofs of the farm-houses serving to illumine the path of the fugitives.

Having arrived at Strasburg, Rosina, in an hostelry of that erst imperial city, abandoned to her many sorrows, awaited with anxiety the intelligence which Letellier had promised. Chaquifonnes sallied out each morning in quest of news; and although he left his charge behind, in cheerless solitude, yet she felt no inclination to confine his movements. Notwithstanding all his kindness and attention to herself, she could not suppress her dislike, when she recollected that it was by his hand her affianced husband had met his death. At length, after the lapse of full fourteen days, Chaquifonnes came one morning from the commandants, and announced that couriers had arrived from the army, and that there was no lack of intelligence. "The insurrection in Baden had been soon violently suppressed—the corps ordered to complete the work of devastation in the Margraviate had already left its position, and taken up another in a remote district."

"My parents, master Chaquifonnes," asked Rosina, intreatingly, with tears of impatience and anguish in her eyes, "what know you of them?"

"The farm house lies in ashes," answered Chaquifonnes, shrugging his

shoulders. "Of your father nothing is known—and your mother is said to have wandered from the country."

"Oh, my God!" groaned the agitated Rosina—then, after a pause, added slowly, and, as it were, fearfully, "you say nought of Letellier, master Chaquifonnes: wherefore say you nought of him?"

Chaquifonnes stroked his beard in perplexity—"You are aware, madame," said he, "with what bravery the armies of our illustrious monarch fight—and that they are as accustomed to victory as to white bread. Yet, alas! madame, the bravest is not immortal. The corps of Captain Milhaud has extinguished the rebellion with the bodies of my comrades; and it is reported that I alone, in consequence of an involuntary retreat, have escaped with life."

Rosina was unable to articulate a word. Overwhelmed with grief, she sunk her head, folded her arms, and in the bitterness of sorrow exclaimed, "All is then gone—and for me, I need but go and end my being in the Rhine."

"What, melancholy, madame!" cried Chaquifonnes: "in the morning we shall set out for Listoon—one of the loveliest seats in all France. You are now mistress of it; and if you bear yourself discreetly towards the marquis, your husband's cousin, this house will be your widow's residence—*Jarnigou*, it is not for nothing a person marries a lieutenant of the armies of our king."

Rosina was shocked at the idea of intruding upon Letellier's family.—Chaquifonnes, however, overruled all her objections, holding out hopes that her husband was still living, and might one day return. We easily suffer ourselves to be persuaded to what we wish may be the case. Rosina allowed herself to be convinced. "Trusting," said she, "in the general benevolence of mankind, I will venture on the step which you propose. My husband's friends will not spurn me, forlorn as I am—they will at least allow me time and means to obtain convincing certainty respecting Letellier and my parents."

Accordingly she desired Chaquifonnes to make preparations for their journey; and having passed a sleepless night in tears, she set out the following morning, along with Chaquifonnes, for the country seat of Listoon.

—
the old steward at Listoon,

and his wife Margot, were not a little surprised when one evening Chaquifonnes marched in, and installed his companion as mistress of the mansion. The assurance with which the gasconier proceeded would have given an air of truth even to a barefaced falsehood. Consequently the domestics at first believed all that the gentleman told them; yet when he departed for Versailles the following morning, and did not return during the course of some days, notwithstanding his promise of arranging Rosina's affairs together with his own—when Rosina's sorrow became every day more manifest, and many circumstances appeared in her conduct offending against the stiff etiquette of high-born dames of that period—scruples and mistrust were awakened in the minds of René and his helpmate.

"I will wager," said Margot to her husband, "that some scandal lurks behind this business. You may recollect, my dear, what a swaggerer the long ensign used always to be when residing here with my Lord de Listoon. I suspect something not quite correct. Were this stranger but a Frenchwoman, I should know it all in an hour; but a German is close as the grave: meanwhile, this much is certain—she is not a lady of rank, and any other, our master would never marry; and neither his *leman* nor the ensign's will we respect, if you have any regard to reputation as I have."

"Parbleu! Regard to reputation, indeed!" muttered René. "I suppose I wasn't assistant chamberlain to the Duke of Luxembourg. You are right, Margot, I also have my misgivings."

"Only see the behaviour of this so-named lady," continued Margot; "every thing so *natural*, only the *slightest* bit more constrained than one of ourselves. I would be glad to see her in robes, with a train, corset, feathers, and brilliants. I will maintain she never had a court-dress on her body."

"Hem! that proves nothing," rejoined René, with an admirable shake of the head. "In Germany they know nothing of robes and brilliants: there every thing goes *pêle mêle*, one with another—and frequently even still the houses of persons of rank are thatched with straw."

"Oh, dear God!" sighed Margot, compassionately.

"Master Chaquifonnes has told me," continued René, "that the Margravine

of Baden lived much in the same style as this so-named Lady de Listoon—and naturally. The Germans are a poor set, without any taste; but, on the other hand, they are far prouder and more intractable than our own nobility. Seest thou, Margot, I am now coming to the point. This stranger understands nothing about clapping the hands—she has never used the ball, much less broken it to pieces—she has never insulted me, nor given you a box on the ear—consequently she is no baroness. Her equipages, about which the ensign made so much fuss, have not yet arrived, although the roads have been visibly improved. Besides, we have received no orders from Lord de Listoon; and therefore—”

“And therefore,” chimed Margot briskly in, “this fine lady is a common person as we are, yet a *vagrant* to boot, and therefore the matter must end one way or other. Since we cannot now turn her out of the house, because she is a female, and every female has a claim to civility.—”

“Because we might find ourselves very far astray,” interposed René, “and Master Letellier might suddenly appear, and make us pay dearly for our mistake. You know what he is.”

“Then it will be best,” concluded Margot, “that you, my dear, should prepare to ride to *Versailles*, and explain every thing distinctly to my Lord Marquis, who is the head of the family. Whatsoever, then, his excellency does, must be agreeable to his cousin; and we shall be free from all responsibility.”

As was ever the case, Margot's opinion was decisive. René set out upon his journey; and Margot continued to attend, with apparent pleasure, the suspicious stranger—but wishing in her heart that the development of the mystery might not be long delayed.

This assumed alacrity failed to cheer Rosina in her very singular situation. Chaquifonnes' return had a better effect.

The ensign marched, in high spirits, into the apartment of Letellier's bride. “Our affairs are in excellent order,” said he, drawing out a parchment; “I have obtained a pension, which, though not quite sufficient, yet in those times, when every thing is done for *palaces* and fountains, nothing for stout soldiers, is considerable. You, madam, will, in a short time, as I flatter myself,

have to expect no ungratifying intelligence.”

“How grateful am I to you, Sir Ensign!” answered Rosina.

“*LIEUTENANT!*” said Chaquifonnes, correcting her. “It has pleased his majesty to appoint me to a higher grade, to indemnify me for the pain I must naturally feel when, for the future, battles occur without me. Oh! how fortunate we are in being French—a King so condescending as ours does not exist; and his excellency the Marquis de Louvois—”

“Spoke you with the Marquis?” asked Rosina hastily. “Oh! be quick—what said he of Letellier? what of me? Pain me not by longer silence.”

“My first visit was to the minister of war,” responded Chaquifonnes.—“The Marquis is love itself, but uncertainty itself also, in every thing appertaining to his cousin, our esteemed Letellier. His fate is unknown to the minister. Sigh not, madam!—your affairs are not the less prosperous. I will not, indeed, deny that my skill and manner, and the fire of my eloquence may have had a great share in the effect produced. Rhetoric has constantly been the inheritance of my family. It was an ancestor of mine, who, many thousand years ago, by a single oration, determined the provost, syndik, and burghers of Numantia, to suffer themselves to be slaughtered by the Romans. My great grandfather has spoken to our good Henry—my grandfather to the celebrated Richelieu—my father to Mazarin—and I, on honor! not less gloriously to the Marquis de Louvois. I have depicted an angel to him, and he has answered like an angel. ‘Sir Lieutenant,’ said he, ‘tell your lovely charge that I burn with impatience to have rendered to her such aid and consideration as is due to my cousin—she shall shortly hear from me.’”

“What thanks do I not owe your friendship, generous man,” exclaimed Rosina, full of hope. “I did not suppose any Frenchman capable of such disinterested generosity.”

“*Cadédis!*” rejoined Chaquifonnes, complacently, “my native country ever bears the best fruit: there are in it at this day dozens of *bagords* superior to the hero of Dauphiné; and the ‘good’ Henry was proud to number himself ours.”

There was a bustle before the house. A carriage, with heavy gilding,

attended by running footmen before and mounted grooms behind, drew up before the portal. The footmen flourished their glittering wands, and proclaimed aloud, "His Excellency the Lord Marquis de Louvois."

"Your application is speedily confirmed," said Madam Letellier, trembling with joyful alarm.

The gascoigner, meanwhile, grew very visibly pale; and, muttering, cursed his fate that left him no retreat; for already the doors were flung wide open, and the man, before whom the king's courtiers and all France trembled, entered with his usual vivacity, without making much ceremony.

Rosina was still more alarmed by his presence. No feeling spake from those harsh features—no kindly purpose from those stern eyes—and from his gestures no respect.

The Marquis, from beneath his black and angrily contracted brows, fixed his sharp and searching glance upon Rosina. "Is this one here the person?" demanded he, in a harsh loud voice, of the steward who followed him submissively, at the same instant he observed Chaquifonnes—"Ha, my master!" cried he, with bitter scorn, "it is well for thee, that thou hast already in thy pocket the King's signature, and art too insignificant for me to strip of a favour once received. Had I known, what I have just now learned, you should have formed your acquaintance with the Bastille. Meantime, it will depend on your answers whether I shall spare you your quarters there for the future. Speak—wherefore said you nought of this woman when you were with me?"

Chaquifonnes trembled, and hung down his head in silence.

"Probably you wished first to secure your own plunder of the King's favors," suggested the minister for him, with increasing discourtesy. "Tell me, is this woman in reality the wife of Letellier Listoon? the wife of my cousin?"

"She is, my lord," stammered Chaquifonnes.

"Is she? The proofs—where are they? This creature, who is it? Know you this person?"

"A little, my lord."

"Confess, however, my master. I see through this tissue of absurd assurance. Confess that this person is your own inamorata, for whom you to procure good living, at another, until you should have

secured your pension. I cannot wholly blame this goodly plan. On your own professions, to be sure, your friend does not expect a very enviable lot."

"I swear to you, my lord, that this woman is to me an utter stranger, and that I acted merely under commission for your cousin, who directed me——"

"Now, then," burst forth the Marquis, violently—"now, this is another specimen of his art, as he before displayed it, even when a page. But I will not endure such libertinism: France has already more than enough of such light wares—contraband shall not be brought into her from strangers, not even by my own cousin."

"Alas! my lord marquis, hear me," sobbed Rosina, now clearly perceiving into what danger she had fallen, and how much she had been deceived by Chaquifonnes.

"What! does it speak French too?" demanded Louvois, with a sort of contemptuous surprise—"only see! a learned German, a little wonder. Well, speak then, but clearly and succinctly, if you please—my time is precious, and my mind not suited for flowers of rhetoric."

Rosina obeyed; and in a few moments Letellier's cousin was informed of the true history of Rosina's marriage. He pondered deeply for an instant—then shook his head incredulously. "A pretty mouth deceives me not by the falsehood which it utters," said he. "Such a misalliance! where are the proofs of this *plebeian* union? where the certificate of marriage?"

Rosina accounted for the want of those by the urgent necessity of the case.

"Ridiculous!" rejoined the minister; "Letellier has been playing comedy with you—has stuffed the provost or drummer into the cassock—and his family is to suffer for the *farce* which he has thought proper to enact, disolute that he is."

Rosina, in the anguish of her soul, affirmed that she had known "Father Anthon"—and appealed to the witnesses, to the church register, and the evidence of Letellier himself, should he return.

But Louvois answered, harshly and jeeringly, "Poor subterfuges! The register, that is long since in ashes—the evidence of persons numbered with the dead—witnesses? Is it true, Chaquifonnes, that you were present?"

Chaquifonnes denied, with eager assurance, because he saw a denial was desired by the marquis.

"So, then, it is all lying and imposture," thundered the minister. "Not a word, young sharper!—*I* say thou hast lied; and what the king's minister of war says, Europe cannot reverse nor gainsay. Dread the Bastille, my master! if you render this person any assistance—and you, young adventurer! dread the worst, if, within an hour, you be found in Versailles, or, in three days, within the bounds of France. We have tribunals to chastise your boldness; and in Bicêtre, there are many like you already immured: do you, René, attend to the removal of this creature, and render me an account thereof."

So saying, the marquis turned quickly on his heel and departed. The doors closed behind him with a loud bang, whilst a veil fell before Rosina's eyes, and in her ears a rushing sound as if of chafing torrents. She saw not how the craven booster, Chaquifonnes, retired in confusion—she heard not how the ruthless Louvois rolled away in his chariot—she felt nought but the cruel pain within. The accusations of despair tore her breast, and the words of Johanna, "The stranger is false, trust them not—and make not yourself unhappy," lived engraven in her soul in characters of flame.

In this apparent want of perfect consciousness she continued long, until René's rough voice again awakened her to an interest in life. "The hour is past," cried the old man, "get yourself up, that I may not come to harm. Go! in God's name, and forget not that you must, in three days, leave France behind you."

"Merciful Heaven!" sighed Rosina, mechanically taking the little bundle which the compassionate Margot placed beneath her arm—"How shall *I* accomplish that?—*I* could not walk that great distance in three weeks, and ride *I* cannot, for Master Chaquifonnes has kept all that *I* received from Letellier for my journey."

"The worse for you," grumbled René—"I cannot help you, however. Go! go! that *I* may not have to resort to more ungentle measures."

"Attempt it! do," cried Margot, raising her hand menacingly—"you uncivilized Norman—how dare you insult any female? Come, my daughter, come! *I* will lead you to the corner."

She conducted Rosina to the corner

of the garden wall, pressed her hand, and said—"In this bundle you will find your washing—coarse, indeed, and not over white, like the linen we wear—nay, you have not been, perhaps, accustomed to better; and, as you complain of want of money, take this dollar, my daughter! it is all *I* am able to give. Now, listen to my advice. Yonder is the road to Paris; in a few hours—if you make haste, and you must do so as the evening is closing—in a few hours, *I* say, you will be in the capital; and delay not a moment to seek out my nephew, who is an honest lackey, in the service of the Viscountess de Borriège. That noble lady's hotel is the white corner house, with the large balcony, and the fir-cones over the door—a few steps from the '*Pont-au-Change*'—any child will tell you where the bridge is. Greet brother Gervais, in my name, and his wife likewise; and tell him your situation. His sister is married to a courier, who travels, almost every week, to the Rhine, on business. On Gervais' recommendation the man will readily take you with him; and so farewell, and may you be happier, my daughter! But, see," added she, "neighbour Flabart is just coming this way with his milk-cart; he is going to Paris: *I* will certainly persuade him to give you a lift."

Margot accordingly accosted the milk-seller. The man looked down archly at Rosina. "Has her gentility so soon ended?" asked he, with coarse irony. "'Whoso exalteth himself shall be abased;' but also the reverse.—Nevertheless, step into my milk-cart, Lady de Listoon: *I*'ll lay a wager you will come to great honor again for this."

Overwhelmed with shame and agony, Rosina mounted beside the peasant—bade a kind adieu to the compassionate Margot—and suffered herself, in God's name, to be conducted by her neighbour, who turned from his light bantering to plain, amusing anecdotes and jests, towards the capital of France.

Honest Flabart did not fail to conduct, in person, his companion to the *Pont-au-change*, instead of immediately repairing to his market-place, where he used to spend the night with his companions, in order to be at hand early in the morning.

The lamps before the hotel of the Viscountess were burning brilliantly; but by their light were rendered visible

the very dismal decorations of the portals and the walls—black mourning hangings, graced with cross bones and tears in silver—banners and festoons of baise and crape—hatchements, surrounded with mourning wreaths and devices in cypress.

Rosina, whose mind was deeply affected by the occurrences of the day, as well as by the hum of the bustling crowds of Paris, conceived, that in those relics of a mournful ceremony, she beheld an ominous foreboding, and descended disheartened from the cart. Meantime, Flabart did not desert her: he arrested one young man amongst the crowd of lackies and chamberlains who were bustling to and fro, and inquired for good master Gervais. The youngster, after examining Rosina with a knowing look, drew his laughing visage into a serious cast, as if more becoming his deep mourning habit, and went before them into the court, to point out to them the apartment of brother Gervais. "What has occurred in the family, my good sir?" demanded Flabart, as he humbly followed him.

"My lady has been buried to-day," replied the lackey, solemnly. "She was a mother to us all, and a protectress of all the poor and the oppressed. May God be gracious unto her, and assoilise her."

Rosina knew not at first wherefore this news fell so heavily upon her heart; but she also scarcely knew that she had in reality reckoned more upon Margot's boasted Countess in her distress than on any recommendation of a domestic or any alacrity of a courier.

"Up those steps, *ma vie*," said the lackey, pointing to a feebly lighted passage in one of the wings—"the first door on the right, marked No. 12, if you can read."

"I will wait for you," added Flabart; "for, God knows, I cannot leave this until I know that you are well given in charge, though my grey horse were to stand four-and-twenty hours before the hotel."

Flabart did well to wait, for scarcely had ten minutes elapsed, when Rosina returned down the steps weeping—whilst, from above, the threatening accents of a scolding female were heard behind her. "Ha! ha! this is a specimen of Madame Gervais," said the young lackey, laughing, and to whom Flabart, in the mean time, had related all he knew of the so-named Lady Letellier. "This Xantippe is as jea-

lous as a Turk, and cannot endure a pretty face near her ugly husband; and indeed the charming ex-lieutenantess would do better to commend herself to the sympathy of men of some consideration."

Scarce were these self-complacent words out of the mouth of the domestic, when a rough voice from the gallery of the first floor called down, "Hô! Jasmin! how long are we to wait?—the napkin and rose-water for my lord? Will you, you booby?" Jasmin flew off like the wind.

"Alas! good man, you are my only friend," cried Rosina, sobbing, as she advanced towards Flabart. "What is now to become of me? the woman will not harbour me, even for this one night: it is dark—and I am in this enormous city, unknown, without shelter from the rain or wicked men. Alas! Flabart, unhappy that I am, what am I to do?"

The worthy peasant was in sore perplexity. He scratched his ear—bewailed, by turns, the fate of the poor, and his own inability to devise any expedient.

Meantime his and Rosina's lamentations had assembled a considerable number of listeners in the court. The principal features of the adventures of Madame Letellier, as also her name—things which Flabart took as much pains to publish as Rosina to conceal—flew from mouth to mouth—from kitchen-boy to lackey—from him to the porter in the anti-chamber—from him to the attendant in the cabinet of his lordship. At length Flabart had got so far pleased with himself, that, taking courage, he exclaimed, "What use in fretting, my child! for this evening you must be cared for. Come! I know a small house of entertainment in this neighbourhood, where you will be received on my security. It is not, perhaps, so grand and commodious as the sign of the *Rainbow*, where we milk-sellers usually take our drop; but it will thereby prevent my neighbours and acquaintances knowing any thing of a kind turn, that might bring me but little credit with my wife."

Thereupon, taking Rosina by the hand, he led her some steps towards the court entrance. Just at this moment Jasmin, with headlong haste, sprang down the great staircase. "Hô! ha!" screamed he, "halt here, my good friend. Madame remains here. You may go where you please with your milk-cart; but madame re-

mains here by express desire of my lord !"

At mention of this name, all the domestics stood at once in respectful attitudes before Rosina, and bowed lowly before the staircase. Flabart's mouth opened—Rosina was petrified—Jasmin, with a graceful bend, took from her the bundle which she held beneath her arm, and, with the affected hesitation that was then the mark of respectful and flattering address, lispingly inquired—"Would madame take the trouble to ascend those stairs? All is prepared for her above—every thing is at her command. Gervais, Gervais! light the noble lady."

The hideous Gervais, with silver candlestick in hand, sprang up half the marble steps—down which the viscount's own attendant was descending, with eager haste, to offer, with respectful gallantry, his arm to Rosina.

Confused, by this strange and marvellous change in her condition, Lady Letellier followed the events of her destiny—waved a distracted "farewell" to the gaping Flabart—and proceeded towards the *denouement* of this adventure. She was conducted over highly-polished floors—through brilliantly lighted corridors, into a splendid saloon, that displayed to her a magnificence such as she had never before witnessed. Here was no trace of gloomy emblems—the dress of the servants alone betokened the house of mourning—in every thing else pomp and gorgeousness prevailed. Here were to be seen lofty mirrors—lustres glittering with crystal and gold—porcelain vases, filled with aromatic leaves—various curious fantastic figures of porcelain arranged on the chimney slabs and tables—time-pieces, constructed with lavish extravagance—gorgeous gold-angled tapestries, and silken curtains, with the most costly tassels. Turkey carpets covered the floor—elegant designs from the heathen mythology decorated the ceiling—whilst, forming an agreeable contrast with the dark-red, gold-adorned damask of the furniture, stood a table exquisitely arranged, with a single cover laid—and which, at a little distance from the comfortable flame of the hearth, protected by a green folding screen, and furnished with every requisite, invited the hungry and fatigued. The valet-de-chamber withdrew—and the seneschal entered to superintend the arrangements of the viands to be served.

Rosina, surprised and embarrassed by the profusion and exquisite nature of these, at length said, hesitating and timidly, to the intendant, "That she was not accustomed to such attention—that she now for the first time perceived, what the surprise of the moment had concealed from her, the singular and painful nature of her position—and she begged the intendant to have the goodness to explain to her, how she came by this reception, and this splendid supper."

The intendant cleared his voice mysteriously, and then replied—"Madame will doubtless be satisfied with the assurance that every thing is done by command of our noble lord; and that he esteems himself fortunate in being permitted to offer his supper to a lady of distinction. Excuse, madame, the deficiency of your attendance to-day, in consequence of the confusion of our house. Ere to-morrow all will be right again; only I beg of you, madame, in consequence of the funeral, to dispense with the music, as that certainly should not be wanting to your table. At the same time," added he, preventing Rosina's reply—"I intreat you, in the name of poor Gervais, and he, in behalf of his unthinking wife, to consider favorably, and forgive the rudeness she was guilty of towards my lady: on your word will it depend whether those people shall lose their places, or escape with a reprimand."

"Heaven forbid that I, myself a forlorn being, should rob others of their happiness," exclaimed Rosina, with horror. "No, no, good master Gervais, you must remain, and tell your wife that I am sorry to have pained her as I now feel I have."

Gervais, with plate and napkin under his arm, humbly and gratefully kissed the hem of Rosina's gown; whilst the intendant, after many attempts at composure, said, "Madame displays a good and noble heart, that resembles the virtue of our sainted mistress. Jasmin, the dessert; St. Michael, Muscat, lerond, the silver ewer, and damask towel, on yonder table. Will madame desire that our late noble lady's reading-woman attend her, to beguile the time by reading or conversation?"

Rosina, surprised, thanked him for his considerate attention.

"Perhaps Master Millard, the viscount's private secretary, might now flatter himself with a few moment's conversation?" inquired Jasmin, who was engaged arranging the dessert.

"I shall deem it an honor," replied Rosina—"I shall express to him, my masters, the gratitude which I feel to your noble lord."

Master Millard entered: he was an old man, rather corpulent, of an honest, prepossessing air. On his appearance the intendant and all the domestics withdrew.

"Permit me, lady," began the secretary, after the first compliments were over—"Permit me to attend you."

He filled Rosina's glass with sparkling wine, and offered her the choicest fruits and conserves. Rosina, who had risen embarrassed from her chair, at length sat down blushing. But, despite of all her hints, Millard continued standing near the stool that had been placed for him at a respectful distance from the lady.

"My lord viscount sends me," said he, in a brief, sententious manner, "to ascertain, from your own mouth, madame, wherein he can serve you? You seem to be the victim of some violent injustice, against which your defenceless innocence and want of acquaintance with the prevailing interests here and at Versailles, are under manifest disadvantage. The viscount, like his sainted mother, a friend and conservative of justice, offers you, in his influence, arms against your enemy. Should you accept his protection, and confide in him, he begs that you will explain to me distinctly the occurrences that have brought you hither."

"Indeed, I have done no wrong," replied the ingenuous Rosina, openly. "My only crime has been coming into the heart of France. I will relate every thing to you candidly, without misrepresentation; and should my lord viscount then think proper to withhold the generous protection which he now offers me, I shall at least have done my duty towards my benefactor who entertained me in his palace and at his table."

Nothing could exceed the candour with which, according to her promise, she made the wished-for disclosure to the secretary, who listened to her with emotions far different from those of Louvois. Warm sympathy beamed from his eyes; and this feeling was no less evident in his words. When Rosina had ended, he said to her, "His lordship expected to hear such a tale! but he begs of you to take courage, and to depend on his assistance."

Oh! Sir," exclaimed Rosina, ear-

nestly, "let him but afford me the means to leave this country, unimpeded. If within three days I shall not have crossed the frontiers, I may expect imprisonment in *Bicêtre*. Only represent this shuddering prospect to your lord, and he will have compassion on me."

Millard smiled. "Beauty like yours, madame, must not so soon abandon our glorious France—justice shall be rendered to you, and not the means of an ignominious flight; that would only vindicate your enemy. Hold yourself in readiness to set out with me early in the morning for Versailles. Fear nothing—I will be at your side, and not a hair of your head shall be injured. But, madame, you must needs feel fatigued—I will send the waiting women to attend you."

With a most respectful obeisance, Millard retired. A few moments afterwards appeared two elderly chambermaids in deep mourning, attended by a damsel of the wardrobe, with a convenient night dress, such as was then worn by ladies of distinction. The females kindly, and in silence, performed their office, and conducted Rosina to a noble sleeping apartment, adjoining the saloon. She begged the eldest of the attendants to pass the night near her.

"As you command it, madame," replied the woman; and having dismissed the others, she trimmed a night-lamp and prepared a sofa for herself, as commodiously as possible, close beside Rosina's bed.

Meanwhile, inside the house there was a momentary bustle. Gleams of light flashed on the windows—whilst, from the coach-yard, a heavy carriage rolled at full speed to the door, which was opened amid the din of numbers running to and fro, vociferating to each other.

"My God!" exclaimed Rosina, starting up, "what is the matter below?"

"My lord viscount is setting out," answered the maid, composedly.

"Whither?" continued Rosina; and the chambermaid was spared a reply; for at the same instant the coachman underneath called out, with the voice of a Stentor, "Whither am I to drive, my lord?"

And Jasmin as loudly responded, "To Versailles! Drive on! up with the torches! To Versailles!"

The royal mass was over. Louis,

moody and reserved, walked before his crowd of courtiers, and dismissing them at the entrance to his private apartments, proceeded alone to the chamber of Madame de Maintenon.

The marchioness, surrounded by some ladies, was sitting engaged at embroidery when the king arrived. On his appearance the ladies, with deep obeisance, retired. The monarch advanced to the marchioness, embraced her, kissed her cheek, with a formal "*good morning*"—permitted her to salute his hand, and strode, in silence, to the window—looked out—then turned towards the fire-place, and leaned pensively upon the mantel-piece. Madame de Maintenon, who followed all his movements with her eyes, although apparently only busy with her work, after a pause of some seconds, in her mildest tone, inquired, "Are you in anywise displeased, sire?"

"A little, madam!" was the brief rejoinder.

"Might I presume to ask ——?"

"What concern can my displeasure give you?" said the monarch gruffly, "and besides——."

"I may not gainsay you," replied Madame de Maintenon, in a cold indifferent tone, for she knew that Louis's deepest secret was on his lips so soon as he grew warm. In fact, the monarch soon enough broke silence, saying, with bitterness—"It is too bad, then, to be allowed to have the best intentions, and to be trampled in the dust by your servants. Would you believe it, madam?" continued he, as she made no reply—"would you believe it, madam, that there is a mountain of charges raised against this Louvois? Oh! how late are the eyes and ears of monarchs opened!"

"Because they disdain *betimes* to see clearly, and hear plainly!" replied the marchioness coldly, yet pointedly; "it is in vain to warn them; they *will* make experiments."

"Ha! this war in Germany," began the king again, in louder tone; "what consequences will it entail? The wretches who have led me into it, they have rendered me a monster in the face of all Europe!"

"A monster basks himself in the reflection of your crown, sir," rejoined the marchioness sharply, nay bitterly; "the voice of moderation was rejected

because the tiger alone was listened to. Louvois was ever a *fell* satellite of his ambition, and love of fame, whereby he has degraded your sceptre."

"Madam," exclaimed Louis, with flashing eyes, "I beg you will spare such *common places*, the sceptre of France's king is too glorious to be degraded by the schemes of any reputation-hunter. Louvois has served me faithfully; he has grown up in my school, and, so long as he acted by my principles, he was irreproachable. You hate this man, madam!—I know wherefore you hate him; yet, that action, which you detest, was it not dictated by devotion to my throne?"*

Madame de Maintenon became white as the lace frill that covered her neck; offended pride distorted her visage and her mouth; she would have spoken, but her eye fell upon an adjacent mirror; with a sigh all her vehemence disappeared, and she only let drop, in a low tone, those words, "I forgive you, sire; nine-and-twenty years have elapsed since I entered your service; I am now an old woman!"

"Fanny," said the surprised monarch, drawing near and kindly pressing her hand, in token of repentance; "what an injurious charge; do I deserve it? Thirty years ago I did but hate you! 'Tis *now* I love you with the fire of youth."

The marchioness favored him with a look of reconciliation, but disengaged her cheek and hand, and answered, "you make me happy once more, sire; yet leave me now; I have to prepare myself for the holy sacrament, and must shun tenderness, as well as renounce hatred; therefore, not a word more of the minister, since I forgive him."

"Yes!" said the king, as it were completely changed, and earnestly observing the marchioness, "in you he has insulted an angel, and in me the kingly dignity. You are right, madam; since I convicted this overweening man of ignorance, at the building of Trianon——! Truly, were it not that intimacy——! But his peculiar oppressions—his cruelty shall not thus pass with him."

His majesty's huissier entered, bringing a packet of despatches from Ger-

* Louvois by his earnest entreaties, on his knees even, prevented the official announcement of Louis's marriage with the widow Learton—the elevation of the latter to the throne.

many; he laid the paper on the green table, at which the king and his minister were in the habit of transacting business, in presence of Madame de Maintenon. After the huissier had retired, the king hastily approached the table—"Let us see!" said he, half aloud, "we will for this day step into the marquis' place, and open the packets in person." The occupation did not reward itself agreeably. The monarch tore open one envelope after another; and, as he perused them, his face assumed a livid hue, and his gestures displayed increasing irritation. At this critical instant was announced the Marquis de Louvois, in full court dress, with his *porte feuille* beneath his arm.

"You come late," said Louis to him, with forced composure; "you fail of the appointed hour, a few minutes more every day."

"Your majesty will excuse me," replied the startled minister, producing his costly watch with much emotion; "your palace clock goes not more punctually than my watch, and I fail as little in the appointed hour as in my duty."

"You are overwhelmed with business," rejoined the king, not more composed by his insolent tone, "I have, therefore, endeavoured to make your duty lighter by opening these papers myself. Sit you down, sir, and read; I shall take the first that comes of this mass of letters; read, I desire you, and then tell me how many similar you have slurred over, and made to disappear, or, according to your purpose, falsified!"

Louvois, amazed, looked at the king, yet sat down obediently and read, with collected voice, a weighty accusation and petition from a German magistrate, in which, in the utmost distress, he appealed to the king himself, for protection from the fury of the French general commanding there, and, from the cold-blooded hangman system of the minister of war. A crowd of shuddering facts, and innumerable examples out of other districts, not less unfortunate, were detailed therein.

Whilst Louvois was reading, the king supported himself on the table over against him, and the table quivered beneath the hand of the monarch as he trembled with passion. The marquis, who read with one eye, whilst with the other he observed his

an approaching storm; but, scorning the mask of cringing adulation, and, remembering occasions on which a bold, determined bearing had already done wonders with the incensed monarch, he thought proper, this time also, to have recourse to resolution and obstinate persistency. After an embarrassed pause of some minutes, which the minister made use of to compose his flurried spirit, he replied to Louis' impatient, "now, my lord marquis," with cool indifference, "When war is made, there must be an enemy; the Germans are our enemies; we are not to expect praises at their hands —."

"Nor from all Europe," replied Louis, quickly; "they call me an incendiary. This title have you gained me. I would not have war in such a murderous fashion; the dullest clerk can comprehend that conduct such as yours must set the entire world against me. Was it for this that at the head of mine armies, I gained for myself and France that glory that adorns my standard; to have my banners trampled in the dust, through your accursed thirst for blood."

"Half measures are of no utility," replied Louvois, firmly, "your majesty must, ere now, have learned that fear is the principle of all greatness, 'ODERUNT DUM METUANT;' it is your interest, sire, to keep the emperor in alarm, and sustain the wavering power of the *Porte*—your interest, sire, to turn the banks of the Rhine into a desert, and allow the lurking foe no castle or stronghold in the vicinity of your kingdom. Great measures become great princes; and never was France more formidable than now."

"Silence, sir!" said the king furiously; "never was it so abhorred as now; your measures are those of a catchpole. Did you not tell me of threatening armed powers in the heart of Germany? You have deceived me; read those instructions from *Spire*, where my people are indulging in the most wanton crimes against humanity and religion. I will not stand as an object of abhorrence in history; put a stay to them on the instant."

"I regret," replied Louvois, coolly shrugging his shoulders, "that your majesty should so soon object to measures, for which, a few weeks ago, you were so inclined. Unfortunately, the arrow once discharged may not be arrested in its flight. At the instant we

speak, all is being done on the banks of the Rhine according to my orders."

"Whatever it is still possible to preserve, protect, I would advise you," said the king, with increasing ire. "I know that your fury aims at the destruction of Triers, also; it shall not be; such is my pleasure; this holy city shall be the first protected."

Louvois prepared a master-stroke; sitting opposite the threatening monarch with the most quiet composure, he said, "I am in despair, that I cannot herein obey your majesty. I have foreseen your pity, and have conceived that such pity should be an offence against your crown. I have, in order to relieve your majesty's conscience, taken upon mine the destiny of Triers; and, so early as yesterday, a courier was despatched with strict orders to the French commandant there, to burn the city to the ground!"

This daring falsehood—no courier had been despatched—overthrew Louis' composure, and that punctilious observance of etiquette, in which he so much delighted. With the exclamation—"Ha! villain! this is too much!" the monarch started furiously up, and, seizing the fire-tongs, the first thing that came in his way, aimed a blow at the head of the terror-stricken marquis, who now beheld with horror how much too far he had proceeded. With a cry of amazement Madame de Maintenon, who had watched the entire scene with intense interest, threw herself between them.

"Sire," exclaimed she, "for God's sake think what you are about!"

Louis recollected himself, and flung from him the base instrument of his intended chastisement. "I thank you, madam," said he, "for having withheld me from such an unworthy act; what a degradation had I laid hands on such an object; but a word to you, sir!" continued he, trembling with passion; "send, on the instant, another courier to overtake the former, I would advise you; if but a shed of Triers be burnt, your head shall answer it."

Thereupon, the marquis flung himself at the monarch's feet, and confessed his wicked artifice. Louis' indignation was converted into the most profound contempt—"you are the basest wretch on earth," said he, with bitterness; "go, sir, you have spoiled my working for this day; but, in the little audience-chamber is something for you to do; a person who has been

recommended to me by good authority, will there present her claims to you. I advise you, sir, not to withhold her rights from this petitioner; I shall not lose a syllable of the conference; do you understand me? Now entreat forgiveness of the marchionness for the scandal which you have caused beneath her eyes, and then to your post."

The marquis was now affability itself; he addressed the softest speeches to Madame de Maintenon, and was answered with specious compliments; he deemed himself happy in being protected by those fair hands, from his master's well-merited indignation; and, entreating her forgiveness, kissed the hem of her robe, and the monarch's brocaded sleeve; and, with a dubious declaration of pardon on the part of Louis, ended this farce, in the sincerity of which none of the parties concerned could suffer themselves to confide.

The little audience-room into which the marquis was ushered had on one side a cabinet with a glass door, screened by a velvet curtain. Louvois was well aware of this recess, in which the king, whenever it pleased him to converse in person with foreign ambassadors, used to conceal one or other of his ministers, to follow the conversation attentively, and take down the principal heads of it, and afterwards, in private, offer to the king such observations and additions as were calculated to set the transaction in a clear light, before its final determination. Convinced that Louis would not fail, according to his promise, to be a witness of the commanded conference, Louvois brought with him his clearest brow, and a store of over tender phrases, which he did not forget, even when he recognised, in the female introduced by the usher, the same whom he had so harshly treated at the country-seat at Listoon.

Rosina, dazzled by the splendor that surrounded her in the palace, timidly, and with respectful reverence, approached the astonished minister, and could not conceal her alarm when she thus unexpectedly beheld her enemy. Louvois took her tenderly by the hand, and endeavoured to compose her by the choicest expressions.

"Be not alarmed, my fair child," said he, in a soft, insinuating tone. "If I mistake not, I see before me a dear relation. Yes—you are Madam Letillier de Listoon, from whom an un-

fortunate and incomprehensible mistake separated me yesterday on rather disagreeable terms. You are welcome; I anticipate what has led you hither; your demands shall meet with no difficulties, on my honor. You have, as I heard, through your pure and disinterested love, consoled the last moments of my poor cousin, who is doubtless to be numbered with the dead—is it not so? You have forsaken parents and home, to see poor Letellier's home and family. France is under obligations to you—such beauty but seldom visits us. What is your pleasure, madam? The inheritance of your husband, unfortunately, can only be yours, when you have proved yourself his heir—perhaps you have brought such proofs with you? or would a yearly income serve your turn? Inform me; yet allow me to make one observation, my precious cousin! that in every case your papers must give you legal warranty. If you persist as yesterday, in the impossibility of producing a valid certificate of union, your affairs must stand but badly; people are not over-particular about campaigning marriages! and I fear——”

This speech so long and so surprising, at first so cheering, and in its close so much the more alarming, deprived Rosina of all the courage wherewith her escort, Millard, had inspired her.

“My Lord,” stammered she, overcome with terror, “I desire nothing, nothing in the world, but the revocation of your severe orders, and the means necessary to enable me to leave France. My parents, perhaps, require me; and though, alas! Letellier's death be confirmed——”

“What you desire shall be done,” said Louvois, catching at her words, and seating himself at a writing-table. “Take a seat, madam! I will this instant prepare a passport for you, with my own hand, that will secure you protection on your journey, and then an order for two thousand livres from my private coffers, to defray suitably your travelling expenses.”

“Too much, my Lord Marquis; too much!” interposed Rosina.

“Not at all,” rejoined Louvois, smiling; “we cannot do too much for so fair a cousin.”

“Right, sir Marquis,” said the voice of the King behind him.

Louvois started up, and bowed himself to the earth. Louis was standing there with sternness in his countenance,

which only assumed a milder expression when he turned towards Rosina.

“You still do much too little for your cousin,” continued Louis. “For the passport we have no occasion; as for the rest, I believe the Letellier family will not accede to any thing very exorbitant, if they allow Dame Rosa Letellier de Listoon, that country seat as her widow-residence, and assure her a pension of two thousand dollars!”

“If your majesty command it,” stammered the Marquis. “I would only presume to observe, that the authenticity of my cousin's marriage is still to be proved; and that this female, however lovely and fascinating she may be, is yet of a rank——”

“Doubt you the power of a King of France?” interrupted Louis, with asperity. “Think you that he cannot impart the desired nobility to the wife of his officer? Doubt you the marriage of your nephew? I will answer for its correctness. Do you desire further guarantee?”

The minister hastily, by a deep reverence, declared he did not.

“You will accordingly arrange a residence and pension for this lady; prepare the documents in due form, and leave them with me to read and to subscribe.”

“According to your majesty's most gracious pleasure.”

“And you, my fair dame!” continued Louis, more calmly and gallantly, turning to Rosina, “stand you so silent and confused before me? Do I not deserve a word of thanks?”

“Alas! sire! your goodness!” cried Rosina, bursting into tears, and kissing the hem of the monarch's robe. “I am but a poor uneducated country maiden!—and such condescension!—I cannot thank you as I gladly would.”

“You are in awe of the King,” said Louis, who was wonderfully flattered by the confusion of those whom he addressed. “Perhaps you would compose yourself on the bosom of a woman who possesses all the virtues of your sex, and will embrace you, my virgin widow, with a mother's arms. Come with me!”

He took Rosina's hand, and led her away, without deigning the minister a single look.

Louvois gazed after them with haughty malignity. “Come with me!” repeated he, laughing; “to some arca-dian bower, is it? Are the old inclinations reviving?” He flung out of the state apartments—the gentleman-

usher met him. "Who was with the King to-day?" demanded he, authoritatively.

"No person but the Viscount de Barriège, who was admitted very early," was the reply.

"Ha! I understand!" said Louvois to himself, as he descended the stairs. "Thence comes the blow. I now perceive the weighty influence that worked for that female vagabond; but how she could have come to this Viscount? I will see what is to be done!—incomprehensible destiny!—mysterious humors of kings! A dozen years ago accommodating females bore all the sway at court—to-day the Viscountess gets the start of me, because she once slighted the advances of the King; because he since then has become a bigot, who now strives to honor that prudish female virtue as much as he formerly detested it; and perhaps loves the muddy-brained Viscount only for this reason, that the Viscountess had the caprice to wish not to cumber old Barriège's claims to paternity in favor of the King. Meantime—we will see!"

As on so many more important occasions of his life, so here also did Louis widely err, when he imagined he was placing Madam Letellier in a kind mother's arms. As the measured tone of the Marchioness, investing with an icy surface all the warm feelings of the heart, but little suited the ingenuous Rosina, so little did Rosina's simple candour, and the inexperience of her humbler sphere of life, but above all her peculiarly attractive charms, suit the mistress of the King. The Marchioness, ever anxious to make stronger and more binding, the net which she had for so many years spun round the monarch, and solely occupied with endeavours to accommodate herself to him, in all his oftentimes singular humors, and never to contradict him when any of his fancies were concerned, took good heed not to express plainly what did not please her in Rosina, and overwhelmed the young woman with marks of affection, that were neither cordially intended, nor given in a way much calculated to deceive. The monarch's conduct was altogether different, and for the most part regulated hers. The *naïve* wife of Letellier, to whom her singular position and elevation, so fraught with adventures, lent an additional charm, had at once become the puppet, in

which the monarch, when moody and little inclined for diversions, found a certain pleasure—a creature of his might and of his favor—and so for some days, according to the Marchioness' plans, this was quite compatible with them; but there elapsed a week, which Rosina, like a petted child, surrounded by flattery and profusion, had dreamed away at the side of De Maintenon, under the wings of the ladies of the court. The polished nobility of Paris and Versailles had observed, copied, and criticised the *naïve paysanne parvenue*—the rest of the metropolitan world were delighted with the humiliation of the detested minister. But every thing can endure but for a time, as is well known, and in France for still shorter time than elsewhere. The charm of novelty disappeared—the nobles no longer gazed—the people no longer applauded—Rosina was scarcely thought of—and the King alone did not relinquish his puppet. "How does my fair German?" were his first words to Madam de Maintenon in the morning. "Take good care of my fair German," his last when taking leave at night. If Madam Letellier were near him, there would flush over his countenance and bearing a spark of that chevalier gallantry for which his younger years had been distinguished. He suffered no opportunity to pass, that permitted him to express his paternal interest in his protégé; he had even promised, whenever the weather became fine, to show in person to the fair stranger all the wonders of art which he had erected at Marley, Trianon, and Versailles.

Such expressions and intentions disquieted the Marchioness. This pastime with fair Rosa was continuing too long. A look of deep concern which Louis, in a moment of abstraction, fixed upon Rosina, and which escaped not the Marchioness, together with a letter from the sick bed of the suffering minister to his sovereign, put a period to the matter. The purport of the Marquis' epistle was as follows:—

"Your majesty's displeasure, which, unhappily, I must allow was but too justly merited, has thrown me into a severe illness. My first moment of returning health is that in which I take my pen to inform you, my most gracious lord and sovereign, that even during the pains of sickness, I have not forgotten the commands which it pleased your majesty to impose. My secretary will have the honor to lay

before you for inspection, the documents executed in the matter of the lady who styles herself Letellier. With your orders, sire, the family have complied, although the *proto collo* of the witnesses of the marriage of Letellier, exhibited in the court of justice, offers but slender security. One of the officers has, in my presence, denied all knowledge of the circumstance, and might, perhaps, but for the dread of losing your majesty's inestimable favor, be induced to abandon his suddenly favorable testimony for the lady calling herself Letellier. Concerning the other, permit me to observe that he was a sworn enemy of my cousin ; that I can adduce proofs to that effect ; and that, notwithstanding your majesty's prohibition, he challenged Lieutenant Letellier to single combat, and fought with him. This circumstance, far from rendering him a trustworthy evidence, should subject him to capital punishment, pursuant to the field orders of your majesty for late years, did I not deem it wrong to impeach this duellist contrary to your majesty's wish ; however, it might otherwise have happened. Besides the death of Letellier, my poor cousin, is confirmed ; he fell in the insurrection of the boors at Garinbac, or Grensbac. As he cannot return again, so that his declaration might be compared with those of the aforesaid witnesses—as, moreover, the capuchin monk, who is supposed to have married Letellier to Dame Rosa Berger, has wandered away, and consequently it is not possible to appeal to his priestly word on the matter—nought remains to the lover of truth, but to acknowledge and confirm as true, improbabilities, in reliance on the sagacity of your sovereign majesty. The warm interest which you, my gracious prince, are pleased to take in this fair stranger, more than repays her for the want of birth, and due correctness in that marriage, which makes her a member of one of the most considerable families in France."

The King, who had read this letter in presence of Madam de Maintenon, pondered in anxious silence over the words of his minister. The Marchioness took advantage of this disposition—her hatred to Louvois secured to Rosina her income and rank as widow of a noble officer ; but then the monarch's inclination must, at the same time, terminate.

"Doubtless," said the wily dame, in a calm, collected tone, to the prince,

"Doubtless, through the greater part of this letter there speaks the jealous and impotent rancour of a degraded man, who, even in retreat, wishes to quit the field with an appearance of right and honor. All France is convinced that its King acts only after sufficient proof, as he has here done ; and even in the mistakes of its monarch would but, as becomes it, honor and admire a godlike dispensation ; but the last lines of your minister's significant epistle appears to me to be deserving of more attention than the commencement, which was dictated by an irritated heart. I have often heard from your mouth, sire, that Louvois, with all his faults, possessed a fine tact of propriety in all that regarded the honor of family connections at court. I believe it when I read the latter words of his letter—they appear to me to be the voice of the condemning people. I hope not to be misunderstood when I say, that it has already occurred to me as though Louis the Great pays more attention to this fair German, than is in reality compatible with his elevated place. Your subjects, indeed, are accustomed to regard you but as the standard of morality and propriety ; but the judgment of a fickle people can be but changeable."

Louis pondered for some moments, and then dejectedly replied to his fair mistress, who had admirably chosen her time, "that he understood well what she intended to convey, and that his reputation was not a matter of indifference to him, and still less so the opinion which his dearest friend might entertain of him." He, therefore, entreated the Marchioness to devise some remedy, in this embarrassment, alike compatible with his dignity, and the happiness of the innocent and lovely female to which the king now felt himself engaged.

"This remedy is soon found," said De Maintenon, joyfully and gratified. "Louis does not suffer his adviser to want means to help at the proper moment. Madam Letellier must be forthwith removed from court—this appears to me of the utmost importance. The busy chattering of Paris, who to-night will retire to bed with impertinent censures on the morality of their sovereign, will be surprised, on awakening in the morning, by the intelligence that the object which excited their calumny has already disappeared from the vicinity of the King. The residence to be appointed for the young widow will re-

quire little consideration—a convent is the asylum for a mourner, until another marriage, or the lapse of years, permit her, without scandal, to occupy her own house, and to live as pleases herself. There are many such cloisters for widows at Paris, and throughout the kingdom; but to prove to my royal friend and master the sincerity with which I embrace every thing that has the good fortune to please him, I will cause an apartment to be prepared for Madam Letellier, at my own seminary at St. Cyr. Intercourse with the nuns may give her that knowledge of the great world in which she is so deficient, and lead her mind in a more serious and dignified direction, whilst the amusement of the young boarders may divert and exhilarate her spirits. Does the proposal please you, sire? if so I will take upon myself to induce the dear German to consent, without having recourse to the slightest constraint."

"How good you are, Fanny," replied the king, fondly; "what a treasure I should want, did I not possess you; whatsoever you desire shall be done; you know but too well that all France lies at your feet in the person of its sovereign."

On an autumnal day in the same year, the king, as had happened several times before, attended only by two confidential nobles, on his return from hunting, called at the Abbey of St. Cyr. The principal females received him respectfully; his first question regarded Madame Letellier. "The lady is deeply engaged in her devotions," was the reply. "Am I ever to receive the same excuse?" rejoined Louis, who was in a tolerably ruffled temper. "For some time now I have in vain wished to see this lady; to-day I command it, and hope that I shall not be constrained to say any thing more serious."

The stern tone of the monarch changed, in an instant, the refusing aspects of the nuns, into the most acquiescent; a messenger was forthwith despatched to summon the fortunate Letellier; a state apartment reserved for such guests, was thrown open for the monarch, and all his wishes anticipated. At last his most anxious one was gratified; Rosa Letellier appeared, astonished at the honor that awaited her. The king motioned hastily to the inspectors to withdraw; and they retired respectfully behind the glass door. He then approached the balu-

trade that separated him from the widow; presented her his hand to kiss, and inquired, half-pettishly, half-moved,

"Is it then true, madam, what I hear; I can scarcely credit it, and yet it is almost confirmed by your mourning garments, that concealing veil upon your head, the prayer-book in your hand, and those spiritual exercises from which only my *commands* can withdraw you; do you wish to devote yourself to the cloister? speak—answer my question!"

"Such is the case, sire," answered Rosina with a sigh.

"You sigh," said the king; "what means that? tell me the motives that have induced you to choose the veil? has constraint or persuasion been employed? speak without evasion!"

"My husband, Letellier, is dead!" replied Rosina. "His death has been confirmed; of my parents and friends, notwithstanding all my enquiries, I can learn nothing; doubtless the violence of war, and my removal has hurried them to the grave; sorrow for them and for my husband were alone sufficient to rob me of all enjoyment of the world; but let your majesty hear my last reason—I may not endure longer to take my subsistence from the hands of a family who only deliver to me with hate and bitterness, what your majesty appointed; in my native land, however, I cannot beg any more than in France; I will, then, rather embrace the prospect which the good Marchioness de Maintenon secures to me, after renouncing all the proceeds of my husband's inheritance, to become a nun, and in this noble asylum terminate my days."

"Holy St. Denis," exclaimed the king, "what wilfulness! what fanaticism. Abandon such a purpose, my good madam; you have as yet no sins to atone for; no reparation to make to the church; there no longer rests any suspicion upon your marriage, since my confessor discovered at Augsburg, the monk who united you to the minister's cousin; his evidence, given upon oath, has rendered you stainless and legitimized the marriage; you are in possession of a considerable income, and have no occasion to ask whether the family pays it willingly or otherwise; you have, since I last saw you, improved considerably in beauty, carriage, and manners; and will you bury in the grave of a cloister such treasures of nature and talent—such

charms, and such loveliness? You who are destined to vanquish and render happy the most fastidious of men?"

"I blush beneath your undeserved encomiums," said Rosina, ashamed; "this unhappy shadow of beauty is that, which has already hurried to destruction two brave men in the tumult of passion; there rests no blessing on my youth."

"Those are the words of an old woman," replied Louis abruptly, "who finds but little to please her in a lovely rival—of a jealous one who would rather lay to your heart the heavenly bridegroom to whom you have every claim, than longer entertain the dread of your coming too near her inclinations in this world."

"I do not understand you, sire," said Rosina in surprise; "but I may be permitted to observe, that I did not expect to find my plan of life disapproved of by your majesty; a heart of nineteen years will struggle against the constraint of a cloister, and I will candidly say, that even the sentiments of my benefactress, the lady marchioness, had less effect in inducing me so quickly to give my acquiescence, than the assurance, from her mouth, that your majesty most anxiously desired my investiture."

The king, astounded at what he heard, recovered himself as well as he could, and replied, with a peculiar smile, "I bethought me, Madame de Maintenon has been jesting with you; meanwhile, if you be so willing to encourage the jest, I can think it so no longer. My wish, did you say, particularly and alone induced you to choose your own unhappiness?" asked he, after some reflection.

"Altogether your wish alone, sire."

"Is then my wish of so much consequence to you?"

"Every thing."

"When we fling away our happiness for the whim of another, that other must be somewhat dear to us?"

"Assuredly, your majesty."

"We must highly esteem him?"

"Esteem him, merely!"

The alacrity wherewith Rosina followed the monarch's questions awakened in him that vanity which, in younger years, had been so often dangerous to his heart; the flattering idea of being, even in his advanced age, the object of a secret passion, such as, feigned or true, had beforetimes befallen him. With a beaming countenance he graciously bent down towards

the fair widow, and, in a low engaging tone said, "you are either more malicious or more amiable than I could possibly suspect. Do you love the marchioness?"

"I reverence in that worthy lady my benefactress."

"Do you love me?" asked Louis quickly after. Rosina hesitated. "Candidly," added Louis, impatiently.

"As a father," replied Rosina, in a fond respectful tone, "as a type of that merciful Godhead who has conducted me into your kingdom, that I might participate in the bounty of the greatest of all earthly monarchs!"

Confused, the king drew back a step. "An arrant flattery," said he with some severity; and quickly recovering himself, "Madam has made fine progress in French eloquence; I would wager, that your leige lord, the Margrave, although a Parisian by birth, would have delivered his opinion of me in more homely terms: yet be not alarmed, my pretty dame," added he, with kinder emotion, "you have not offended me—my jest deserved your rebuff—it were folly—should I seriously attempt to grace my grey hairs with fresh love-wreaths; but you shall not want those wreaths, on my word, so truly as I am the fourteenth of my name upon the throne of France; you shall not enter on your noviciate, madam; you shall not renounce the world; I wish, and order it as a king, and as a father; I undertake to regulate your destiny, and reckon upon your unconditional compliance. May God take you unto his holy keeping."

Thereupon the conference ended. Rosina, with a lightened heart, returned to her cell; and scarcely wondered when she learned in the evening, that Madam de Maintenon had arrived at the convent soon after the king, in order to pay her accustomed visit, and had spent but two minutes at most with the principal mistress; when on hearing that the king had been there, and had spoken with Madam Letellier, she suddenly ordered her departure for Versailles, without favouring the fair widow with a single moment.

The following morning a new visit was announced to madam Letellier. She was agreeably surprised to see the worthy Master Millard. With much curiosity she inquired the object of his visit. "Since the hour," said she, "when I was obliged to leave you at Versailles, to encounter the audience

with the minister, I have never seen you. Oh! sir, your presence is a pledge of some happy event to me; for from you and your master came nought but good; and I only regret that I could not in person return my warmest thanks to the Viscount."

"The letter which you sent him from court," replied Millard, "has fully accomplished that object—its unaffected language, so touchingly portraying—the noblest feelings flowed from your pen as from your lips. My lord preserves every line of it with care—alas! they afforded him his last joyful hours."

"How, sir," demanded Rosina, startled by Millard's melancholy, "has that nobleman been unhappy?"

Millard shook his head, and answered, "Yes, madam! and it is his unhappiness that leads me hither to engage your interest in his destiny, as yours formerly engaged him. When you entered it, our house was a scene of mourning—the noblest of mothers had been taken from her son. Were you now to come to us, though you should not find the walls hung with black, still would you find every thing once more in sorrow. Three weeks ago, according to the last will of his mother, my lord was to have espoused a lady, exceeded by none in virtue, by you alone in beauty. My lord who esteemed this lady, would also have felt *love* for her on marrying her; but fate ordered it otherwise; the lady died a few days before the ceremony, and the Viscount mourns over her grave."

"Let us hope, Master Millard, that time will alleviate his grief," observed Rosina, with a sigh of recollection. "How many bands so confidently tied does fate or death tear in sunder. 'Tis well for your lord that esteem merely and not love has incurred this loss."

"Paris was surprised that he seemed to hearken to duty, rather than inclination, in suing for the hand of that much courted lady," replied the secretary. "But Paris sees not into his mind, as I his confidential friend can; they who were surprised wist not, that in secret he did homage to another princess—that he was consoled in his regrets for her whom he lost, by the hopes of winning her whom he loved."

"Loved he another?" asked Rosina, with interest, excited by the romantic turn of the story.

"Yes, madam!" continued Millard with increasing warmth, "he guarded this idea in silence in his inmost soul;

touched, that heaven itself should remove his mother's injunction, he determined to trust his happiness to his own choice; when he was overwhelmed by the intelligence that the princess of his heart was about to fly from him and from the world, to bury herself for ever within dreary walls."

"How?" said the widow anxiously, and full of apprehension.

"He would despair," resumed Millard, "but despair has never effected any thing—discretion—a simple question often gains a victory. Madame, my lord needs a confidant for his sorrow—he has selected you—dare he appear in person—allow him this and my mission is at an end."

"My God!" faltered Rosina. "Master Millard!—What a question!—Such an honour!—How could you doubt?" Millard had already disappeared. Rosina and the inspectress, who was sitting in a corner, gazed at each other in amazement; but before they could exchange a word the door again opened, and a young man richly dressed entered with hasty steps.

"Madame," said he, without further ceremony stepping up to Rosina, and taking possession of her hand. "Respite or death, in one word! Millard has told you all—I am the Viscount—you the lady whom I love—would you separate from the world? By such a resolution you will make me miserable without rendering yourself happy—is your purpose to be shaken?—abandon it, and receive from my hand, as a pledge of my troth, a jewel, that once belonged to you, and the possession of which has often comforted me in sorrow and affliction."

He tenderly presented to her a plain black ribbon, from which depended a simple gold cross. The blushing Rosina recognised in it a present from the Margravine, which she had received some years before, and used never to lay aside. In her flight to Strasburgh, she for the first time missed this ornament, and now, as she devoured it with her eyes, and at the same time turned a grateful, surprised, and flattered look upon the giver. She found in his voice and his looks well known tones and features. "My God!" exclaimed she, "Lord Viscount, are you not the volunteer La Grenade, Letellier's companion in arms?"

"I am so," replied the viscount with passionate rapture. "You have recognised me divested of my military garb—and my features have not remained

strange to you, notwithstanding the wild beard with which the vanity of a soldier then equipped me?—well for me, madam, you still remember me—and I have no ignoble deed to be ashamed of—the love, which I conceived for you then, when you appeared to me in a peasant's dress, I glory in—I have preserved it faithfully and in silence—you suspected it not—with a bleeding heart I saw you through your own misfortunes, and Letellier's cruelty, thrown into his power; with still more troubled feelings I, myself, lifted you into the carriage that was to convey you from my presence, to the possession of your husband, my rival—yet I was silent, and no false ideas entered my mind. In the confusion of parting I took from your neck this ribband, that would have fallen from it. I wore it as a relic on my breast—this jewel hallowed me—in battle I spared the foes, whom despair had armed against us, and protected your kinsfolk from the fury of our soldiers—when at length in a bloody conflict, in which the greater part of our corps were cut to pieces, Letellier sunk as my side mortally wounded. I thought on you, madam, and exulted not in his fall—I pitied the dying man, and endeavoured to assist him—at his body the victorious peasants took me prisoner—their leader, the man, who for his murderous attempt, Letellier had condemned to death, and whom, after being freed from arrest, Chaquifonne's ball had wounded in the left arm.”

“Dreyer, the falconer?” exclaimed Rosina, in astonishment.

“He lives,” continued the Viscount, condensing his narration—“he lives, and fearfully requites my countrymen for the wound which that ball inflicted, and which did not hinder him from leading, like a raging lion, his rabble to the field. With triumph he beheld your husband's body—pointed it out to a young armed female who accompanied him, and said, “See, Johanna! the judgment of God is here!”—thereupon he ordered me and my comrades in misery to be bound and shot. In silence I followed the executioners, who stripped off my military coat, in order to take aim at my heart. This ribband fell into their hands. I passionately demanded that they should leave it with me until I had fallen. Their captain saw the treasure: he started—ordered them to forbear, and asked my name. I answered with the name Rosina. Thereupon he pressed

his hand to his brow, and leaned his head upon the shoulder of the Amazon; he showed her this cross, then returned it to me, and ordered me and my few companions to be liberated. ‘Go, Sir,’ said he, in broken French—‘the name of that unfortunate makes you free—retire; I will have nought of hers; yet should you meet her in your own land, tell her that I, for her sake, liberated you—that I did not murder her husband—and that Johanna, whom I thank for all, has become the wife of the falconer.’”

The viscount paused. Two large tear-drops stole down the widow's cheeks; and it was not until his hand had slowly dried them, that the narrator continued:

“But little remains for me to tell. Attended by your image, I returned to France, because my mother's illness summoned me to Paris. As the last will of the viscountess assigned me a consort of her choosing, I was constraining my exulting heart to silence, when a kind destiny led you, madame, to my dwelling. There could no consideration prevent me from requiring the preserver of my life, my much-loved friend. Taking advantage of the influence which the monarch continued from the mother to the son, it was my good fortune to secure your existence; and whilst you went to St. Cyr, and I was preparing to go before the altar with my bride, I took a mute but sorrowful farewell of you. The rest you know. You see how anxiously I await your decision: abandon the cloister—give me your hand, and share my lot.”

“Lord Viscount,” faltered Rosina, “you have the most sacred claims on my wishes; but, deceive not yourself—you, an illustrious noble! I, a peasant maiden!”

“Were you not Letellier's bride?” asked Barriège quickly, in reply; “yet wherefore that name, which I love not—which you could not love—and which France abhors in the person of the ambitious minister? Your name shall be Rosa alone for me—leave to the Marquis de Louvois his pension and his cousin's estate—share my inheritance—I seek not my happiness at the court of Versailles—and I possess more than sufficient for contentment.”

When on the evening of the same day Louis, who, during the four and twenty hours, had not been with the

Marchioness, entered her apartment, and, with a hastiness that boded a storm, commenced by the question—"Well, now, madame, what is to be the issue of this conflict about madame Letellier's affairs? You wish to thrust the lovely child into a cloister; but I will not have it so—not I. I deem it better to assign her another lot; and who is to command here—the king, or my Lady Marchioness de Maintenon?"

The Marchioness, without changing a feature of her countenance, replied, "The king, undoubtedly, sire. The Marchioness obeys him as a faithful subject, as Fanny her husband. Since the Letellier feels a distaste for the cloister, it will be proper to have her married, as soon as her year of mourning is past."

"Good!" replied the monarch, somewhat gruffly, because the Marchioness allowed him no pretext for venting his displeasure; "the case occurs most opportunely. I was thinking about giving my master of the horse, the worthy Livardier, a wife, and"—

"Fate has this time taken better care of Madame Rosa than even her protector, the King of France," rejoined the Marchioness, dryly. "An hour since a suitor has solicited my influence with your majesty, to obtain your approbation of his union with the pretty German, whose consent he already possesses."

"Did there so?" demanded Louis, sharply and sternly—"who is this claimant, so please you?"

"Viscount de Barriège," said the marchioness; and seeing the monarch silent from surprise, she added—"The young man will live on his estate, and perceives plainly that this young female suits the provinces far better than Versailles. Her extraction, however, at once forbids her admission at court; and yet, as we would not wish to withdraw our favor from the wife of the master of the horse, such a half open understanding might involve much that was unpleasant, nay even dangerous, and which, on nearer consideration and comparison"—

"Let that pass," said the monarch caustically, interrupting her—"you are a shrewd woman; and the Viscount, who seems to have a store of brides, shall marry the little ingrate as soon as he pleases."

The peace of Ryswick had once more tranquillised convulsed Europe, fortified Germany, and clipped the wings of

France's glory. On the banks of the Rhine the wasted villages and towns had again arisen from their ashes, and peace and plenty flourished. Even the farmhouse at Ebersteinburg stood again erect, with its glittering tile-roof and well-tended garden. Its aged inmates, returned from the strange land, whither the whirlwind of war had hurled them, sat upon their stools, surrounded by their household—solitary, indeed, in respect to children, but nevertheless contented, and read a letter which their daughter, the noble French lady, had written from her castle to her father's cottage—when suddenly the door burst open, and Rosina, more lovely than ever, and magnificently dressed, rushed into the arms of her astonished parents. The Viscount followed, leading two children by the hand.

"My husband," cried Rosina, amid the joyful exclamations of her parents—"my children! Oh! my beloved parents, forgive the sorrow that my fate has caused you!"

And her parents blessed the Lord, and praised his holy ways—saluted, respectfully, their noble son-in-law, and fondled their lovely grandson.

"This is thy doing," said father and mother, opening the new window, and pointing out their well-ordered property. "What war robbed us of, thy love has restored to us tenfold: abide with us."

"Can I, then?" asked Rosina, glancing at her husband and children. "But I will take you with me to a warmer and a fairer land, where sage and rosemary grow upon the rocks, and my strength shall make you young again."

The old people shook their heads, and said—

"We are better in our own country, daughter. That you have prospered in a foreign land, the Lord be praised; but it would go ill with us, and we should pine away in longing after home."

"And will you end your days here alone?" asked Rosina and her husband.

But the old people answered calmly, "We are not alone. We have found children, who tend us for God's sake, and for thine, Rosina. The falconer has settled in yonder new house; the woodmiller's daughter is his wedded wife; and the brave pair help us with heart and hand, with fidelity and love; we call them our children, and their son our grandchild. Be not jealous,

Rosina ; but those kind folk were near us, and you far away in a foreign land ; that has caused it so."

Rosina was silent, and gazed anxiously towards the house pointed out, around which was nothing remarkable but the neatly tended garden and the tillage land.

Then, after many expressions of love and fond remembrance, and after inviting her parents to visit her at the hostelry in Baden, Rosina, with her husband, silently shedding tears, left the cottage, pressed her French-chattering children to her heart ; and when the old people, after taking leave, had returned into the house, said to the Viscount—"My beloved friend, I am become a sore stranger in my fatherland. That I may compose myself, excuse my going to Letellier's grave, which you wished to show me."

"Gladly," replied the Viscount. "That trifler was not worthy of you, and it consoles me that you renounce his memory."

"Yet lead me to yonder house," continued Rosina, pointing to Dreyer's dwelling—"these are people whom I knew."

The Viscount smiled, and went with her. They came opposite to a window—Rosina cast a glance into the neat apartment. On the door hung the

forrester's green coat ; at a table, close by, sat Dreyer himself, busily engaged netting ; Johanna had her arm round his neck, a wayward boy upon her knees, and playfully assisted in the work, when the wounded left arm of her husband could not manage it rapidly enough. Those people had become some nine, nay, perhaps, fifteen years older, and on their foreheads were traces of care and trouble ; yet they also spake of pure, affectionate love and placid harmony.

This scene painfully affected Rosina's heart. Quickly and without noise she drew her husband away ; and when at some distance from the house, exclaimed—"No, my friend ! those people remind me too strongly of my early giddy years. I cannot speak with them. I was guilty of their sufferings, and of the sorrow which, though now no more, has graven indelible furrows on their brows. I will greet no one more of those who knew me. I belong no more to them. In thy father's land, my best beloved, is now my place. One more embrace unto my parents—one greeting more to those who supply my room towards them—and then farewell to thee, my home, so strongly warning, now lost to me for ever !"

BY-WAYS OF IRISH HISTORY.*

CHAP. XX.—ROMANISM—HER APOLOGISTS AND ADVOCATES.

The cabinet policy of Romanism in Ireland, for nearly a century past, has better attestations to its wisdom, than the Whiteboy organization. It gave birth to literary enterprises, of which the boldness is at least not less remarkable than the dexterity, and it established a school for diplomacy of a kind which we should have been little disposed to suspect, and of which, indeed, without evidence of the least suspicious character, we could not have credited the existence. The literary labors of Roman Catholics, as they

seem to illustrate their cabinet councils, appear to have addressed themselves to opposite (and what but for the apt coincidence of favoring circumstances would have been incompatible) objects—the persuading Protestants that the Roman Catholics of Ireland were liberal and loyal, and the infusing into the minds of these misrepresented Romanists, the worst and most acrimonious influences which could be derived from partizan views of their country's history, and from the superstitions and intolerance of their creed.

* The *Warder*, October 6, seems to charge us with having profited by its labors, in our remarks on the trial of "Father Sheehy," without having made the proper acknowledgments. The information of which we are supposed to have availed ourselves, appeared, the editor informs us, in a number of his paper, published eighteen months since. We have no remembrance of having ever seen the article from which we are said to have borrowed ; but if the editor of the *Warder* will do us such a favor as to send us the paper to which he alludes, or any other information on the case of Mr. Sheehy to which we shall have to return, we shall gladly profit by the kindness, and thankfully acknowledge it.

It required no common art to carry out this double intrigue, so as to keep the plots from clashing. The other scheme, although requiring dexterity, and demanding the boldness which arises from a knowledge of human frailty, was more manageable. It was that of purchasing the services of literary men who should defend the cause of Romanism for hire, and of politicians and courtiers also who should consent to enrol themselves among its retainers. We shall present the reader with some notices of both schemes.

Mr. Curry appears to have led the way in the literary enterprise. Impressed, by an accident,* with a sense of the strong disfavor in which Irish Protestants regarded his religion, he addressed himself resolutely to the task of obliterating or changing those adverse impressions. In the course of his studies, judging from the nature of his defence, he must have come to the conclusion that the persuasion of Protestants was not a prejudice; but he had chosen his office. To be true to his party, he must be very chary of his truth. This he appears to have known; and, acting on the knowledge, he produced a book unequalled, and, indeed, unapproached by his imitators in more recent times, for the judicious economy with which a little truth is dispensed, so as to render coherent, and give an air of probability to the heavy fiction through which it seems to be interwoven. Mr. Curry could not boast originality in his deceptions. His merit consisted in the dexterity with which he applied some well-known principles. He is very circumstantial in his narratives, and while he produces Protestant testimony in abundance, in proof of the collateral incidents, and hitches in the principal matter on his own or similar authority, he relates it

with so little emphasis of tone, and assigns it its place in so judicious an obscurity, that in the cloud of testimonies, it often passes undetected; the reader seeing that good witnesses have proved a great deal, and not perceiving that the only thing which rests upon the advocate's unsupported word, is that which establishes the character of the whole transaction. This is Mr. Curry's most successful device. Many had employed it before his time; few, before or since, have used it more adroitly.

While Mr. Curry contented himself with *adapting* Protestant testimony to his purpose, Mr. O'Connor, more adventurous, like the gentleman who wrote autographs of distinguished persons for his friends, *created* such evidence as he required. His first work, written in reply to the Appeal of Sir Richard Cox, and entitled, "Counter Appeal," appeared, according to Mr. Wyse, "under the fictitious name of a Protestant Dissenter." "It obtained for him," the same writer informs us, "the friendship of Dr. Curry."†

Whatever service Mr. O'Connor may have rendered by his writings, and they have been much praised by his party, his exertions, as a negotiator with literary persons, were attended, we believe, with greater and more lasting advantage. His candour in acknowledging the cruelty of Roman Catholic landlords‡ towards their poor tenants must have given much weight to his statements on matters connected with crime and disturbance in Ireland, and, as his station and manners gave him access to general society, we may, perhaps, often read, in the speeches and pamphlets of his time, where the speakers were Protestants, and the signatures genuine, the opinions of

* "In October 1746, as he passed through the Castle-yard, on the memorable day of the Irish rebellion in 1641, he met two ladies and a girl of about eight years of age, who, stepping on a little before them, turned about suddenly, and with uplifted hands and horror in her countenance, exclaimed, *Are there any of these bloody Papists in Dublin.* This incident, which to a different hearer would be laughable, filled the Doctor with anxious reflections." &c. &c.—*Curry's Review—Introduction.*

† "He wisely concealed his name and assumed the mask of a Protestant dissenter in this (Counter Appeal, &c.) and most of his other tracts."—*O'Connor's Hist. of Irish Catholics*, p. 238.

Mr. O'Connor has been applauded, and never, we believe, censured, by Roman Catholics, for the artifice by which he recommended his writings to public and Protestant favor. But for the too great indulgence and liberality to a friendly fraud, they "make satisfaction," like the Scottish archer in Quentin Durward, "by taking out the overplus in curses" on the parodists of the "Encyclical Letter."

‡ See his account of a representation made by him to Dr. Warner on Whiteboy disturbances.—*Hist. of Irish Catholics*, quoted by Mr. Lewis, *ibid.*

Mr. O'Connor, or those he had communicated, retailed without acknowledgment.

To the management of Mr. O'Connor another species of negotiation seems also to have been entrusted—that of hiring Protestants to defend the cause of the Church of Rome. The first writer of this description engaged by the triumvirate was, we believe, Henry Brooke, author of *Gustavus Vasa, the Fool of Quality, &c. &c.* He had become known as a young man of promise, while at the Temple or Inns of Court in London, to Swift and Pope, and other persons of eminence. He obtained some post, that of barrack-master, we believe, during Lord Chesterfield's government, in Ireland, and was the author of a popular work, the "Farmer's Letters." In this, we believe, he was not sparing of censure and invective against the Church of Rome and its adherents. But he did not continue always adverse to them. At a critical time, in the year 1762, there appeared an able work in their defence, entitled "The Trial of the Roman Catholics," in which a repeal of the penal laws was advocated. Mr. Brooke was the author. The following extracts from O'Connor's "History of Irish Catholics" may assist in the explanation of his conversion, or, at least, may account for his performance:—

"Mr. O'Connor allured him (Mr. Brooke) by promises of pecuniary support."—*History, &c. p. 262.*

"Brooke received several sums for his performance."—*Ibid. p. 263.*

"I think we ought to keep him" (Mr. Brooke) "to the work he undertook, till he completes it, for he is a man of genius, and, what is better, a Protestant of genius, the fittest wedge we can find to cut a block of the same timber."—*Ibid. p. 244. Note—Letter of Mr. O'Connor to Dr. Curry.*

We should be sorry to impute to a writer like Mr. Brooke, an amiable man, and, we agree with Mr. O'Connor, a man of genius, the lax morals and the ignoble spirit which writing for hire in favor of a cause he disapproved,

would necessarily imply. When he accepted a retainer on the part of the Roman Catholics, and advocated, in their behalf, the repeal of most oppressive laws, he was not informed, we feel convinced, as to the extent of their expectations, and the nature of their plans and designs. Mr. O'Connor, who administered the bribe, was well qualified to exhibit the return thus purchased, in a light which should show it to the least possible disadvantage; and Mr. Brooke who, in 1762, assisted Roman Catholics in obtaining relief from severe penal statutes, would at this day, we can well believe, manfully oppose them in their attempts to enact still more unjust and oppressive laws against those whose rights they had sworn to protect. However, owing to the success of Mr. O'Connor's negotiations,* the author of the *Farmer's Letters* wrote the "Trial of the Roman Catholics," and thus became the wedge which, at the moment, was wanted.

We shall search no deeper into the engagements made between the Roman Catholics and their literary retainers, but shall turn to one or two notices of the means by which parliamentary advocacy was procured. England, in his life of O'Leary, affirms that "some of the most prominent members of the legislature were dependent on loans from oppressed Catholics, for the means of upholding their rank, and pursuing the objects of their ambition."† To this dependency Mr. England ascribes some of the earlier successes of his party. The strongest evidence, however, of the benefit to be derived from subsidies in the tactics of a parliamentary campaign, is found in a letter from Lord Kenmare to Dr. Moylan, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, and seems so pertinent to our purposes, that we shall extract the passage in which it is contained, and with it, more abruptly than we had designed, conclude this brief chapter.

From Lord Kenmare to Bishop Moylan.

Dublin, Dec. 16th, 1779.

"Dear Doctor—I communicated to

* The office assigned to Mr. O'Connor, it would seem, was known. One instance may serve to show that it must have engaged him in some extraordinary negotiations. He was solicited to procure an offering for the great moralist of the day. We cannot at this moment state more than the application. *Alderman George Falkner* applied to Mr. O'Connor, through Dr. Jennings, to collect fifty guineas among the Catholics, as a retainer for Dr. Johnson, the ablest writer of his time."—*History of Catholics, p. 254.*

† Page 268.

you in my last the progress of our affairs, and our resolution of consulting the chiefs of our bar and senate for the repeal of the rest of our popery laws. Two gentlemen deputed by the body, waited, in consequence, on Messrs Yelverton, Hussey Burgh, and the Recorder, who gave them every encouragement of success. When, after many visits, they at length met the Attorney-General, he told them that he had assured Mr. — in London, *one thousand pounds a-year*

for soliciting the Catholic concerns—that his weight and merits well entitled him to it—and *that if they did not provide it, they must expect every opposition from him!* Had all your brethren exerted the same zeal as you in promoting our plan of yearly subscription, this would not have been so deadly a rub; but we must either parry it, or give up all hopes of profiting of the present spirit of liberality in the government, and amongst all ranks in our favor," &c.*

• England's Life of O'Leary.

SONGS OF THE TRUE BLUE.—NO. III.

THE BATTLE OF THE DIAMOND.

In the good old times when royalty
Was loved with right and reason;
When truth might honour loyalty
Without a charge of treason—
In those old days, rebellion's throng,
Stung by despair, once mustered strong
To trample right, and lift up wrong,
Near the village of the Diamond.

But though they muster'd thousands strong,
And thought no power could shake them;
And though they swore both loud and long
That nought but blood should slake them—
Yet there were met a faithful few—
Undoubting, for they fully knew
That hands wax strong, when hearts are true—
In the green fields of the Diamond.

They closed—and then the echos woke
With musketry hoarse roaring;
But o'er the strife and clouding smoke,
Our flag was onward soaring;
And when the sword its work had done,
And silent was the rattling gun,
That fearless few the day had won,
In the green fields of the Diamond.

Then think of those who steadily
Fought for the truth in season,
And even now for truth would die—
Though truth were construed treason.
And faithfully from year to year,
Though lordlings frown, we'll never fear
To fill the cup, and raise the cheer
To the heroes of the Diamond.

THE MAN IN THE CLOAK.

A VERY GERMAN STORY.

THE great clock of the Banking-house of Willibald and Company struck four.

"The Bank is closed!" cried the porter, in his usual sonorous tones.

At the words there was a general opening and shutting of desks; every inmate of the Bank took off his office coat and donned his walking-habit. In five minutes the bureaux were deserted, the runners had walked out, the clerks disappeared;—the two bankers, both married men, were driving off in their carriages, one to dine with a friend, the other with a mistress. Silence reigned through the spacious building; and the daylight which found its way through the windows gradually deepened into dusk, for the season was November and the day had been cloudy. Any one who would now see to read or write must avail himself of an artificial illumination; and accordingly at twenty minutes before five a solitary lamp shed a sickly light over a heap of ledgers and papers, notes and rouleaus, confusedly scattered to and fro through the different recesses of the Cash-office, and developed the features and part of the figure of a man seated before a desk, conning several documents, which he passed in review before him, with an anxious eye, and from time to time casting abstracted glances around him, which now rested upon vacancy and now upon the iron safes and sealed strong boxes imbedded in the walls of his temporary prison.

The Herr Johann Klaus Braunbrock, he to whom we thus introduce the reader, was cashier to the Banking-house, and had lingered somewhat beyond his time on this evening, from what motive we may possibly understand by-and-by. Let us try to depict his appearance. He was a man of the middle size, rather clumsily made, but with a finely-shaped head, and features expressive of considerable intellect—mingled, however, with a large proportion of worldly astuteness and an air of penetration and distrust that bespoke but an indifferent opinion of mankind, or, possibly, a mind ill at ease with itself. His age might be about forty. His grizzled hair had retreated from his forehead, which was road, but not high, and indented

with many wrinkles. Upon the breast of his blue coat glittered a military star, for he had served in the Imperial Army as a colonel of Austrian dragoons, and his salary of six hundred crowns a month as cashier was reinforced by a pension of five hundred dollars, paid to him quarterly by the War-office. A pen was in his hand, with which he had just completed the signature of *Willibald and Brothers* to the last of several counterpart letters of credit drawn upon the house of Puget and Bainbridge in London.

As the eye of the forger glanced rapidly but scrutinisingly over the work of his hands, to enable him to decide which of the counterfeits before him was least liable to awake suspicion, a slight noise near caused him to start, and raising his head he saw peering through the grated door of his box two dark, burning and searching eyes, which, fixed intently upon him, seemed as if they would read the most hidden secrets of his soul. The rest of the countenance was in shadow, and the figure of the gazer was completely hidden from view by a large black cloak.

Such an apparition, which would have been under even ordinary circumstances sufficiently extraordinary and startling, was now rendered peculiarly so to Braunbrock by its suddenness, the unusual time, the sepulchral dimness of the place, and, above all, the consciousness that the occupation he was engaged in was one that would scarcely bear inspection from a pair of eyes even much less inquisitorial than those of the stranger. A moment's reflection, however, served in some sort to re-assure him. The distance between himself and the intruder, whoever he might be, was, though slight, still sufficient, he flattered himself, to preclude all chance of detection. Recovering himself, therefore, he grew bold enough to return the stranger glance for glance.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"It concerns you to know, perhaps?" was the interrogative reply, delivered in a strange and hollow voice, the accents of which thrilled through every nerve and fibre of the cashier.

"To know your business, at least," said Braunbrock, "What is it?"

"Merely to receive payment of this from you," answered the Unknown, and he handed a paper to the cashier.

"The Bank is closed," said Braunbrock.

"Your office is open," said the stranger, significantly. "To-morrow will be Sunday; you will not be here. Perhaps you may be absent on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—all the week, and beyond it. Do you understand? Come, then, do not delay me now. The sum, you perceive, is one hundred thousand dollars: you have so much in the drawer beside you. Be quick and let me have it."

"How did you obtain admittance?" asked the cashier, still dallying, with the bill between his fingers.

"What is that to the purpose?" said the stranger. "I am here."

The cashier now scanned the letter of exchange, and finding it, as he fancied, or chose to fancy, correct, he slowly opened the drawer and counted out bank notes and bills to the amount required. Having given them to the stranger, he again took up the letter and looked at it.

"Your signature is not to the receipt," said he. "How is this?"

"Give it to me, and a pen with it," said the other, "and I will supply the omission."

Braunbrock gave the letter and a pen to the stranger, who wrote in English, and in English characters,* at the foot of the receipt, *M. The Man in the Cloak*.

"What the plague sort of signature and handwriting is this?" demanded the cashier, as he tried in vain to read it; "I can make nothing of it." He looked at the stranger. "You are not German, mein Herr?"

"No."

"You are scarcely French, I should think?"

"Scarcely."

"Ah! English, I presume?"

"Your presumption is unwarrantable; I am not English," answered the stranger; "I am an Irishman. Enough: farewell: we shall meet again." In a minute more his form was lost in the gloom and shadows around. His retreat was so sudden and so silent that the cashier could not tell by which passage he had departed.

How the deuce can he get out at all? he asked himself. Or how did he come in? What eyes! he continued—and what an unreadable name! Who can he be? The circumstance is exceedingly strange altogether.—But I am wasting time. I must finish my business, and be off.

With these words he proceeded to consume at the flame of the lamp such of the forgeries as he had rejected, and carefully deposited the selected one in his pocket-book. He next took out from his desk bank notes to the amount of ten thousand ducats, and stowed them safely away in the same morocco leather repository. Then, putting on his hat, he extinguished his lamp, and taking down his umbrella from a crook, he locked the door of his office and coolly proceeded, according to his custom, to deliver up the key to Madame Wilhelmina Willibald, the wife of the principal partner in the firm.

"Ah! you sag yourself so much, Herr Braunbrock!" said the lady. "But I have good news for you. We have made up a party to Ilsebein on Monday, and you are to be Master of the Ceremonies, Cicerone, Factotum in short. So, be with us early—and let the cash-office mind itself for one day."

"As you please, Madam; I shall be most happy," answered Braunbrock. "Meantime, will you be good enough to tell your husband that the bill of exchange from the Merciers for a hundred thousand dollars was paid this evening. It came in rather late."

"I shall tell him so," said the lady. "Will you have a glass of Tokay, Herr Braunbrock?"

"I thank you; not this evening. Good night, Madam." And the cashier went out.

"That gentleman has a very marked head," said the Baron Queerkopf, a determined, thick-and-thin, anti-loop-hole phrenologist, who had been lounging on a sofa during this short colloquy.

"Marked?—marked with what?" asked the lady.

"I mean a characteristic head," said the Baron. "He has enormous Secretiveness and but little Conscientiousness."

"You give an indifferent character of our honest cash-keeper," said the

* The German manuscript characters differ considerably from the English.

banker's wife. "But, do you know, Baron, I think he has rather a classic head."

"Cash-keeper!—ay, he is better fitted to keep cash than pay it," returned the Baron: "I saw his Acquisitiveness at a glance. But as to classic heads, pardon me, Madam, for taking leave to differ from you: people make the most horrible and petrifying mistakes on that point. Mankind do not sufficiently consider"—and the Baron spoke with great emphasis—"that for the formation of what is popularly designated a classic head, there must be large Self-esteem, considerable Destructiveness, and deficient Veneration. The best heads—those which confer the most commanding intellects or sunshiny dispositions—are not unfrequently altogether at variance with our preconceived notions of the *beau-ideal* of physical beauty. The truth is, that to a common observer the head is any thing but an index to the nature of the man. Look, for example, at Byron's head. It is a positive and undeniable fact that what we imagine the superior appearance of that head is solely attributable to its deficiency in several of the most beneficial organs, and its redundancy in some of the most morally deteriorating. It lacked Faith, Hope and Veneration, and exhibited but moderate Benevolence, while, on the other hand, though Conscientiousness was fair, an undue and preponderating proportion of cerebral development manifested itself in Self-esteem, Combativeness and Firmness."

"Well, now, Baron, do you know," said the Banker's wife, whose eyes and mind had been wandering to a thousand things while the phrenologist was lecturing; "I don't understand one word of what you have been saying."

"Suffer me to render it lucider," said the Baron. "Phrenological induction, you will please to comprehend, is grounded upon the irrefragable principle that——" and the Baron, once fairly mounted upon his hobby, galloped on at a rate that left toiling common-sense an infinity of leagues behind. At the close of a monologue of half an hour he paused to take breath, and, looking round him, he saw that his auditors had vanished. The Baron sighed. Alas! he soliloquised, it is ever thus with the sex: they have no powers of analysis, and they are incapable of continuous attention. Yet that bankeress is a beautiful

and stately woman—really a fine animal. What a subject for everlasting regret that she should be so deficient in Causality and Concentrativeness!—And the Baron, sighing again, helped himself to a pinch of snuff from a box upon the lid of which were represented three separate views of the head of Goethe, phrenologically mapped out according to the very newest charts laid down by the most fashionable predecessors of his darling theory.

Meanwhile Braunbrock walked into the porter's lodge. "What the devil, Karl," he asked, with an assumed sharpness, "made you leave the Bank-doors open until five o'clock this evening?"

"I leave the doors open till five, mein Herr!" exclaimed the menial, astonished. "No such thing at all, mein Herr; would I be mad? I locked them at four punctually, leaving ajar only the private postern for yourself, mein Herr."

Very odd, said the cashier, as talking to himself. "Are you certain you are telling the truth?" he demanded, sternly.

"Quite certain, mein Herr."

I suppose, then, muttered Braunbrock, as he walked out, I suppose that bizarre Irishman must have somehow found his way in and out through the private entrance. Well: I thought that the devil himself, exclusive of the few persons who know it, would have been puzzled to find his way in through that. But it is of no consequence. I have other and graver affairs to demand my attention. Let us see, he proceeded, as he directed his steps along the Hochstrasse. Have I managed matters with the requisite finesse? I hope so. First, here is to-night and to-morrow;—and then for Monday—egad, this party is a lucky incident, for Willibald sleeps out to-morrow night, and will not be home until noon next day; so that I have at least until Tuesday to hammer away upon the anvil;—and, by my faith, I will not let the iron cool!—I have two passports and two different disguises—such, I fancy, as would leave the cleverest police in Europe gropers in the dark. At London I shall touch half a million before any decisive steps can be taken to discover the fugitive; and then for the remainder of my days I shall play the part of the accomplished nobleman in my Italian villa at Strozzi, with the title of Count Rimbombari, or some other of the kind; I prefer his, however,

as I, and nobody else, saw him die in the marches of Zembia, where his bones are whitening this night. But, ah!—Livonia—what shall I do with her? Do with her?—Bah! what have I, at forty, to do with foolish girls at all? I must leave her behind. Yet, confound it, I really love the girl—ay, love her, ass that I am! Shall I take her with me? Or shall I leave her where she is?”

“You shall leave her where she is,” said a voice which Braunbrock had recently heard. He turned round, and saw, fixed upon his face, the terrific eyes of—the Man in the Cloak.

Braunbrock was astounded, and somewhat annoyed. “Who the devil, Sir—” he began.—But the Irishman had already glided by him and disappeared.

Damn his eyes! muttered Braunbrock, what does he mean by staring at me in that unearthly manner? ‘You shall leave her where she is,’ forsooth! Curse the fellow! does he dare to dictate to me? Who can he be?—The next time I see him, here, in England, in France, or in Italy, hang me if I don’t tear that old cloak from his shoulders, and see whether he wears a tail or not! A tail—ha! ha! Well—if I were a believer in humbug I should say that there is something supernatural about the man—though I own I deprecate the idea. It would be rather too bad, faith, to have the devil and the police at one’s heels together: I couldn’t stand that. Hey-day! here I am, at the house of my darling. Now for a scene! I will sound the girl’s feelings for me, and act accordingly.

Livonia Millenger, a pretty brunette, with the finest eyes and teeth in all the world, was reclining, while her admirer was indulging in this mental soliloquy, on a handsome ottoman, and talking to her confidante, Maud, upon that one subject nearest (if we except, perhaps, the passion for Power) to the hearts of all women—Love.

“I am afraid, Maud,” she said, “you are a little of a visionary. Ah! you don’t know the world like me. You are a child, Maud, an infant, a babe. Men never love in the way you speak; they have not the soul.”

“Well, I am sure, I don’t know,” said the attendant damsel, “but I do think Rudolf unlike anybody else; if any one can love sincerely, it is he; there is no deceit, Livonia, in such blue

eyes as his—in such a smile—such an angelic look. And oh! if you could see him sometimes when he fancies no one is noticing him—how he gazes on you, and sighs, and then looks away from you again—and then—”

“Ay—looks away from me again, Maud—that is just it! I would rather he would not, though. Ah! Maud, I guess his thoughts better than you, and I can tell you—”

A loud knocking at the door interrupted the conversation.

“O, Heavens!” cried Livonia, “that is Braunbrock’s knock—I know it—if Rudolf should come, as he says he will, while he is here, what shall I do?”

“Have no fear,” said Maud. “We’ll manage matters.” And down she tripped to open the door.

I must burn this note, said Livonia, snatching up a rose-colored *billet* from the table; but she lingered to take a last glance at the characters that Love had traced upon its surface; and, bounding up the stairs quicker than was his wont, Braunbrock entered the room. Livonia flung the little missive into the fire.

“Do you destroy all your *billets-doux* in that way?” demanded he.

“No; only about nine-tenths of them,” she answered; “the rest I use in papering my hair. Still I think the flames the most appropriate fate for them all: words that burn, you know, are quite at home in the fire—don’t you agree with me?”

“You speak, Livonia, just as if that had been a real *billet-doux*.”

“A real? And do you think, then, that I am not good enough, or beautiful enough, to receive such a thing? You horrid monster!” And she stretched out her lips to Braunbrock to be kissed, but with an air of negligence and *insouciance* that would have convinced any man less blinded by love than the infatuated cashier that in so doing she considered herself merely going through a ceremony which the nature of the *liaison* between them rendered in some sort unavoidable, but which she would have willingly evaded, if circumstances had allowed her.

“I have taken a box this evening in the Crescent,” said he; “we had better dine at once, to be in time; the entertainments will begin early. You will be greatly delighted.”

“I?”

"Yes; you will come with me, of course; will you not?"

"O, no, no! not I," said Livonia, "I should be sick and tired to death. Take Maud with you; I'll stay at home here by my fire-side."

"Nonsense, Livonia, you must come. What should hinder you?"

"I have a head-ache."

"The theatre will cure it; you will laugh it away."

"I should be *ennuyée* to excess of you, you beast," said Livonia, laughing, "even if my head-ache were gone."

"Bear with me this evening," said Braunbrock, also laughing, though in a different spirit, "for I shall not be here longer to kill you with either *ennui* or extacy. I am going away from you, Livonia, going to another land. I shall not return for a considerable time. But no matter; while I am absent, you know, you are mistress of this house, these gardens, every thing here in short. Will you keep your heart for me till I come back, Livonia?"

"No, nor my little finger, nor the least paring of the little nail on it," said Livonia, with a playful emphasis. "But when will you be back?"

"Aha!—is it so?" said Braunbrock. "When do I come back, indeed? Is that your cold question, Livonia?—Well, well, love, it is said, cannot be hidden—but neither, say I, can the want of love! So, you do not think of following me?"

"Why, you vain creature," said Livonia, "what right have you to exact or expect such a sacrifice on my part? Is Beauty to harness herself to the car of Ugliness? Must Youth be subservient to the caprices of Age? O, go to! I am ashamed of you: you are a monster, like every one of your sex; an ingrate, a wretch, a huge heap of animated selfishness. I have no patience with you. But I'll tell you how I'll punish you; I'll give you no dinner and turn you out of my house; that's the way I'll serve you."

"Come, come, Livonia; this is all folly. You intend to accompany me, of course?"

"To the theatre?"

"Bah! to England."

"To England!—What! and leave my troops of lovers behind me?"

"You have no lovers but me, now, surely, Livonia—and you love no one but me?"

"No one but you!" exclaimed Livonia. "Oh, positively now I shall

expire"—and she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "You my lover! Why you brute, you are half a century old, if you are a day! And, you abominable-looking barbarian, you are as ugly as an Indian idol! Then you are so frightfully made—and you have such a wheezing when the asthma takes you, that is, about fifteen times a day. O, you detestable wretch, how I hate you! Do you know, I think I shall hire somebody to assassinate you some night!"

"I wish you would drop this tone of badinage, Livonia, I am not in a mood for joking. Consider: I am bidding farewell to my Fatherland for ever."

"Oh, then, you have a balloon in readiness, I presume, waiting for floating orders," said the lively girl.

"Balloon! what do you mean?"

"Are you not going to England to-night?"

"I leave Vienna to-night for England, most certainly," said Braunbrock; "and I expect you to come with me, Livonia. I expect so much from your attachment. Really and seriously, Livonia, I am going," he added, seeing a smile of incredulity on her lips.

"Then, really and seriously, you are a greater fool than I took you to be," said she. "You may go, but I shall stay. I wish you a pleasant voyage, but I would rather abandon life itself almost than my dear, darling, delightful, native town, W***."

"But Livonia, my dear girl—hear me: I do not mean to stop in England; I shall proceed to France and thence into Italy."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Livonia. "From Germany to England, from England to France, and from France to Italy! Really the Wandering Jew may begin to tremble for his reputation: he has a dangerous rival in the Herr Johann Klaus Braunbrock."

"I see it is idle to talk to you," said the gentleman, pettishly, and stretching himself on a sofa. "But you will come with me to the Crescent, at least—that pleasure you will not deny me?"

"Well, my poor calf, if you are really leaving us, I will consent to oblige you so far. But see, your cravat is quite loose: let me fasten it for you." So saying she approached him, and stooping over him began to arrange the folds of his neck-kerchief. "And at what hour do you leave me?" she asked, tenderly.

"At twelve, dearest," he answered, playing with her hair.

"See, now, thus I tie a gentleman's cravat," she said, executing with her delicate hands a movement the enamoured quadragenarian had by no manner of means anticipated.

"Oh, oh! Livonia!—Death and fury, you will strangle me, woman!" and by a vigorous bound forward he disengaged his neck from her grasp. In the meantime Livonia had made a sign to Maud to approach, and while the astonished lover, half inclined to laugh, and half to scold, was recovering himself she whispered—

"Tell Rudolf, if you see him, not to venture hither until one o'clock."

The maid-servant announced dinner.

"Very good," said Braunbrock, "we will dine together, and then you will dress and accompany me."

At about seven accordingly they drove off to the Crescent, and entered a box near the stage. The entertainments consisted of three pieces. As soon as the second piece was over, Braunbrock apologised to Livonia for leaving her for a few minutes, and went out to converse with some friends whom he had observed going round to the saloon from an opposite box. He had scarcely advanced half a dozen steps, however, when he felt himself touched upon the shoulder. Turning nervously round, he saw before him for the third time the figure of the Man in the Cloak, who in a moment stepped before him and intercepted his passage onward.

"What do you mean, Sir?" asked Braunbrock.

"I mean to smoke," replied the Irishman, as he drew a long pipe, already ignited, from beneath the folds of his cloak.

"Come, come, Sir," cried Braunbrock, "I don't understand this buffoonery. Let me pass, or take the consequences!"

A number of persons had already assembled around them, to watch the issue of this singular rencontre.

"So serious a matter as forgery, I fancy, has unfitted you for relishing buffoonery," said the Irishman, aloud, and in the hearing of all.

"Forgery!" exclaimed Braunbrock, turning three colours, white, blue and yellow. "Who dares—But such language can only be resented in one way, when a gentleman has to deal with a ruffian!" So saying, he aimed

a furious blow with his clenched fist at the Irishman, who received it with exemplary science and imperturbability precisely upon the bowl of his pipe, from which it did not elicit a single sparkle.

The lookers on were seized with amaze; and no wonder. "Come," said the Man in the Cloak, proffering his pipe to one by-stander, who mechanically took it, "come, Herr Braunbrock, this is child's play on both sides; you and I must know each other better. Give me your arm and we will walk and talk a little. Make way, gentlemen, if you please;" and seizing the arm of the bewildered cashier, who was now almost passive in his grasp, he dragged rather than led him to a remote and silent part of the saloon, where they might converse without hazard of *espionage* or interruption.

"Poor handful of dust!" he here exclaimed—"did you think to resist me? As well might you attempt to pluck the planets from their spheres. Know that on this vile ball of earth all that man can dream of in the shape of Power is mine. I wield, or if I chose, could wield, all the engines of governments and systems. I read every heart; I see into the future; I know the past. I am here; and yet I may be elsewhere, for I am independent of time and place and distance. My eye pierces the thickest walls; my hands can dive into exhaustless treasures. At my nod proudest palaces crumble. I can overspread the waste with flowers, or blast in a moment the loveliest landscape that eye delights to revel in. Poor, degraded, imbecile being, how can you cope with me? Can you bend this iron arm? Are you able to quench the torch-light of this all-scrutinising eye? Dare you hope to humanize a heart of granite? Go to, helpless, blind, weak worm that you are! Delude not yourself. You are my slave. Though oceans should roll above your corpse, you are my bond-slave. Though you should hide yourself from the eyes of men and angels in the central caverns of the earth, you are still mine, and I can trample you to impalpable powder! Neither by might nor guile can you escape me, for I am—be wide awake and listen to me—I am—"

"You are—Who?" demanded the confounded cashier.

"I am," replied the Irishman—and bending his head, he suffered his lips

to approach within an inch of Braunbrock's ear—"I am—the *Man in the Cloak*!"

"Strange and mysterious being!" exclaimed Braunbrock, whose superstition was awakened, though his religion still slumbered—"and what would you with me?—you who represent yourself so powerful as to need nothing at the hands of others."

"You rightly guess," said the Man in the Cloak, "that, after all, I require your help—yes, even yours. I am all-powerful in every respect but one: I cannot conquer my own destiny. To achieve such a conquest, I require the assistance of another—a reckless and desperate man—and I have pitched on you as the aptest instrument I could find. Will you give me the aid I ask?"

"What is it?" asked Braunbrock.

"You shall know soon. Meantime let us return to our box—and I shall show you *your* destiny. Mark it well! for unless you evade it by *one mode*,—and there is no other open for you—you must undergo all its torture! You came to see a sight—ha! ha! so you shall. Come, now, and present me to the girl Livonia Millenger as one of your best friends."

Braunbrock returned to his box, accompanied by the Man in the Cloak, whom he introduced to Livonia, as a particular friend of his, but without mentioning any name, simply because he had heard none. Livonia looked at the stranger, and then testified in a whisper to Braunbrock, her astonishment at the glare of the stranger's eyes; but made no other remark. With respect to the Man in the Cloak himself, he retired to a back-seat in the box, and resumed his pipe, of which he had managed to repossess himself as he walked along with Braunbrock.

"How rude your friend is!" whispered Livonia. "Smoking such a long pipe in a box at the theatre!"

"He is a foreigner," returned Braunbrock; "and it may be the custom in his country to smoke very long pipes in the boxes of theatres."

"When we are at Rome we should do as Rome does," observed Livonia. But at that instant the curtain rose, and the closing vaudeville of the evening's entertainments began. Expectation was high, for the popular player, Twigger, was to enact four parts, as a Jew pedlar, a French dancing-master, a German student, and an English alderman, in this piece.

The cashier, however, had scarcely

cast his eyes upon the boards before he uttered a half-stifled shriek of terror. Could he credit his senses? A private room, into which he had been more than once introduced, in the house of the Willibalds, was represented on the stage; and in 'his room Herr Willibald the elder himself was discovered in close conference with the Minister of Police upon the flight of Braunbrock and the robbery and forgery he had committed! There was a good deal of very animated discussion, which terminated in the drawing up of informations deposing to all the facts, and which were to be forthwith transmitted to the official authorities.

"After all," said Willibald, "the infernal rascal may give us the slip. Are you certain he is at the Crescent?"

"Positive," answered the Minister of Police; "and escape is quite impossible: I have planted guards at every avenue."

Braunbrock trembled from head to foot; he rose up. "I—I must leave this, Livonia," said he stammering—"Business——" He turned round and was about to make his exit from the box when the Man in the Cloak tapped him on the shoulder with his pipe. "Just stay where you are," said he, "and note what passes before you. Would you rush into the lion's mouth?"

The effect experienced by Braunbrock from the touch of the Irishman's pipe was similar to that resulting from a sudden attack of nightmare, or a blow from the tail of a torpedo. He felt paralysed; his limbs refused to sustain him; he tried to raise his arms; they sank powerless by his side. He looked imploringly at the Man in the Cloak and his regards were met by a glance of fire and a volume of smoke, which savoured considerably of a sulphury origin.

"What have I done?" he asked, faintly. "Say at once what you would have of me—and cease to torture me."

The Man in the Cloak took the pipe from his mouth and pointed towards the stage. "Look and learn or you are lost!" said he. Braunbrock, who felt as if under the influence of a spell, trembled more than before, but he obeyed the Irishman.

The scene changed to the interior of Livonia's house. Maud was conversing by the fireside in her mistress's room with a sergeant-major of cavalry in a Bavarian regiment, then in garrison at W * * *

"So, Braunbrock is going," said the military man. "I am very glad of that; I shall have a clear stage, and, I hope, a great deal of favour. I love Livonia too well to suffer her to sacrifice herself to the whims of that sneaking old robber. I shall espouse her myself."

"Sneaking old robber!" muttered Braunbrock, as he heard this. "The scoundrel!—I could blow his brains out!"

The play went on; the conversation between the sergeant-major and Maud was continued. By-and-by—a knocking was heard at the door.

"I vow they are come!" cried Maud. "Here, Rudolf, hide yourself in this closet: I thought to have got you out of the house before they returned—but no matter—Braunbrock will not stop many minutes. There, keep quiet as a mouse!"

Braunbrock saw the young officer thrust into the closet, and immediately afterwards beheld *himself* enter the room, accompanied by Livonia. Here, after partaking of refreshments, the double of the unfortunate cashier bade farewell to his mistress, who hung about his neck in apparent fondness and sorrow, but kept all the while silently laughing over his shoulder in the face of Maud, who grinned back her approbation, and, pointing to the closet, intimated to her mistress by signs that Rudolf was there.

"Vile girl!" cried Braunbrock, looking at her who sat by his side—"have I then at last discovered your dissimulation—your treachery!" But his exclamations were lost in the plauditory shouts and irrestrainable laughter of the audience, who were during all this time deriving the most exquisite, if not the most intellectual pleasure, from the happy manner in which Twigger, as a gouty old English alderman, was devouring an entire haunch of venison, at the rate of about half a pound a mouthful,—and swilling from time to time—O, hear it, ye fashionable British novelists and blush for the continental reputation of your aldermanic countrymen—*porter!*—and out of a *tin gallon can!*

"O, I shall expire!" cried the real Livonia, in a convulsion of laughter. "Was there ever such a delightful man!" Then looking at Braunbrock, and round at the Irishman—she exclaimed, while the tears of mirth filled her eyes, "How *can* you forbear from laughing? Why you are both as

gloomy as night-owls in the midst of all this merriment. What ails you?"

"Do you want *me* to laugh, lady?" demanded the Man in the Cloak, solemnly, as he withdrew the pipe from his mouth.

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Livonia; "that is really better than Twigger. Do you only laugh, then, by particular request?"

"I have never laughed in all my life," said the Man in the Cloak, with increased solemnity. "But if you desire it, I will exert myself to laugh now."

"Nay, nay," said Livonia, "I have no wish to balk your grave humour. But you," turning to Braunbrock—"what witchery has come over you? You sit as pallid and wordless as if you were turned into stone."

"Silence, girl!" cried Braunbrock; "you will speedily enough learn the reason of my pallor and wordlessness!"

"O, as you please," said Livonia, carelessly.

Once more the scene was changed to the eye of Braunbrock. A public Strass in W*** was dimly lighted by half-extinguished lamps. The watchmen were drowsily crying Two o'clock from their turrets. A post-chaise rolled along the street and stopped before a house which Braunbrock recognised as that of an Englishman in whose name, the better to preclude suspicion, he had really designed to hire such a conveyance. Braunbrock watched the result with intense anxiety. "How, then?" said he to himself; "have I made good my escape from the theatre? In that case there is yet a chance for me; I may escape; who is to prevent me?" The carriage drove on: the scene changed to the barrier of the city: still the post-chaise was visible and alone: Braunbrock's heart beat high with hope—alas! even then all was over. Troops of horse and foot police immediately dashed forward and surrounded the carriage. Resistance was useless. Braunbrock saw his double taken prisoner and strongly fettered on the spot. A cry of terror and despair broke from him.

"Hush!" said the Man in the Cloak. "The end is yet to come. Mark it well!"

There were now but two remaining scenes for Braunbrock. The first was the trial scene in the assize-court, which terminated in his condemnation to twenty years of hard labour in a stone fortress at G***. The second was the

fortress itself, in which, after being branded on the arm and breast by the common executioner, he saw himself loaded with irons, in the midst of sixty other criminals, and driven along into a wide and drear court-yard—the place of labour and punishment—under the surveillance of an overseer, who carried a knotted knout in his hand for the instruction and advantage of the lazy or the refractory.

The curtain fell amid universal applause, and the audience rose to depart. Livonia took her mantle from the box-keeper, who assisted her in putting it on. As for Braunbrock, he still sat in the one position, with his eye glaring upon the fallen curtain, like a man petrified.

"Come," said the Man in the Cloak, "all is over. Do you hear, Herr Braunbrock? *All is over.*"

"Eternal Heavens! what am I to do?" cried Braunbrock, starting up. "O, let me but escape from this accursed place, and I am safe—let me breathe the fresh air in the open street!"

"Escape is impossible," said the Irishman in a low tone, "except on one condition. I would speak ten words with you: step aside." He then added, turning to Livonia. "Mein Fräulein, Herr Braunbrock and I will join you in the saloon."

"Be quick, then," said Livonia; and she tripped along the passage.

"What you have seen you remember," said the Man in the Cloak to Braunbrock. "Flight—detection—detention—trial—conviction—despair—ignominy—irons—mill-horse drudgery—black bread, and neither snuff nor coffee!—such is the prospect that awaits you. No human power can rescue you."

"Why? How?" cried the agitated betrayer of trust.

"Why?" said the Man in the Cloak, seizing the arm of Braunbrock. "Dunce! Because the adamantine hand that grasps you thus will not relinquish its grasp until you are delivered up to justice. Is that German or not?"

"Cursed be the day that I was born!" exclaimed Braunbrock, in a paroxysm of despair. "Yet—" he cried, suddenly recollecting himself—"yet, you spoke, or my memory deceives me, but just now of a condition by which I might be saved. Is there any such, or do you but mock me?"

"There is one," said the Man in the Cloak, after a pause.

"Name it—name it—my brain is burning—I will consent to *any thing*," cried Braunbrock.

"Will you really?" asked the Man in the Cloak. "Will you consent to—" and inclining his head, he whispered a few words in the ear of Braunbrock. "Could you consent to that compact?" he asked, aloud.

"Such a compact is not possible," said Braunbrock. "We live in the second quarter of the nineteenth century."

"Believe it to be possible," said the Man in the Cloak. "At any rate you had better give your consent. The century will ask you no questions."

"And will my consent ensure the possession of all you have whispered to me?"

"Of all, and more than all that."

"So be it then, I freely consent."

"Enough: you are at liberty. I will restore the sum of which you have plundered Willibald: the forgery you can yourself destroy. Then your conscience will be satisfied. There exists no longer any necessity that you should have recourse to dishonest stratagem; henceforth a word, a wish, makes you as rich as you please. Come, let us forth."

They rejoined Livonia, and proceeded towards the door. "I shall now take your place," said the Man in the Cloak to Braunbrock. "These dogs of justice must be baffled, and I shall show them a trick worth a dozen of the best they have seen yet. Help Livonia into the carriage and take care of her."

"There he is—there is your man: seize him!" cried the voice of a police-officer to three of his myrmidons, who at the words instantly rushed forward and captured the Man in the Cloak.

"Gentlemen," said the latter, "I make no resistance, but I submit to you very respectfully that you are somewhat precipitate. I have committed, it is true, a robbery and a forgery—two very serious infractions of the social compact; but any man who has studied the philosophy of life with liberal views and a mind emancipated from prejudices will acknowledge that circumstances may, in some degree, be allowed to plead for me and extenuate my guilt. When I perpetrated those crimes I was under the soporific influence of bad tobacco. Gentlemen, bad tobacco is an instigator to insanity. This pipe, gentlemen,—this long and melancholy-looking pipe—"

"Gammon!" cried the police-officers. "Come off with us, old cock; we stand no nonsense." And in a minute more, the Man in the Cloak, his hands and feet having been first secured by cords, was thrust into a coach and left to his meditations as it rattled over the streets towards the office of police.

At length the vehicle, having reached its destination, stopped, and the door was opened by one officer, while three others stood ready in the midst of links and flambeaux to help the prisoner out and bear him into the guard-room.

"Come, old twaddler, which are your legs?" asked the officer. "What the deuce!" he continued, as he now looked in: "what do I see? Surely that is not our prisoner." He put his hand into the carriage. "Why, grill me alive," he exclaimed, at the top of his voice, "if you haven't made prisoner of a bag of feathers!"

"A bag of devils! What are you talking of? You must be drunk, Schnapps," said the nearest, advancing closer and looking in. "I cannot well see him: hold up the light, here, Gripper, I say!" The light was held up; the policeman looked in; but he had no sooner obtained a glimpse of his prisoner than he, too, started back in dismay.

"A sack of chaff, as I am a living idiot!" he exclaimed.

"What is all this delay for," bellowed a rotund and spectacled sergeant, coming out of the office. "Why don't you take out your prisoner?"

"There is none to take out," said Gripper, sullenly.

"What, scoundrels! have you suffered him to escape!"

"No," said Schnapps, "he is inside, but he has changed himself into a bundle of hay. I thought he had a wizard look."

"I will have every mother's son of you reported to-morrow morning for this," said the sergeant. "Smash my spectacles if this thing ain't always occurring! Take out this moment whatever you have got crammed into the carriage."

The prisoner was accordingly released from durance. He proved to be a mere man of straw, with very thick legs of about ten inches in length, and a hollow pumpkin, stuffed with old rags, for a head!

"Was there ever any thing so disgraceful?" exclaimed the sergeant, as he examined this singular figure through his spectacles, and forgetting

in his wrath, his previous assertion of the perpetual occurrence of similar disappointments. "Upon whom the blame of the rescue may fall I know not, but it will be no wonder, if, after a circumstance of this kind, our police should sink in the estimation of Europe, Australia, and the two Americas!"

And the story went that Braunbrock, after being captured, had been rescued, nobody knew how, and that his rescuers had supplied his place with a man of straw. This was not exactly the fact; but it is not our business to know how far the rumour differed from the reality. After a lapse of eleven years, history can offer little but vague conjectures in solution of similar enigmas.

In the meanwhile our hero and Livonia drove homeward. They had scarcely entered the house when they were again joined by the Man in the Cloak: he took Braunbrock aside and whispered in his ear a notification to the effect that the paction between them must be forthwith completed. "Lead the way, therefore," said he, "into a dark room. The talisman does not bear the light."

"May I not bring a candle?" asked Braunbrock.

"Upon no account: there is no occasion," answered the Man in the Cloak, and in fact his eyes, as they proceeded along, were as good as a gas-lamp, though rather more lurid.

"What mischief are they about, I wonder?" asked Maud of Livonia, following them with her looks. "I don't half like that fire-eyed stranger in the cloak." She then drew nearer to her mistress, and placing the forefinger of her left hand on her lips, while she glanced stealthily around, she pointed with the right to the closet in which the young cavalry-officer was immured.

"Rudolf?" interrogated Livonia, softly.

"Yes, he has been here an hour," answered Maud, in an equally subdued tone.

"Shall I speak to him?" asked Livonia. "I think I may venture. Stand at the door and see whether those brutes are coming in again."

Maud went to the door and listened. In a moment afterwards she returned. "I am afraid I have heard their footsteps," said she. "Yes, yes, here they are."

The door of the room was now pushed open violently, and Braunbrock

entered alone. There was a wild and foreign expression in his features. He did not look the same man that he had been two minutes before. His swarthy complexion had given place to a ghastly paleness. His eyes had that wandering brilliancy by which a physiognomist at once detects the poet or the madman among ten thousand. Even his bearing was altered; he carried himself haughtily and sternly, and trod the floor with a step that seemed to disdain the earth.

"What, in the name of Heaven, has happened you?" inquired Livonia, looking at him in wonder, not wholly unblended with terror.

"Better ask me in the name of Hell than Heaven," said he; and his voice was deep and thrilling.

"What have you been doing? What has passed between that frightful man and you, and where is he?"

"Where is he?" echoed Braunbrock. "He is gone—*home*. I have taken his place. I am now the *Man in the Cloak*,—in other words, I am henceforth a being of mystery—none must see me as I really am."

"What nonsense! But really, what have you been doing to yourself? You are so changed I hardly know you. Bless me! surely you were never a dabbler in sorcery?"

"Woman! Wheedling devil! be silent! It is for me to speak to you. I know all—*all*, I tell you! You have deceived, duped, betrayed, swindled me! Therefore I cast you off. Livonia, scorn, or at best, indifference, is the only sentiment I can entertain for you henceforth. And I am justified. I trusted you; you imposed upon me. Do I speak the truth?"

"I never pretended to be able to love you," said Livonia; "and I think you might have spared me the hard words you have just uttered, if you had a spark of generosity in your bosom."

"You think so? Poor girl!" sneered Braunbrock. "How you are to be compassionated! Such innocence as yours in such a corrupt world is at once admirable and saddening! When a lover visits you, of course you know nothing of his intrusions; he might clasp you round the waist, and you would not feel the pressure of his arm; he might step into your closet before your face, and when he had closed the door you would be ready to take heaven and earth to witness that there was nobody there. Oh, you are too guile-

less altogether for society or for your own happiness, purest of maidens!"

While Braunbrock spoke thus, Livonia's color shifted from pale to red, from red to pale, and from pale to red again. She felt that her secret was discovered, that all was known, that the *liaison* between herself and Braunbrock was terminated. For this last consummation she did not care much—but, though fallen as regarded virtue, she was still sensitive to the opinion of society, and she dreaded the *exclamations* which was likely to result from an exposure of the double part she had for some time been playing with her lover and her protector. Afraid to speak to or look upon Braunbrock, she cast her eyes downwards, and awaited in silence the conclusion to which it might please him to bring this unhappy interview.

Nor had she to wait long. Braunbrock, almost as soon as he had ceased speaking, walked to the end of the room and kicked open the closet-door. "Talking of closets," said he, "one may as well take a survey of the contents of this.—Ah!" he continued, "well, it is odd how people will stumble upon the truth by accident! Rudolf Steiglitz, I protest!—the length and breadth of as neat a gallows-bird as ever sang small before a large multitude! Come forth my good fellow, and let me see whether you stand as stout upon your pins as you did last Thursday in the Hall at the Lion-gate."

Livonia, trembling from head to feet and white as ashes, flung herself into a *fauteuil*, while her lover, with an air in which mortification, pride, shame, and anger were mingled, obeyed the bidding of Braunbrock.

"I am ready to give you satisfaction," said he, "when and where you please. You are an old soldier."

"And you are a young jackass," retorted Braunbrock. "You will give me satisfaction when I see the carrion-crows feeding on your carcass. Why should I take the trouble of blowing out your brains? I see a purple circle round your neck already: the gallows are groaning for you. You are the especial property of the hangman; I have no right and no desire to poach on his manor."

"I despise your vulgar vituperation, Sir, I am a man of honor."

"So they all say and swear at the Lion-gate, among the Devil-may-care, those new conspirators against government, who have just been *déterrés* and

will be thrown into prison neck and heels, all of them, before to-morrow's sun has set."

The young man grew paler as he listened, and Livonia, clasping her hands, exclaimed in anguish, "O Rudolf, Rudolf!"

"It is too true for a German ballad," pursued Braunbrock. "The Minister of Police is on the alert. The Attorney-general has already got hold of all your names, and the gaoler in a short time will get hold of all your bodies. The crown-lawyer, Kellenhoffer, is at this moment busy drawing up the indictment that is to accuse your entire gang."

"And you, monster, you have betrayed Rudolf!" cried Livonia, gathering courage and energy from her despair; and she rose, and rushing towards her lover, clasped him round the neck with passionate fondness, bursting into tears as she did so, and sobbing aloud.

"You know me too well to believe what you assert," said Braunbrock, with great and laudable *sang-froid*. "I was ignorant of the facts myself an hour ago. Since then, however, I have undergone a singular change, as you have perceived, and now I see every thing, I know every thing, I can do every thing."

"Oh, then," cried Livonia, casting herself at his feet,—“if you have the power you say, if you can do every thing, save, save him! Save him, and I will love you; I will adore you; I will be the slave of your wildest caprices! I will traverse the world at your bidding;—if it be possible I will plunge myself into the depths of hell for your sake. Only let not him perish, so young, so good, so noble as he is!” and her passionate tears almost blinded her.

"Maud," said Braunbrock coldly, "toddle into the next room, like a decent wench, and bring me out the pipe you will find on the table."

Maud obeyed, and Braunbrock began to smoke. The pipe was that which had belonged to the Irishman. After a few inhalations and exhalations he replied coldly:

"It is in vain, Livonia; you make yourself ridiculous merely; every man must fulfil his destiny; and that of this young gentleman is to embellish the gallows one of these days. Perhaps I could save him—perhaps not; no matter; he dies; and there is an end of discussion on the subject."

"Cruel! cruel!" cried Livonia, rising and wringing her hands. "But cold-hearted fiend! you shall not triumph! Go, Rudolf, while there is yet time. Make your escape." She attempted to open the door as she spoke, but Braunbrock stepped before her and pushed her back with a jerk into the middle of the room.

"I am master in my own house, I suppose," said he, "and doors are to be opened or closed as I please."

"Coward and villain!" cried Rudolf, drawing his sword. "You shall answer on the spot for your monstrous inhumanity. Draw this moment: it were but an act of justice to rid the earth of such a miscreant. Draw, I say!"

Maud shrieked, and Livonia grasping her lover's arm, exclaimed in terror, "O, no, Rudolf, no!" He gently but determinedly disengaged his arm.

"But don't you perceive, Don Bombastes, are you ass enough not to see," said Braunbrock, coolly, addressing Rudolf, "that your chance of being able to rid the earth of me is rather better while I am unarmed than it will be if you give me the privilege of using cold iron against you? Your own windpipe even might happen to be slit by some ugly mistake instead of mine."

"I am no assassin, sir!" exclaimed Rudolf; "and I again call on you to draw. Draw this instant, I say!"

"You would have better success in calling on me for a song; though we are in a *drawing-room*," said Braunbrock, "I have never learned to draw, though singing and dancing are very much in my way,—favorite amusements of mine. But this farce must end,—and now to treat you to a sample of dexterity unparalleled—observe!" He struck up as he spoke, the sword of the young officer with his pipe. The effect was instantaneous; Rudolf's arm fell relaxed and nerveless by his side, and the weapon dropped on the carpet. Braunbrock took it up again and returning it to the officer, commanded him to replace it in the sheath, a command which the astounded young man obeyed with the look and action of one who doubts whether he is awake or dreaming.

"Livonia!" cried Braunbrock, turning to the girl, who had witnessed this exercise of superhuman power with no less astonishment than her lover, "Livonia, you must leave ~~this~~ ~~room~~ ~~now~~!" rang the bell, and c—

to be called. "Go where you please," he pursued, "but as I do not wish to return you personally evil for evil, here is money for you—more than you have a right to expect;" and he took from his pocket a parcel of bank notes to the amount of sixty thousand crowns, and laid them down before her.

"May my right arm wither from my shoulder," replied Livonia, "when it touches a single shilling of your money! Come, Rudolf, we will leave this house together, and, in spite of the prediction you have heard, I am certain there is no fear and no peril for us. Come; I feel myself choking in this room. Come, Maud."

"Don't mention choking to him," said Braunbrock drily: "the subject is a ticklish one. Well, I am sorry you refuse to pocket the cash, for nothing can be done in this world without it. But the carriage has stopped at the door: shall I light you down the stairs?"

A look of mingled scorn, fear and hatred was the only reply which either party vouchsafed him, as they left the room and descended to the street. In another moment the sound of the carriage wheels in motion over the pavement reached his ears.

He was now alone. He resumed his pipe and continued smoking all night long.

Yes, he was thenceforth alone. And he felt that he was alone. And a presentiment mastered him even then that he should be alone through all the revolving cycles of eternity. The first use to which he was determined to put the tremendous power he had acquired by his talisman was to gratify all the tastes and animal longings of his being, hitherto in a great degree circumscribed in their indulgence by the limitedness of his means. Accordingly, changing his name, a precaution scarcely necessary, as the singular alteration in his features and person had rendered him almost unrecognizable by his former friends, he purchased a magnificent villa, furnished it in the costliest manner, stocked its cellars with the rarest wines and spared no expense to procure every luxury that art could devise or gold purchase. He plunged into dissipation with a zest and avidity that for a time enchained all his faculties and left no room for reflection. But after a while the novelty of pleasure faded, and his dreadful situation became revealed to him in all its terrors. In the midst of his banquettings and revelings he saw inscribed as it were

upon all things the same fearful handwriting that startled Belshazzar upon the wall of his palace, and told him that the days of his power were numbered; he felt that every succeeding hour robbed him of a portion of his soul; and anticipations of the Future perpetually haunted him, terrible as those gigantic and indefinable images of horror which rise before the ulcerated conscience in dreams, and from which the sleeper would gladly plunge even into the unexplored abysses of Death itself. The enormous nature of his power only made him acquainted with the essential desolation of heart which flows from being alone in the universe and unsympathised with by others. The relations that had existed between his finer faculties and the external world gradually suffered an awful and indescribable change. Like his predecessor, he could in an instant transport himself into the blooming valleys of the East, or the swarthy deserts of Africa; the treasures of the earth were his, and the ocean bared her deeps, teeming with gold and lustrous jewels, before him. But the transitions and vicissitudes by which mortals are taught to appreciate pain and pleasure, and the current of life is guaranteed from stagnating, were lost to him. His tastes were palled; his passions sated. Wine ceased to excite him and woman to charm. He had exhausted all pleasures; he had fathomed every depth of voluptuousness; he had denied himself no gratification; and the eternal and uniform result, grafted by necessity on nature, followed: he became incapable of further enjoyment. He was like to a rocky beach, strewn with wrecks and redolent of barrenness, when the full and gushing spring-tide of the morning has rolled back from it to the ocean. It was then, that for the first time in his life a question he remembered having met with somewhere in his boyhood recurred to him in its full force: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" He gave to this question a more figurative interpretation than it usually receives, but on that very account, perhaps, its applicability to himself came home the stronger to his bosom. His soul, he felt, was lost, even while yet he lived and breathed and moved among men: between him and the Power that governs the universe in love and wisdom there was hostility; and the further his mind

sought to dive into the recesses of eternity, the denser became the blackness of that darkness to which he felt himself compelled to look forward as at once his refuge and his torment. His state, in fine, was wretched beyond the power of language to shadow forth. Could such a state be endured always? Could it be endured always even upon earth? No: all the resources of human nature, aided even by infernal agency, are insufficient to battle against the mighty agony of that despair which the prospect of an eternity of woe, incessantly before the mind's eye, must of necessity generate. Before the lapse of seven years all the energies of Braunbrock—let us still call him by that name—were devoted night and day to the task of discovering a victim—a substitute—even as the Man in the Cloak had discovered *him*. Month after month he prosecuted his search wherever he thought it likely to be successful. He traversed Spain, Italy, Holland, England, and France. Crossing the Mediterranean he passed as a pilgrim through Asia from east to west. Borne on the broad waters of the Atlantic he visited America. But the day of his enfranchisement was not yet to be, and he at last returned to his native land. And there he remained, alone among men, groaning under the intolerable burden of his gifted and terrible nature, and a perpetual prey to a despair that already communicated to him a foretaste of that proper demoniacal existence upon the horrors of which he felt that he must soon and finally enter.

One night, at length, in the zenith of his wretchedness, he slumbered for a few moments, and in his slumber he had a dream: he dreamed that he stood in the aisle of the Church of St. Sulpice at Paris, and that he saw a figure in a cloak resembling that of the Irishman, leaning against a pillar, but that his face was that of a corpse. He awoke before he could approach the dead man. Next day he transported himself to Paris, and repaired to the church of St. Sulpice. A number of priests were singing the office for a departed soul around a bier. Braunbrock, seeing an ecclesiastic in the chancel alone, approached, and requested to be informed of the name of the deceased.

"His name was *Melmoth*," replied the priest. "Unless I am greatly deceived, too, that name should also be yours. There is a marked resemblance

in feature between you both. Perhaps you were his brother?"

"No," said Braunbrock. "But, the name—did you say it was Melmoth?"

"Yes."

"An Irishman?"

"The same."

"Who always wore a cloak?"

"Precisely."

"And whose eyes were of a blasting brightness?"

"Right."

"And *his* name was Melmoth? I thought Melmoth had been long since in his grave—had been damned these ten years."

"So the story went," said the priest; "but it was false: Melmoth the Wanderer died within the precincts of this church only last week; and his soul, I trust, if not already in heaven, is on its way thither. He made indeed a pious and penitent end. His crimes, it is true, were great, but his repentance has cancelled them all. I am not at liberty to speak of his confession, whatever it was, either horrible or otherwise, but of his prayers I will say that I never listened to any more humble and fervent. The finger of God was visible in the conversion of such a man. He has left all his wealth, which is considerable, to the poor. He would have bestowed a portion upon this church, but after mature deliberation my reverend brethren decided upon rejecting, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, any donation for themselves or the altar on this occasion. Stranger! though not his brother, you are probably related to him; the resemblance between you and him, especially in the eyes, strikes me at this moment even more than when you spoke first. Kneel down with me here and we will offer up a short prayer for the repose of his soul."

"No," said Braunbrock. "I cannot: I have never knelt or prayed since I was sixteen years of age."

"Unfortunate man!" said the priest, surveying him with compassion. "Is it true? Yet kneel now, at least."

"I will try, since you wish," said Braunbrock. And he knelt.

The priest then offered up an audible prayer for the soul of the deceased. Braunbrock remained silent. "And that it may please thee, O Lord," added the priest, "to soften the hard heart of the living, and make of it a heart of flesh!"

Still Braunbrock was silent.

"Will you not join in the prayer?" asked the priest.

"I cannot," said Braunbrock. Yet when he cast his eyes around, and they were met by the Gothic windows, and tall pillars and solemn altars veiled in black of the sacred edifice he was in, and when the chorusing chant of the priests fell upon his ear, he could not help on the instant mentally exclaiming, "Yes, all this must have had its origin in a *Something!*" But Conscience and his heart, ashamed of the word, went further, and demanded, "Miserable atom! dost thou call the Author of all Existence a *Something?*"

"Invoke the assistance of God, unhappy man!" said the priest.

"Impossible," answered Braunbrock.

"Can you not call upon God for mercy?"

"I do not know what to say," replied the German.

"Repeat after me, and with as much sincerity and unction as you can command, O, God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

And Braunbrock repeated the words, *O, God, be merciful to me a sinner!*

"It is enough," said the priest.

"Rise!"

Braunbrock rose up.

"Go now in peace," said the priest; "but return hither, and be here again on this day week, a changed man—a man who need no longer shroud himself in a cloak."

The sequel of our tale may be easily divined by the penetrating. Religion and Hope from that hour found their way slowly into the heart of Braunbrock. Still he was not able to disembarass himself of the fatal gift that had been bestowed on him. But an invisible agency was at length operating in his behalf.

One evening he happened to be passing the Bourse. Five days from the period of his interview with the priest in St. Sulpice had gone by, and the consciousness that the talisman still clung to him oppressed him more heavily than ever. "Oh," he exclaimed aloud, as the dusk of a chill Autumn evening descended over the city, "can I then find none—none to deliver me? Is there in this world of cupidity not one wretch to be met with, who, at such a price, will accept of inexhaustible riches and boundless power?"

"Who talks of bestowing inexhaustible riches?" said a man with a hawk's eye and a hooked nose, who at moment came out of the Bourse. "I you, *mon ami?*"

"Yes," answered Braunbrock, eagerly, as he glanced at the physiognomy of the stranger, and began to hope that he had found his man at last.

"Why, you are not such a fool?" said the other.

"If I were?" demanded Braunbrock.

"*En ce cas,*" said the hook-nosed Parisian, "I would just trouble you for five hundred thousand francs. I am a ruined man, to be candid with you, unless I can obtain that sum by to-morrow."

"You shall have millions," answered Braunbrock—"on one condition."

"Ah!—a condition!" said the Hawk-eyed.

"A mere trifle."

"Its nature?"

"You must sell—"

"My pictures?"

"Pish!"

"My houses?"

"Psha!"

"My wife?"

"Bah!"

"What then?"

"Your ****," said Braunbrock, with a solemnity of tone he did not intend, but which he could not avoid.

"Is that all?" said the Parisian.

"Done. It is a bargain. But how do you propose getting at my ****?"

"That is my affair," said Braunbrock.

"Here is my card. Will you meet me in an hour hence at the hotel named here."

"I shall be punctual. *Au revoir.*"

At seven o'clock, accordingly, the Parisian, whose name was Malaventure, arrived; and the awful terms of the mutual contract were ratified on both sides. Malaventure obtained possession of the talisman which had acquired and secured for Braunbrock his tremendous prerogatives, and Braunbrock was restored to his ancient identity, which for so many years he had forfeited.

"And what will become of you now?" demanded Malaventure. "Have you any resource independent of cutting your throat and going to the devil?"

"I shall go to-morrow to the Church of St. Sulpice, to make my first and last confession to a priest," said Braunbrock. "The hand of death is upon me. I feel that I shall die, but I shall die in peace with God."

Church,—priest,—God! muttered the Frenchman to himself. *Pauvre imbécile!* He really believes he has

a soul to be saved! And, shrugging his shoulders, he left the hotel.

Early the next morning Braunbrock repaired to St. Sulpice. It was precisely the date that the priest had signified for his return. He made his confession and was reconciled with the Church. As he had predicted, he died in a few days afterwards. His last moments were characterised by a penitence as sincere as that of Melmoth himself had been previously; and he was buried side by side with the Irishman.

Here, reader, our narrative ends. Though not, we hope, over pharisaical ourselves, we may be excused for wishing to keep ourselves aloof from such gentry as Malaventure, and any or all of those through whose hands the talisman he has purchased may hereafter pass. Besides, if we must acknowledge all the truth, we are somewhat in the dark with respect to the subsequent history and adventures of the said talisman. We have heard, indeed, that the atheist, growing frightened after he had paid his debts, disposed of it to a bankrupt notary; that the notary transferred it to a ruined speculator in the funds; that from the speculator it passed into the hands of a briefless lawyer; and that this latter made it over to a stock-broker's clerk, whom he had accidentally heard saying that for one hundred louis he would blow up the king of the barricades, the pope, and the whole college of cardinals with gunpowder. But whether these reports correspond with the actual truth we cannot take it upon ourselves to decide. We can only say, for certain, that all the accounts that have reached us concur in representing the stock-broker's clerk as the latest possessor of the diabolical charm in question. This young man is described by all who knew him as of a wild and impetuous but generous character. He was unfortunate in his love, and lost large sums in play. One evening he left his lodgings, telling his landlady that he should return before midnight. He never returned more. The next day his body was taken up from the Seine, and deposited in the Morgue. Whether his death was self-inflicted or the result of accident was never ascertained. Of the talisman nothing was ever heard of afterwards: in all probability it slipped from his pocket as he fell into the river, and at this moment lies imbedded in the mud of the Seine.

As the following authentic docu-

ment, in reference to the young man last-mentioned may gratify some of our readers, we have cut it out from the *Belgian Courier* newspaper and sent it to our printers as an addendum to our story.

Brussels, July 27th, 1835.—Our Parisian correspondent transmits us the following singular narrative:

Yesterday, about two o'clock, the hottest hour in the day, the whole city of Paris was thrown into a state of commotion by seeing a stranger in a German dreadnought wrap-rascal with a fur collar, admirably adapted for the climate of Siberia, passing down the rue St. Honoré. The stranger seemed totally unconscious that there was anything in his appearance to call for observation until the hootings of the boys and girls who gathered in crowds about him convinced him to the contrary. When informed of the cause of the hullabaloo, he with great good nature and politeness disencumbered himself of the offending garment and delivered it into the hands of a by-stander to keep for him while he went into the house of M. Villeroi, the stock-broker, to transact some business there. I was curious to see more of the man, and I followed him.

On stepping in he looked about him, and in accents that at once told me he was from Germany, inquired whether a young man of the name of Valdenoir had not formerly done business in that office. The reply was in the affirmative, and that he had been drowned.

"Ah!—drowned,—yes," said the stranger:—"well, he is now in the planet Jupiter."

"In the planet Jupiter?" cried the head clerk, opening his eyes.

"But whether he is happy or not is the mystery," pursued the German, who I soon found out was an astrologer—"for Mercury was in the seventh house on the night he was drowned—and that is ambiguous. Borrowing a light from the old mythology, too, we should say that Jupiter was the chief of the gods—but then, saith Holy Writ, the gods of the heathens are devils—and Jupiter is thus but an arch-demon. I have a book here in my pocket—Jacob Boehmen—which—" and he fumbled in five pockets successively for the book, which at length he was so fortunate as to find.

"Is the man mad?" asked one of another.

"In the forty-eighth proposition of the book called *The Threefold Life of*

Man, we find it laid down—" began the German.

"Who is the writer of that quaint-titled volume, sir?" demanded one of the secretaries, a flippant *littérateur*, who translated German poetry and wrote German stories for the magazines, and therefore deemed himself entitled to assume the critic on the present occasion.

"Jacob Böhmen," said the astrologer.

"Bemmen?—Van Bemmen, the Hague banker?"

"No, no, sir; this illustrious man was a shoemaker."

"Pooh,—*un cordonnier*!—Made shoes for—what country was he of?"

"Prussia, sir, had the honor of his birth."

"Made pumps for old Freddy?"

"Monsieur?"

"Made shoes for the royal family?"

"I hope not," said the German: "for not one of them was worthy to unloose the latches of his."

"Permit me to look—to review for a moment—I am a—judge—"

The book accordingly was handed across the counter by the German.

"This is a very poor writer, Doctor—leaves out his hyphens—I see a se-

micolon in the very second sentence of the preface where there should be a full stop."

"Sir," said the German gravely, "he was one of the profoundest of philosophers."

"What did he know of la Charte?" demanded the second clerk, twirling his moustache at the German.

"Or of Taglioni?" said the third.

"Could he grin a hole through a frying-pan?" asked an understrapper, whose salary had not yet enabled him to ascend for amusement from the tavern to the theatre.

"How was he off for soap?" inquired an errand-boy.

A series of similar questions recommenced with the head-clerk, and again terminated with the errand-boy. I confess I could not help laughing. As for the astrologer, he looked the very picture of stupefaction and bewilderment. He put his book up into his pocket. "*Mein Gott*," said he, as he made his way out of the office, "*was ist denn das? Sind das Menschen—oder vielleicht Troglodyten?*" Shortly afterwards he turned down an adjoining street, and I lost sight of him.—Your's *mon cher* *Courier Belge*.

B. A. M.

LORD LINDSAY'S LETTERS FROM THE EAST.*—EGYPTIAN MAGIC.

WE have much pleasure in introducing to the notice of our readers these most agreeable and intelligent volumes. They are, in the words of the writer, "a simple and faithful record of impressions as they arose, and incidents as they occurred, such as he conceived would be read with intense interest at home." Our readers will not regret spending an hour with us in skimming through these sketches: they have all the vividness of reality, and all the freshness of personal observation.

Written in a pleasing, graceful, and perfectly unaffected style—they have a charm infinitely beyond that of what is termed "fine writing;" and they are not deficient in evidences of amiability of temper, and correctness of feeling pervading the entire. Indeed it is long since we have met with volumes, with the perusal of which we have been more pleased.

The journey, of which these letters

are the record, was performed in the end of 1836 and the beginning of 1837. Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land, were traversed by Lord Lindsay, in company with his friend and relative Mr. Ramsay, who died during the journey, at Damascus. Lord Lindsay's preface contains a touching tribute to the memory of his fellow traveller; and extracts from his journal are frequently introduced.

Our readers must not expect that in glancing over these volumes we shall stop to occupy either ourselves or them by political or antiquarian disquisitions. Lord Lindsay indeed has left us but little excuse for such a course. The truth is, that until Mr. Lane's book, on the Manners and Customs of the Egyptians, appeared, the living Egypt had been neglected for the dead—the little attention that was bestowed on her, was for the sake of her political relations. We have

* Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land, by Lord Lindsay, 2 vols. small London, Henry Colburn. 1838.

abundance about ancient temples, and her undecipherable hieroglyphics—we heard something of the liberal reforms of Mohammed Ali, and of the glorious prospects opening on regenerate Egypt; but of the manners of the people of Cairo or Alexandria we knew little or nothing. The pyramids and the temples occupied the attention of travellers—and the modern men who dwelt on the banks of the Nile, were regarded as mere accidental appendages to the country which it was scarcely worth while to notice.

Now, we confess, we are not without our curiosity as to the present race of Egyptians. We will not go so far as to say, that a living Egyptian is as worthy of attention as a mummy; but we wish occasionally, while the traveller muses among the tombs of the dead, to be reminded that there are some living in his neighbourhood. Lord Lindsay's volumes contain just the record of what he saw and felt, and accordingly the ancient and the modern—the inmates of the catacombs and of the streets occupy alternately his attention. We shall follow him through some of his ramblings—as those of a traveller in search of entertainment; and we opine the majority of our readers will pardon us for dispensing with essays on the hieroglyphics or the pyramids. We shall select the passages from the letters exactly as they strike us.

At Cairo our travellers were presented by the British Consul General to the celebrated reforming Pasha. Lord Lindsay appears to have formed no very high opinion of his highness, or his mode of government.

“We have received the kindest attentions from every one. Colonel Campbell, our Consul-General, has procured us every thing we could desire in the way of passports, firmans, &c. He introduced us to the Pasha a few evenings ago; as it is now Ramadan (the Turkish lent, during which they fast all day, and feast all night), he receives after sunset. We visited the old spider in his den, the citadel, where he ensnared and murdered the Mamalukes. Ascending a broad marble passage on an inclined plane (the substitute for a stair-case), and traversing a lofty anti-chamber, crowded with attendants, we found ourselves in the presence-chamber; a noble saloon, richly ornamented, but without an article of furniture except a broad divan, or sofa, extending round the three sides of the room: in one corner of which squatted his highness Mohammed Ali. Six wax-candles, ten

feet high, stood in a row in the centre of the hall, yet gave but little light.

“About half an hour's conversation ensued between Colonel Campbell and the Pasha, chiefly statistical and interesting, as showing his singular and intimate knowledge, extending to the minutest details, of every thing going on in his dominions. He does, in fact, every thing himself; he has made a great deal of Egypt considered as his private property, but at the expense of the people, who are fewer in number, and those few far more miserable than they were before his time.

“And how could it be otherwise? He ‘has drained the country of all the working men. He pressed them as sailors, soldiers, workmen, &c. and nobody can be sure of his own security for a day. His system appears to be infamous, and the change which has taken place in the general appearance of the country within a few years, is said to be extraordinary. Every where the land is falling out of cultivation; villages are deserted, houses falling to ruin, and the people disappearing.

“He taxes all the means of industry, and of its improvement; and then taxes the product. Irrigation is the great means of cultivation and fertility; he therefore charges fifteen dollars' tax upon every Persian wheel; and as the people can find a way of avoiding it by manual labour, raising the water in a very curious way by the pole and bucket, he lays a tax of seven dollars and a half even on that simple contrivance.

“He then, in the character of universal land-proprietor in his dominions, orders what crop shall be sown, herein consulting his own interest solely, in direct opposition to that of his people. He settles the price of the crop, at which the cultivator is obliged to sell it to him, for he can sell it to no one else; and if he wishes to keep any himself, he is obliged to buy it back from government at the new rate, which the Pasha has fixed for its sale—of course many per cents. dearer than when he bought it. Numberless are his little tricks for saving money; e. g. when he has to receive money, it has always to be paid in advance; taxes particularly he collects always just before the plague breaks out; so that though the people die, he has their money. In paying the troops and others, it is vice versa, he pays after date, and gains also upon the deaths.

“We have heard much at home of the reforming enlightened spirit of Mohammed Ali; but what is it founded on? It looks more like a great and sudden blaze, before the whole is extinguished and falls into total darkness; and whether this

to happen at his death, or before, seems the only question—it seems not to be far distant. Last year he had no money (and he pushed hard for it) to pay his troops and dependents; and this year he will have no more than he had last.

“He has forced the riches of the country prematurely, and to an extent they could not bear, at the same time removing the means of their reproduction; and thus he has procured the present means of prosecuting the really wonderful, and what, in other circumstances, would have been the useful and beneficial improvements and institutions, which we have heard so much of, and which certainly strike a traveller much.

“It is to the unprincipled roguery and ignorance of his European advisers and officials that most of this waste and expense is to be charged. His counsellors consist of all the needy emigrants from France and Italy, who are scouted, or in bad odour at home, and who have the assurance to pretend to be what they are not here, where detection is difficult, and where success is their fortune for life. Ideas of the most extravagant kind, such as that of damming up the Nile, and others, on which he has thrown away many hundred thousands of pounds, have been put into his head by these speculating adventurers, who fill their own pockets by it, and thus prey upon the country.

“A man, who has received the education of a scribe or clerk, comes out, talks of cotton-growing, and soon rises to the head of the cotton department: another, who has thought of nothing but trade or manufacturing, is put into the engineering office; and thus every thing is mismanaged. The English are no longer employed in his service; he has found them too hard to deal with, too honourable and straightforward, not supple and promising enough. Mr. Hill is the only one here who understands engineering, and is now dismissed from his service. A steam-engine has been sent out; three years have passed, and its undertaker cannot put it up, though constantly at work. Mr. Hill has offered to do it in a week; but his offer is not allowed to reach the Pasha's ear.' But enough of this—the prospect is very cheerless.”

Lord Lindsay fears that “there is nothing likely to be permanent of the few real improvements the Pasha has introduced here. Histories only are likely to survive him.” He has planted two hundred thousand olives in the neighbourhood of Cairo; and expects that in a few years they will yield him

a dollar a tree. Among the real reforms attributable to the Pasha, Lord Lindsay reckons the change in the treatment of Christian strangers.

“In one respect, however, a great and happy change has taken place; the insults Christians were formerly subject to are now unknown. Whatever be one's opinion of the Pasha's domestic policy, travellers owe him much; for throughout his dominions (in Egypt and Syria at least) they may travel in the Frank dress with perfect safety. What would old Sandys or Lithgow have said, had any one prophesied in their days that two Britons would, in 1836, walk openly through Cairo, preceded by a native servant, clearing the road before them by gentle hints, indiscriminately administered to donkeys and Moslemin, to get out of the Giaour's way?”

A note to this passage contains the following amusing extract, from an old traveller's account:

“Here I may fitly take occasion to teach those that purpose to travel into Turkey, how to behave themselves. If they be set upon by thieves, they may defend themselves, if they be strong enough; but if they be polling officers, they must not be contradicted. But neither in their cities, nor in their travels, may they strike again, though they be abused and beaten by any man, except they be thieves and robbers; for if they do, they shall either be put to death, or have their hand cut off. Neither if a man receive a box on the ear at any of their hands, must he give one bad word, or look frowning upon him that smote him; for then he will strike him again, and say, ‘What, Gouré; dost thou curse me? and wish the devil had me?’ But he must kiss his beard, or the skirt of his garment, and smile upon him, and then he will let him pass.”

We pass by, for the present, an account of his interview with the magician, as this is a subject upon which we have something more to say. The following will be read with much interest:—

“Caviglia is working here, and we are now his guests. He has palisaded off a little citadel for himself; the chambers consisting of tombs excavated in the rock on which the Pyramids are built. After our descent, he is going to cicerone us through this monument of pride, science, or superstition—who knows which? It was building while Abraham was in Egypt: Joseph and his brethren must

have seen the sun set behind it every day they sojourned in Egypt; it must have been the last object Moses and the departing Israelites lost sight of, as they quitted the land of bondage; Pythagoras, Herodotus, Alexander, the Caliphs—it has been the gall of nations! lost nations have pilgrimised to its foot, and looked up, as their common ancestors did before them, in awe and humility—and now, two strangers, from the “ultima Thule” of the ancients, Britain, severed from the whole world by a watery line, which they considered it impious to transgress, stand here on the summit, and, looking round, see a desert where once the “cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,” the temples and tombs of Memphis arose in their calm beauty, and Wisdom dwelt among the groves of palm and acacia—solitary now and deserted except by the wandering Arab and his camel.

Midnight: Caviglia's Tomb.

“After dining with Caviglia, dear A—, to continue my yarn, we started by moonlight for the Pyramid, in company with the Genius Loci, and duly provided with candles for exploration. I must premise that Caviglia, whose extraordinary discoveries you are doubtless well acquainted with, has just been set to work again by Colonel Vyse, Mr. Sloane, and Colonel Campbell, our Consul-General at Cairo. He is at present attempting to make further discoveries in the Great Pyramid; and as soon as he gets a firman from the Pasha, intends to attack the others.

“The shape of this Pyramid has been compared to ‘four equilateral triangles, on a square basis, mutually inclining towards each other till they meet in a point.’ ‘Lincoln's-Inn fields, the area of which corresponds to its base, wholly filled up with an edifice higher by a third than St. Paul's, may give some idea of its dimensions.’

“The entrance is on the northern face of the Pyramid, on the sixteenth step, though you can ride up to it, such immense mounds of fallen stones have accumulated at the base. A long, low passage, most beautifully cut and polished, runs downwards, above 260 feet, at an angle of twenty-seven degrees, to a large hall, sixty feet long, directly under the centre of the Pyramid, cut out of rock, and never, it would appear, finished. This was discovered by Caviglia; the passage before this time, was supposed to end about half-way down, being blocked up with stones at the point where another passage meets it, running upwards at the same angle of 27, and by which you might mount in a direct line to the grand

gallery, and from that to the king's chamber, where stands the sarcophagus, nearly in the centre of the pile; were it not for three or four blocks of granite that have been slid down from above, in order to stop it up.

“By climbing through a passage, forced, as it is supposed, by the Caliph Mamoun, you wind round these blocks of granite into the passage, so that, with the exception of ten or twelve feet, you do in fact follow the original line of ascent; we descended by it. Close to the opening of this passage on the grand gallery is the mouth of a well, about 200 feet deep, by which we ascended from the neighbourhood of the great lower hall. Two or three persons had descended it before Caviglia's time, but he cleared it out to the full depth that his predecessors had reached, and, believing it went still deeper, hearing a hollow sound as he stamped on the bottom, he attempted to excavate there, but was obliged to desist on account of the excessive heat, which neither he nor the Arabs could stand.

“Think what his delight must have been, when, in the course of clearing the passage which, I mentioned to you, leads directly from the great lower hall, smelling a strong smell of sulphur, and remembering he had burnt some in the well to purify the air, he dug in that direction, and found a passage leading right into the bottom of the well, where the ropes, pick-axes, &c., &c., were lying that he had left there in despair, on abandoning the idea of further excavation in that direction as hopeless.

“Up this well, as I said, we climbed, holding a rope, and fixing our feet in holes cut in the stone; the upper part of the ascent was very difficult, and bats in numbers came tumbling down on us; but at last we landed safely in the grand gallery, a noble nondescript of an apartment, very lofty, narrowing towards the roof, and most beautifully chiselled; it ends, towards the south, in a staircase, if I may so term an inclined plane, with notches cut in the surface for the feet to hold by; the ascent is perilous, the stone being as polished and slippery as glass; before ascending, however, we proceeded by another beautifully worked passage, cut directly under the staircase, to a handsome room, called the queen's chamber. Returning to the gallery, we mounted the inclined plane to the king's chamber, directly over the queen's. The passage leading to it was defended by a portcullis now destroyed, but you see the grooves it fell into. His majesty's chamber is a noble apartment, cased with enormous slabs of granite, twenty feet high;

nine similar ones (seven large and two half-sized) form the ceiling.

"At the west end stands the sarcophagus, which rings, when struck, like a bell. From the north and south sides, respectively, of this room branch two small oblong-square passages, like air-holes, cut through the granite slabs, and slanting upwards—the first for eighty feet in a zigzag direction, the other for one hundred and twenty.

"It is Caviglia's present object to discover whither these lead. Being unable to pierce the granite, he has begun cutting sideways into the limestone at the point where the granite casing of the chamber ends, has reached the northern passage at the point where it is continued through the limestone, and is cutting a large one below it, so that the former runs like a groove in the roof of the latter, and he has only to follow it as a guide, and cut away till he reaches the denouement.—'Now,' says Caviglia, 'I will show you how I hope to find out where the southern passage leads to.'

"Returning to the landing-place at the top of the grand staircase, we mounted a rickety ladder to the narrow passage that leads to Davison's chamber, so named after the English consul at Algiers, who discovered it seventy years ago; it is directly above the king's chamber, the ceiling of the one forming, it would appear, the floor of the other. The ceiling of Davison's chamber consists of eight stones, beautifully worked, and this ceiling, which is so low that you can only sit cross-legged under it, Caviglia believes to be the floor of another large room above it, which he is now trying to discover. To this room he concludes the little passage leads that branches from the south side of the king's chamber. He has accordingly dug down the calcareous stone at the further end of Davison's chamber, in hopes of meeting it; once found, it will probably lead him to the place he is in quest of."

Still more interesting than this description of their descent into the pyramid is the following account of Caviglia himself:—

"After ablutions, &c., we drank tea, delicious tea! in Caviglia's tent; a candle stuck in a bottle enlightened our repast, but dark, mystical, and unearthly was our conversation,—a sequel to the lecture he had given us inside the pyramid, pointing out an end, a hidden purpose, a secret meaning in every nook, cranny, and passage of the structure—the scene, he told us, of initiation into the ancient Egyptian mysteries.

We had him to breakfast two or

three days ago at Cairo, and I had had a long confab with him before that. Living, as he has done, so solitary, I should rather say, in such society as that of the old Pharaohs of Egypt, their pyramids his home, and that strange enigma of a sphinx his fellow-watcher at their feet, he has become, to use his own expression, 'tout à-fait pyramidale' in dress, feature, manner, thought, and language. We are told that in Ceylon there are insects that take the shape and colour of the branch or leaf they feed upon—Caviglia seems to partake of their nature, he is really assimilating to a pyramid. His history is very curious: 'As a young man,' he told us this evening, 'je lisais Voltaire, Jean Jacques, Diderot—et je me croyais philosophe'—he came to Egypt—the Pyramids, Moses, and the Holy Scriptures converted him, 'et maintenant,' said he, 'je suis tout Biblique.' I have seldom met with a man so thoroughly imbued with the Bible; the saving truths of the Gospel, man's lost condition by the fall of Adam, Christ's voluntary death to expiate our sins, our inability to save ourselves, and the necessity of our being born again of the Holy Spirit—every one of these doctrines he avowed this evening; he seems to cling to them, and to love our blessed Saviour with the simplicity of a child—he never names him without reverence; but on these doctrines, this rock, as a foundation, he has reared a pyramid of the most extraordinary mysticism—astrology, magnetism, magic (his familiar studies), its corner-stones, while on each face of the airy vision he sees inscribed in letters of light, invisible to all but himself, elucidatory texts of Scripture, which he read off to us, with undoubting confidence, in support of his positions.

"Every religious truth, in short, unessential to salvation, is in his eyes fraught with mysticism. His memory is as accurate as a Presbyterian minister's—every text he quoted was prefaced by a reference to the chapter and verse where it occurs. He loves the Arabs, and looks forward to their conversion and civilization as the accomplishment of the prophecies that 'there shall be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria' in that day when 'Israel shall be a third with Egypt and Assyria, even a blessing in the midst of the land'—when the Lord shall have 'set his hand the second time to recover the remnant of his people from Assyria, from Egypt, from Pathros, from Cush,' &c., and shall bless the assembled myriads, saying, 'Blessed be Egypt, my people, and Assyria, the work of my hands, and Israel, mine inheritance.'

"He quoted these remarkable prophecies, and I had the pleasure of telling him I looked forward to their speedy fulfilment with the same interest as himself.*

"I must wish my dear A—— good night. You can have no idea how comfortably we are lodged here. The rock is honeycombed with tombs, but this one has been cleared out, furnished with mats, glass-windows, &c. &c. Caviglia seems really to enjoy himself in his little fortress; the Arabs are very fond of him—he is monarch of all he surveys, knows his fame, and enjoys it—and long may he do so! He is now sixty-six, but still hale, active, and hearty. He hates Cairo, he says; the noise and bustle distract him, and he is quite happy here with his pyramids, his mysticism, and his Bible."

From Cairo our travellers proceeded up the Nile to Thebes; we regret that we cannot find room for any of the descriptions of the antiquities of this wonderful place. They continued their voyage a considerable way up the river, as far, indeed, as it was possible for them to take their boat. On their return, they narrowly escaped drowning by the accidental breaking of the rope which held their boat in its passage down one of the rapids. Fortunately their boat struck sideways against a sunk rock, and this check gave time to arrest its progress down the current. The entire journey was full of striking adventures; but our travellers returned to Cairo in safety, after having spent two months in their journey to the upper region of the Nile.

From Cairo to Jerusalem our travellers journeyed across the desert, passed

Mount Sinai, about the exact site of which there seems no little uncertainty, and being detained three weeks at the convent of St. Catherine's by an accident which happened to their Arab attendant Abdallah. Some passages in their journey through the desert are interesting. The following is the account of their visit to St. Catherine's:—

"In a few minutes more, advancing up a narrow ravine at the extremity of the plain, and passing the garden with its lofty cypresses, we arrived under the walls of the convent of St. Catherine, a regular monastic fortress—it has exactly the appearance of one, and is, indeed, defended by guns against the Arabs. A window, under a projecting shed, was presently opened, and a rope (Sir Frederick Henniker calls it a halter) dropped, by which, first our luggage and letter of introduction from the Greek convent at Cairo, and then ourselves, were hoisted up by a windlass; there was a door, but it is walled up, for, whenever it was opened, which only took place on the arrival of the Archbishop, the Bedouins have the right of entrance. For this reason the Archbishops always reside at Cairo.

"The monks are obliged to supply the Bedouins with bread *à discretion*, and an ample provision in that kind was lowered to them after our ascent. No Arabs are ever allowed to enter except the servants of the convent. The maxim '*quis custodiat ipsos custodes*' is literally acted upon here; our conference with Hussein, the Sheikh, or chief protector of the convent, about conveyance to Akaba, was carried on through a hole in the wall; we squatted on one side, and he stood on the other—it was like talking through a key-hole.

* "Caviglia told me that he had pushed his studies in magic, animal magnetism, &c., to an extent which had nearly killed him—to the very verge, he said, of what is forbidden to man to know; and it was only the purity of his intentions which saved him. He told me he could have the power of performing all the magical rites formerly practised, only that by the coming of our Saviour every thing of minor degree was included, and it would now be a profanation to attempt such things.

"Now one is very apt to call such a man a monomaniac on this particular point, and I should not know well how to reply to any one who should do so. He gave us a sort of history of his life; he had come out a perfect infidel to Egypt; he had curiosity about the Pyramids, and on being told that they did not make attempts at discovery, because the devil was there, "If it's only the devil," said he, "I shall not trouble myself about him," and so descended to the well, and made the discoveries he showed us. By reading, first of all, the works of the Greek philosophers, and then the Bible, he has become, as he said, "*peu à peu* Bibliste et Chrétien."

"Yet he has strange, unearthly ideas which seem to open up to you, as he says them, whole vistas of unheard of ground, which close up again as suddenly, so that one can hardly know what his theories are. He says it would be highly dangerous to communicate them, and looks mystical, but evidently does not like to speak on the subject, and, otherwise, loves a good, hearty laugh and joke as much as any one.

Mr. Ramsay's Journal.

"We were received by the Superior and some of the monks on the landing-place, but could not answer their greeting, nor make ourselves understood till Missirie came up, not one of them, apparently, speaking any language that we were acquainted with. Modern Greek and Arabic seem to be the only tongues in use here. The Superior, a fine old man, with a mild, benevolent countenance, a long beard and immense mustaches (sadly in need of Princess Parizade's scissors), showed us to our apartment, carpeted and divanned in the eastern style, and adorned by a print of the Virgin and Child, with a lamp burning before it; we sat down with him, and he welcomed us kindly to Mount Sinai. He is a Greek from Candia; I had the pleasure of informing him a day or two afterwards, when he told me of his birth-place, that an ancestor of mine, Sir Alexander de Lindsay of Glenesk, a brave and adventurous knight, died there on his pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, in 1382. Dried fruit and raki, a strong brandy made from dates, were presented to us while dinner was in preparation—*maugre*, it being Lent.

"Father Dimitri ciceronied us over the convent two or three days afterwards. It resembles a little fortified town, irregularly built on the steep side of the mountain, and surrounded by lofty walls; the passages and courts are kept very neat and clean; balconies with wooden balustrades run round each area, on which the doors of the several apartments open; texts of Scripture are inscribed on the walls in every direction—in inextricably contracted Greek.

"The principal church, built by the Emperor Justinian, the founder of the convent, is really beautiful; the richly ornamented roof is supported by rows of granite pillars barbarously whitewashed—the pavement of marble; the walls are covered with portraits of saints, the Virgin and Child, and scenes from the Bible, in the old Greek style of the middle ages; most of them are modern, but some very ancient and very interesting for the history of the art; they are almost all in good preservation. The dome of the choir displays in Mosaic work, said to be contemporary with Justinian, the transfiguration of our Saviour. The chapels are also full of paintings, some of them Russian, but in the same style. The nave is lighted by a superb silver chandelier, presented by Elizabeth of Russia, and I saw several candelabra of great beauty. The reading-desks, &c. are of tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl.

In the choir is preserved the skull of St. Catherine's bones are

said to repose, and the silver lid of a sarcophagus, embossed with the portrait of Anne of Russia, who intended being buried here.

"We put off our shoes from off our feet before approaching the most revered spot on Mount Sinai, or rather Horeb (as they call this part of the mountain), where our Lord is said to have appeared to Moses in the burning bush. This little chapel is gorgeously ornamented; a New Testament in modern Greek, with superbly embossed covers, lies on the altar; behind it, they show—not exactly the burning bush, but a shrub which they say has flourished there ever since—its lineal descendant. The kind, hospitable monks are not to blame—they believe as the tale has been handed down to them; but on what authority, we must again and again ask, are these spots pointed out as the scenes mentioned in the Bible?

"The monks are summoned to their different services by striking with a mallet on a piece of wood suspended in one of the upper galleries. Two small bells of Russian manufacture, and very sweet tone, hang there also.

"Close to the church rises the minaret of a mosque! built, for the nonce, three centuries ago, when the convent was threatened by the Paynim Soldan of Egypt; he spared the convent for its sake. It is plain and unornamented—the contrast of a Scotch kirk to an Italian cathedral—and is seldom used unless some Turkish pilgrim of rank visit Mount Sinai. The refectory is a spacious apartment—a world too wide for the shrank body corporate of St. Catherine's votaries. There are only twenty-two monks now. One of them reads to his companions while they dine; I saw a large folio 'Synagogue,' as it is called, of passages from the Fathers, printed at Venice, lying on the desk, and several other religious volumes in a small book-case.

"In the Archbishop's apartment, now used as the treasury, we were shown a most beautiful manuscript of the Gospels in Greek, on vellum, in uncial, or capital, letters of gold; I thought the good Father would never have done turning over the preliminary leaves of illuminations, and arranging the silk screens interposed between them. Would that it were in the British Museum! I wonder whether it has ever been collated.

"I was disappointed in the library of the convent, finding no very ancient Greek manuscripts or valuable printed books; a manuscript of Saint Chrysostom, in a great number of folio volumes, all, apparently, in the same hand-writing, interested me most. There are many MSS. of the Scriptures in Greek, and

some in Slavonic of portions of the Bible; many Arabic manuscripts also, all of which were examined by Burekhardt. The books are arranged alphabetically in large cases."

Of the Bedouin Arabs, Lord Lindsay gives the following character:—

"The Bedouins feel no shame in bagging, and unless met firmly at first, will prove very troublesome to a traveller. They are perfect children in their demands; fancy their asking us for kohol, or antimony for tinging the eyelids, in the middle of the desert! Thus much premised, they possess many fine and generous qualities, in which the *belladens*, or town-Arabs, are very deficient;—they will cheat, lie, stoop to any meanness, to win in a bargain, but, once struck, they will perform it faithfully; they will plunder without mercy the traveller they casually meet in the desert, but one might trust one's life to a Bedouin, after having struck hands and eaten with him.

"So secure is property in the peninsula of Mount Sinai, that, on a tree going to Akaba, we found a cloak still hanging up untouched, which some traveller had left there more than three weeks before, when we first travelled that road. I have no doubt it is still hanging there, unless the owner has reclaimed it. The Sheikhs, like the Forty Thieves, have much wealth in rich dresses, &c., laid up in caves in different parts of the peninsula; the situation of these is well known, and they are merely secured by wooden locks, but no one, I believe, ever heard of their being violated. The vices of towns are said to be almost unknown among them. Like all mankind, they have much good and much evil mixed up in their composition, but their vices seem to be of a less debasing character than those of any other orientals.

"Our guides were, for the most part, cheerful, good-humoured fellows, very handsome, with a wild and fierce expression of countenance, quite in character with the race whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against theirs. We found them, however, by no means the hardy set we expected."

We must make room for some of the passages describing the sacred spots of the Holy Land:—

"At half-past seven that evening, we reached Bethlehem. It stands on the slope of a hill, of difficult ascent, at least by night. The stars were out, but it was still unusually light as we entered the town, and proceeded to the Spanish Convent, a large fortress-like building, where we were kindly welcomed, and ushered

into a very handsome apartment. The venerable Superior presently came to see us, and grew very talkative. He honoured us with his company to breakfast the next morning, and we afterwards visited the church and the supposed Cave of the Nativity, gorgeous all—but what most touched me was the simple tribute of several little children, who, speaking in a whisper, and with awe in their faces, lighted their little bodkins of tapers at the large candles, and stuck them at their sides. The solemn chanting, the procession of the dark-robed monks, the confessionals—with all the pageantry I had been so familiar with in Italy—so strangely blended with the turbans and oriental costume of the Armenian, Arab, and Greek Christians—one might have fancied that the east and west had met by common consent, to worship the star of Israel at its rising; but, alas! it was Saint Mark's worship they were celebrating that morning, and the prostrations I witnessed on the spot said to have been knelt upon by the Magi were to the Virgin Mary,—not to her Saviour.

"We mounted for Jerusalem about eight—a lovely cloudless morning. As we were starting from the Convent walls, a marriage party came past, or, rather, a crowd of women and children, some of them very pretty, all gaily dressed and unveiled, and singing a most discordant epithalamium—to meet the bride at the church door, and convey her home. While they awaited her appearance, two parties detached themselves from the throng, the one dancing round and round, hand in hand, as in some unsophisticated nooks of merry England they were probably doing at that very moment round the Maypole, for it was May-morning—the other, their arms linked, advancing towards them, and retreating, in regular measure; the song going on all the time. Presently the bride came out, veiled from head to foot, and mounted her horse; her companions closed round her, and the procession moved on. We sat on our camels enjoying the scene, and expended not a little gunpowder in her honour; to her death she will remember the nuptial honours paid her by the English.

"You can scarcely imagine what a cheerful aspect the rich and varied costumes both of men and women, particularly the latter, impart to these towns of Palestine; the contrast is delightful to us, so long accustomed to the dull blue cloaks and veiled faces of the Egyptian women.

"Riding slowly on to Jerusalem, we met numbers of most picturesque-looking white-bearded old men, and many lovely children. One of them, particularly, a

Russian boy, taking off his fur cap to return our salutation, with his flowing ringlets and sweet face, reminded me of one of Raphael's angels. We met many parties too of Turks, Armenians, and Greeks, pilgrimising—the former to Rachel's tomb, the latter to Bethlehem. Some saluted us with 'Bon viaggio,' and 'Benvenuti Signori!' others with the emphatic 'Salam,' 'Peace!' or by simply laying the hand on the heart in the graceful oriental fashion. It was delightful thus to be welcomed in the City of Peace by men of all creeds and countries, a sort of anticipation of the happy time when all nations will go up to worship One God at Jerusalem, and all will receive the welcome of the heart as well as the lip.

"The view, looking back on Bethlehem, as you ascend the northern hills, is exceedingly beautiful; to the east it is bounded by the long unbroken ridge of the mountains of Moab, hemming in the Dead Sea, which seems much nearer than it really is. The road winds, at first, between olive and fig gardens, but they soon give way to a succession of stony hills; in forty minutes we passed a dilapidated Turkish tomb, called Rachel's,—'As for me,' said dying Jacob, 'Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan, in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath; and I buried her there in the way to Ephrath—the same is Bethlehem.' In all probability it marks the spot of her death; there are many Turkish graves around it. Soon afterwards, we passed the Greek Convent of Mar Elias, and came in sight of Jerusalem! Approaching nearer, and descending towards Mount Zion, the situation fully answered my expectations; the view from this point, embracing the Sacred Hill, the valley of Hinnom, the Mount of Olives, and the Dead Sea, is at once magnificent and beautiful, independent of the associations that render it the most interesting to be seen on earth, except perhaps that from the Mount of Olives, where our Saviour wept over Jerusalem.

"Of Jerusalem I have but little to say; we took no cicerones. There is no mistaking the principal features of the scenery; Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, down which the brook Kedron still flows during the rainy season, and the Mount of Olives, are recognised at once; the Arab village Siloan represents Siloam, and the waters of Siloa still flow fast by the oracle of God. A grove of eight magnificent and very ancient olive-trees at the foot of the Mount, and near the bridge over the brook, is pointed out as the Garden of

Gethsemane; occupying the very spot one's eyes would turn to, looking up from the page of Scripture. It was the only monkish legend I listened to.—Throughout the Holy Land we tried every spot pointed out as the scene of Scriptural events by the words of the Bible, the only safe guide-book in this land of ignorance and superstition, where a locality has been assigned to every incident recorded in it—to the spot where the cock crew at Peter's denial of our Saviour, nay, to the house of Dives in the parable. Yet, while I question the truth, I would not impugn the poetry of some of these traditions, or deny that they add a peculiar and most thrilling interest to the scenes to which they are attached—*loci sancti*, indeed, when we think of them as shrines hallowed by the pilgrimages and the prayers of ages.

"There is no spot (you will not now wonder at my saying so) at, or near Jerusalem, half so interesting as the Mount of Olives, and, on the other hand, from no other point is Jerusalem seen to such advantage. Oh! what a relief it was to quit its narrow, filthy, ill-paved streets for that lovely hill, climbing it by the same rocky path our Saviour and his faithful few so often trod, and resting on its brow as they did, when their divine instructor, looking down on Jerusalem in her glory, uttered those memorable prophecies of her fall, of his second Advent, and of the final judgment, which we should ever brood over in our hearts as a warning voice, bidding us watch and be ready for his coming! Viewed from the Mount of Olives, like Cairo from the hills on the edge of the Eastern desert, Jerusalem is still a lovely, a majestic object; but her beauty is external only, and, like the bitter apples of Sodom, she is found full of rottenness within,—

'In Earth's dark circle once the precious gem
Of Living Light—Oh, fallen Jerusalem!'

But her king, in his own good time, will raise her from the dust.

"Nor is there, thank God! any doubt about Bethany, the home of that happy family, so peculiarly our Lord's friends during his latter years—his own home, indeed, during his last visit to Jerusalem. It is a sweet retired spot, beautifully situated on the slope of a hill to the south of Mount Olivet. The path to Jerusalem winds round the Mount, and through the vale of Jehoshaphat, precisely, to all appearance, as it did when the Messiah rode thither in regal but humble triumph, and the people strewed their garments and branches in the way. They show you the tomb of Lazarus, an excavation in the rock, to which you

descend by many steps. It lies to the west of the town, and cannot therefore, I think, be the spot. When Mary rose up hastily and went out to meet our Saviour coming from Jericho, the Jews thought she was going to the grave to weep there; the sepulchre must therefore have been to the east of the city, and in fact I saw two or three ancient tombs by the way-side in that direction, one of which may have been Lazarus's.

"The road to Jericho, beyond Bethany, runs between bleak stony mountains, dreariness itself, a fit scene for our Lord's parable of the good Samaritan. We emerged from them into the valley of the Jordan, about six hours from Jerusalem, and presently passed a singular-looking tumulus, and many remains of walls, a fragment or two of a column, &c., the ruins, I presume, taken by Mr. Buckingham for those of Jericho; there has certainly been a city there, and the position agrees with Josephus's description much more than that of Riba, the miserable village commonly supposed to represent it, and which we reached soon after crossing a clear and sparkling stream that springs from the Diamond of the Desert,—the scene of Sir Kenneth's rencontre with Saladin, and—thought of far deeper interest, the fountain sweetened by Elisha. I saw one palm-tree at Riba—one only; the balsam trees have been extinct for ages."

"NAZARETH.

"Mount Tabor was full in view; the snowy peaks of Mount Hermon rose in the distance, and at our feet lay Nazareth, embedded in its little vale like the infant Saviour in its mother's arms.

"But the vale of Nazareth has no pretensions to the beauty ascribed to it by travellers; its hills are barren and uncultivated, and the grove of fig-trees we past through descending to the village was very scanty. We were hospitably received by the superior of the Spanish Convent, who gave us a very tolerable apartment, with a portentous crack, however, across the roof, the effect of the great earthquake of the first of January; have you ever heard of it in England? They had excellent rooms for visitors, but the wing of the house in which they were situated has been completely ruined. Only six persons were killed in Nazareth, and but few houses were injured.

"The church is very handsome, but inferior to those at Bethlehem and Jerusalem; it contains two organs, one of them a very fine instrument. Expressing a wish to hear it played, the superior sent for the organist, who surprised us by striking up a beautiful slow waltz, (there

was no one in the church but ourselves,) and then the grand Constitutional March of Spain; many other airs followed, executed with much taste and enthusiasm; it was quite a treat, and did me much good. The church is built over a grotto, said to be part of the Virgin Mary's house, and the scene of the Annunciation. In front of the altar, (that is, where it now stands), stood the Santa Casa of Loretto, said to have been transported thither by angels from this spot.

"Clarke and I visited the steep rock near the Maronite church, from which his father imagined the Jews wished to cast our Saviour; it may very possibly have been the spot; the rock is still twenty-five or thirty feet in height, and so much rubbish has accumulated at the bottom that it may have been fifty or sixty—eighteen hundred years ago. If I recollect right, one might now jump down the Tarpeian rock at Rome without much risk of broken limbs.

"Every scene of our Saviour's life at Nazareth is marked by chapels and churches; there is a well, however, named after the Virgin, to the east of the city, which we gazed at with extreme interest; it still supplies Nazareth with water, and thither, without a doubt, came the Virgin mother and her Saviour Son, day after day, to draw water, as we saw the daughters of Nazareth coming while we stopped our horses to drink of it."

"SEA OF GALILEE.

"Arrived at the sea of Galilee, I was very anxious to discover, if possible, the sites of Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida, &c., and to visit the eastern shore of the lake, of which I had never met with any description;—with the exception of Burckhardt, who only visited the south-eastern extremity, and a few other gentlemen who travelled as Arabs, dread of the inhabitants had hitherto deterred Frank travellers from venturing thither; but we were a numerous party, well-armed—times too were changed—and we determined therefore on making the complete tour of the lake, *en route* for Om Keis and Jerash; some humbug was talked to us, not about the inhabitants, but the roads, which our guide declared absolutely impassable: truth is a rare bird in this country; there is as beautiful and easy a footpath along the whole eastern shore of the lake as across a meadow in England.

"About an hour north of Tiberias, and at the bottom of a deep bay, unnoticed in the map, we entered the plain of Genesareth, of which Josephus gives such a glowing description, nor do I think it overcharged. It is excessively fertile.

but for the most part uncultivated, the waste parts are covered with the rankest vegetation, reeds, nebbek-trees, oleanders, honeysuckles, wild flowers, and splendid thistles in immense crops; I saw a stunted palm or two, and there are fig-trees, though I did not see them—once they were numerous. A broad clear stream and innumerable rapid little rivulets cross the road. Medjdel, a wretched village, probably represents Magdala, the birth-place of Mary Magdalen, both names implying "tower," in Arabic and Hebrew,—but of Capernaum no traces remain, not even, so far as I could ascertain by repeated inquiries, the memory of its name. Truly, indeed, has Capernaum been cast down to Hades—the grave of oblivion. I think it must have stood on the northern extremity of the plain, close to the sea; its position on the shore cannot be doubted—it was also very near the mountain on which our Saviour preached his sermon, for, descending from it, he entered into Capernaum; the hills to the south of the plain are very rugged and barren—no one would for a moment dream of climbing them for such a purpose as our Saviour had in view, those that bound the plain to the west are too distant from the lake to answer the conditions—while that to the north, which we crossed on our road to the head of the lake, agrees with them in every point, the summit, an easy walk from the town, supposing it situated as I conceive it was, being perfectly smooth and covered with fine grass, though the sides are rocky.

"Beyond this hill, in another small plain, flow several very copious streams of warm mineral waters, and there are extensive ruins of Roman baths and aqueducts. After traversing a succession of sloping meadows, and some of the finest thickets of oleander I ever saw, in full flower, we reached the head of the lake, in four hours after leaving Tiberias.

"I could hear nothing of Chorazin and Bethsaida, though I named them to almost every one we met. Bethsaida, however, was discovered by Pococke in ruins, and called by the same name, rather out of this immediate district, but Chorazin ought to be somewhere hereabouts. Dr. Richardson was informed that both Chorazin and Capernaum were near, but in ruins—no one, however, that we met, seemed to know any thing about them. Some future traveller may be more fortunate in this interesting inquiry.

"After riding up the Ghor, or Valley of the Jordan, about an hour, we halted for the noontide rest under two large anching nebbek-trees, laden with fruit, a hick grove of oleanders over-spreading

the moist plain below, wherever the Jordan flowed, or the little streamlets, that branch off from and reunite with him, find their way. The river was flowing very swiftly, and of considerable breadth, but not deeper than the horses' knees at the point where we forded it; it was a charming evening, and I do not think I exaggerate in saying that thousands of birds were singing in the thickets as we crossed the Ghor, but the noise they made was horrible."

Lord Lindsay evidently felt like a Christian, the solemn associations of these scenes. What is there in the world to compare with these in interest? What are the ancient palaces of the Cæsars—the giant Colosseum—the temples of Greece, or even the mystic pyramids of Egypt—compared with the humble Nazareth, or the still and lonely waters of the sea of Tiberias. Who would not sooner tread on Horeb, the mount of God, than visit any other spot in the known world?—the city of David—to behold the site of its towers—the olives of the mount—the cedars of Lebanon—the brook Kedron, still rolling its torrent down the ravine, just as it did when our Saviour crossed it, "the same night in which he was betrayed;" or when Elijah hid himself by its glens, while the ravens brought him his meat.

There is a charm for the mind in visiting the scenes of histories of past events—it is the same pleasure which we experience in witnessing any relic of ancient times or ancient men—a pleasure always felt by the mind, when we approach towards investing, with sensible reality, what hitherto has been matter of purely mental knowledge; just the same feeling, in another manifestation, makes us pleased with the simplest experiment that tests the conclusions of science. The mind rejoices, as it were, in having found another link, which unites the world of its own deduction with that of external consciousness—and, high as may be the faith, and firm the conviction of the truth of Scripture history on the mind, there is no one who would not feel that his perception of that truth was realized, by wandering among the surviving monuments of its by-gone scenes;—faith, indeed, might not be strengthened—nor conviction increased: but the impression of the reality of the events would be made more real—their image more distinct—they would be removed from the world of indistinctiveness, and allied with

our every day and ordinary perceptions—our belief is cemented into a palpable and tangible knowledge.

This truth is too much neglected in the education of children. The very sacredness with which Scripture history and Scripture characters are invested, take something from the impression of their reality. Abraham and Isaac are felt like beings of another world. We are not taught in childhood to imagine them as real earthly men. Of course, the defect of which we speak, is merely in the training of the imagination; but it is a defect which ought not to be rooted. The young mind ought to be familiarised with the plain and homely conceptions of the patriarchs' lives, and made by every practicable means to associate their existence and their histories with the impressions which it derives from sense. The language of Scripture is eminently suited to aid such attempts—it is all real; but, we fear that frequently the effect of its plain and varied simplicity, is weakened in its effect on the imagination, by the very reverence with which we are taught to look on its narrative. Whenever this reverence borders on mystery, the sense of reality is weakened.

But we are wandering from our guide. Lord Lindsay takes every opportunity of alluding to the fulfilment of the prophecies of Scripture; he says, himself, on this subject—"Others have borne their testimony—it is but adding a stone to the cairn; yet, I cannot and ought not to withhold mine."

The appearance of the Valley of Ammon is thus described:—

"The scenery waxed drearier and drearier as, at ten hours and a half from Jerash, we descended an *akiba*, or precipitous stony slope, into the Valley of Ammon, and crossed a beautiful stream bordered by a strip of stunted grass, often interrupted; no oleanders cheered the eye with their rich blossoms; the hills on both sides were rocky and bare, and pierced with excavations, and natural caves. Here, at a turning in the narrow valley, commence the antiquities of Ammon. It was situated on both sides of the stream; the dreariness of its present aspect is quite indescribable—it looks like the abode of Death; the valley stinks with dead camels—one of them was rotting in the stream, and though we saw none among the ruins, they were absolutely covered in every direction with their dung. That morning's ride would have convinced a sceptic; how runs the prophecy? 'I

will make Rabbah a stable for camels, and the Ammonites a couching-place for flocks; and ye shall know that I am the Lord!'

"Nothing but the croaking of frogs, and screams of wild birds, broke the silence as we advanced up this valley of desolation. Passing on the left an unopened tomb, (for the singularity in these regions is, when the tombs have not been violated,) several broken sarcophagi, and an aqueduct, in one spot full of human skulls, a bridge on the right, a ruin on the left, apparently the southern gate of the town, and a high wall and lofty terrace, with one pillar still standing, the remains probably of a portico—we halted under the square building, supposed by Seetzen to have been a mausoleum, and after a hasty glance at it, hurried up the glen in search of the principal ruins, which we found much more extensive and interesting than we expected—not, certainly, in such good preservation as those of Jerash, but designed on a much grander scale. Storks were perched in every direction on the tops of the different buildings; others soared at an immense height above us.

"We examined the ruins more in detail the following morning. The Mausoleum, externally, is a very handsome square edifice, ornamented with Corinthian pilasters, and an elegant cornice, the greater part of which is lying broken on the ground; the interior is circular, an arched window, elegantly carved with roses and fretwork on the soffit, opening on the river, under an ornamented frieze, and a smaller, in the adjacent wall of the building, surmounted by a sculptured shell. The corresponding windows and walls of the edifice are quite destroyed. The first ruin we came to beyond it, (the valley bending eastwards,) was a large well-built Christian Church, with a steeple, which we ascended by thirty-three steps, in excellent preservation. Beyond it, alongside the river, are the remains of a lofty portico, consisting of a central arched recess, from which wings, with smaller recesses, seem originally to have branched, curving irregularly according to the bend of the river, and ornamented in front with lofty Corinthian columns, of which four, much injured, and without their capitals, are still standing. Viewed from the other side of the water, the back of this portico, (if it really was one,) has the appearance of a fortress, being supported by two lofty round towers, united by a bastion, projecting angularly. At the time of the floods, the water of the river was conveyed by an arch under this building through the town.

"The river, throughout the valley, has been confined, and, in many places, still flows within a channel of masonry, as a safe-guard against inundation. From this artificial bank a handsome bridge, of one broad arch, still quite entire, is thrown across the stream beyond the portico. We crossed it to the southern bank, there being nothing more on the northern worth seeing, except the remains of a temple of florid Corinthian architecture and sculpture, sadly injured by time and wind. A few moments, and we reached the noblest ruin at Ammon, a most magnificent theatre, built in the hollow of the southern hill. A quadrangular colonnade, of the Corinthian order, extended in front of it, twelve of the pillars, forming the south-western angle, are still standing; eight perfect, with their entablature, in front of the theatre, and four, without capitals, running towards the river. Between the colonnade and the south-west horn of the theatre, the ancient pavement remains very perfect; the raised pavement of the proscenium, or platform behind the stage, is also in good preservation, but this part of the building is much ruined. Many Corinthian capitals are lying on the ground, and traces of modern Arab houses are discernible in the area. Bones and skulls of camels were mouldering there, and in the vaulted galleries of this immense structure. We counted forty-three tiers of very high seats, divided by three galleries; but several more, probably, are covered by the accumulated earth. Behind the highest gallery, a wall is built up against the rock, in the centre of which a doorway, receding rather more than three feet, with a semicircular recess on each side, gives access to a square vaulted apartment—the whole inside and outside overgrown with creepers, and the architectural decorations very chaste—it produces a beautiful effect from below, the mountain crags towering over it. This, according to Arab tradition, was the summer-seat of the Prince of Ammon in Solomon's time—the theatre his palace.

"Beyond the theatre—and the last building in that direction, is a curious nondescript pile—vaulted galleries and arched entrances from without, and a mass of ruins within; I could not tell what to make of it. Nearly opposite the theatre, on the northern hill, stands the large building, called by Burckhardt the Castle. I did not visit it—Dr. Mac Lennan did, and discovered, moreover, very extensive ruins on a table-land at the summit.

"There are many other ruins in the valley of Ammon, but in such utter

decay, that it is difficult to say what they have been. Near the Corinthian temple, on the north side of the river, stands the broken shaft of a very noble column, larger in its diameter than any at Jerash—as are also the columns in front of the supposed Portico.

"Such are the relics of ancient Ammon, or, rather, of Philadelphia, for no building there can boast of a prior date to that of the change of name. It was a bright cheerful morning, but still the valley is a very dreary spot, even when the sun shines the brightest. Vultures were garbaging on a camel, as we slowly rode back through the glen, and reascended the *akiba*, by which we approached it. Ammon is now quite deserted, except by the Bedouins, who water their flocks at its little river, descending to it by a Wady, nearly opposite the theatre, (in which Dr. Mac Lennan saw great herds and flocks, and, if I recollect right, considerable ruins,) and by the *akiba*. Reascending it, we met sheep and goats by thousands, and camels by hundreds, coming down to drink—all in beautiful condition. How—let me again cite the prophecy—how runs it?—"Ammon shall be a desolation! Rabbah of the Ammonites—shall be a desolate heap! I will make Rabbah a stable for camels, and the Ammonites a couching place for flocks, and ye shall know that I am the Lord!"

We have, perhaps, quoted sufficient to give our readers a fair specimen of the style and merit of these volumes. We must now make room for the account of Lebanon:—

"Starting from Deir el Akhmar, at a quarter past four in the morning, and ascending through woods of prickly oak and valonidi, we reached in three hours the ruined village Ainnet, from which begin the steep ridges of Lebanon. All the trees ceased now, except a species of dwarf cedar, emitting a delicious fragrance, which replaced them, and continued though diminishing in number, almost to the summit. The rocky slope of the mountain is covered with yellow, white, red, and pink flowers, affording delicious food for the bees of Lebanon—their honey is excellent. At eight we came in sight of Lake Leman of the East, or Yemouni, as every one pronounced it, lying to the south, embosomed between the upper and lower ridges. An hour afterwards we reached an immense wreath of snow, lying on the breast of the mountain, just below the summit—and from that summit, five minutes afterwards, what a prospect opened before us! Two vast ridges of Lebanon, curving westwards from the

central spot where we stood, like the horns of a bent bow, or the wings of a theatre, run down towards the sea, breaking in their descent into a hundred minor hills, between which, unseen, unheard—and through as deep and dark and jagged a chasm as ever yawned the Kadisha or Sacred River of Lebanon, rushes down to the Mediterranean—the blue and boundless Mediterranean, which far on the western horizon, meets and mingles with the sky.

"Our eyes coming home again, after roving over this noble view, we had leisure to observe a small group of trees not larger, apparently, than a clump of an English park, at the very foot of the northern wing or horn of this grand natural theatre; these were the far-famed cedars. We were an hour and twenty minutes reaching them, the descent being very precipitous and difficult. As we entered the grove, the air was quite perfumed with their odour, the "smell of Lebanon," so celebrated by the pen of inspiration.

"We halted under one of the largest trees, inscribed with De la Borde's name on one side, and De la Martine's on the other. But do not think that we were scrupulously enough to wound these glorious trees; there are few English names comparatively, I am happy to say—I would as soon cut my name on the wall of a church.

"Several generations of cedars, all growing promiscuously together, compose this beautiful grove. The younger are very numerous—the second-rate would form a noble wood of themselves, were even the patriarchal dynasty quite extinct—one of them, by no means the largest, measures nineteen feet and a quarter in circumference; and in repeated instances two, three, and four large trunks spring from a single root; but they have all a fresher appearance than the patriarchs, and straighter stems; straight as young palm trees. Of the giants, there are seven standing very near each other, all on the same hill; three more a little further on, nearly in a line with them; and in a second walk of discovery, after my companions had lain down to rest, I had the pleasure of detecting two others low down on the northern edge of the grove—twelve therefore—in all, of which the ninth from the south is the smallest; but even that bears tokens of antiquity, coeval with its brethren. Pell and I measured several of them; De la Martine's tree is forty-nine feet in circumference, and the largest of my two, on the northern slope, sixty-three, following the sinuosities of the bark, that is to say.

"The stately bearing and graceful re-

pose of the young cedars contrast singularly with the wild aspect and frantic attitude of the old ones, flinging abroad their knotted and muscular limbs, like so many Laocoons; while others, broken off, lie rotting at their feet; but life is strong in them all;—they look as if they had been struggling for existence with evil spirits, and God had interposed and forbidden the war, that the trees He had planted might remain living witnesses to faithless men of that ancient 'glory of Lebanon.'—Lebanon, the emblem of the righteous—which departed from her when Israel rejected Christ—her vines drooping, her trees few, that a child may number them; she stands blighted, a type of the unbeliever! And blighted she must remain till her second spring, the day of renovation from the presence of the Lord; when at the voice of God Israel shall spring up anew to life, and the cedar and the vine, the olive of Carmel and the rose of Sharon, emblems of the moral graces of God reflected on his people, shall revive in the wilderness, to beautify the place of his sanctuary, to make the place of his feet glorious—to swell the chorus of Universal Nature to the praise of the Living God.

"We had intended proceeding that evening to the Psaherré; but, no, we could not resolve to leave those glorious trees so soon—the loveliest, the noblest, the holiest in the whole world. The tent was pitched, and we spent the rest of the day under their 'shadowy shroud.' Oh! what a church that grove is! never did I think Solomon's song so beautiful; and that most noble chapter of Ezekiel, the thirty-first. I had read it on the heights of Syene, Egypt on my right hand, and Ethiopia on my left; with many another denunciation, how awfully fulfilled! of desolation against Pathros, and judgments upon No; but this was the place to enjoy it, lying under one of those vast trees, looking up every now and then into its thick boughs, hearing the little birds warbling, and a perpetual hum of insect life pervading the air with its drowsy melody. Eden is close by—these are 'the trees of Eden,' 'the choice and best of Lebanon'—these are the trees—there can be none nobler which Solomon spake of, 'from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall,'—the object of repeated allusion and comparison throughout the Bible—the emblem of the righteous in David's Sabbath hymn—and honour above honour—the likeness of the countenance of the Son of God in the inspired Canticles of Solomon.

"Our encampment was very picturesque that night, the fire throwing a strong light on the cedar that over-

canopied us—those enormous arms, of ghastly whiteness, seemed almost alive and about to grasp and catch us up into the thick darkness they issued from."

We have promised our readers an account of Lord Lindsay's interview with the Magician: we advert to this subject the more readily, because we know of none more curious. We shall endeavour to state facts briefly for our readers, without attempting to explain what, we confess, appears to us perfectly inexplicable. We shall first give Lord Lindsay's account—

"Do you remember the strange story Miss H—— told us of the Egyptian magician? I have had him twice here,—that is to say, the gentlemen at the inn had him the first time, and, as I was not satisfied with his performance, and he hardly got fair play among us, I had him a second time to myself, wishing to give him a fair trial. I am not yet satisfied; he succeeded in the first person we called for, but failed egregiously in the others.

"The first night we all assembled in the Salle à manger of the Hotel, and, the wizard being introduced, we seated him on the divan, furnished him with a pipe, and then proceeded to question him as to his power, &c. He said he was from Algiers, (query of Sycorax's family, Caliban's mother?) and that he belonged to a tribe or caste, who are ruled by sheikhs or chiefs, and call themselves servants of Solomon. We asked him whether he worked by Allah or by Satan; he gave me a Scotch answer the first day, 'Does not Satan come from Allah?' but the following evening affirmed it was by Allah.

"I asked him whether he understood the words he used, which are not Arabic; at least one of my friends here, who speaks the language, could make nothing of them. He said Yes—and, in answer to my further inquiries, repeated thirteen words or names, which, he said, were all a man needed the knowledge of to obtain the same power with himself;—you must learn them by heart (he is willing to teach any one 'for a consideration'), then for seven days make a fire seven times every day, throw incense on it, and walk round the fire seven times, pronouncing seven times the thirteen names—then go to sleep, and you will awake with the faculty required. A complicated receipt this!

"The magician, meanwhile, was writing several lines in Arabic, which he afterwards tore into seven pieces, each containing a distich. A boy having been called (for a child only can receive the aid of magical vision), he drew a

double-lined square, with strange marks in the angles, on his hand, put some ink on the palm, and bade him look into it, and tell us what he saw.

"A chafing-dish having now been brought in, the wizard, his hands in his hand, began mumbling prayers or incantations, the same words, I believe, over and over again, at first in a loud voice, then gradually sinking till they were quite inaudible (like a top falling asleep), though his lips continued moving apart. From time to time he placed incense and one of the torn scraps of paper on the fire, frequently interrupting his incantation to ask the boy whether he saw any thing, to which he as frequently replied in the negative; at last he said, 'I saw something fit by quickly,' but nothing more came, and the wizard said we must procure another boy, which we did.

"The same ceremonies having been repeated, a man made his appearance, and, at the word of command, began sweeping; then he made the boy call for seven flags in succession, all of which made their appearance, and, last of all, the Sultan, whom he described as seated on his divan drinking coffee. 'Now,' said the magician, 'the charm is complete, and you may call for any one you like.'

"The first person we summoned was the Rev. ———, a mutual friend of William's and mine, and the first person who told them of these magicians; he was described, upon the whole, accurately, but this was the only successful summons; the spirits either would not come, or appeared by proxy, to the sad discomposure of Arab Glendower, who, it is but fair to state, attributed the failure to its being Ramadan.

"I tried him with Daniel Lambert, who, I was informed, was a thin man, and with Miss Biffin, who made her appearance with arms and legs. He has been equally unsuccessful with a party of Americans—this is odd enough when one considers how strongly Mr. Salt, Lord Prudhoe, and Major Felix, who subjected him to long and repeated examinations, were impressed with the belief of his supernatural powers.

"One thing is unquestionable—that the children do see a crowd of objects, following each other, and, at the commencement of the incantation, the very same objects—as vivid and distinct as if they looked out of the window at noon-day. How is this to be accounted for? Collusion is out of the question."

The circumstances connected with these magicians are so extraordinary, that we are sure that our readers will excuse us if we lay before them at

length the best account which has appeared of them, in an article in the *Quarterly Review*, on Lane's Manners and Customs of the Egyptians :—

“ Having thus very briefly skimmed over Mr. Lane's two volumes, we shall conclude by extracting an account of one of the most extraordinary feats of magic that have been recorded since the days of the Pharaohs, when the magicians of the same country were able to produce imitations ‘by their enchantments’ of the first two *only* of the many plagues brought upon Egypt; imitations near enough in their resemblance to impose upon the wicked king and his subjects; though they were wholly foiled in their presumptuous attempts at the rest. If the exhibition we allude to now had been related by persons who, from their general ignorance, or otherwise, might be considered undeserving of credence, we should have passed it in silence: but as it has been witnessed not only by Mr. Lane, but by several intelligent English travellers and residents—as for instance by Captain Lord Prudhoe, of the navy, and Major Felix, of the army, and Mr. Salt, the resident consul—we are disposed to enter into the subject; and more especially as we know there are some serious persons of sober and superior intellects, who not only do not doubt the literal accuracy of the story as told, but are not indisposed to entertain a feeling that the appearances narrated could only have been effected by superhuman means. It will be our business, after stating the facts, to endeavour to explain this mystery, to unravel which, ‘neither I nor others,’ says Mr. Lane, ‘have been able to discover any clue.’ This singular exhibition certainly conveys a deeper interest, from the circumstance of its being found in the same country which gave birth to those professors of the same arts, and who, more than three thousand years ago, had the audacity, by their enchantments, to endeavour to imitate the avenging power of the Almighty. But for Mr. Lane's narrative :—

“ A few days after my first arrival in this country, my curiosity was excited on the subject of magic by a circumstance related to me by Mr. Salt, our consul-general. Having had reason to believe that one of his servants was a thief, from the fact of several articles of property having been stolen from his house, he

sent for the celebrated Mugh'reb'ee magician, with the view of intimidating them, and causing the guilty one (if any of them were guilty) to confess his crime. The magician came; and said that he would cause the exact image of the person who had committed the thefts to appear to any youth not arrived at the age of puberty; and desired the master of the house to call in any boy whom he might choose. As several boys were then employed in a garden adjacent to the house, one of them was called for this purpose. In the palm of this boy's right hand the magician drew, with a pen, a certain diagram, in the centre of which he poured a little ink. Into this ink he desired the boy stedfastly to look. He then burned some incense and several bits of paper inscribed with charms; and, at the same time, called for various objects to appear in the ink. The boy declared that he saw all these objects, and last of all, the image of the guilty person; he described his stature, countenance, and dress; said that he knew him; and directly ran down into the garden, and apprehended one of the labourers, who, when brought before the master, immediately confessed that he was the thief.’—*Vol. i. pp. 346, 347.*

“ We should not have attached much importance to this discovery, provided the supposed power of the magician had stopped here: the boy was a neighbour; ‘he knew the man,’ and might have known him to be a thief; still it is curious; but that which Mr. Lane afterwards witnessed is infinitely more so. Being determined to have ocular proof of what he had heard, he applied to the interpreter of the British consulate, who brought to him the *Sheeykh 'Abd El-Cha'dir El-Mugh'reb'ee*, on whom the mantle of one of the ancient magicians of the Pharaohs would seem to have descended, and whose designation will remind every reader of the excellent tale of ‘*Maugrabey*’ the Magician.* The previous incantation of burning frankincense and coriander-seed, to wind up the charm, may, with many, pass for nothing, and so may the strips of paper inscribed with certain forms of invocation, such as

“ ‘*Tur'shoon*’ and ‘*Turyoo'shoon*,’ which, he said, were the names of two genii, his ‘familiar spirits.’ I compared the copies (says Mr. Lane) with the originals, and found that they exactly

* *Maugrabre* signifies a western man—i. e. a native of Morocco, or more generally of Mauritania, the country of the *Moors*, in which district the great colleges of magic (*Domdaniel*, &c.) were formerly situated, and in which the black art is still cultivated, it seems, to a great extent.

agreed. The following is a translation:

'Tur'shoon! Turyoo'shoon! Come down!

Come down! Be present! Whither are gone

the prince and his troops? Where are El Ah'mar

the prince and his troops? Be present,

ye servants of these names! And this is the removal.

And we have removed from thee thy veil; and thy sight to-day

is piercing. Correct, correct!"—*Vol. i. pp. 349, 350.*

The boy on the present occasion was brought in, by Mr. Lane's desire, from among a parcel of boys in the street, returning from a manufactory, and had therefore no previous communication with the old Magus. The preparations being completed, with all the accompanying mummerly, and after muttering indistinctly a few words,

"He then asked him (the boy) if he saw any thing in the ink; and was answered, 'No;' but about a minute after, the boy, trembling, and seeming much frightened, said, 'I see a man sweeping the ground.' 'When he has done sweeping,' said the magician, 'tell me.' Presently the boy said, 'He has done.' The magician then again interrupted his muttering to ask the boy if he knew what a *boytruck* (or flag) was? and, being answered 'Yes,' desired him to say, 'Bring a flag.' The boy did so, and soon said, 'He has brought a flag.' 'What colour is it?' asked the magician; the boy replied, 'Red.' He was told to call for another flag, which he did; and soon after he said that he saw another brought, and that it was black. In like manner, he was told to call for a third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh, which he described as being successively brought before him, specifying their colours as white, green, black, red, and blue. The magician then asked him (as he did, also, each time that a new flag was described as being brought), 'How many flags have you now before you?' 'Seven,' answered the boy. While this was going on, the magician put the second and third of the small strips of paper upon which the forms of invocation were written, into the chafing-dish; and, fresh frankincense and coriander-seed having been repeatedly added, the fumes became painful to the eyes. When the boy had described the seven flags as appearing to him, he was desired to say, 'Bring the Soolta'n's tent, and pitch it.' This he did; and in about a minute after he said, 'Some men have

brought the tent—a large, green tent; they are pitching it;' and presently he added, 'they have set it up.' 'Now,' said the magician, 'order the soldiers to come, and to pitch their camp around the tent of the Soolta'n.' The boy did as he was desired; and immediately said, 'I see a great many soldiers, with their tents; they have pitched the tents.' He was then told to order that the soldiers should be drawn up in ranks; and, having done so, he presently said, that he saw them thus arranged. The magician had put the fourth of the little strips of paper into the chafing-dish, and soon after he did the same with the fifth. He now said, 'Tell some of the people to bring a bull.' The boy gave the order required, and said, 'I see a bull; it is red; four men are dragging it along, and three are beating it.' He was told to desire them to kill it, and cut it up, and to put the meat in saucers, and cook it. He did as he was directed, and described these operations as apparently performed before his eyes. 'Tell the soldiers,' said the magician, 'to eat it.' The boy did so, and said, 'They are eating it. They have done, and are washing their hands.' The magician then told him to call for the Soolta'n; and the boy, having done this, said, 'I see the Soolta'n riding to his tent, on a bay horse, and he has on his head a high red cap; he has alighted at his tent, and sat down within it.' 'Desire them to bring coffee to the Soolta'n,' said the magician, 'and to form the court.' These orders were given by the boy; and he said that he saw them performed.—*Vol. i. pp. 353, 355.*

"Even here, though the boy was selected by Mr. Lane, a suspicion might arise of some collusion between the magician and the boy; that the objects, supposed to be seen by him in the ink, had no existence, but had previously been arranged in a regular succession, and that the boy had learned them by heart; but we are assured no possibility of such a collusion could have taken place, and we are perfectly satisfied there was none. To proceed:—

"He now addressed himself to me, and asked me if I wished the boy to see any person who was absent or dead? I named Lord Nelson, of whom the boy had evidently never heard; for it was with much difficulty that he pronounced the name after several trials. The magician desired the boy to say to the Soolta'n—'My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson: bring him before my eyes, that I may see him, speedily.' The boy then did so, and almost immediately added, 'A messenger is gone, and has returned,

and brought a man, dressed in a black* suit of European clothes: the man has lost his left arm.† He then paused for a moment or two; and, looking more intently and more closely into the ink, said, 'No, he has not lost his left arm, but it is placed to his breast.' This correction made his description more striking than it had been without it, since Lord Nelson generally had his empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat; but it was the right arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician whether the object appeared in the ink as if actually before the eyes, or as if in a glass, which makes the right appear left. He answered, that they appeared as in a mirror. This rendered the boy's description faultless.

"The next person I called for was a native of Egypt, who has been for many years resident in England, where he has adopted our dress, and who had been long confined to his bed by illness before I embarked for this country: I thought that his name, one not very uncommon in Egypt, might make the boy describe him incorrectly; though another boy, on the former visit of the magician, had described this same person as wearing a European dress, like that in which I last saw him. In the present case the boy said, 'Here is a man brought on a kind of bier, and wrapped up in a sheet.' This description would suit, supposing the person in question to be still confined to his bed, or if he be dead.‡ The boy described his face as covered; and was told to order that it should be uncovered. This he did, and then said, 'His face is pale, and he has mustaches, but no beard,' which is correct.'—*Vol. i. pp. 354, 355.*

"It will probably occur to some that the magician might make a shrewd guess that, after the warlike preparations by the initiatory displays of flags and tents and the grand Seigneur, an Englishman would most probably feel disposed to ask for the Duke of Wellington, or Lord Nelson, and a Frenchman for Buonaparte or Soult, and that he had prepared himself with descriptions of them accordingly, either from prints, or from information procured on the spot; but by what magical power could he convey to the boy an accurate description, as we are told he did, of Shakespeare? what could he be supposed to know of Shakspeare? It is

obvious that he, or the boy, or both, must have seen the likeness of what is said to have been so accurately described. Even this may be so; he (the conjuror) may once before have been asked to exhibit our first of poets, and to have failed the first time; for we are told by Mr. Lane, and also by others, that, all-powerful as he is, the Magus is apt occasionally to fail; and when this happens, the failure is usually laid to the state of the weather, the stupidity, or improper age of the boy, &c. If, then, this Sidrophel's reputation and popularity are worth preserving, it would be worth his while to get possession of the wanting portrait, and not fail a second time. But still the question occurs, how is this likeness conveyed? 'That there was no confederacy,' says Mr. Lane, 'I satisfactorily ascertained, by selecting the boy who performed the part above described, in my presence, from a number of others passing by in the street, and by his rejecting a present which I afterwards offered him with the view of inducing him to confess that he did not really see what he had professed to have seen.' The result was the same with another boy on a subsequent occasion. Then, again, supposing that by pictorial representations, or descriptions otherwise procured, many public characters might admit of accurate description, what previous preparation could the magician have for describing a certain obscure individual as lying in a winding-sheet, or that which follows, which is still more extraordinary?—

"On one of these occasions, an Englishman present ridiculed the performance, and said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of the appearance of his own father, of whom, he was sure, no one of the company had any knowledge. The boy, accordingly, having called by name for the person alluded to, described a man in a Frank dress, of course, with his hand placed to his head, wearing spectacles, and with one foot on the ground, and the other raised behind him, as if he were stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect; the peculiar position of the hand was occasioned by an almost constant headache; and that of the foot or leg by a stiff knee, caused by a fall from a horse in hunting.'—*Vol. i. p. 356.*

"Here there could be no collusion,

* "Dark blue is called, by the modern Egyptians, *es'wed*, which properly signifies black, and is therefore so translated here."

† "A few months after this was written, I had the pleasure of hearing that the person here alluded to was in better health. Whether he was confined to his bed at the time when this experiment was performed, I have not been able to ascertain."

nor, what is far more important, could the magician have had any previous information. What the boy described we will venture to say he saw; and so might Mr. Lane himself, or any one, if placed as the boy was, have seen the same things. He instances this, indeed, in the case of a young English lady, in the palm of whose hand the magic mirror of ink was prepared, and who, on looking into it for a little while, said 'she saw a broom sweeping the ground, without any body holding it, and was so much frightened that she would look no longer.'

"When we first heard of the wonderful exhibition of the Egyptian magician, as related, but never published, by Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix, the impression was, that the appearances were effected by a concealed confederate, as in the cases of the speaking female figure and the famous chess-player; but Mr. Lane's narrative entirely removed that impression. Still the description he has given was not explicit enough to enable us to groand any plausible conjecture, as to the means employed for the mysterious appearances, though obviously produced by natural (not superhuman) magic.

We, therefore, through the medium of a friend, put a few questions to Mr. Lane, as to the place of performance, whether in or out of doors; the company assembled, whether a crowd or otherwise; the relative position in which he was placed to the magician and the boy, and on some other points, all of which he most readily and with great candour immediately answered. The exhibition it appears was in his own small sitting-room, fifteen feet by ten, the whole furniture of which he minutely describes; and it was in the evening that the visit was made. He then proceeds to say,

"There was no one present but the magician, the boy, 'Osma'n Effen'dee (interpreter to the British Consulate) and myself; and there was no person in the adjoining closet, which had no entrance but that from the sitting-room. I was alone when the magician came. He took his seat immediately upon the sofa, and sat quite still. The only preparation he made for the performance was the writing of the charms, of which I have given a copy, and calling for the chafing-dish and perfumes. I watched him very narrowly and closely during the whole of the interview. I sat on his right, and 'Osma'n on his left. The boy was placed close before him on a seat, a little to his left; and the chafing-dish was also close before him. With his left hand he held the fingers of the boy's right hand, in which was the ink; with his right, the slips of paper which he occasionally dropped upon the

burning coals and perfume. He did not suffer the boy to raise his eyes for a single moment from the ink during the whole performance. When I desired the boy to call for any person to appear, I paid particular attention both to the magician and to 'Osma'n. The latter, I positively assert, gave no directions either by word or sign; and indeed he was generally unacquainted with the personal appearances of the individuals called for. I took care that he had no previous communication with the boys; and have seen the experiment fail when he *could* have given directions to the boys or to the magician. In short, it would be difficult to conceive any precaution which I did not take. It is important to add, that the Moorish dialect of the magician was more intelligible to me than to the boy: His dialect I should not have called Moorish, for it was rather a compound of the literary dialect, the Moorish and the Egyptian; and when I understood him perfectly at once, he was obliged to vary his words to make the boy comprehend what he said.'

"Thus, then, we may venture to say we have the agents in this exhibition reduced to *three*—the magician, the chafing-dish with its contents, and the boy; we may, perhaps, consider the daub of ink as a fourth, though, according to our conception of the performance, it is of small importance. We have suggested that the magician was in possession of *pictures* of the objects seen and described by the boy: but how could the boy see those pictures, since he was not suffered 'to raise his eyes for a single moment from the ink during the whole performance?' This, by the way, explains why the boy selected should be of a certain age; not too young, lest he should not be able to explain what he sees; not too old, or he might be refractory, or be led by curiosity to exercise a too inquisitive and searching eye, and thus see more than was intended. The boy certainly saw no pictures, but he saw the *images* of the objects represented in them; and he saw them by *reflection*, as is proved by the reversion of Lord Nelson's arm. But the conjurer himself, perhaps unintentionally, admitted this. To a question put by Mr. Lane, his reply was, 'they (the objects) appeared as in a mirror.' This avowal, we should have thought, might have led at once to an explanation of the mystery.

"The explanation, then, we assume to be this:—The reflected objects of a series of pictures are thrown from the surface of a concave mirror, fixed, probably, to some part of the magician's garment, and concealed by the ample and

cumbersome overlapping of his outer dress; the burning of frankincense and coriander-seed, and of the slips of paper, in the chafing-dish, repeated from time to time, afforded both light and a cloud of smoke, under the very nose of the boy, on which those images were received—for Mr. Lane tells us the magician, the chafing-dish, and the boy, were in a line, and must have been close together, since the former held firmly the fingers of the boy's hand, no doubt to keep it and the ink-spot in the proper focus; and the interdiction of the boy from 'raising his eyes' was, no doubt, to prevent his seeing the spot from whence the stream of reflected light, conveying the images, proceeded. All this could easily be managed without Mr. Lane or 'Osma'n knowing any thing of the matter, or seeing any of the representations described; they were seated *behind* the mirror. The effects to be produced by such a mirror are well known. Sir David Brewster, in his letters on *Natural Magic*, says—

"The concave mirror is the staple instrument of the magician's cabinet, and must always perform a principal part in all optical combinations. In order to be quite perfect, every concave mirror should have its surface elliptical, so that if any object is placed in one focus of the ellipse, an inverted image of it will be formed in the other focus. This image, to a spectator rightly placed, appears suspended in the air, so that if the mirror and the object are hid from his view, the effect must appear to him almost supernatural."

"It was by means of this concave mirror, he tells us, that the heathen gods were made to appear in the ancient temples among the vapours disengaged from fire; by it the ecclesiastical conjuror, the Pontiff Theodore Santubaren, exhibited to the Emperor Basil of Macedonia the image of his beloved son, after his death, magnificently dressed, and mounted on a superb charger; by it was performed the extraordinary exhibition described by the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini, and in which he was personally concerned, where whole legions of devils were made to appear, among the cloudy atmosphere of a large apartment, created by the burning of incense and perfumes; in short, by the same means, not many years ago, the people of London were made to see their distant and deceased friends in the phantasmagoria;—why, then, should we suppose that a native of a country, celebrated in ancient times for its conjurors, should not be acquainted with the effects of the concave mirror?"

"Thus far, then, we think we have

undrawn the curtain; but much remains to be unveiled. Of the mode by which the correct appearance of private individuals 'unknown to fame' are produced, as was the case at Mr. Lane's exhibition, and that also of Lord Prudhoe, we cannot venture even a conjecture, unless we could persuade ourselves, which the character of the parties who have witnessed the phenomenon forbids, that imagination had got the better of reason, and produced absolute illusions.

"Mr. Lane, in the conclusion of his narrative, after admitting that neither he nor any others have been able to discover any clue to penetrate the mystery, goes on to say, 'if the reader be alike unable to give the solution, I hope that he will not allow the above account to induce in his mind any degree of scepticism with respect to other portions of this work.' We can assure him he need not be at all apprehensive of this: what he saw and what he heard (and during his two visits, the first of four, the second of three years' continuance in the country, he must have heard and seen a great deal), we are fully convinced he has faithfully and minutely related; and his work is a record of unquestionable value, containing every thing respecting the 'Manners and Customs of the Egyptians' that could be desired."

We make no apology for the length of this extract. The incidents which it relates are certainly the most extraordinary that modern times have placed on record. The feats of the magician were witnessed by persons not likely to be imposed upon; and we have even the testimony of the evidently sceptical Lord Lindsay to the fact that there was no collusion whatever between the magician and the boy.

A very singular part of the transaction is, that the preliminary figures seen by the boys are invariably the same—the order and color of the flags, and the pitching of the Sultan's tent. This effectually precludes the supposition that the boy's imagination was the cause of the objects being seen in his hand. It is perfectly impossible that imagination should work precisely similar effects in so many different persons. In fact, by whatever means the apparitions were produced, there can, we think, be no doubt that they were actually and *bonâ fide* seen by the boy.

A note at the end of the article in the *Quarterly*, to which we have adverted, communicates some additional particulars, which we cannot avoid extracting:—

"After concluding this article, we

ceived the following paper from an English gentleman of high character, himself one of the eye-witnesses of the feats of the modern Maugraby. We think it our duty to insert the paper just as it has reached us. It no doubt contains some new features of difficulty; but still we can have no doubt that ere long the sharpened eyes of some European observer will enable him to give us a rational and natural explanation of all these phenomena.

"That the boy really sees what he describes is evident, and Mr. Lane and other intelligent travellers have set this question completely at rest; nor can any one for a moment doubt that the objects actually present themselves to his sight. The ink is not, as some suppose, a circle drawn in the centre of the hand, but about half a tea-spoonful, forming a liquid ball about the size of a pistol bullet, which has been poured into it. We might suppose that the magician availed himself of it in order to present the appearances he wished him to describe, but the certainty of his knowing no more about the persons called for than the child himself, sufficiently answers this supposition; and the distance at which the boy frequently sits from him, and the position of his hand, prevent the reflection being thrown from any mirror, or other object, with which he might be provided for that purpose. So far I have been enabled to judge from my own observations, during the performances I have witnessed, and from that of the many intelligent persons who have been present on similar occasions, men not likely to be easily deceived on such points, or guilty of a disposition to credulity. But a far stronger argument to show the improbability of any legerdemain is derived from the fact of some Europeans, after learning the secret, being persuaded that no such deception is practised; having themselves succeeded in performing the same feats, without recourse to any delusion; and M. Leon Delaborde, and others instructed in the art, have been unable to explain in what manner they attained the end proposed, of making the figures appear to the child.

"I say nothing of the cause to which the magician himself attributes his power, but I am not prepared to suggest any explanation; nor does it follow that my doubting one opinion necessarily requires me to offer another: this, however, I am prepared to assert, that no collusion exists between the magician and the boy, as is the decided conviction of all who have taken any pains to inquire into the fact. Though many eye-witnesses are fully capable of suggesting and

imagining different means used for such a purpose, have acknowledged the utter impossibility of accounting for it, yet we frequently meet with persons in this country, who have never seen the magician, ready to offer some crude notion of their own for explaining it, and without hearing half the details, imagining, with wonderful simplicity, that they have discovered the optical delusion, or the ordinary sleight of hand, by which it is performed. But let it be remembered, that conjurers are as common in Egypt as in England, more anciently known there, and quite as dexterous as ours; yet the Cairenes do not pretend that their tricks are the effect of magic, nor do they confound the performances of the magician and the conjurer. The magician does not make a livelihood by them: whenever I engaged him, he came rather as a matter of favour, and only required enough to cover the expenses of the incense; he was of the medical profession, and was attached to the Cadi's court.

"The account given by Mr. Lane on this subject is perfectly correct; that of M. Leon Delaborde, given in the *Revue des deux Mondes* of August, 1833, does not vary greatly from it, but is deficient in many points, and contains some misstatements, as may be seen from the following description of the same performances he mentions, communicated to me by more than one person present on that occasion:—

"All the party sat round the magician and the boy, in whose hand were traced the usual square and the numbers, as given by Mr. Lane. This boy was the son of an Italian merchant, about eleven years old, and although dressed as an European, he had been brought up in the country, and spoke Arabic with facility. The magician, to fix the boy's attention, which was distracted, told him to look into his hand and tell the party what he saw. The boy, after a few seconds, laughing, observed, 'I see my *tarboosh* (cap);' and then, 'I see my nose.' In a short time he became much agitated, and with tears said, 'I see a man with a sword.' Being much alarmed, he was no longer permitted to continue to look: the party tranquillized his agitation, and made him retire.

"A son of M. Masséra, the dragoman of the French Consulate, was then brought in. This boy was dull and heavy, while the former Italian child was quick and intelligent. The magician began as usual; the chafing-dish of live charcoal stood near, and when the double square and accompanying numbers had been drawn in the boy's hand, and the portion of ink poured into the centre of the

palm, the magician wrote two charms; fixed one in the boy's cap, and burned the other in the chafing-dish, and scattering some perfumes over the charcoal, began the incantation.

"In a short time the boy saw the usual man, and following the words of the magician, he said to him, 'sweep.' After each command, the boy explained when it was fulfilled. 'Bring a flag,' was the next order; and when that arrived, he said, 'bring another flag,' and this was repeated, until all the seven had appeared. He then ordered him to 'bring the tents;' soldiers appeared bringing them; 'pitch the tents,' 'bring a bull,' 'sacrifice the bull,' 'cook and eat,' were the next commands; and when all were executed, he said, 'call the sultan,' 'bring pipes and coffee;' and this ceremony of bringing coffee being finished, the magician observed to the company, 'whatever question you wish to ask, now is the time.' M. Delaborde, who would not tell any one of the party for whom he was about to ask, in order to obviate the possibility of collusion, demanded, 'le Duc de la Riviere;' the boy repeated the order. 'A cavass,' he said, 'is gone for him;' and an officer was brought into the presence of the sultan, dressed in uniform, with silver lace round his collar and cuffs, and round his hat. M. Delaborde observed, 'this is an extraordinary coincidence; Monsieur de la Riviere is the only officer in France whose uniform is decorated with silver lace. It is the uniform of le Grand Veneur.'

"The magician then placed his hand over the boy's eyes, and took him from his seat. The boy, whose countenance had brightened, while seeing these strange sights, endeavoured, by looking again into the ink in his hand, to see them once more, but in vain. During the operation, when the first man appeared, he had explained how he was dressed, and told the colours and forms of the flags as they appeared, with the eagerness of delight: when, therefore, all was over, the party questioned him on the subject, and asked him how he knew it was the sultan? he replied, 'his dress was magnificent, his attendants stood with their arms crossed over their breast; they served him in the tent; he took the post of honour on the divan—his pipes and coffee-cup-stands were brilliant with diamonds.' 'But how,' he was asked, 'did you know that the sultan sent for the duke?' the boy's expression was, 'I saw the lips move to the words, and heard them in my ear.'

"On another occasion, after the sweeper, the seven flags, the tents brought by the soldiers, and the sultan,

had been produced, by a Nubian boy, one of the party asked for Shakspeare. On seeing the figure which appeared to him, the boy burst into a laugh; and when asked at what he laughed, he said, 'here is a man who has his beard under his lip, and not on his chin, and he wears on his head a *candee* (a glass lamp shaped like a tumbler, with a narrow bottom) upside down.' 'Where did he live?' asked another; the answer was, 'in an island.'

"M. Delaborde has mentioned these, but not with that accuracy which could be desired; and amongst other misstatements, I cannot omit the mention he makes of the smoke of the brazier enveloping the head of the child, as I never either witnessed or heard of it; and I remember to have seen some of the spectators seated between the magician and the child, showing that the smoke had no part in the deception.

"M. Delaborde tells us that on one occasion an English officer was summoned, who appeared in a red coat and black cap, with boots of curious form, which the boy observed he had never before seen; and after other persons had been called for, the magician, observing that the boy was fatigued,—" *lui releva la tête, en lui appliquant ses pouces sur les yeux, et prononçant des prières, le laissa. . . .* Il se remit peu à peu, devint gai, content de ce qu'il avait vu; il se plaisait à la raconter, à en rappeler toutes les circonstances, et y ajoutant des détails, comme à un événement qui se serait réellement passé sous ses yeux. . . . Le magicien remarqua l'attention plus particulière que je portais à ses mouvemens. . . . il m'appela, et dit qu'il était sur d'opérer sur moi avec le même succès. La société rit, et me dit d'essayer. . . . je cédai, et je vis en peu d'instans ma figure, mes yeux se troubler dans le vacillement de la surface liquide que j'avais dans la main, et bientôt quelque chose, je n'ose l'avouer, mais, j'en eus peur, peur, non de ce que je verrais, mais de l'effet que cela produirait sur moi, des réponses qu'on allait m'arracher, devant le monde curieux et moqueur. Je fermais les yeux, et dis que c'était inutile, que je ne voyais rien. . . . Ahmed consentait à m'apprendre son secret."

"M. Leon Delaborde having learned the secret, was shortly after called to Alexandria, where he resolved on trying his success, in a place where he felt sure that no understanding could 'be suspected between the sorcerer and the boys' he employed.

"Une fois, entre autres, je fis apparaître un de mes amis qui était au Caire, et l'enfant, dans la description de ser

costume qu'il suivit fort exactement, se mit à dire,—"Tiens, c'est fort drôle, il a un sabre d'argent." Or (ce monsieur) était peut-être le seul en Egypte qui portât un sabre avec fourreau de ce métal.

"On his return to Cairo, M. Delaborde was requested to discover a thief in the house of M. Massara, dragoman of the French consulate; and his expression of a doubt respecting his success is remarkable:—

"Je ne commençai cette opération qu'avec une certaine crainte... pour comble de malheur le cavaas ne voulait pas paraître, malgré les parfums que je précipitais dans le feu, et les violentes aspirations à mes invocations aux génies les plus favorables; enfin il arriva, et après les préliminaires nécessaires, tous évoquâmes le voleur. Il parut. . . . en effet il nous donna la description de sa figure, de son turban, de sa barbe, à ne pas douter qu'il fût là devant lui."

"I leave the reader to draw his own conclusions respecting these statements of M. Leon Delaborde. It is evident, from his anxiety to avoid the chance of any 'understanding between the magician and the boys,' that his success was not the effect of collusion. His object in publishing his account was to reveal all he knew of the secret, and he does not admit that any physical agent was employed to convey the images to the boys' sight, though he was able to perform the very same feat as the magician.

"Another person, an Englishman, who resided many years in Egypt, also learned the art from the magician; and one day, while discoursing with him upon the subject, he offered to make the trial, whether he could perform the same feats. In order to ascertain this, I sent for a boy, and after the usual preliminaries, he succeeded perfectly in every point. Desirous of knowing in what the secret consisted, I inquired of him the means by which he performed what I had just witnessed. He assured me that it was merely by the repetition of the forms taught him by the magician, and that he was himself totally unconscious of possessing any power or influence over the child, and all collusion was positively denied; and though he afterwards did the same with similar results, he solemnly asserted that he was always ignorant of the manner in which it was effected.

"With regard to the persons called for, after the scenes of the flags and the sultan have been concluded, it must be confessed that the coincidences in some of them are very striking, though in other they fail; and the succession of —as the sweeper, the seven flags, the tents, and the sultan—is

always the same; and this prevents or attributing their appearance to the imagination of the child, as all would not imagine the same scenes; and to make the boys see any figures at all is quite inexplicable. The boy frequently sat at a distance from the magician, and he sometimes went to another part of the room while the child described the figures; and these exhibitions took place at the consulate, and the private dwelling-houses of Europeans, without any previous notice being given farther than a message sent to invite the magician to attend.

"The disposition of the numbers of the magic square in M. Delaborde and Mr. Lane's account is precisely similar: it is worthy of remark that the ink in the centre corresponds to the number *five*; and the principal point in which M. Delaborde differs from Mr. Lane and others, is his omission of the seven flags, the troops, the encampment, the sacrifice, the dinner, and the sultan's order to the cavaas to fetch the different persons who were called for; but I suppose that he accidentally omitted them, or that they are included in the 'détails circonstanciés,' into which he does not think it necessary to enter.

"In conclusion, M. Delaborde informs us that Ahmed the Algerine was beheaded, for having caused the death of a Turk by the injudicious use of certain medicines. His absence, however, from Cairo, at the return of M. Delaborde, was not in consequence of his death, but of his banishment to Cordofan, whither he had been sent by Mohammed Ali, with many others, for receiving bribes at the Cadi's court, where he was employed in an inferior station; and a general pardon having been proclaimed at the conclusion of the Syrian war, the same magician still continues to exercise his profession at Cairo, and was seen only a few months since by some travellers who visited the Egyptian metropolis."

Our readers have now the whole facts of this extraordinary case before them; and, we confess, we can offer them very little help at arriving at a judgment as to the agency by which it is accomplished. We think, however, it is quite clear, that the agency suggested by the Quarterly Review, is quite insufficient to account for it. No expertness of jugglery could work such miracles with the concave mirror. Besides, if we are to believe the accounts given in the note of the performance of the feats by M. Laborde and others, merely by observing the forms prescribed by the magician—the supposition of any such contrivance

vanishes at once. Even here, without this evidence, we hold it utterly impossible for any one to examine carefully the different circumstances related in the note, and believe that there is room for the possibility of the deception of the mirror.

A very singular feature in the case is, that the magician did not practice his art for money—this is in itself almost decisive against the idea of legerdemain—what object could he have had in maintaining an imposition?

We pretend not to account for the effects produced. We are very willing to believe that

“There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamed of in our philosophy.”

Scepticism is not always the mark of superior wisdom—and though we believe the minor explanation of the writer in the *Quarterly*, have certainly very little right to charge with credulity those who find a difficulty in assenting to this improbability.

Lord Lindsay's scepticism is certainly entitled to some respect; for it is founded on the most rational of all grounds—the failure, or the supposed failure, of the experiment. But we confess, to our minds, the account given by Lord Lindsay corroborates rather than weakens the mysterious impressions produced by those of others.

In the first place, we have an additional testimony to the absence of all collusion—and we have the offer made by the magician, to communicate his power—the flags, too, and the sultan appeared in their due course; and there is just as much difficulty in accounting for these appearances as for any that followed. The first person, too, for whom Lord Lindsay asked, was accurately described; and subsequent failures and mistakes appear rather to controvert the idea of any illusion of legerdemain. It will be observed, too, that the first attempt of the magician was altogether unsuccessful, and that he was obliged to change the boy to attain even the partial success of his second experiment.

On the whole, we confess we see no adequate or even plausible solution of the difficulty. To refer feats of the magician to supernatural agency would be, perhaps, to expose ourselves to the ridicule of this enlightened age; and yet we must honestly confess, that on the evidence at present before us, we can arrive at no other conclusion. We cannot help adding, that a disbelief in

what is termed supernatural agency, may often be a mark of a spirit more presumptuous than wise. There is at the present day a silly scepticism abroad on such subjects, which appear to be very philosophical, but certainly derives very little countenance from either reason or revelation.

The power and personal existence of Satan is perhaps a fact as clearly revealed to us in scripture, as any other truth which it teaches. There can be no question that we are distinctly taught that there is not a principle of evil, but an individual being of deep malignity, and exercising an active influence over the course of our affairs. Of the extent, indeed, of the power we are not clearly informed—but no person can doubt of the existence of the individual being. That there are subordinate spiritual existences, both good and evil, likewise interfering with the affairs of mankind, is just as clearly told; and though we cannot presume to fathom the reasons why such things are or are not permitted, we are given distinctly to understand that we are placed in a state in which spiritual existences put forth power and energies both for good and for evil, affecting our course and destinies in creation.

Of the various modes in which this interference may be carried on, it is manifest we know nothing. The mysterious union between our own souls and bodies may teach us how very far astray any guesses will probably be as to the nature of the link by which the spiritual may be connected with the sensible world. However fantastic or apparently objectless the interference may appear, this ought to raise no presumption that it does not exist, unless we are prepared, knowing only one of the two—the spiritual and the sensible (and how little even of that)—to decide upon matters which only could be appreciated in their connexion with both.

We leave the facts of this Egyptian magic to make their own impression on the minds of our readers—it is not for us to explain or account for them. We cannot divest our minds of the impression that they occurred in a land where such manifestations seem to claim a peculiar locality—the land of Jannes and Jambres—where they “withstood Moses by their enchantments.” We confess, too, we could not help being struck by the declaration of Caviglia, which we have already quoted from the volumes before us—that it was only a sense of religion that

restrained him from professing the power of the ancient magician.

Be this as it may, here we are indebted to Lord Lindsay for two amusing and instructive volumes. We have rapidly brought our readers along with

him on his travels, and if they have gone with us in the spirit in which we have proceeded, they will lay down, as we have done, the volumes, and part from our amiable and intelligent companion with regret.

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

CHAPTER XXVI.—MR. O'LEARY.

At the conclusion of my last chapter I was about to introduce to my reader's acquaintance my friend Mr. O'Leary; and, as he is destined to occupy some place in the history of these Confessions, I may, perhaps, be permitted to do so at somewhat more length than his intrinsic merit at first sight might appear to warrant.

Mr. O'Leary was, and I am induced to believe is, a particularly short, fat, greasy-looking gentleman, with a head as free from phrenological development as a billiard-ball, and a countenance which, in feature and colour, nearly resembled the face of a cherub carved in oak, as we see them in old pulpits.

Short as is his stature, his limbs compose by far the least of it. His hands and feet forming some compensation by their ample proportions, give to his entire air and appearance somewhat the look of a small fish, with short, thick fins, vulgarly called a cobbler's thumb. His voice, varying in cadence from a deep barytone to a high falsetto, maintains throughout the distinctive characteristic of a Dublin accent and pronunciation, and he talks of the "Veel of Oveca, and a beef-steek," with some pride of intonation. What part of the Island he came originally from, or what may be his age, are questions I have the most profound ignorance of; I have heard many anecdotes which would imply his being what the French call "*d'un age mûre*"—but his own observations are strictly limited to events occurring since the peace of "fifteen." To his personal attractions, such as they are, he has never been solicitous of contributing by the meretricious aids of dress. His coat, calculating from its length of waist and ample skirt, would fit Bumbo Green, while his trowsers, being made of some cheap and shrieking material, have gradually contracted their limits, and look now exactly like knee-breeches, without the usual buttons at the bottom.

These, with the addition of a pair of

green spectacles, the glass of one being absent, and permitting the look out of a sharp, grey eye, twinkling with drollery and good humour, form the most palpable of his externals. In point of character, they who best knew him represented him as the best-tempered, best-hearted fellow breathing; ever ready to assist a friend, and always postponing his own plans and his own views, when he had any, to the wishes and intentions of others. Among the many odd things about him, were a constant preference to travelling on foot, and a great passion for living abroad, both of which tastes he gratified, although his size might seem to offer obstacles to the one, and his total ignorance of every continental language would appear to preclude the other; with a great liking for tobacco, which he smoked all day—a fondness for whist and malt liquors—his antipathies were few, so that except when called upon to shave more than once in the week, or wash his hands twice on the same day, it was difficult to disconcert him. His fortune was very ample; but although his mode of living was neither very ostentatious nor costly, he contrived always to spend his income. Such was the gentleman I now presented to my friends, who, I must confess, appeared strangely puzzled by his manner and appearance. This feeling, however, soon wore off; and before he had spent the morning in their company, he had made more way in their good graces, and gone farther to establish intimacy, than many a more accomplished person, with an unexceptionable coat and accurate whiskers, might have effected in a fortnight. What were his gifts in this way, I am, alas, most deplorably ignorant of; it was not, heaven knows, that he possessed any conversational talent. Of successful flattery he knew as much as a negro does of the national debt, and yet the "*bon hommie*" of his character seemed to tell at once; and I never knew him fail in any one instance to establish an

interest for himself, before he had completed the ordinary period of a visit.

I think it is Washington Irving, who has so admirably depicted the mortification of a dandy angler, who, with his beaver garnished with brown hackles, his well poised rod, polished gaff, and handsome landing-net, with every thing befitting, spends his long summer day whipping a trout stream without a rise or even a ripple to reward him, while a ragged urchin with a willow wand and a bent pin, not ten yards distant, is covering the greensward with myriads of speckled and scaly backs, from one pound weight to four; so it is in every thing, "the race is not to the swift;" the elements of success in life, whatever be the object of pursuit, are very, very different from what we think them at first sight, and so it certainly was with Mr. O'Leary; and I have more than once witnessed the triumph of his homely manner and blunt humour, over the more polished and well-bred taste of his competitors for favour, and what might have been the limit to such success, Heaven alone can tell, if it were not that he laboured under a counterbalancing infirmity sufficient to have swamped a line-of-battle ship itself. It was simply this—a most unfortunate propensity to talk of the wrong place, person, or time, in any society he found himself; and this taste for the *mal apropos*, extended so far, that no one ever ventured into company with him as his friend without trembling for the result; but even this, I believe his only fault, resulted from the natural goodness of his character and intentions; for, believing as he did, in his honest simplicity, that the arbitrary distinctions of class and rank were held as cheaply by others as himself, he felt small scruple at recounting to a duchess a scene in a cabaret, and with as little hesitation would he, if asked, have sung the "Cruiskeen lawn," or the "Jug of punch," after Lablanche had finished the "Al Idea," from *Figaro*. *Mauvaise honte*, he had none; indeed I am not sure that he had any kind of shame whatever, except possibly when detected with a coat that bore any appearance of newness, or if over-persuaded to wear gloves, which he ever considered as a special effeminacy.

Such, in a few words, was the gentleman I now presented to my friends, and how far he insinuated himself into their good graces, let the fact tell, that on my return to the breakfast-room,

after about an hour's absence, I heard him detailing the particulars of a route they were to take by his advice, and also learned that he had been offered and had accepted a seat in their carriage to Paris.

"Then I'll do myself the pleasure of joining your party, Mrs. Bingham," said he. "Bingham, I think, madam, is your name."

"Yes sir,"

"Any relation, may I ask, of a most dear friend of mine, of the same name, from Currynaslattery, in the county Wexford?"

"I am really not aware," said Mrs. Bingham. "My husband's relatives are, I believe, many of them in that county."

"Ah, what a pleasant fellow was Dick!" said Mr. O'Leary musingly, and with that peculiar tone which made me tremble, for I knew well that a reminiscence was coming. "A pleasant fellow indeed."

"Is he alive, sir, now?"

"I believe so, ma'am; but I hear the climate does not agree with him."

"Ah then he's abroad! In Italy probably?"

"No, ma'am, in Botany Bay. His brother, they say, might have saved him, but he left poor Dick to his fate, for he was just then paying his court to a Miss Crow, I think, with a large fortune. Oh Lord, what have I said, it's always the luck of me!" The latter exclamation was the result of a heavy fall upon the floor, Mrs. Bingham having fallen in a faint—she being the identical lady alluded to, and her husband the brother of pleasant Dick Bingham.

To hurl Mr. O'Leary out of the room by one hand, and ring the bell with the other, was the work of a moment; and with proper care and in due time Mrs. Bingham was brought to herself, when most fortunately she entirely forgot the cause of her sudden indisposition; and, of course, neither her daughter nor myself suffered any clue to escape us which might lead to its discovery.

When we were once more upon the road, to efface if it might be necessary any unpleasant recurrence to the late scene, I proceeded to give Mrs. Bingham an account of my adventure at Chantraine, in which, of course, I endeavoured to render my friend O'Leary all the honours of being laughed at in preference to myself, laying little stress

upon my masquerading in the jack-boots.

"You are quite right," said O'Leary, joining in the hearty laugh about him, "quite right, I was always a very heavy sleeper—indeed if I wasn't I wouldn't be here now, travelling about, *en garçon*, free as air;" here he heaved a sigh, which from its incongruity with his jovial look and happy expression, threw us all into renewed laughter.

"But why, Mr. O'Leary—what can your sleepiness have to do with such tender recollections, for such, sir, sure that sigh bespeaks them?"

"Ah! ma'am, it may seem strange, but it is, nevertheless, true, if it were not for that unfortunate tendency, I should now be the happy possessor of a most accomplished and amiable lady, and eight hundred per annum three and a half per cent. stock."

"You overslept yourself on the wedding day, I suppose."

"You shall hear, ma'am, the story is a very short one—it is now about eight years ago, I was rambling through the south of France, and had just reached Lyons, where the confounded pavement, that sticks up like pears, with the point upwards, had compelled me to rest some days and recruit; for this purpose I installed myself in the pension of Madame Gorgeaud, Rue de Petits Carmes, a quiet house—where we dined at twelve, ten in number, upon about two pounds of stewed beef, with garlic and carrots—a light soup, being the water which accompanied the same to render it tender in stewing—some preserved cherries, and an omellette, with a pint bottle of Beauve, 6me qualité, I believe—a species of pyrolignous wine made from the vine stalks, but pleasant in summer with your salad; then we played dominos in the evening, or whist for sous points, leading altogether a very quiet and virtuous existence, or as Madame herself expressed it, '*une vie tout a fait patriarchale*;' of this I cannot myself affirm how far she was right in supposing the patriarchs did exactly like us. But to proceed, in the same establishment there lived a widow whose dear husband had been a wine merchant at Dijon—he had also, I suppose from residing in the country, been imitating the patriarch, for he died one day. Well, the lady was delayed at Lyons for some law business, and thus it came out, that her husband's testament the sharp paving stones in the street determined we should be ac-

quainted. I cannot express to you the delight of my fair countrywoman at finding that a person who spoke English had arrived at the 'pension'—a feeling I myself somewhat participated in; for to say truth, I was not at that time a very great proficient in French. We soon became intimate, in less time probably than it could otherwise have happened, for from the ignorance of all the others of one word of English, I was enabled during dinner to say many soft and tender things, which one does not usually venture on in company.

"I recounted my travels, and told various adventures of my wanderings, till at last, from being merely amused, I found that my fair friend began to be interested in my narratives; and frequently when passing the bouillon to her, I have seen a tear in the corner of her eye: in a word, 'she loved me for the dangers I had passed,' as Othello says. Well, laugh away if you like, but it's truth I am telling you." At this part of Mr. O'Leary's story we all found it impossible to withstand the ludicrous mock heroic of his face and tone, and laughed loud and long. When we at length became silent he resumed—"Before three weeks had passed over I had proposed and was accepted, just your own way, Mr. Lorrequer, taking the ball at the hop, the very same way you did at Cheltenham, the time the lady jilted you, and ran off with your friend Mr. Waller; I read it all in the news, though I was then in Norway, fishing." Here there was another interruption by a laugh, not, however, at Mr. O'Leary's expense. I gave him a most menacing look, while he continued—"the settlements were soon drawn up, and consisted, like all great diplomatic documents, of a series of 'gains and compensations;' thus she was not to taste any thing stronger than kirsch waiser, a Nantz brandy; and I limited myself to a pound of short-cut weekly, and so on; but to proceed, the lady, being a good Catholic, insisted upon being married by a priest of her own persuasion, before the performance of the ceremony at the British embassy in Paris; to this I could offer no objection, and we were accordingly united in the holy bonds, the same morning after signing the law papers."

"Then, Mr. O'Leary, you are really a married man."

"That's the very point I'm coming to, ma'am; for I've consulted all the jurists upon the subject, and they never

can agree. But you shall hear, I despatched a polite note to Bishop Luscombe, and made every arrangement for the approaching ceremony, took a quartier in the Rue Helden, near the Estamiret, and looked forward with anxiety for the day which was to make me happy; for our marriage in Lyons was only a kind of betrothal. Now, my fair friend had but one difficulty remaining, poor dear soul—I refrain from mentioning her name for delicacy sake; but poor dear Mrs. Ram could not bear the notion of our going up to Paris in the same conveyance, for long as she had lived abroad, she had avoided every thing French, even the language; so she proposed that I should go in the early 'Diligence,' which starts at four o'clock in the morning, while she took her departure at nine; thus I should be some hours sooner in Paris, and ready to receive her on her arriving, besides sparing her bashfulness all reproach of our travelling together. It was no use my telling her that I always travelled on foot, and hated a 'Diligence,' she coolly replied that at our time of life we could not spare the time necessary for a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, for so she supposed the journey from Lyons to Paris to be; so fearing lest any doubt might be thrown upon the ardour of my attachment, I yielded at once, remembering at the moment what my poor friend Dick Bing—Oh Lord, I'm at it again!"

"Sir, I did not hear."

"Nothing ma'am, I was just going to observe that ladies of a certain time of life, and widows especially, like a lover that seems a little ardent or so, all the better." Here Mrs. Bingham blushed, her daughter bridled, and I nearly suffocated with shame and suppressed laughter.

"After a most tender farewell of my fair bride or wife, I don't know which, I retired for the night with a mind vacillating between my hopes of happiness and my fears for the result of a journey so foreign to all my habits of travelling, and in which I could not but tremble at the many casualties my habitual laziness and dislike to any hours but of my own choosing, might involve me in.

"I had scarcely lain down in bed, ere these thoughts took such possession of me, that sleep for once in my life was out of the question; and then the misery of getting up at four in the morning—putting on your clothes by the

flickering light of the porter's candle—getting your boots on the wrong feet, and all that kind of annoyance—I am sure I fretted myself into the feeling of a downright martyr, before an hour was over. Well, at least, thought I, one thing is well done,—I have been quite right in coming to sleep here at the Messagerie Hotel, where the diligence starts from, for the chances are ten to one that I never should wake till the time was past. Now, however, they are sure to call me; so I may sleep tranquilly till then. Meanwhile I had forgotten to pack my trunk, my papers, &c. laying all about the room in a state of considerable confusion. I rose at once, with all the despatch I could muster; this took a long time to effect, and it was nearly two o'clock ere I finished, and sat down to smoke a solitary pipe,—the last as I supposed, it might be my lot to enjoy for heaven knows how long, Mrs. R. having expressed, rather late in our intimacy I confess, strong opinions against tobacco.

"When I had finished my little sac of the 'weed,' the clock struck three, and I started to think how little time I was destined to have in bed. In bed! why, said I, there is no use thinking of it now, for I shall scarcely have lain down ere I shall be obliged to get up again. So thinking, I set about dressing myself for the road; and as the season was winter, and the weather dreadfully severe, took care to array myself in all the covering I could lay hands upon; and by the time I had enveloped myself in a pair of long hungarian gaiters, and a kurtcha of sheep's wool, with a brown bear skin outside, a welsh wig, and a pair of large dark glass goggles to defend the eyes from the snow, I was not only perfectly impervious to all effects of the weather, but so thoroughly defended from any influence of sight or sound, that a volcano might be hissing and thundering within ten yards of me, without attracting my slightest attention. Now, I thought, instead of remaining here, I'll just step down to the coach, and get snugly into the diligence, and having secured the corner of the coupé, resign myself to sleep with the certainty of not being left behind, and, probably, too, be some miles on my journey before awaking.

I accordingly went down stairs, and to my surprise found even at that early hour, that many of the garçons of the house were stirring and bustling about,

getting all the luggage up in the huge wooden leviathan that was to convey us on our road. There they stood, like bees around a hive, clustering and buzzing, and all so engaged that with difficulty could I get an answer to my question of, 'What diligence it was?' 'La Diligence pour Paris, Monsieur.'

"Ah, all right then," said I; so watching an opportunity to do so unobserved, for I supposed they might have laughed at me, I stepped quietly into the coupé; and amid the creaking of cordage, and the thumping of feet on the roof, fell as sound asleep as ever I did in my life—these sounds coming to my muffled ears, soft as the echoes on the Rhine. When it was that I awoke I cannot say; but as I rubbed my eyes and yawned after a most refreshing sleep, I perceived that it was still quite dark: all round, and that the diligence was standing before the door of some inn and not moving. Ah, thought I, this is the first stage; how naturally one always wakes at the change of horses,—a kind of instinct implanted by Providence, I suppose, to direct us to a little refreshment on the road. With these pious feelings I let down the glass, and called out to the garçon for a glass of brandy and a cigar. While he was bringing them, I had time to look about, and perceived to my very great delight that I had the whole coupé to myself. Are there any passengers getting in here, said I, as the waiter came forward with my petit verre. 'I should think not, sir,' said the fellow with a leer. 'Then I shall have the whole coupé to myself,' said I. 'Monsieur need have no fear of being disturbed; I can safely assure him that he will have no one there for the next twenty-four hours.' This was really pleasant intelligence; so I chucked him a ten sous piece, and closing up the window as the morning was cold, once more lay back to sleep, with a success that has never failed me. It was to a bright blue cloudless sky, and the sharp clear air of a fine day in winter that I at length opened my eyes. I pulled out my watch and discovered it was exactly two o'clock; I next lowered the glass and looked about me, and very much to my surprise discovered that the diligence was not moving, but standing very peaceably in a very crowded congregation of other similar and dissimilar conveyances, all of which seemed, I thought, 'about under some physical ailment, wanting a box, others a body,

&c. &c. and in fact suggesting the idea of an infirmary for old and disabled carriages of either sex, mails and others. Oh, I have it, cried I, we are arrived at Mt. Geran, and they are all at dinner, and from my being alone in the coupé, they have forgotten to call me. I immediately opened the door and stepped out into the inn-yard, crowded with conducteurs, groom, and ostlers, who, I thought, looked rather surprised at seeing me emerge from the diligence.

"You did not know I was there," said I, with a knowing wink at one of them as I passed.

"Assurement non," said the fellow with a laugh, that was the signal for all the others to join in it. 'Is the table d'hôte over?' said I, regardless of the mirth around me. 'Monsieur is just in time, said the waiter, who happened to pass with a soup-tureen in his hand. 'Have the goodness to step this way.' I had barely time to remark the close resemblance of the waiter to the fellow who presented me with my brandy and cigar in the morning, when he ushered me into a large room with about forty persons sitting at a long table, evidently waiting with impatience for the 'Potage' to begin their dinner. Whether it was they enjoyed the joke of having neglected to call me, or that they were laughing at my travelling costume, I cannot say, but the moment I came in, I could perceive a general titter run through the assembly. 'Not too late after all, gentlemen,' said I, marching gravely up the table.

"Monsieur is in excellent time," said the host, making room for me beside his chair. Notwithstanding the incumbrance of my weighty habiliments, I proceeded to do ample justice to the viands before me, apologising laughingly to the host by pleading a traveller's appetite.

"Then you have perhaps come far this morning," said a gentleman opposite.

"Yes," said I, 'I have been on the road since four o'clock.'

"And how are the roads?" said another. 'Very bad,' said I, 'the first few stages from Lyons, afterwards much better.' This was said at a venture, as I began to be ashamed of being always asleep before my fellow travellers. They did not seem, however, to understand me perfectly; and one old fellow putting down his spectacles from his forehead, leaned over

and said : 'and where, may I ask, has Monsieur come from this morning ?'

" 'From Lyons,' said I, with the proud air of a man who has done a stout feat, and is not ashamed of the exploit.

" 'From Lyons !' said one. 'From Lyons !' cried another. 'From Lyons !' repeated a third.

" 'Yes, said I ; 'what the devil is so strange in it, travelling is so quick now a days. One thinks nothing of twenty leagues before dinner.

"The infernal shout of laughing that followed my explanation is still in my ears ; from one end of the table to the other there was one continued ha, ha, ha, from the greasy host to the little hunchbacked waiter—they all grinning away.

" 'And how did Monsieur travel ?' said the old gentleman, who seemed to conduct the prosecution against me.

" 'By the diligence, the "aigle noir," said I, giving the name with some pride, that I was not altogether ignorant of the conveyance.

" 'Then you should certainly not complain of the roads,' said the host chuckling ; 'for the only journey that diligence has made this day has been from the street door to the inn-yard ; for as they feared when the luggage was nearly packed that the axle was almost broken through, they wheeled it round to the *cour*, and prepared another for the travellers.'

" 'And where am I now ?' said I.

" 'In Lyons,' said twenty voices, half choked with laughter at my question.

"I was thunderstruck at the news at first ; but as I proceeded with my dinner, I joined in the mirth of the party, which certainly was not diminished on my telling them the object of my intended journey.

" 'I think, young man,' said the old fellow with the spectacles, 'that you should take the occurrence as a warning of Providence that marriage will not suit you.' I began to be of the same opinion ;—but then there was the jointure. To be sure, I was to give up tobacco ; and perhaps I should not be as free to ramble about as when *en garçon*. So taking all things in consideration, I ordered in another bottle of burgundy, to drink Mrs. Ram's health—got my passport vised for Barege—and set out for the Pyrenees the same evening."

"And have you never heard any thing more of the lady ?" said Mrs. Bingham.

"Oh, yes. She was faithful to the last ; for I found out when at Rome last winter that she had offered a reward for me in the newspapers, and indeed had commenced a regular pursuit of me through the whole continent. And to tell the real fact, I should not now fancy turning my step towards Paris, if I had not very tolerable information that she is in full cry after me through the Wengen Alps, I having contrived a paragraph in Galignani, to seduce her thither, and where, with the blessing of Providence, if the snow set in early, she must pass the winter."

CHAP. XXVII.—PARIS.

Nothing more worthy of recording occurred before our arrival at Meurices on the third day of our journey. My friend O'Leary, had, with his usual good fortune, become indispensable to his new acquaintance, and it was not altogether without some little lurking discontent, that I perceived how much less often my services were called in requisition, since his having joined our party ; his information, notwithstanding its very scanty extent, was continually relied upon, and his very imperfect French everlastingly called in requisition to interpret a question for the ladies. Yes, thought I, "Othello's occupation's gone ;" one of two things has certainly happened, either Mrs. Bingham and her daughter have noticed my continued abstraction of mind, and have attributed it to the real cause,

the pre-occupation of my affections, or thinking, on the other hand, that I am desperately in love with one or other of them, have thought that a little show of preference to Mr. O'Leary may stimulate me to a proposal at once. In either case I resolved to lose no time in taking my leave, which there could be no difficulty in doing now, as the ladies had reached their intended destination, and had numerous friends in Paris to advise and assist them ; besides that, I had too long neglected the real object of my trip, and should lose no time in finding out the Callonbys, and at once learning what prospect of success awaited me in that quarter. Leaving my fair friends then to refresh themselves after the journey, and consigning Mr. O'Leary to the enjoyment of his meershaum, through

the aid of which he had rendered his apartment like a Dutch swamp in autumn, the only portion of his own figure visible through the mist being his short legs and heavy shoes.

On reaching the house in the Rue de la Paix, where the Callonbys had resided, I learned that they were still at Baden, and were not expected in Paris for some weeks; that Lord Kilkee had arrived that morning, and was then dining at the Embassy, having left an invitation for me to dine with him on the following day, if I happened to call. As I turned from the door, uncertain whither to turn my steps, I walked on unconsciously towards the Boulevard, and occupied as I was, thinking over all the chances before me, did not perceive where I stood till the bright glare of a large gas lamp over my head apprized me that I was at the door of the well known Salon des Etrangers, at the corner of the Rue Richelieu; carriages, citadines, and vigilantes were crowding, crashing, and clattering on all sides, as the host of fashion and the gaming-table were hastening to their champ de bataille. Not being a member of the salon, and having little disposition to enter if I had been, I stood for some minutes looking at the crowd as it continued to press on towards the splendid and brilliantly lighted stairs, which leads from the very street to the rooms of this palace, for such in the magnificence and luxury of its decorations, it really is. As I was on the very eve of turning away, a large and very handsome cab-horse turned the corner from the balustrade, with the most perfect appointment of harness and carriage I had seen for a long time.

While I continued to admire the taste and propriety of the equipage, a young man in deep mourning sprang from the inside and stood upon the pavement before me. "A deux heures, Charles," said he to his servant, as the cab turned slowly round. The voice struck me as well known. I waited till he approached the lamp, to catch a glimpse of the face; and what was my surprise to recognize my cousin, Guy Lorrequer of the 10th, whom I had not met with for six years before. My first impulse was not to make myself known to him. Our mutual position with regard to Lady Jane was so much a mystery, as regarded myself, that I feared the result of any meeting, until I was sufficiently aware of how matters stood, and whether we were to

meet as friends and relations, or rivals, and consequently enemies.

Before I had time to take my resolution, Guy had recognized me, and seizing me by the hand with both his, called, "Harry, my old friend, how are you? how long have you been here, and never to call on me? Why man, what is the meaning of this?" Before I had time to say that I was only a few hours in Paris, he again interrupted me by saying: "and how comes it that you are not in mourning? You must surely have heard it." "Heard what!" I cried nearly hoarse from agitation. "Our poor old friend, Sir Guy, didn't you know, is dead." Only those who have felt how strong the ties of kindred are as they decrease in number can tell how this news fell upon my heart. All my poor uncle's kindness came one by one full upon my memory; his affectionate letters of advice; his well meant chidings too, even dearer to me than his praise and approval, completely unmanned me, and I stood speechless and powerless before my cousin as he continued to detail to me the rapid progress of Sir Guy's malady, an attack of gout in the head, which carried him off in three days. Letters had been sent to me in different places, but none reached; and at the very moment, the clerk of my uncle's lawyer was in pursuit of me through the highlands, where some mistaken information had induced him to follow me.

"You are, therefore," continued Guy, unaware that our uncle has dealt so fairly by you, and indeed by both of us: I have got the Somersetshire estates, which go with the baronetcy; but the Cumberland property is all yours, and I heartily wish you joy of having nearly eight thousand per annum, and one of the sweetest villas that ever man fancied on Derwent-water. But come along here," continued he, and he led me through the crowded corridor and up the wide stair. "I have much to tell you, and we can be perfectly alone here; no one will trouble themselves with us." Unconscious of all around me, I followed Guy along the gilded and glittering lobby, which led to the Salon, and it was only as the servant in rich livery came forward to take my hat and cane that I remembered where I was. Then the full sense of all I had been listening to rushed upon me, and the unknown, and indeed the indignant, of the place for such commiseration.

engaged in, came most forcibly before me. Sir Guy, it is true, had always preferred my cousin to me ; he it was who was always destined to succeed both in his title and estates, and his wildness and extravagance had ever met with a milder rebuke and weaker chastisement than my follies and my misfortunes. Yet still he was my last remaining relative ; the only one I possessed of all in the world to whom in any difficulty or trial I had to look up ; and I felt in the very midst of my newly acquired wealth and riches, poorer and more alone than ever I had done in my lifetime. I followed Guy to a small and dimly lighted cabinet off the great salon, where, having seated ourselves, he proceeded to detail to me the various events which a few short weeks had accomplished. Of himself he spoke but little, and never once alluded to the Callonbys at all ; indeed all I could learn was, that he had left the army, and purposed remaining for the winter at Paris, where he appeared to have entered into all the gaiety and dissipation at once.

"Of course," said he, "you will give up 'sodgering' now ; at the best it is but poor sport after five and twenty, and is perfectly unendurable when a man has the means of pushing himself in the gay world ; and now, Harry, let us mix a little among the mob here ; for Messieurs les Banquiers don't hold people in estimation who come here only for the 'chapons au riz,' and the champagne glacée, as we should seem to do were we to stay here much longer."

Such was the whirl of my thoughts, and so great the confusion in my ideas from all I had just heard, that I felt myself implicitly following every direction of my cousin with a child-like obedience, the full extent of which I became only conscious of when I found myself seated at the table of the salon, between my cousin Guy and an old, hard visaged, pale countenanced man, whom he told me in a whisper was Villelle the Minister.

What a study for the man who would watch the passions and emotions of his fellow men, would the table of a *rouge et noir* gambling house present—the skill and dexterity which games of other kinds require being here wanting, leave the better free to the full abandonment of the passion of play. The interest is not a gradually increasing or vacillating one, as fortune and knowledge of the game favour. The result

is uninfluenced by any thing of his doing ; with the last turned card of the croupier is he rich or ruined ; and thus in the very abstraction of the anxiety, is this the most painfully exciting of all gambling whatever. The very rattle of the dice-box to the hazard player is a relief ; and the thought that he is in some way instrumental in his good or bad fortune gives a turn to his thoughts. There is something so like the inevitable character of fate associated with the result of a chance, which you can in no way effect or avert, that I have, notwithstanding a strong bias for play, ever dreaded and avoided the *rouge et noir* table. Hitherto prudential motives had their share in the resolve ; a small loss at play becomes a matter of importance to a sub in a marching regiment ; and therefore I was firm in my determination to avoid the gambling-table. Now my fortunes were altered ; and as I looked at the heap of shining *louis d'or*, which Guy pushed before me in exchange for a *billet de banque* of large amount, I felt the full importance of my altered position, mingling with the old and long practised prejudices which years had been accumulating to fix. There is besides some wonderful fascination to most men in the very aspect of high play : to put your fortune against that of another—to see whether or not your luck shall not exceed some others—are feelings that have a place in most bosoms, and are certainly, if not naturally existing, most easily generated in the bustle and excitement of the gambling-house. The splendour of the decorations ; the rich profusion of gilded ornament ; the large and gorgeously framed mirrors ; the sparkling lustres ; mingling their effect with the perfumed air of the apartment, filled with orange trees and other aromatic shrubs ; the dress of the company, among whom were many ladies in costumes not inferior to those of a court ; the glitter of diamonds ; the sparkle of stars and decorations, rendered more magical by knowing that the wearers were names in history. There, with his round but ample shoulder and large massive head, covered with long snow-white hair, stands Talleyrand, the maker and unmaker of kings, watching with a look of ill concealed anxiety the progress of his game. Here is Soult with his dogged look and beetle brow ; there stands Balzac the author, his gains here are less derived from the betting than the betters, he is evidently mak-

ing his own of some of them, while in the seeming *bon homme* of his careless manner and easy abandon, they scruple not to trust with anecdotes and traits, that from the crucible of his fiery imagination come forth, like the purified gold from the furnace. And there, look at that old and weather-beaten man, with grey eye-brows and moustaches, who throws from the breast pocket of his frock ever and anon, a handful of gold pieces upon the table; he evidently neither knows nor cares for the amount, for the banker himself is obliged to count over the stake for him—that is Blucher, the never wanting attendant at the salon; he has been an immense loser, but plays on with the same stern perseverance with which he would pour his bold cavalry through a ravine torn by artillery; he stands by the still waning chance with a courage that never falters.

One strong feature of the levelling character of a taste for play has never ceased to impress me most forcibly,—not only do the individual peculiarities of the man give way before the all absorbing passion—but stranger still, the very boldest traits of nationality even fade and disappear before it; and man seems, under the high pressure power of this greatest of all stimulants, resolved into a most abstract state.

Among all the traits which distinguish Frenchmen from natives of every other country, none is more prominent than a kind of never-failing elasticity of temperament which seems almost to defy all the power of misfortune to depress. Let what will happen, the Frenchman seems to possess some strong resource within himself, in his ardent temperament, upon which he can draw at will; and whether on the day after a defeat, the moment of being deceived in his strongest hopes of returned affection,—the overthrow of some long cherished wish—it matters not, he never gives way entirely; but see him at the gaming table; watch the intense, the aching anxiety with which his eye follows every card as it falls from the hand of the croupier; behold the look of cold despair that tracks his stake as the banker rakes it in among his gains; and you will at once perceive that here, at least, his wonted powers fail him. No jest escapes the lips of one that would *badinet* upon the steps of the guillotine. The mocker would jeer at the torments of retribution, stands like a coward quailing before the impassive eye and pale

cheek of a croupier. While I continued to occupy myself by observing the different groups about me, I had been almost mechanically following the game; placing at each deal some gold upon the table, the result however had interested me so slightly that it was only by remarking the attention my game had excited in others that my own was drawn towards it. I then perceived that I had permitted my winnings to accumulate upon the board, and that in the very deal then commencing, I had a stake of nearly five hundred pounds, the limit to which play is permitted in the salon.

"Faites votres jeu, le jeu est fait," said the croupier, "trente deux."

"You have lost, by Jove," said Guy, in a low whisper, in which I could detect some trait of agitation."

"Trente et une," added the croupier. "Rouge perd, et couleur."

There was a regular buzz of wonder through the room at my extraordinary luck, for thus, with every chance against me, I had won again.

As the croupier placed the *billets de banque* upon the table, I overheard the muttered commendations of an old veteran behind me, upon the coolness and judgment of my play; so much for fortune, thought I, my judgment consists in a perfect ignorance of the chances, and my coolness is merely a thorough indifference to success; whether it was now that the flattery had its effect upon me, or that the passion for play, so long dormant, had suddenly seized hold upon me, I know not, but my attention became from that moment rivetted upon the game, and I played every deal. Guy who had been from the first betting with the indifferent success which I have so often observed to attend upon the calculations of old and experienced gamblers, now gave up, and employed himself merely in watching my game.

"Harry," said he at last, "I am completely puzzled as to whether you are merely throwing down your loss at hazard, or are not the deepest player I have ever met with."

"You shall see," said I, as I stooped over towards the banker and whispered, "how far is the betting permitted?"

"Fifteen thousand francs," said the croupier, with a look of surprise.

"Then be it," said I, "quizzes mille francs, rouge."

In a moment the *rouge* won, and the second deal I repeated the bet, and so continuing on with the like success,

when I was preparing my rouleau for the fifth, the banquier rose and saying—

“Messieurs, la banque est fermée pour cet soir,” proceeded to lock his cassette and close the table.

“You are satisfied now,” said Guy, rising, “you see you have broke the banque, and a very pretty incident to commence with for your first introduction to a campaign in Paris.”

Having changed my gold for notes, I stuffed them with an air of well affected carelessness into my pocket, and strolled through the salon, where I had now become an object of considerably more interest than all the marshals and ministers about me.

“Now Hal,” said Guy, “I’ll just order our supper in the cabinet, and join you in a moment.”

As I remained for some minutes awaiting Guy’s return, my attention was drawn towards a crowd, in a smaller salon, among whom the usual silent decorum of the play-table seemed held in but small respect, for every instant some burst of hearty laughter, or some open expression of joy or anger burst forth, by which I immediately perceived that they were the votaries of the roulette table, a game at which the strict propriety and etiquette ever maintained at rouge et noir, are never exacted. As I pressed nearer, to discover the cause of the mirth, which every moment seemed to augment, guess my surprise to perceive among the foremost rank of the players, my acquaintance, Mr. O’Leary, whom I at that moment believed to be solacing himself with his meershaum at Meurices. My astonishment at how he obtained admission to the salon, was even less than my fear of his recognising me. At no time is it agreeable to find that the man who is regarded as the buffo of a party turns out to be your friend, but still less is this so, when the individual claiming acquaintance with you, presents any striking absurdity in his dress or manner, strongly at contrast with the persons and things about him; and thus it now happened—Mr. O’Leary’s external man, as we met him on the Calais road, with its various accompaniments of blouse-cap, spectacles, and tobacco-pipe, were nothing very *outré* or remarkable, but when the same figure presented itself among the elegans of the Parisian world, redolent of eau de Portugal, and superb in the glories of brocade waistcoats, and velvet coats, the thing was too absurd,

and I longed to steal away before any chance should present itself of a recognition. This, however, was impossible, as the crowd from the other table were all gathered round us, and I was obliged to stand fast, and trust that the excitement of the game, in which he appeared to be thoroughly occupied, should keep his eye fixed on another quarter; I now observed that the same scene in which I had so lately been occupied at the *rouge et noir* table, was enacting here, under rather different circumstances, Mr. O’Leary was the only player, as I had just been, not, however, because his success absorbed all the interest of the bystanders, but that unfortunately his constant want of it elicited some strong expression of discontent and mistrust from him, which excited the loud laughter of the others; but of which, from his great anxiety in his game, he seemed totally unconscious.

“Faites votre jeu, Messieurs,” said the croupier.

“Wait a bit till I change this,” said Mr. O’Leary, producing an English sovereign; the action interpreted his wishes, and the money was converted into *coupons de jeu*.

I now discovered one great cause of the mirth of the bystanders, at least the English portion of them, Mr. O’Leary, when placing his money upon the table, observed the singular practice of announcing aloud the amount of his bet, which, for his own information, he not only reduced to English but also Irish currency; thus the stillness of the room was every instant broken by a strong Irish accent pronouncing something of this sort—“five francs,” “four and a penny”—“ten francs,” “eight and three ha’pence.” The amusement thus caused was increased by the excitement his losses threw him into. He now ceased to play for several times, when at last, he made an offering of his usual stake.

“Perd,” said the croupier, raking in the piece with a contemptuous air at the smallness of the bet, and in no way pleased that the interest Mr. O’Leary excited should prevent the other players from betting.

“Perd,” said O’Leary, “again; Devil another song you sing than ‘perd,’ and I’m not quite clear you’re not cheating all the while—only God help you if—

As he uttered these words, a huge black cloud of mirth descended across the scene, and the mirth,

for among other regulations, every case, however trifling, is always demanded at the door; and thus, a new subject of astonishment arose, as to how he had succeeded in carrying it with him into the salon.

"Here's at you again," said O'Leary, regardless of the laughter, and covering three or four numbers with his *jetons*.

Round went the ball once more, and once more he lost.

"Look now, devil a lie in it, he makes them go wherever he pleases. I'll take a turn now at the tables; fair play's a jewel—and we'll see how you'll get on."

So saying, he proceeded to insinuate himself into the chair of the croupier, whom he proposed to supersede by no very gentle means. This was of course resisted, and as the loud mirth of the bystanders grew more and more boisterous, the cries of, "a la porte, a la porte," from the friends of the bank, rung through the crowd.

"Go it, Pat—go it, Pat," said Guy over my shoulder, who seemed to take a prodigious interest in the proceedings.

At this unexpected recognition of his nativity, for Mr. O'Leary never suspected he could be discovered by his accent; he looked across the table, and caught my eye at once.

"Oh, I'm safe now! stand by me, Mr. Lorrequer, and we'll clear the room."

So saying, and without any further provocation, he upset the croupier, chair and all, with one sudden jerk upon the floor, and giving a tremendous kick to the cassette, sent all the five franc pieces flying over him; he then jumped upon the table, and brandishing his black-thorn through the ormolu lustre, scattered the wax-lights on all sides, accompanying the exploit by a yell that would have called up all Connewera at midnight, if it had only been heard there; in an instant, the *gens d'armes*, always sufficiently near to be called in if required, came pouring into the room, and supposing the whole affair had been a preconcerted thing to obtain possession of the money in the bank, commenced capturing different members of the company who appeared, by enjoying the confusion, to be favouring and assisting it. My cousin, Guy, was one of the first so treated—proceeding to which he responded appeal, rather in favour with most men, and at once knocked down

the *gen d'arme*; this was the signal for a general engagement, and accordingly before an explanation could possibly be attempted, a most terrific combat ensued. The Frenchmen in the room siding with the *gen d'armerie*, and making common cause against the English, who, although greatly inferior in number, possessed considerable advantage, from long habit of street rows and boxing encounters. As for myself, I had the good fortune to be pitted against a very purisy and unwieldy Frenchman, who *sacred* to admiration, but never put in a single blow at me; while therefore, I amused myself practising what old Cribb called "the one two," upon his fat carcase, I had abundant time and opportunity to watch all that was doing about me; and truly a more ludicrous affair I never beheld. Imagine about fifteen or sixteen young Englishmen, most of them powerful, athletic fellows, driving an indiscriminate mob of about five times their number before them, who, with courage enough to resist, yet were so totally ignorant of the boxing art, that they retreated pell-mell before the battering phalanx of their sturdy opponents—the most ludicrous figure of all being Mr. O'Leary himself, who standing upon the table, layed about him with a brass lustre that he had unstrung, and did considerable mischief with this novel instrument of warfare, crying out the entire time, "murder every mother's son of them," "give them another taste of Waterloo." Just as he had uttered the last patriotic sentiment he received a slight admonition from behind, by the point of a *gen d'arme's* sword, which made him leap from the table with the alacrity of a harlequin, and come plump down among the thickest of the fray. My attention was now directed elsewhere, for above all the din and "tapage" of the encounter I could plainly hear the row-dow-dow of the drums, and the measured tread of troops approaching, and at once guessed that a reinforcement of the *gen d'armerie* were coming up. Behind me there was a large window, with a heavy scarlet curtain before it; my resolution was at once taken, I floored my antagonist, whom I had till now treated with the most merciful forbearance, and immediately sprung behind the curtain. A second's consideration showed that in the search that must ensue this would afford no refuge, so I at once opened the door and endeavoured to ascertain

height I was above the ground beneath me; the night was so dark that I could see nothing, but judging from the leaves and twigs that reached to the window, that it was a garden beneath, and auguring from the perfumed smell of the shrubs, that they could not be tall trees, I resolved to leap, a resolve I had little time to come to, for the step of the soldiers was already heard upon the stair. Fixing my hat then down upon my brows, and buttoning my coat tightly I let myself down from the window-stool by my hands and fell upon my legs in the soft earth of the garden, safe and unhurt. From the increased clamour and din overhead, I could learn the affray was at its height, and had little difficulty in detecting the sonorous accent and wild threats of my friend Mr. O'Leary, high above all the other sounds around him. I did not wait long, however, to enjoy them, but at once set about securing my escape from my present bondage. In this I had little difficulty for I was directed by a light to a small door, which, as I approached, found that it led into the den of the Concierge, and which also communicated by another door with the street. I opened it, therefore, at once, and was in the act of opening the second, when I felt myself seized by the collar by a strong hand; and on turning round saw the sturdy figure of the Concierge himself, with a drawn bayonet within a few inches of my throat, "Tenez, mon ami," said I, quietly, and placing half a

dozen louis, some of my recent spoils, upon the table, at once satisfied him that, even if I were a robber, I was at least one that understood and respected the conveniences of society. He at once relinquished his hold and dropped his weapon, and pulling off his cap with one hand, to draw the cord which opened the *Porte cochere* with the other, and bowed me politely to the street. I had scarcely had time to insinuate myself into the dense mass of people whom the noise and confusion within had assembled around the house, when the double door of the building opened, and a file of *gens d'armes* came forth, leading between them my friend Mr. O'Leary and some others of the rioters—among whom I rejoiced to find my cousin did not figure. If I were to judge from his disordered habiliments and scarred visage, Mr. O'Leary's resistance to the constituted authorities must have been a vigorous one, and the drollery of his appearance was certainly not decreased by his having lost the entire brim of his hat—the covering of his head bearing, under these distressing circumstances, a strong resemblance to a saucepan.

As I could not at that moment contribute in any way to his rescue, I determined on the following day to be present at his examination, and render him all the assistance in my power. Meanwhile I returned to Meurice's, thinking of every adventure of the evening much more than of my own changed condition and altered fortunes.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—PARIS.

The first thing which met my eye, when waking in the morning after the affair at the salon, was the *rouleau* of *Billet de Banque* which I had won at play; and it took several minutes before I could persuade myself that the entire recollection of the evening had any more solid foundation than a heated brain and fervent imagination. The sudden spring from being a subaltern in the —th, with a few hundreds per annum—"pour tout potage," to becoming the veritable proprietor of several thousands, with a handsome house in Cumberland, was a consideration which I could scarcely admit into my mind—so fearful was I, that the very first occurrence of the day should dispel the illusion, and throw me back into the dull reality which I was bound to escape from.

There is no adage more true

the old monkish one—"that what we wish, we readily believe;" so I had little difficulty in convincing myself that all was as I desired—although, certainly, my confused memory of the past evening contributed little to that conviction. It was then amid a very whirl of anticipated pleasures, and new schemes for enjoying life, that I sat down to a breakfast, at which, that I might lose no time in commencing my race, I had ordered the most recherche viands, which ever French cookery can accomplish for the occasion.

My plans were soon decided upon. I resolved to remain only long enough in Paris to provide myself with a comfortable travelling carriage—secure a good powder—and start for Baden; and I was so much occupied with my pretensions, that I did not consider that my friends might have been disappointed. They would certainly

now, at least, be listened to with more prospect of being successful.

I opened the Galignani paper of the day, to direct me then in my search, and had scarcely read a few lines before a paragraph caught my eye, which not a little amused me; it was headed—*Serious riot at the Salon de Etrangers, and attempt to rob the Bank* :—

"Last evening, among the persons who presented themselves at the table of this fashionable resort, were certain individuals, whose names and dress bespoke any thing, rather than the rank and condition of those who usually frequent there, and whose admission is still unexplained, notwithstanding the efforts of the police to unravel the mystery. The proprietors of the bank did not fail to remark these persons; but scrupled, from a fear of disturbing the propriety of the salon, to take the necessary steps for their exclusion—reserving their attention to the adoption of precautions against such intrusion in future—unfortunately, as it turned out eventually, for towards eleven o'clock, one of these individuals having lost a considerable sum at play, proceeded in a very violent and outrageous manner to denounce the bank, and went so far as to accuse the croupier of cheating. This language having failed to excite the disturbance it was evidently intended to promote, was soon followed up by a most dreadful personal attack upon the banquier, in which he was thrown from his seat, and the cassette, containing several thousand francs in gold and notes, immediately laid hold of. The confusion now became considerable, and it was at once apparent, that the whole had been a preconcerted scheme. Several persons, leaping upon the table, attempted to extinguish the great lustre of the salon, in which bold attempt, they were most spiritedly resisted by some of the other players and the gen-d'arme, who had by this time arrived in force. The riot was quelled after a prolonged and desperate resistance, and the rioters, with the exception of two, were captured, and conveyed to prison, where they await the result of a judicial investigation, which we shall not fail to lay the particulars of before our readers.

"Since our going to press, we have learned that one of the ringleaders in this vile scheme, is a noted English crook—a swindler, who was already arrested at C—for travelling with the passport; but who contrives, by

some collusion with another of the gang, to evade the local authorities. If this be the case, we trust he will speedily be detected and brought to punishment."

Whatever amusement I had found in reading the commencing portion of this ridiculous misstatement, the allusion in the latter part by no means afforded me equal pleasure; and I saw, in one rapid glance, how much annoyance, and how many delays and impediments, a charge even of this ridiculous nature might give rise to in my present circumstances. My passport, however, will settle all—thought I—as I thrust my hand towards my pocket, in which I had placed it along with some letters.

Guess my misery, to discover that the whole of the pocket had been cut away, probably in the hope of obtaining the billet de banque I had won at play, but which I had changed from that pocket to a breast one on leaving the table. This at once led me to suspect that there might be some truth in the suspicion of the newspaper writer of a preconcerted scheme, and at once explained to me what had much puzzled me before—the extreme rapidity with which the elements of discord were propagated, for the whole affair was the work of a few seconds. While I continued to meditate on these matters, the waiter entered with a small note in an envelop, which a commissionaire had just left at the hotel for me, and went away saying there was no answer. I opened it hastily and read :

"Dear H.—The confounded affair of last night has induced me to leave this for a few days; besides that I have obtained a most excellent reason for absenting myself in the presence of a black eye, which will prevent my appearance in public for a week to come. As you are a stranger here, you need not fear being detected. With all its disagreeers, I can't help laughing at the adventure, and am heartily glad to have had the opportunity of displaying old Jackson's science upon those wretched gens-d'armes.—Your's, truly, G. L."

This certainly, thought I, improves my position. Here is my cousin Guy—the only one to whom, in any doubt or difficulty here, I could refer—here he is—flown without letting me know where to address him—let me find him out. I rung my bell and having written a H—

card, requesting Lord Kilkee to come to me as soon as he could, dispatched it to the Rue de la Paix. The messenger soon returned with an answer, that Lord Kilkee had been obliged to leave Paris late the evening before, having received some important letters from Baden. My anxiety now became greater. I did not know but that the moment I ventured to leave the hotel I should be recognised by some of the witnesses of the evening's fray; and all thoughts of succouring poor O'Leary were completely forgotten in my fears for the annoyances the whole of this ridiculous affair might involve me in. Without any decision as to my future steps, I dressed myself, and proceeded to pay my respects to Mrs. Bingham and her daughter, who were in the same hotel, and whom I had not seen since our arrival.

As I entered the drawing-room, I was surprised to find Miss Bingham alone. She appeared to have been weeping—at least the efforts she made to appear easy and in good spirits contrasted a good deal with the expression of her features as I came in. To my inquiries for Mrs. Bingham I received for answer that the friends Mrs. Bingham had expected having left a few days before for Baden, she had resolved on following them, and had now merely driven out to make a few purchases before her departure, which was to take place in the morning.

There is something so sad in the thought of being deserted and left by one's friends under any circumstances, that I cannot express how much this intelligence affected me. It seemed, too, like the last stroke of bad news filling up the full measure, that I was to be suddenly deprived of the society of the very few friends about me, just as I stood most in need of them.

Whether or not Miss Bingham noticed my embarrassment, I cannot say; but certainly she seemed not displeased, and there was in the half-encouraging tone of her manner something which led me to suspect that she was not dissatisfied with the impression her news seemed to produce upon me.

Without at all alluding to my own improved fortune, or to the events of the preceding night, I began to talk over the coming journey, and expressed my sincere regret that, having lost my passport under circumstances which might create some delay in retrieving

it, I could not join their party as I should otherwise have done.

Miss Bingham heard this speech with rather more emotion than so simple a declaration was calculated to produce; and, while she threw down her eyes beneath their long dark lashes and coloured slightly, asked—

"And did you really wish to come with us?"

"Undoubtedly," said I.

"And is there no other objection than the passport?"

"None whatever," said I, warning as I spoke, for the interest she appeared to take in me completely upset all my calculations, besides that I had never seen her looking so handsome, and that, as the French wisely remark, "*vaut toujours quelque chose.*"

"Oh, then, pray come with us, which you can do, for mamma has just got her passport for her nephew along with her own; and as we really don't want him, nor he us, we shall both be better pleased to be free of each other, and you can easily afterwards have your own forwarded to Baden by post."

"Ah, but," said I, "how shall I be certain, if I take so flattering an offer, that you will forgive me for filling up the place of the dear cousin, for, if I conjecture aright, it is Lecher Edouard that purposes to be your companion."

"Yes, you have guessed quite correctly; but you must not tax me with inconsistency, but really I have grown quite tired of my poor cousin, since I saw him last night."

"And you used to admire him prodigiously."

"Well, well, that is all true, but I do so no longer."

"Eh! *perché*," said I, looking cunningly in her eye.

"For reasons that Mr. Lorrequer shall never know if he has to ask them," said the poor girl, covering her eyes with her hands, and sobbing bitterly.

What I thought, said, or did upon this occasion, with all my most sincere desire to make a "clean breast of it in these confessions," I know not; but this I do know, that two hours after, I found myself still sitting upon the sofa beside Miss Bingham, whom I had been calling Emily all the while, and talking more of personal matters and my own circumstances than is ever safe or prudent for a young man to

do with any lady under the age of his mother.

All that I can now remember of this interview, is the fact of having arranged my departure in the manner proposed by Miss Bingham—a proposition to which I acceded with an affectation of satisfaction that I fear went very far to deceive my fair friend. Not that the pleasure I felt in the prospect was altogether feigned; but certainly the habit of being led away by the whim and temper of the moment had so much become a part of my nature, that I had long since despaired of ever guarding myself against the propensity I had acquired, of following every lead which any one might throw out for me. And thus, as poor Harry Lorrequer was ever the first man to get into a row at the suggestion of a friend, so he only waited the least possible pressing on any occasion to involve himself in any scrape or misfortune that presented itself, provided there was only some one good enough to advise him to do so.

As I entered my own room, to make my preparations for departure, I could not help thinking over all the events thus crowded into the space of a few hours. My sudden possession of wealth—my prospects at Callonby still undecided—my scrape at the Salon—my late interview with Miss Bingham, in which I had only stopped short of a proposal to marry, were almost sufficient to occupy any reasonable mind; and so I was beginning to suspect, when the waiter informed me that the Commissaire of Police was in waiting below, and wished to speak to me. Affecting some surprise at the request which I at once perceived the object of, I desired him to be introduced. I was quite correct in my guess. The information of my being concerned in the affair at the Salon had been communicated to the authorities, and the Commissaire had orders to obtain bail for my appearance at the Tribunal de Justice, on that day week, or commit me at once to prison. The Commissaire politely gave me till evening to procure the required bail, satisfying himself that he could adopt measures to prevent my escape, and took his leave. He had scarcely gone when Mr. Edward Bingham was announced—the reason for this visit I could not so readily divine; but I had little time allowed for my conjectures, as the

same instant a very smart dapper little gentleman presented himself, dressed in all the extravagance of French mode. His hair, which was permitted to curl upon his shoulders, was divided along the middle of the head; his moustaches were slightly upturned and carefully waxed, and his small chin-tuft, a *Henri-quatre* most gracefully pointed, he wore three most happily contrasting coloured waistcoats, and spurs of glittering brass. His visit was of scarcely five minutes' duration; but was evidently the opening of a breaching battery by the Bingham family in all form—the object of which I could at least guess at.

My embarrassments were not destined to end here; for scarcely had I returned Mr. Bingham's eighth salutation at the head of the stair-case, when another individual presented himself before me. This figure was in every respect the opposite of my last visitor. Although framed perfectly upon the late Parisian school of dandyism, his, however, was the "*ecole militaire*." *Le Capitaine Eugene de Joacoutt*, for so he introduced himself, was a portly personage, of about five and thirty or forty years of age, with that mixture of *bon hommie* and ferocity in his features which the soldiers of Napoleon's army either affected, or possessed naturally. His features, which were handsome, and the expression of which was pleasing, were, as it seemed, perverted, by the warlike turn of a most terrific pair of whiskers and moustaches, from their naturally good-humoured bent; and the practised frown and quick turn of his dark eye were evidently only the acquired advantages of his military career; a handsome mouth, with singularly regular and good teeth, took much away from the *savouche* look of the upper part of his face; and contributed, with the aid of a most pleasing voice, to impress you in his favour; his dress was a blue braided frock, decorated with theordon of the legion; but neither these, nor the clink of his long cavalry spurs, were necessary to convince you that the man was a soldier; besides that, there was that mixture of urbanity and aplomb in his manner which showed him to be perfectly accustomed to the usages of the best society.

"May I beg to know," said he, as he seated himself slowly, "if this card contains your name and address," hand-

ing me at the same moment one of my visiting cards. I immediately replied in the affirmative.

"You are then in the English service?"

"Yes."

"Then, may I entreat your pardon for the trouble of these questions, and explain the reason of my visit. I am the friend of Le Baron D' Haulpenne, with whom you had the altercation last night in the salon, and in whose name I have come to request the address of a friend on your part."

Ho, ho, thought I, the Baron is then the stout gentleman that I pummelled so unmercifully near the window; but how came he by my card; and besides, in a row of that kind, I am not aware how far the matter can be conceived to go farther than what happens at the moment. These were the thoughts of a second of time, and before I could reply any thing, the Captain resumed.

"You seem to have forgotten the circumstance, and so indeed should I like to do, but unfortunately D'Haulpenne says that you struck him with your walking cane, so you know, under such a state of things, there is but one course."

"But gently," added I, "I had no cane whatever the last evening."

"Oh! I beg pardon," interrupted he; "but my friend is most positive in his account, and describes the altercation as having continued from the salon to the street, when you struck him, and at the same time threw him your card. Two of our officers were also present; and although, as it appears from your present forgetfulness, that the thing took place in the heat and excitement of the moment, still——"

"But still," said I, catching up his last words, "I never did strike the gentleman as you describe—never had any altercation in the street—and——"

"Is that your address," said the Frenchman, with a slight bow.

"Yes, certainly it is."

"Why then," said he, with a slight curl of his upper lip—half smile, half derision——

"Oh! make yourself perfectly easy," I replied. "If any one had by an accident made use of my name, it shall not suffer by such a mistake. I shall be quite at your service the moment I can find out a friend to refer you to."

I had much difficulty to utter these few words with a suitable degree of temper, so stung was I by the insolent demeanour of the Frenchman, whose coolness and urbanity seemed only to increase every moment.

"Then I have the honour to salute you," said he, rising with great mildness in his voice; "and shall take the liberty to leave my card for the information of your friend."

So saying, he placed his card upon the table—"Le Capitaine Eugene de Joncourt, Cuirassiers de la Garde."

"I need not press upon Monsieur the value of despatch."

"I shall not lose a moment," said I, as he clattered down the stairs of the hotel, with that perfect swaggering *nonchalance* which a Frenchman is always an adept in, and I returned to my room, to meditate upon my numerous embarrassments, and think over the difficulties which every moment was contributing to increase the number of.

"The indictment has certainly many counts," thought I.

Imprimis—A half-implied, but fully comprehended promise to marry a young lady, with whom, I confess I only intend to journey this life—as far as Baden.

Secondly—A charge of swindling—for such the imputation goes to—at the salon.

Thirdly, another unaccountable delay in joining the Callonbys, with whom I am every hour in the risque of being "*compromis*;" and lastly a duel in perspective with some confounded Frenchman, who is at this very moment practising at a pistol gallery.

Such were the heads of my reflections, and such the agreeable impressions my visit to Paris was destined to open with; how they were to be followed up I reserve for another chapter and another month.

NOTE TO BY-WAYS OF IRISH HISTORY.

A pamphlet, in undesigned confirmation of our history of the Battle of the Diamond, has been recently published by Mr. Charles Hamilton Teeling. Our "By-ways" may not conduct us, so speedily as Mr. Teeling wishes, to the scenes of which he has written; we, however, thus early beg to assure him that we are willing, in his favour, to invert the old adage, and take the deed for or without the will. We thank Mr. Teeling for his praises—we acknowledge his courtesy—we freely pardon his invectives—and, in due time, hope to avail ourselves of the service he has rendered to the cause of truth by confirming our over-true history.

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DECEMBER, 1838.

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DUBLIN :

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SAMUEL HOLDSWORTH, LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The following Papers lie at our Publishers, till sent for by the Authors :

Granny Castle, a Legend of the Suir—Francesca Rimini—The Lost Limb—
Hermit of Grange Gorman—Diary of Joshua Lange—Siege of Constantinople—
The Question—Mr. O'Neill, College—A Tale (no name or signature)—Beta—
The Irish Protestant's Farewell—John Callaghan, Esq.—The Philosopher's
Stone—H. L. W.—U. U. K. Richmond—History of Paul Williams—Hagar and
Ishmael—M. A. W., Hillsborough—Dens.

If not called for before the 1st of January, the Publishers will feel themselves at liberty to destroy these Papers.

If our Correspondents will have patience, we shall endeavour to satisfy them all: but the quantity of MSS. we receive is very great, and very few of the pieces, in comparison, are fit to be printed.

1st December, 1838.

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CROLY ON THE RELIGIOUS DESTINIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

We hold it to be a sacred duty to call the attention of our readers to this sermon. It promulgates grand and magnificent truths, which can only be forgotten or overlooked at the peril of England's woe; truths, which every citizen of this mighty empire should learn, and which ought to be, more or less, the guide of the political conduct of every one who is intrusted with the solemn responsibilities of its franchises.

The argument of this sermon is not altogether new to those acquainted with the writings of the eloquent preacher. Already he has placed before his countrymen the solemn lesson of their high responsibilities, as the nation to whom is confided the keeping of God's truth in the latter days. This is the grand theme of this discourse. The particular portion of it which is illustrated, we shall leave the preacher himself to tell:—

“‘Righteousness exalteth a nation.’ There is no country of the modern world in which the truth of this high promise has been more emphatically proved than in England. And there is no country which has stronger reason to found her hopes of a vigorous and permanent prosperity upon the increased vigour of her religion.

“In presenting the argument of this great truth to you, my brethren, the laborious and learned pastors of the Church, it is possible that I may tell you little which has not already occurred to your own minds. But I am not aware that it has been used before; and I feel that no

argument can be superfluous, especially in our time, which demonstrates that the Church of England, in being made the depository of Protestantism, is made the depository of a direct gift of God. In proving the Reformation to be thus the act of an immediate Providence, I do not limit myself to its doctrines. Its purpose was, not to give a third revelation, but to restore the previous one; to renovate fallen Christianity. The argument is,—that Judaism and Christianity being confessedly given to the world by the Divine will; the Reformation, given to the world under circumstances closely similar, is, like them, to be regarded as a direct work of Heaven.”

We shall endeavour, before we venture on any comments of our own, to present our readers with a summary of the arguments of the sermon.

It would be a mere work of supererogation to express admiration of the preacher; one whom our University may add with pride to the list of those who have nobly redeemed her name from the imputations of her enemies. Few persons are unacquainted with the gorgeous eloquence—the deep philosophy, and the powerful reasoning which distinguish the writings of the rector of St. Stephen's. It is not, however, with these qualities, high as is the admiration which they challenge, that we have now to do. Our anxiety is to present to our readers the great and solemn truth which this christian patriot enforces on his countrymen, with the ear-

* The Reformation a Direct Gift of Divine Providence: a Sermon, preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, on Monday, October 8. 1838, on the First Anniversary of the Accession of George IV. to the Throne, by the Right Hon. and Right Rev. Charles James Lord Brougham, Dean of St. Paul's, and Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. London: 1838.

nessness and the eloquence of a prophet.

Regarding the Reformation, as the third great interposition of Providence for mankind; the revelation of Judaism and of Christianity, being the two first, Dr. Croly proceeds, in the first instance, to shew that each of the three interpositions was preceded by a peculiar and appropriate discipline of the national mind.

To prepare the Jewish nation for the reception of the theocracy, a peculiar discipline was adopted by Providence in Egypt. Led by a peculiar dispensation into that country, they lived for centuries apart from the people, without mixing with the inhabitants, or exchanging the rude habits of wandering shepherds, for the civilization and learning of the Egyptians. As the time, however, drew near, when the purposes of God were to be accomplished, a change took place in their position with regard to the country. Instead of living in total separation, they were forced into the closest possible contact with the Egyptians.

"The direct operation of the Egyptian tyranny was, to violate the ancient compact with the Israelite, force him from his natural occupation, and make him a labourer in the fields and cities. But the inevitable effect of divorcing him from the simplicity, ignorance, and quietude of the sheepfold, was, to give him new knowledge, to quicken his understanding, to make him feel the wants, and teach him a familiarity with the forms, of civilized life. And for those purposes the world could not supply a more efficient teacher than Egypt, the most opulent and tasteful, the most inventive and learned, the most commercial and enterprising of all nations. The Israelite, labouring on its public works, building its fortresses, and employed in those manufactories of whose skill such matchless specimens remain to this hour, must have rapidly become a wholly different being from the simple, easily satisfied, and rustic dweller in Goshen.

"It was to a people thus prepared for their new condition, civil and religious; thus torn from the monotony and meagreness of Arab life, like the ore from the mine; and, like the ore from the mine, fused into the mould of society, and stamped with the image and character of civilization; that the Theocracy was given."

In the same way, the revelation of Christianity was preceded by a peculiar

discipline of the intellect. The Augustan æra is still celebrated as the period at which the education of the human mind, in all the subtleties of an intellectual philosophy, was carried to its greatest height.

"It was while this education was in its highest ardour, that Christianity was given—the especial religion of evidence, of argument, of learned research, and of intellectual freedom, was given to the human understanding, especially awakened, invigorated, and refined!"

Just in the same way the æra of the Reformation was preceded by a remarkable discipline of the human mind. Discoveries—all of them what is termed accidental—united to give an impetus to the march of the human mind. The invention of printing, with its obvious effect on the spread of knowledge; the invention of gunpowder, which did more to civilize mankind than any occurrence in the history of our race, by abolishing feudalism, and civilising war. The mariner's compass, followed by the discovery of America. All these things manifestly point out a preparation of the human mind, providential in its occurrence, because apparently accidental in its leading impulses.

This is but a very meagre outline of the first analogy. The second is, perhaps, still more remarkable.

"We come to another characteristic of the three interpositions. In each, the Religion was speedily removed from the place of its birth;—in each it was removed to a location palpably marked by security;—and in each it was committed to the charge of a Sovereign of the highest rank and personal qualities.

"Thus Judaism, commencing with the mission of Moses, was speedily removed from Egypt; was settled in Palestine, a land especially designed for its safety; and was there placed under the highest of all conceivable protections, the direct sovereignty of God, proclaiming Himself King of Israel.

"Thus the Church of Christianity was rapidly removed from Judæa; was placed in supremacy in the Christian Empire of the East, in a capital expressly constructed for its throne, and so secure, that it reigned there for a thousand years; and was consigned to the charge of Constantine, the first soldier and statesman of his time, and the acknowledged master of the civilized world.

"Thus Protestantism was speedily transferred from the divided and exposed

provinces of Germany to England; was established by the benevolence of Heaven in our country as its impregnable stronghold; and consigned to the charge of that most renowned Sovereign, whose name outshone all Europe in her day, and has never been eclipsed during the long lapse of centuries, the mighty Elizabeth; THE PROTESTANT QUEEN."

The third analogy is, that the kingdom to which each was primarily given, endured exactly until the time when the subsequent interposition was to come. "The sceptre did not depart from Judea until Shiloh came." The empire of Constantine remained until the very eve of the Reformation.

"The religion of the empire had long been corrupted; but it was in that sepulchre that the solitary lamp of the Gospel had survived, to be carried to the West.

"Constantinople was stormed, and the Greek sovereignty fell; but not until the moment when its successor was prepared. It expired, with its hand on the gates of the Reformation.

It is only as a moral that the analogy can be carried on to the third interposition.

"It is in no vain affectation of prophecy but in the simplest submission to the lessons of Providence, that the pulpit pronounces to England the fate of the Jew and the Greek; if, like them, she shall dilapidate the mighty treasure of truth entrusted to her hands."

Another analogy may be traced in the following:—

"Each of the three interpositions commenced with an individual in the more obscure ranks of life, wholly unconnected with the public excitements of his time, and bearing the sacerdotal character.—Each was then delivered into the charge of a great temporal sovereign;—and each was finally fixed in a church establishment."

"Even the chronology of the three interpositions bears no equivocal stamp of the exactness, yet the grandeur, of Providence. The birth of Judaism was nearly fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christianity. The revival of Christianity by the Reformation was nearly fifteen hundred years after. Thus Christianity stands in the central point of three thousand years of the especial agency of Heaven. Such are the tremendous cycles by which Omnipotence rounds its career.

The concurrence, the similitude, almost

the identity of those originating circumstances of Judaism, Christianity and Protestantism, is beyond all question. And if we ask why has this concurrence been so powerfully preserved, what rational answer can be given, but that it was for the purpose of marking the three as the operation of the same high will? The King of nature and mind cannot want means of infinite diversity. But types and similarities of circumstances are an established scriptural mode of appealing to the human understanding; and once again, the appeal was amply and emphatically made."

From these premises the conclusion is drawn in the following noble passage:—

"Thus is our country the depository of a direct gift of Heaven; and accountable for its protection and honour under the heaviest penalties of public ruin. In this aspect there is much to dread; yet, I will believe, much more to cheer. No encouragement can be given to the human heart, more calculated to nerve and elevate all its powers, than the conviction, that it is contending in the unquestionable cause of God; that its object is unequivocally holy; and that whatever may be the human results of the struggle, its reward is sure with Him "who seeth in secret, but rewardeth openly." I will believe that the great Disposer of all things has not set this glory before England, only to throw light on her shame. That he has not thus lifted her on the wings of the Spirit, only to cast her down. That He has not especially bound on her imperial breast the Urim and Thummim of the Gospel, only that their effulgence might be darkened, and that she might incur the twofold guilt of a twofold treason,—alike as the head of empire, and the head of Christendom. On the contrary, it is my gravest impression, from the whole course of Providence with Protestant England, that it is the Divine will to put within her reach an extraordinary prosperity, unless she shall reject the boon; that the widest extent of empire, the most redundant physical, moral, and intellectual opulence, and the most high-toned, secure, and universal honour, are not beyond the offer held out to her, if she will but do her duty in the hour of trial. I solemnly believe that that hour is at hand."

From this the reverend preacher proceeds to point out the reasons which induce him to believe that the Church of England is to be the restorative organ of Europe and of the kind. He argues this from the preparations which he believes to be now g

on in the multiplication of commerce, in the rapidity of intercourse by the power of steam both on land and water, all tending to increase the influence of such a position as that of England; while in the mean time the people of England are learning a lesson in the open and undisguised exhibition of the principles of popery. But even this exhibition will not have its effect without the discharge of their duties by the ministers of the church.

"Pastors of the great Church of pure Christianity, the rest must be largely done by yourselves. We need have no peculiar fear of the progress of Dissent. It wants the three principles of ecclesiastical permanency—a fixed creed, a fixed discipline, and a fixed revenue. It roves over the unsettled territory of the Church like the Indian; and like the Indian, recedes before the advance of civilization. But Popery has the three; and if it shall add to them, what it restlessly labours to obtain, and what it wants alone for supremacy, political power: then, indeed, 'let them which be in Judaea, flee unto the mountains.'

"This is the true antagonist, the colossal challenger, with the helmet 'of brass, and the spear like a weaver's beam.' See the haughtiness and daring of the defiance. Fifty years ago there were not fifty Romish chapels in Scotland, England, and Wales; there are now upwards of five hundred in England alone! Cathedrals are rising; monasteries and colleges are preparing to fill their ranks; enormous contributions are levied; in all the vaunted illumination of the nineteenth century, Rome is sending back among us the morals, the discipline, and the darkness of the thirteenth. We must not fall into the capital error of mistaking the danger. Compared with this solid and progressive usurpation, Dissent is nothing. The true peril of the mariner is not in the ice-land, shaped in chill and obscurity, sure to break up into fragments by its nature, and vanishing as it meets the sun. The danger is in the shoal, growing beneath the surface, continually shifting its shape, yet continually advancing, till it spreads over the waters, and makes wreck inevitable and ir retrievable."

The conclusion of this splendid discourse we must give in the preacher's own words.

"In full contrast to her adversaries, the people see the CHURCH OF ENGLAND—with all her ancient majesty unimpaired, and with even more than her ancient vigour awakened; sustaining the purity

of her own doctrines and discipline, yet allowing to every man the full rights of a conscience; ministering to the good order of the state, yet keeping aloof from the factions and follies of the time; indefatigably labouring for the poor, yet disdaining to court popularity by a bribe to their passions. With new respect and gratitude, they see her, in all the tumults of the period, steadily pursuing her way to the public welfare, forming great plans of education, gathering the multitude into new temples, pouring out her munificent charity to her afflicted brethren at the ends of the earth, spreading that most exalted gift of human benevolence, the Bible, wherever man can live and be redeemed; and planting her dignities, her discipline, and her principles in mighty kingdoms, yet to reflect her image on a bolder scale. Like the sacred tree of India, projecting her noble branches far and wide, that touch the ground only to take root, rise in statelier beauty, and sanctify the land with a broader shade.

"I now close this portion of the argument. We may justly challenge the common knowledge of all men, to doubt that the Church of England, never more deserving to hold a high rank by her ability and her zeal than at this moment, holds a still higher, in the public estimation, by the immediate contrast with her adversaries. I assert that this spontaneous display of the innate evils of both, coming on the palpable eve of measureless change; the perverse blindness, arrogant impolicy, and rash forgetfulness, in each, of the system by which both had gained all their advances; and this too occurring at the moment when the great prize of all, the national mind, was to be lost or won; if it do not argue a higher disposal than belongs to man, is one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of error. But the result is not less practical; both *have* lost the confidence of the empire.

"In this instance, as in the Divine origin of the Reformation, I look, not to single circumstances, but to their confex; to their diversity of origin, and their compression into one broad and irresistible column of force. We may disregard the single curl of the wave; but when we see every curl and every wave moving in the same direction, when we find the whole expanse of things swelling onward, we recognise the Tide; we turn from the work of chance to the laws of nature; we look for the strength that alone could coerce and guide that mighty fluctuation, and we find it in the skies.

"The subject still presses on me, but I must conclude. I disdain the language of enthusiasm as much as any man. I

shrink, as humbly as any man, from the presumption of intruding into the mysteries of the future. But I cannot suppress my deliberate conviction, that England, with her pure Religion, her Apostolical Church, and her Protestant people, has been divinely summoned to perform a great part in the coming crisis; that the sudden and complete exposure of her adversaries has been significant; and that the British empire, through the Established Church, has been constituted by Providence the heir to the duties, the privileges, and the promises of Israel.

“ God will set thee high above all the nations of the earth; and all those blessings shall be upon thee, if thou wilt hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God.”

We have thus endeavoured briefly to give our readers an outline of the argument which is here pressed on the attention of every Christian patriot. The position of England in the providential arrangements of the Deity, we believe to be the key to the right understanding of her politics. To England has been committed the solemn trust of keeping God's truth on earth; and the trusts of Providence, whether committed to individuals or nations, bring with them this inevitable condition—that if they be fulfilled, honour and safety attend on their fulfilment—if they be betrayed, the inevitable penalty is ruin.

We have said that we feel it a duty to place the views of this discourse clearly before our readers. We are not enthusiasts. We desire to look at all matters as matters of plain and practical calculation—introducing merely among the elements of our calculations the higher relations of human affairs to an unseen, but not, therefore, the less real world, and the higher duties which arise out of these relations; and in the very spirit of this calm and unimaginative calculation it is that we desire of all our readers seriously to weigh the truths which we have propounded.

There surely can be nothing in the least degree inconsistent either with experience or revelation in the supposition that God would, in the latter day, select one nation to be the guardian of his truth on earth. The question, indeed, is decided by experience; for to those who admit that the reformed religion is his truth, freed from the errors and corruptions of Rome, it must be plain that at one period of her history England was chosen for and did faithfully discharge this high office among the nations of Europe. But we

say that it is not only possible but highly probable that in the further development of the destinies of our race, this nation may still have great and important duties to fulfil—duties of which it is impossible to speculate on the exact nature, further than this, that the first of them must be to maintain true religion among her own people. As far as we can reverentially gather from the intimations of prophecy, we would conclude that just as the great purposes of man's destiny were drawing nearer to their final and entire development, just so would the duties of the nation that knows true religion become more distinct and marked, and the national responsibilities of every people be increased. For while we speak of the selection of one nation, we must not be understood to mean that this people should have their distinct duties other than what naturally arises out of obligations binding upon all men, united with the peculiar position of that country. No special duties can arise but from a special revelation; but while it is the solemn and bounden duty of all nations to advance the cause of true religion upon earth, it is evident that just in proportion to the power and influence of each does the responsibility of the duty increase.

The question, then, as to the duties of Englishmen, does not depend upon any opinion as to the position which their country may hold in the scale of future Providence. Our duty, as members of a community, is clearly to use our every influence, that that community may be found using all its combined power for the glory of our Creator and the good of mankind. This duty we have, in common with the members of every other state; and it needs nothing more than the simple fulfilment of this universal obligation to discharge the duties of the highest destiny to which our country may be called.

But when we come practically to apply this truth, we shall see at once what increased responsibility is thrown upon Britain and on Britons. We are citizens of a state whose moral power and physical greatness place her first among the nations of the earth. God has marked us out for blessing—commercial prosperity, by which treasures of a tributary we poured into our coffers—our constitution, that gave liberty to people while the rest of Eur-

in slavery—with a people which have so long enjoyed the blessings of a true religion, that it may almost be said that it is their hereditary privilege to know their God—with an established church, amply endowed and provided with a pious and learned ministry, inferior to none upon earth, we at once perceive the immense national facilities which we have for advancing the cause of religion, and we learn to estimate the immeasurably increased responsibilities of duties which are common to us with all men.

And is not the conclusion irresistibly forced upon our mind, that this position and these blessings have not been given us without an object—but that it is the design of the all-wise Disposer of events that England should signalise herself by efforts in his cause.

Certain it is, that the obligation to become the guardian of religion upon earth is one as naturally arising from the peculiar circumstances of England as any relative duty arises from the peculiar circumstances of the individual.

The church and the country owe an obligation to Dr. Croly for this discourse. Our clergy have too long and too systematically neglected to instruct their people on their political duties; and truths which our ancestors would have never dreamed for an instant of forgetting, are now left out of sight as the mere visions of the enthusiast. National responsibilities are unthought of. Men exercise the franchises of the state without any remembrance that they are thus exercising a power which is more or less to influence the destinies of mankind, and for which they are responsible to their God. The neglect of the pulpit is to blame for this. Our clergy have not taught the people the national responsibilities which entail with their individual obligations. They have practically told them that they did not need the guidance of revelation in that act which, of all others, most needs an humble reliance on teaching from above—the exercise of political power. Men talked of the separation of politics and religion, until, while religion has not become, in men's minds, less political, politics have become irreligious. This must be remedied. The watchmen of the nation must warn the people of all their duties—not merely their duties to each other in the common and ordinary transactions of life, but of their higher and more

solemn duties to each other—to all society—to generations yet to come—to mankind—and to their Creator, as members of the great compact of the state. Let this be done by our clergy, and it is not in the power of the hollowness of all her statesmen—no matter by what party name they disguise their forgetfulness of the principle of truth—to destroy or even impair the Christian Constitution of Britain.

But we need this from the pulpit to infuse a better and more righteous spirit into our politics. What a contrast is it to turn from the grand principles put forward by Dr. Croly to the policy pursued in the senate, even by those who are the advocates of the constitution? Where is the boldness, the manliness, the uncompromising opposition to evil which should belong to men who feel that when they resist the demolition of our ancient institutions they maintain the cause of God? The Conservatism that is based on any other foundation than this must fall. The reformed religion of Britain is the rock against which the defenders of her institutions must plant the bayonets of their resistance, or they will be as they have been, driven back from post to post—and just so long as they shrink from the broad and plain principle, that England must act as a nation for the advancement of true religion, just so long will they be defeated, because just so long will they deserve it.

The real struggle that is now going on is, whether England shall continue the guardian of true religion or fall a prey herself to the powers of evil, which it needs no prophetic eye to discern are gathering their strength from all quarters of the earth. Influences are abroad among mankind that seek the overthrow of religion in the world; and if England's church and institutions were destroyed, there would then be but little in the frail and decaying fabrics of popery on the continent to preserve even the semblance of opposition to infidelity—if popery itself be not the form in which irreligion would establish its gloomy and terrible ascendancy over mankind.

Such are the interests that are involved in the present struggle. We need scarcely stop to observe that such are the interests that are intrusted to the keeping of the Protestants of Ireland. Ireland is now the scene of this momentous conflict. If popery once established a supremacy here, the great-

ness of England is gone for ever. It must be weak and vacillating—a defence of expediency and compromise, is, then, for the cause of religion on earth that we contend. The defence at once contemptible to our enemies that rests on lower grounds than this and mischievous to our friends.

THE RINGDOVE.

Why art thou flown, my gentle dove,
 The nestling I have reared ?
 Who cares for thee in yon wild grove
 As I for thee have cared ?
 No parent bird is there to teach
 Thy callow wing to range ;
 Thou'lt sit among yon sunless beech,
 And sadly feel the change.

When golden gleams of summer, bright
 O'er wild and forest lay,
 And the wilderness in leafy light
 Stretched greenly far away,
 With airy gaze I saw thee ken
 Thy native woodland scene,
 And thy mother's savage instinct then
 Came wildly o'er thy mien.

That love of shadowy space and height
 Blue heaven and branching tree,
 The ivied roost, the soaring flight
 So fleet, and sorrow free—
 At once, my bird, thy wish I caught,
 As true as words can tell,
 Full oft I've dreamed the same wild thought—
 My spirit knew it well.

In thought, on wing like thine, full oft
 I've yearned to mount away
 Through yonder bright blue fields aloft
 In pure and glorious day,
 To pass unquestioned, and at will
 O'er forest, mountain, lake :
 I knew thy wish, my bird, and still
 I loved thee for its sake.

But, ah, too soon thy youngling eyes
 Were turned by yon false glow,
 The surface sunniness that lies
 O'er dim, cold shades below—
 Thou err'dest—as they who fondly dream
 Beneath the parent roof,
 Of joys and new delights that seem
 Gay gleaming from aloof.

Deceived by each false outward grace
 And glory of the scene ;
 The mask of smiles on every face
 Where the heart is not serene ;
 The flatteries on many a tongue
 When coldness lurks beneath
 Life's pomp—the specious laurel hung
 O'er sorrow, strife, and death.

Oh! bird forlorn, in you fair wild
Perched darkly and alone,
Art thou as is the truant child
Who grieveth to have flown?
Art thou as they who seek around
Each promise flattery bore,
While day by day new griefs are found—
A home, alas, no more?

There shall wild creatures of thy kind
With sounding pinion sweep,
Like blue-winged couriers of the wind,
The chequering leafy steep—
And then thou'lt lift thy drooping head
With sad surprise—alas,
Thou hast not learned, all wings are spread
From want and woe to pass.

Thou'lt hunger there at evenfall,
And none will bring thee food;
And long and low thy querulous call
Will sadden the dark wood.
Thou'lt turn to catch some friendly sound
As lingering hours go by,
And cast with mournful glance around
Thy timid, wistful eye.

The hawk, with martial plumery,
So gallant and so gay,
Shall find thee on thine orphan tree
An unresisting prey.
The pie, the raven, for their own
Shall mark thy friendless life—
To such is pity ever shown
In this world of care and strife?

There is for thee no help—no stay,
Till death relieve thy woe;
Till sun, or storm, or foe shall lay
Thy fainting body low.
Perchance thy hapless relics then,
All scattered, stained, and few,
Shall meet the friendly eye again
That watched them as they grew.

J. U.U.

LIFE OF WILBERFORCE.*

THIS is an interesting work, and one respecting which our readers should have had an earlier notice, were it not for the pressure of other important avocations. We must, however, at the outset, protest against the book-making peculiarities by which it is distinguished, as discreditable alike to the publisher whose name appears in the title-page, and the eminent individual who is its subject. Murray, it is understood, outbid his brother booksellers in competing for the copyright, by a sum which would have left him a serious loser by the transaction, if the work were not swelled into five volumes, by the wholesale insertion of a most rambling, desultory, and almost unintelligible journal, and a scattered and multifarious correspondence; and hence the heterogeneous character of the compilation before us, which may be characterised as the "*rudis, indigestaque moles*" of the biography of Wilberforce, and which so far resembles the present ministry as that it also may be said to consist of "squeezable materials," from which, however, by judicious compression, (and herein it differs from them,) something good might be extracted.

It is much to be lamented that Murray did not induce the young men, the sons of Wilberforce, to put their papers into the hands of some one who really knew how to write, and by whom something like justice might be done to the memory of their respected father. As to the young men themselves, they should no more have undertaken to write his life, than to paint his likeness. It is true, no one ought to know him better than his own children; but it does not, therefore, follow that his own children were the best qualified to render a faithful account of him to the world. To do that effectually it would be necessary to deal with matters of general interest, upon a comprehensive scale, in a manner that would require no mean share of the sagacity of the politician, the wisdom of the statesman, the elevation of the Christian philosopher, and the knowledge of the historian; and of these requisites no one can pretend that the sons of Wilber-

force were possessed. It is, indeed, to be lamented that they did not possess even so much of them as would have taught them to distrust themselves in dealing with matters so clearly above their comprehension, as were many of the subjects which necessarily came under review in the biography of their father; and that filial piety, as well as historical justice would be best consulted, by consigning the task to some man of eminence, (were we asked to name, we would say, above all others, to Robert Southey), by whom we have little doubt, something worthy of the great Christian philanthropist of his age would, ere this, have been given to the world.

He was born at Hull, in the year 1759, and was the son of a respectable merchant, who could number amongst his ancestors some of the leading gentry of the county of York. From his earliest years his health was delicate, and his frame feeble, so much so as to be a source of perpetual anxiety to his watchful parents, who placed him, at the age of seven, at the grammar-school of Hull. His earliest religious impressions appear to have been derived from his aunt, a methodist of Whitfield's school, with whom he spent much time until he was thirteen years of age, when he was brought home by his mother, and "it became an object of his friends," his biographers tell us, "by the seductions of gaiety and self-indulgence, to charm away that serious spirit which had taken possession of his youthful bosom."

'Et sanctos restringere fontibus ignes.'"

This was no easy task, although the expedients employed at length appear to have produced the desired effect, and Wilberforce was gradually weaned from many of the peculiarities which had separated him from the merely nominally Christian world. Nor was he himself without recognizing a peculiar providence in that temporary estrangement from the ways of holiness and peace, as a means of his being connected with public men, and useful to the promotion of public objects. Had he not been removed from his uncle's,

* The Life of William Wilberforce. By his Sons, Robert Isaac Wilberforce, M./ Vicar of East Farleigh, late Fellow of Oriel College; and Samuel Wilberforce, M./ Rector of Brightons. 5 vols. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1834

he tells us, he would probably have continued all his days a bigoted and despised methodist; as matters were ordered, a revival of piety took place after his introduction into public life, by which as a public man he continued to be actuated to the latest moment of his existence.

At Cambridge, he formed an acquaintance with Pitt, of whom we have many interesting notices in the progress of this memoir, and to whom, although Wilberforce never attached himself with the blindness of a mere partisan, he appears through life to have been affectionately devoted. He had been returned for the borough of Hull, (an honour which cost him between £8000 and £9000,) but a short time before Pitt had been returned for the borough of Appleby, and their old habits of acquaintance were resumed at the club of Goostree's, which was at that time frequented by some of the most distinguished men of the day. Of the future great prime minister, he writes, that though less formed for popularity than his great rival Fox, he was, when free from shyness, and amongst his intimate companions, the very soul of merriment and conversation.

"He was the wittiest man I ever knew, and what was quite peculiar to himself, had at all times his wit under entire control. Others appeared struck by the unwonted association of brilliant images; but every possible combination of ideas seemed always present to his mind, and he could at once produce whatever he desired. I was one of those who met to spend an evening in memory of Shakespeare, at the Boar's Head, East Cheap. Many professed wits were present, but Pitt was the most amusing of the party, and the readiest and most apt in the required allusions. He entered with the same energy into all our different amusements; we played a good deal at Goostree's, and I well remember the intense earnestness which he displayed when joining in those games of chance. He perceived their increasing fascination, and soon after suddenly abandoned them
"ever."

pass over that portion of his life between his entrance into parliament, and the overthrow of the present ministry, when Pitt succeeded to the helm of affairs. He had been a companion of this great man on a tour through France, which he visited previous to the outbreak

of the revolution, when Neckar made him an offer of the hand of his daughter, the afterwards celebrated Madame de Stael, which Pitt declined on the ground that he was already married to his country. Upon their return they found the king groaning under a ministry that had been imposed upon him, and anxiously desirous of an event which might enable him to shake himself of the odious burthen. They on the other hand, felt the precariousness of their position, and were anxiously casting about for every expedient by which the tenure of their place might be rendered more secure. The India bill was the measure upon which they resolved, as best likely, by the prodigious patronage which it would afford, to accomplish for them their object. It was, in fact, intended by them to serve just the same purpose which was more successfully aimed at by Lord Grey in the reform bill. Pitt was still no more than a stripling, and although already one of some mark and likelihood, by no means important enough to excite much alarm in the minds of the experienced political combatants, who had been men of war from their youth up, and who brandished the weapons of wit and of eloquence, with a power and a skill that were almost unrivalled. But they were soon made to feel what the virtue and the energy of a single man could accomplish, when backed by the royal confidence, and sustained by the honesty and the intelligence of the people. This portion of British history will ever be read with intense interest, if it was only that it laid the foundation of that uncompromising boldness, and that heroic perseverance, by which Pitt was distinguished in after life, and to which, under Providence, England owed her preservation. We cannot afford to dwell upon it here, further than to say, that he was not driven from his post by frequent majorities, when his great antagonists seemed most to triumph in the certainty of his defeat, and that he waited, with an intrepid patience, for the gradual improvement of public opinion, which he left no means within his power unemployed for the purpose of enlightening, until, with almost a certainty of success, he might venture on an appeal to the people. This he did in due season—how triumphantly, history tells; but we can only afford to touch upon it at present so far as Mr. Wilberforce is concerned, who was enabled from his

position in the great county of York, to perform for his friend a signal service.

That great county had not as yet declared itself; and the leaders of the Coalition party, from their vast possessions in it, looked eagerly to its decision in their favour. A meeting was accordingly called, at which all the aristocracy assembled. The clothiers of Leeds were opposed to the Coalition ministry, and an address was proposed by one of that body, in condemnation of them. On the other side appeared Lord Surrey; Lord Carlisle, Lord John Cavendish, Lord Fitzwilliam, &c.

"When the proposers of the address had spoken, and the Whig lords had been heard in answer, the day was far advanced, and the listeners were growing weary of the contest. At this time Mr. Wilberforce mounted the table, from which, under a great wooden canopy before the high sheriff's chair, the various speakers had addressed the meeting. The weather was so bad 'that it seemed,' says an eye-witness, 'as if his slight frame would be unable to make head against its violence.' The castle yard, too, was so crowded, that men of the greatest physical powers had been scarcely audible. Yet such was the magic of his voice, and the grace of his expression, that by his very first sentence he arrested, and for above an hour he continued to enchain, the attention of the surrounding multitude. 'Danby tells me,' writes Pepper Arden, 'that you spoke like an angel. That indeed I hear from many others.' The disadvantage under which his figure had at first appeared, from the scale and construction of the hustings, was soon forgotten in the force and animation of his manner. 'I saw,' said Boswell, describing the meeting to Dundas, 'what seemed a mere shrimp, mount upon the table; but, as I listened, he grew and grew, until the shrimp became a whale.' 'It is impossible,' says one who heard him, 'though at a distance of so many years, to forget his speech, or the effect which it produced. He arraigned with the utmost vigour the Coalition ministry, and the India Bill which they had proposed—a measure which he described as 'the offspring of that unnatural conjunction, marked with the features of both its parents, bearing token to the violence of the one, and the corruption of the other.' 'His argumentative and eloquent speech,' says a York paper of the day, 'was listened to with the most eager attention, and received with the loudest acclamations of applause. It was a reply to all that had been urged against the address;

but there was such an excellent choice of expressions, so rapidly pronounced, that we are unable to do it justice in any account we can give of it.' He was distinctly heard to the utmost limits of the crowd, and interrupted only by an express from Mr. Pitt, which without disconcerting him, enabled him with the greatest possible effect to announce to the assembled county, that by dissolving parliament, the king had at that very moment appealed to the decision of the nation."

He thus not only served his friend, but served himself; for the reputation which he had now achieved, formed his chief recommendation for the representation of Yorkshire. He was, accordingly, when a dissolution took place, put into requisition, and returned by a vast majority, at the same time that Pitt achieved an object which he had greatly at heart, that of being member for the University of Cambridge.

We now approach that period of his life when he became, more seriously than he ever had been before, impressed with the importance of eternal things. So soon as he had a respite from parliamentary attendance, he resolved upon a continental tour, and took for his companion Isaac Milner, at that time more known to him for native shrewdness, and plain, rough common sense, than for the strong religious impressions by which he was afterwards distinguished. Indeed he tells us, that had he known Milner to be the decidedly serious man he was, that alone, at that period of his life, would have determined him against him. Doddridge's *Rise and Progress* was a book which they agreed to read together, and the statements and sentiments there conveyed were such as to awaken an interest in the mind of Wilberforce, which caused him to suspect the soundness of his faith, and made him anxious to search the Scriptures, to try whether the representations of Doddridge were indeed according to the Divine word. If they were, while he continued to live after his present course, he could not consider himself in a state of safety.

"His discussions with Isaac Milner were continued throughout this journey, until 'by degrees I imbibed his sentiments, though I must confess with shame, that they long remained, merely as opinions assented to by my understanding but not influencing my heart. My interest in them certainly increased, and

length I began to be impressed with a sense of their importance. Milner, though full of levity on all other subjects, never spoke on this but with the utmost seriousness, and all he said tended to increase my attention to religion.' So interesting were these conversations now become to him, that his fellow-travellers complained of the infrequency of his visits to their carriage. In this state of feeling he arrived at Spa, and spent almost six weeks in that 'curious assemblage from all parts of Europe.' Amongst the rest were many of his English friends; and though on some few points he now controverted their opinions, yet in general he joined freely in their ordinary pleasures. 'Mrs. Crewe,' he says, 'cannot believe that I can think it wrong to go to the play—surprised at hearing that halting on the Sunday was my wish, and not my mother's.' Yet, though his outward appearance gave little evidence of their existence, deeper feelings were at work beneath. 'Often while in the full enjoyment of all that this world could bestow, my conscience told me, that in the true sense of the word, I was not a Christian. I laughed, I sang, I was gay, and apparently happy; but the thought would steal across me, "What madness is all this; to continue easy in a state, in which a sudden call out of the world would consign me to everlasting misery, and that when eternal happiness is within my grasp!" For I had received into my understanding the great truths of the gospel, and believed that its offers were free and universal; and that God had promised to give his Holy Spirit to them that asked for it. At length such thoughts as these completely occupied my mind, and I began to pray earnestly.' 'Began three or four days ago,' he says, Oct. 25th, 'to get up very early. In the solitude and self-conversation of the morning, had thoughts, which I trust will come to something.' 'As soon as I reflected seriously upon these subjects, the deep guilt and black ingratitude of my past life forced itself upon me in the strongest colours, and I condemned myself for having wasted my precious time, and opportunities, and talents.' Thus he returned home; another man in his inner being, yet manifesting outwardly so little of the hidden struggle, 'that it was not,' says one of his companions, 'until many months after our return, that I had learned what had been passing in his mind.'

"Upon the 10th of November he reached Wimbledon, and as parliament did not meet until the following February, he was much alone, and had leisure to commune with himself. The more he reflected, the deeper became his new im-

pressions. 'It was not so much,' he has said, 'the fear of punishment by which I was affected, as a sense of my great sinfulness, in having so long neglected the unspeakable mercies of my God and Saviour; and such was the effect which this thought produced, that for months I was in a state of the deepest depression, from strong convictions of my guilt. Indeed nothing which I have ever read in the accounts of others, exceeded what I then felt.' These were now his habitual feelings; carefully concealed from others, and in some measure, no doubt, dispelled by company, but reviving in their full force as soon as he retired into himself."

An interview with Newton seems to have completed what his intercourse with Milner had so happily begun; and from thenceforth of him might be truly said, that he lived by faith, and that his every thought, and word, and action was consecrated by a religious purpose. Of this decided change in his sentiments he had given an early intimation to Pitt, with whom, however, he was gratified to find that he could so generally agree; and whatever support he did afford the minister must have been the more acceptable, as it was now understood to be accorded only from conscientious conviction.

But when we have given Wilberforce credit for sincerity, for eloquence, and for a certain measure of general ability, we have bestowed upon him all the praise to which he is fairly entitled. His mind was by no means the mind of a philosopher or a statesman. The mighty problem of government had never been pondered by him, with any attention proportioned to its depths or its difficulties; nor were his faculties of a kind that would have enabled him to grapple with it with success. His imagination was vivid, his affections were kindly, and his religious impressions were strong; but interesting, and amiable, and important as were these qualities and affections of his mind and heart, the commanding intellect was wanting, which would have invariably determined them to proper objects. In him a superficial philanthropism supplied the place of an enlarged humanity, and shed a delusive glare upon the visionary projects of reformers and revolutionists, which often commended them to his admiration, when juster views of human nature, and a deeper insight into the workings of the social system, would have deprived them of all their plausibility, and made them

appear, as in reality they were, shallow and sophistical, rash and dangerous.

Both he and Pitt commenced their parliamentary life with a strong bias in favour of parliamentary reform; but the minister soon began to see that it would be dangerous to unroof the constitutional edifice, while a storm was raging, by which it was rocked to its foundations. Not so Wilberforce; he was for tampering with the mighty structure, at a time when higher wisdom would have taught him the hardihood of such a proceeding; and his friend the minister was not a little embarrassed by his honest and importunate, but most untimely perseverance, in a project by which, if he succeeded, he would have diminished the influence of the crown, without increasing either the wisdom or the virtue of the people.

As it is not our intention to follow the biographers through the rambling, scrambling diary, which they have been silly enough to print so much at large, we shall state, simply, that it affords evidence of the religious watchfulness with which Wilberforce regarded the movements of his own heart, and the intense anxiety which possessed him to fulfil, with a scrupulous fidelity, all his moral and social duties. Nor is it to be forgotten, that he could never have contemplated that this journal of his sayings and doings, would have ever met the public eye. It was, obviously, undertaken solely for the purpose of noting down for himself, such incidents as interested him at the time, and such phases of thought and action as indicated the progress of his mind and heart in that spiritual knowledge which he valued above all things. And such a purpose, no doubt, it served. But, to use it, as the biographers have done, for the purpose of swelling the work to its present size, without enhancing in the slightest degree the interest of the memoir, or communicating any collateral facts of the least importance; yea, in many instances, tantalizing the reader by the suggestion of topics respecting which he must feel a stirring interest, and only so doing in order to produce disappointment—introducing him to persons of the highest rank and station, respecting whom he is momentarily expecting the record of some important saying, or the narrative of some characteristic incident, and presently causing them to disappear, as if they had vanished in a dream; all this is so very unsatisfactory, and even

silly, such clumsy botchery in the art and mystery of book-making, that we doubt not it will be hereafter referred to by the historians of "the trade," as the boldest stroke of the enterprising publisher, by whom such a jumble of miserable crudities have been given to the world. We have heard of an honest Roman Catholic priest, who, by saying grace over a leg of mutton, was supposed to possess the power of turning it into very good fish on a fast day. The publisher in Albemarle-street seems to imagine that his *fat* possesses a similar power, and that he has only to give his "imprimatur" to the dust and cobwebs of a great man's library, in order to confer upon them the properties of a striking record of his life and actions. We must confess ourselves, at whatever hazard, incredulous respecting their literary transubstantiation, and must continue to call trash, trash, notwithstanding the reclamation of the omnipotent bibliopoliſt, whose pretensions are thus profanely disregarded. As some justification of the foregoing, let the reader peruse the following, which, we can assure him, constitutes a fair sample of very nearly two-thirds of the five volumes before us. The extracts from the diary here given, have reference to some of the greatest men, and relate to the most interesting period in the history of the British empire.

"The Diary at this period is full of interesting allusions to the progress of affairs.

"Oct. 25th. Traveled all day—at London about one o'clock in the morning. Supped at Goostree's—bed half-past three.

"28th. Kemble, Hamlet, and Goostree's.

"Nov. 1st. Wimbledon. Pitt and Eliot came in at four—dined and slept.

"2nd. Pitt staid all day.

"3rd. They left me—alone—read.

"8th. Sat. Eliot and Pitt came to dinner; and all night.

"9th. Pepper and John Villiers came, and staid all night. Pitt and Eliot left after dinner.

"11th. House (met)—up at six. Dined Goostree's—play. Begun hard at Reports.

"13th. House—Reports. Supped Edwards's—Ramsay, negroes.

"15th. Dined Baxter's—Johnians.

"16th. Did not go to Wimbledon—Cambridge election.

"17th. Pitt went to Cambridge meet Euston. Went to Surrey not tion meeting.

"18th. House—Fox's India Motion. Express from Euston that the Duke would not let him stand. Debate about Pitt—Bankes. Determined he should not stand.

"20th. House—spirited debate about putting off India Bill. Dined Goostree's.

"24th. Dined R. Smith's. Night, Pitt's India people.

"27th. Great day in the House. Sat till past four in the morning.

"28th. No House. Dined Tom Pitt's—Mrs. Crewe—charming woman.

"29th. Went to see Mrs. Siddons—Mrs. Crewe at play.

"30th. Dined Lord Chatham's—meeting. Wrote for ladies to go to the gallery, but disappointed.

"Dec. 1st. House—late night. Home about five, immediately after debate. Fox spoke wonderfully.

"2nd. Catch-club—Sandwich—then opera. Mrs. Crewe there. Supped Lord George's. Lord John there—Mrs. Crewe—Duchess of Portland—converta. Mrs. Crewe made the party [promise] to adjourn to Downing Street next night.

"3rd. Dined Goostree's. Supped Duchess of Portland's, Downing Street. Charles Fox came in—whispering over chair. Heavy evening.

"4th. House. Supped tête-à-tête Lord and Lady Chatham.

"6th. Dined Hamilton's—opera. Supped Burlington House—Mrs. Crewe—Duchess of Portland. Mrs. Sheridan sang old English songs angelically—promised her our votes.

"7th. Church—Lock—De Coetlegan—then Goostree's.

"8th. House sat till near four. Spoke ill—confused.

"16th. House—resolutions relative to King's interference. Home late.

"19th. Pitt, Lord Temple, Thurlow, accepted.

"20th. Morning Pitt's.

"21st. Pitt's—supped Lord Chatham's."

There is one subject upon which the present memoirs throw a light, which will make them interesting to the future historian; that is the embarrassments with which Pitt had to contend in the commencement of the revolutionary war. We had always, hitherto, deemed it a reproach to him as a minister, that he did not, from the outset, enter more heartily and more determinedly upon that war, as he would have done had been guided by the advice of that political seer, whose illuminating mind, at that eventful period, shone to the nations. But much reluctance and hesitation, we

can now clearly perceive, arose from the imperfect and half-hearted co-operation (if such, indeed, it may be called) which he received from Wilberforce. His friend weakly echoed the sickly cry of "peace, peace," when a manly wisdom would have informed him that there could be no peace with revolutionaries and regicides, the avowed propagandists of Atheism and of murder. The difficulties of the minister, his yet being considered, were accordingly great; and if he did not, like the roused lion, all at once shake the dewdrops from his mane, he evinced, in things considered, an intrepid determination, and a lofty courage that must excite our admiration.

It was not, indeed, as a politician that Wilberforce was destined to be useful to his generation, although, no doubt, much of his usefulness in other matters was owing to his position as a public man. In his day, and at that period of his history at which we have at present arrived, there were but few symptoms of that "righteousness that exalteth a nation," which could gladden the heart of a religious man; and but too many evidences of a latitudinarianism, and an indifference respecting spiritual things, which but too plainly indicated a downward progress, which, if not arrested, and that speedily, by some powerful principle of counteraction, must end in the extinguishment of true religion.

"No efforts were now making to disseminate in foreign lands the light of Christ's gospel. At home a vast population was springing up around our manufactories, but there was no thought of providing for them church accommodation. Non-residence, without cause and without scruple, was spreading through the church; and all the cords of moral obligation were relaxed as the spirit of religion slumbered. Against this universal apathy John Wesley had recently arisen with a giant's strength. But his mission was chiefly to the poor, and his measures, even from the first, were such as fostered a sectarian spirit. There was needed some reformer of the nation's morals, who should raise his voice in the high places of the land; and do within the church, and near the throne, what Wesley had accomplished in the meeting, and amongst the multitude. This, in its whole extent, was a work which the genius of our church could hardly have committed to the hands of any ecclesiastic; while it required for its proper execution the full devotion of rank, and influence."

and talents of the highest order. To this high and self-denying office, God put it into the heart of his servant to aspire. 'God,' he says, 'has set before me as my object, the reformation of [my country's] manners.' Having once accepted this commission, he devoted all his powers to its fulfilment, and for years kept it steadily in view in all his undertakings. His first great effort was suggested by Dr. Woodward's 'History of the Society for the Reformation of Manners in the year 1692.' He proposed to form a similar association, to resist the spread of open immorality. This had been the second object of the earlier society, its first aim being the edification of its members. 'I am conscious,' he tells Mr. Hey, 'that ours is an infinitely inferior aim, yet surely it is of the utmost consequence, and worthy of the labours of a whole life.' In this zealous spirit he undertook the work. He endeavoured to infuse amongst his numerous friends a determination to resist the growing vices of the times. 'The barbarous custom of hanging,' he tells one of them, 'has been tried too long, and with the success that might be expected from it. The most effectual way to prevent the greater crimes, is by punishing the smaller, and by endeavouring to repress that general spirit of licentiousness, which is the parent of every species of vice. I know that by regulating the external conduct, we do not at first change the hearts of men, but even they are ultimately to be wrought upon by these means, and we should at least so far remove the obtrusiveness of the temptation, that it may provoke the appetite, which might otherwise be dormant and inactive.' "

Such were the views and the motives of Wilberforce, when he undertook the formation of a society for the reformation of manners, which should embrace all the rank and worth of the kingdom. With this view he had influence enough to cause a royal proclamation to be issued, recommending the justices, throughout the several counties, to be active in the execution of the laws against immoralities, and a society to be formed in London, which should carry into effect his majesty's gracious intentions. His labours were unceasing until this great object was achieved.

"The society was soon in active and useful operation. The Duke of Montagu opened his house for its reception, and presided over its meetings—a post which was filled after his death by the late Lord (Cancellor) Bathurst, who was followed

by Bishop Porteus: and before its dissolution it had obtained many valuable acts of parliament, and greatly checked the spread of blasphemous and indecent publications. It afforded also a centre from which many other useful schemes proceeded, and was the first example of those various associations, which soon succeeded to the apathy of former years."

We come now to the period when he was moved to undertake the abolition of the slave trade; that great work which for more than twenty years engrossed almost his whole mind. The following extract, from a letter of the late venerable C. Ignatius Latrobe, is far too interesting to be omitted; and although the application to Wilberforce, to which it refers, may not be entitled to all the credit which the writer supposes, yet he himself acknowledges that "it was one of the many impulses, which were all giving to his mind the same direction."

"When Sir Charles Middleton (afterwards Lord Barham) commanded a man of war, he had a surgeon on board whose name was Ramsay. Sir Charles went to the West Indies, where Mr. Ramsay married a lady of St. Kitt's. It was thought most convenient that Mr. Ramsay should settle in that island; and as he had an inclination to enter into the church, and a living offered, he came home, took orders, and became a clergyman. In St. Kitt's he saw a great deal of the manner of treating the negroes, and felt the greatest pity for them. But having become acquainted with the horrors of the trade, by which they were obtained, he was still more shocked by the indignities and cruelties suffered by those poor creatures on their passage from Africa to the islands, and with the brutal manner of their being bought and sold like cattle. How long he staid in St. Kitt's I have not here the means of ascertaining; but after some years he received a vocation to the living of Teston, near Maidstone in Kent. Here his diligence, usefulness, and urbanity of manners soon brought him into favour with the family, especially as his mild and charitable disposition well accorded with that of his patroness, Mrs. Bouverie, and her friend Lady Middleton. In the course of his frequent conversations, the state of the slaves in the West Indies, and the abominable traffic in human flesh and blood, came into discussion. The ladies were shocked with the details given them Mr. Ramsay. Lady Middleton's mind and indefatigable ardour, would suffer the matter to rest, and she

continually urging Mr. Ramsay to call the attention of the whole nation to such crying sins. To this purpose she wrote him an energetic letter, which you will find in his "Essay on the Treatment of, and Traffic in, Slaves." This book caused a great sensation, and raised against Mr. Ramsay a host of enemies. Yet all this, which was said and written on the subject, might have passed away, and produced as little effect as the declamations and writings of many good men in England and America, and the mental torments experienced and recorded by Mr. Clarkson, but that God put it into the heart of Lady Middleton to venture one step further, and to urge the necessity of bringing the proposed Abolition of the Slave Trade before parliament, as a measure in which the whole nation was concerned.

"This was done in the most natural and simple manner possible, at the conclusion of some very animated expressions of her feelings, on considering the national guilt attached to the continuation of such a traffic. Sorry I am, that I did not mark the day when I was witness to that remarkable conversation, which took place at breakfast, Mr. Ramsay, if I mistake not, being present. Lady Middleton addressing her husband, who was member for Rochester, said, "Indeed, Sir Charles, I think you ought to bring the subject before the House, and demand parliamentary inquiry into the nature of a traffic so disgraceful to the British character." Sir Charles granted the propriety of such an enquiry; but observed, that the cause would be in bad hands, if it was committed to him, who had never yet made one speech in the House; but, he added, that he should strenuously support any able member who would undertake it.

"This led to an interchange of opinions, respecting the willingness and fitness of several members who were named to brave the storm, and defend the cause of humanity; when some one mentioned Mr. Wilberforce, who had lately come out, and not only displayed very superior talents, and great eloquence, but was a decided and powerful advocate of the cause of truth and virtue, and a friend of the minister. He was then at Hull, and Lady Middleton prevailed on Sir Charles immediately to write to him, and propose the subject. He did so, and communicated the letter he had written to the family, as well as Mr. Wilberforce's answer, which he received a few days after, of which I heard with these mine Mr. Wilberforce wrote to the following effect: "That he felt the great importance of the subject, and thought

himself unequal to the task allotted to him, but yet would not positively decline it; adding, that on his return to town, he would pay a visit to the family at Teston, and consult with Sir Charles and Lady Middleton, &c. on the subject."

"After Mr. Wilberforce's return from Yorkshire, he visited the family at Teston, as proposed; and as he endeavoured to make himself master of the subject, and from every accessible quarter to obtain information, Sir Charles sent him to me, to learn what had been effected by our missionaries among the slaves, in the different West India islands; and I furnished him with every species of intelligence in my power.

"My purpose was to show that the abolition of the slave trade was, under God, and when the time was come, the work of a woman, even Lady Middleton, who was the honoured instrument of bringing the monster within the range of the artillery of the executive justice of the kingdom, and selecting and raising that noble champion, who so firmly stood his ground, and persevering from year to year, at last saw his labours crowned with success. Many preparatory steps had been taken by that excellent man, Granville Sharpe, and others; and I believe Mr. Clarkson, when he says that there arose in many places a spirit of general inquiry, without any previous communications, as to the nature of that horrible traffic."

Upon the subject of the slave trade, we must be very brief, considering its great importance; but it is a brevity to which we are the more reconciled, because the labours of Wilberforce, in that sacred cause, are so well known, as to render a detailed enumeration of them unnecessary to many of our readers. To those who require information on the subject, we can confidently recommend the present volumes, which, together with Clarkson's History of the Abolition, will leave very little to be desired.

Of Wilberforce and his fellow-champions, in that great enterprise, it may be justly said, that the difficulties which they had to encounter were such as to require a zeal, a perseverance, and a courage, not to be subdued or daunted, and which could only be sustained and animated by the highest and deepest religious convictions. They were, in the end, signally triumphant. England was at length purified from the blood guiltiness of the dreadful traffic by which she had been so long defiled; but it is deplorable to think how little, after all, has been yet effected for the interests

of humanity. *The slave trade is, at this moment, more dreadful, more extensive, and more destructive than it ever was at any former period.* Let any one who may be sceptical respecting this statement, consult, for themselves, the sixth volume of Alison's History of the French Revolution, in which he will find a specific enumeration of facts, by which it is fully borne out. By what has been done, it would seem as if England had only relinquished the traffic in order that it might be taken up upon a larger scale, by nations more unscrupulous than herself; and that, in effect, it has been not a protection to, but an abandonment of, the negro population. Could Wilberforce have distinctly foreseen that his exertions must terminate in just that result, it is not likely that they would ever have been made; and the character of England is, perhaps, as much indebted to his happy blindness, as the African would have been to his benevolence, had his sanguine expectations been fully realized.

In 1803, he was mainly instrumental in the formation of the Bible Society. Upon this subject his biographers thus write :—

“ Little did it promise, when thus planted as ‘the smallest of seeds,’ to grow to such a goodly stature amongst the trees of the forest. This is not the place to scrutinize its constitution. The good that it has effected has been great beyond the utmost expectation of its founders, both in the circulation of the word of God, and in awakening the zeal of a careless generation. The evil which has waited on this good, has been incidental in its character, and confined, perhaps almost entirely, to the public meetings. Nor should those who view it in its consequences, forget the different position of its founders. Mr. Wilberforce saw no danger to the Church from the co-operation of Dissenters, who at that time professed an affectionate regard for the national establishment. Bishops Porteus and Barrington, who had supported his efforts for enforcing the King's proclamation, readily joined with him here; and by no other machinery could the result have been obtained. So great was the torpor of the Church, that all more strictly regular exertions had absolutely failed, and they who devised this powerful instrument of good, are hardly to be blamed, though they have, with a holy daring, called up a spirit too mighty for their absolute control.”

His important work on “Practical Christianity,” was now for some years

before the public, and it may be truly said, that scarcely any publication was ever, in the truest sense of the word, more successful. Nor do we know that there ever was one which might be called more timely. The French philosophers had just begun to experience the first fruits of their finished work, in a wide spread of practical infidelity, which manifested itself in almost every species of excess to which corrupt human beings are prone, when relieved from the restraints of true religion. France was a scene of anarchy and blood; at once the Babel and the Ghebenna of modern Europe. Those of its men of property and its priesthood, who were able to escape the general proscription, were but too happy if they found an asylum in England, where their presence served as a sort of signal and rallying point for expressions of virtuous loyalty, which indicated a return to a sounder state of public opinion than had, for many years, distinguished the people. Many were thus led to see, in a stronger and clearer light than they had ever seen before, the dreadful consequences of infidelity and irreligion, and not only to be desirous of escaping the contagion themselves, but of providing an antidote by which society at large might be protected against its evils. The great work which John Wesley was so providentially raised up to accomplish for the humbler and the middle classes, namely, that of rescuing and restoring their faded piety, which, like some fine old picture, had suffered from damp and from dust, until it had lost all its original beauty and freshness, and become scarcely distinguishable from the commonest daub, Wilberforce may be said to have performed for the upper classes, to whom methodism might have only appeared revolting. To these he exhibited the beauty of holiness, in a chastened and elevated strain of piety, so beautiful and so reasonable as to charm Burke, upon his dying bed, and so persuasive and fascinating, as to fix the attention of many who had never before been awakened to a sense of the importance of eternal things, as well as to strengthen the resolves, and to quicken the diligence of numbers, who, although fully convinced of the truth, had never before been sufficiently alive to the requirements of the Gospel.

Nor is it to be forgotten, in the order of providential arrangements, that stirring appeal of Wilberforce met public mind, just about the time when the evidences of revealed religion were

exhibited in such a light, in the immortal work of Archdeacon Paley, that the man might run who read them. In the volumes before us, we have various incidental notices of Paley, and they are all of a depreciatory kind. He was, indeed, a man but little after Wilberforce's mind. It is probable that if we had the same insight into his secret cogitations, we should find that Wilberforce was just as little a favourite with him, and that they were scarcely more in unison in the leading principles of their religious belief, than, by the opposition of their temperaments, they were divided. And yet, herein we recognise the depth of the wisdom of Almighty God, by whom individuals thus contrasted in their character, and distinguished by almost opposite gifts, were made to conspire in the promotion of the same great object. The labours of both seem to us indispensable, for enabling either to produce his full effect.

"Alterius

Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice."

Had Paley never written, there are many to whom the works of Wilberforce would appear idle declamation. Had Wilberforce never written, there are many to whom the works of Paley would appear cold and barren truth. The one would in vain have addressed the heart, if there had not been a previous impression made by the other upon the understanding; and the other would have in vain addressed the understanding, if there had not been a previous impression made upon the heart. As matters were providentially ordered, the vessel of faith, which would otherwise have been launched upon a dead sea, where it would have rotted in inactivity, became not only manned by an enterprising crew, who were resolved to spread its sails, but favoured by a prosperous wind, which enabled it to proceed upon its course, rejoicing. Thus each was occupied in aiding the utility of the other; and, as without the one, the solid foundation of Christianity could not have been securely laid, so neither, without the other, would the beautiful superstructure have been rapidly erected.

This work greatly contributed to the increase of Mr. Wilberforce's parliamentary importance; and that, not merely by the accession of literary character which it procured for him, but by the converts which it made to his peculiar opinions, by which his parliamentary followers were much augment-

ed. This we are far from regarding as an unmixed good; for, although we believe there never existed an honest man, his sentimentalism in politics was a material hindrance to his practical wisdom. The following is his own estimate of his precise calling as a member of the House of Commons, and it may be added, that it is one upon which he uniformly acted.

"'Besides,' he adds, 'whatever dreams of ambition I may have indulged, it now seems clear, that my part is to give the example of an independent member of parliament, and a man of religion, discharging with activity and fidelity the duties of his trust, and not seeking to render his parliamentary station a ladder by which to rise to a higher eminence. What has passed of late years, (the number of country gentlemen made peers, &c.) renders it particularly necessary to give this lesson; and from whom can it be required, if not from him who professes to have set his affections on things above, and to consider himself as a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth? If it should ever please God to call me to any situation of power, or to any higher eminence, which I do not expect, He would furnish me with the talents necessary for the discharge of its duties. But as this is highly improbable, I should do wrong to sacrifice an opportunity of usefulness which is within my reach, in order to qualify myself for a station I am not likely ever to fill.'"

Nor do we know a happier instance of the truly evangelical temperament, than the religious watchfulness and humility by which the following extract from his journal is characterized:—

"'Let me beware, lest I make Christ the minister of sin, by comforting myself too easily when any temptation has prevailed over me, with the reflection, that I have a remedy at hand; it is only to humble myself and implore pardon, and, the promises being sure, to obtain forgiveness. There is in truth no other way; but beware, O my soul, lest thou provoke God to withdraw His Spirit, and leave thee to thy natural weakness. Not, I hope, that I sin in the view of this willingness of God to forgive, but I fear, after having discovered the workings of corruption, that I too easily take comfort. Let me rather, when I have thus detected in myself the humiliating marks of my imperfect state, go softly for some time. Let me think of that God and Saviour with whom I have trifled; of my base ingratitude; of the aggravating circumstances of my sins; of the multitude of the mercies which have been poured out on me, of

the signal advantages and privileges with which I have been favoured, These reflections, through the goodness of God and the working of His Spirit, may produce a more settled lowliness and watchfulness of mind."

At his outset in public life, and down to the period of 1807, he was an uncompromising opponent of Catholic emancipation. The following passage from a letter written in that year, contains a statement of his judgment upon that subject, equally just and enlightened, and from which, we doubt not, had he lived to this our day, he would himself lament that he ever was moved, by the plausibilities of sophistical declamation.

"I am uncomfortably circumstanced in respect to the late ministry. They (at least the leading members of the Cabinet) supported the Abolition Bill so strenuously, and were to such a degree the instruments of our success, that it gives me pain to appear to desert them, so soon as they have done me all the good they could. I am glad that I happened some time ago to state to Lord Grenville my difference of opinion as to the right policy to be observed towards the Roman Catholics in Ireland; that after all you could grant them, so much would still remain behind as to prevent their being ever cordially attached to a Protestant government, of which a Protestant church establishment formed a part; that so long as the bulk of the Irish should be Roman Catholics, the Protestants and the friends of Great Britain would be, in truth, a garrison in an enemy's country; and that our great endeavour ought to be to enlighten, and thereby, as I trust, to convert the Roman Catholics: much, I verily believe, might be done in that way in twenty or thirty years; and on the contrary, the college of Maynooth,—a vote for the doubling the foundation of which, passed a few weeks ago, so as to send out four hundred Roman Catholic priests every four years; the most pernicious measure, in my judgment, which has been assented to for many years,—the college of Maynooth alone will, if not checked, increase, beyond measure, the Roman Catholic body."

It is, we believe, certain, that the very word, "emancipation," exerted a magical influence over his mind; and when the one great object, upon which his heart was chiefly bent, was accomplished, caused him to transfer his energies to the accomplishment of the other. The men by whom he had been aided in the abolition struggle, were, almost to a man, ardent advocates for the removal of the civil disabilities by

which the Roman Catholics were affected; and Wilberforce's kindly feelings were thus unconsciously enlisted in favour of a cause patronised by those to whom he felt a deep sense of obligation. And then, it must be admitted, that the professions of popery were most plausible, and that its opponents in the House of Commons never rested their opposition upon grounds that could have been wholly satisfactory, either to the practical Church of England man, or the philosophic statesman. So much had, in 1793, been conceded to the mob, that the remaining concessions to the gentry seemed of very little importance; nor did it seem unreasonable to suppose that, while the granting of them could not endanger the security of the state, the withholding of them might seriously prejudice the peace and the well-being of the empire. Besides, it was argued that the Protestant religion would not have fair play, as long as disabilities were suffered to continue, which made it a *point of honour* with the Roman Catholic gentry to continue in the errors of their ways. This was a consideration by which Wilberforce and others were powerfully affected, and which had, we believe, more to do than any other single topic in reconciling even ardent Protestants to the repeal of the restrictive, (or, as they should more properly have been called, the *protective*) enactments. But had these wise men only waited a very little time, they would have seen the *point of honour*, as it was called, give way before the force of truth and reason, and, by not bringing down the constitution to meet the prejudices of Romanists, they would have caused Romanists to leave their prejudices behind them, in order to rise to the level of the constitution.

The following extract from a letter of Robert Southey, presents Wilberforce, after he had changed his views, in an amiable and interesting point of view:—

"It was at Battersea Rise," writes Mr. Southey, 'at Sir Robert, (then Mr.) Inglis's, that I saw Mr. Wilberforce for the first time. A memorable day it was to me on that account, and also, because I then, for the first time, saw the late Bishop of Limerick.

"How it happened, I know not; but although no person can be more declined to disputation than myself, I went into one upon the question of Catholic emancipation; your father and Sir mas Acland taking the one side, &

the other. Inglis had not yet been in parliament, and I did not know what his opinions were upon the subject. Jebb, I knew, agreed with me; for with him, as coming from Ireland, the state of that country had been one of the first things on which we had touched when introduced to each other. They took little or no part. It was a subject on which I spoke with no diffidence, because nothing could appear to me more certain than the perilous consequences which would ensue, if the friends of the Church should be so far deluded by its enemies, as to assist them in throwing down the bulwarks of the Protestant establishment. But if my temper had been likely to hurry me into any unbecoming wrath, your father's manner would have effectually repressed it. His views, when I thought him most mistaken, were so benign, he took the ground of expediency with so religious a feeling, and argued with such manly, yet such earnest sincerity, that if it had been possible to have persuaded me out of an opinion so deeply and firmly rooted, he would have done it."

There was another subject, also, upon which his parliamentary influence was very fatal, namely, the repeal of the income tax, at the conclusion of the war. If we were to select any one instance in which the landed proprietors of Great Britain have exemplified a short-sighted and criminal selfishness, "an ignorant impatience of taxation," as Lord Londonderry described it, this is that to which we would refer, and it is our belief that the effects of the vote then passed will yet be felt by unborn generations. We do not say that the tax was wholly unobjectionable, or that it might not have been modified so as to meet the altered circumstances of the times; but we do say, that the abandonment of all practical exertions to pay off the national debt, which its uncompensated repeal implied, was an abandonment, by England, of her bounden duty, and that she is this moment reaping, as one of its natural results, loss, and disgrace, and humiliation. When we tell the reader, that had that or an equivalent tax been continued, we would now be within two years of the extinction of the national debt—that 1840 would see the empire relieved from that great incumbrance, he may estimate the magnitude of the mischief done by Wilberforce, when he, with the forty votes which he was supposed to influence, left ministers in a minority on that occasion, and made the termi-

nation of the war, by which we had been rescued from foreign dangers, but the commencement of a series of financial embarrassments from which the most sanguine cannot now see any means of escape. He was, perhaps, the only man in the house of whom it might be truly said that, in coming to the decision to which he came on that eventful night, he had no personal object.

But we must conclude. After all that has been already said, our readers will not look for any summing up of his character. He was, in the truest sense of the word, a Christian man—few have ever looked with a more single eye to the one thing needful. It is saying but little to say, he has been excelled by many in the wisdom of this world. He possessed neither the depth, the comprehensiveness, nor the sagacity, in matters of worldly business, which was exemplified by many of his great contemporaries, whom he left far behind him in spiritual attainments; but it is more than probable that, at their parting hour, they would have willingly parted with all their fame, for only a small portion of that spiritual discernment, which made him, even while he walked on earth, a sort of denizen of heaven.

In debate, he was far above mediocrity. He was tender, lively, forcible, and vivacious. There was a melody in his voice which corresponded beautifully with the sweetness and elevation of his sentiments, and gave to his public speaking, as compared with that of other orators, the same sort of delicate distinctiveness that may be said to belong to a flute in a band; it served to bring the whole force of his character to the aid of his opinions, and caused the errors of the politician to be forgotten, in the respect and the admiration which were felt for the virtues of the man and the Christian.

That his life and writings exerted a great influence on the religious character of his age and country, cannot be denied; and that he was himself an eminent example of personal holiness, is clear from the volumes before us. The following extract from a letter, written after his great loss of property, by which he was, literally, left houseless, breathes the sweetest spirit of Christian resignation, and exhibits in a most signal manner, the triumph of the spiritual over the natural man.

"The loss incurred has been so heavy as

to compel me to descend from my present level, and greatly to diminish my establishment. But I am bound to recognise in this dispensation the gracious mitigation of the severity of the stroke. It was not suffered to take place till all my children were educated, and nearly all of them placed out in one way or another; and by the delay, Mrs. Wilberforce and I are supplied with a delightful asylum under the roofs of two of our own children. And what better could we desire? A kind Providence has enabled me with truth to adopt the declaration of David, that goodness and mercy have followed me all my days. And now, when the cup presented to me has some bitter ingredients, yet surely no draught can be deemed distasteful which comes from such a hand, and contains such grateful in-

sions as those of social intercourse and the sweet endearments of filial gratitude and affection. What I shall most miss will be my books and my garden, though I own I do feel a little the not (for I know not how long if ever) being able to ask my friends to take a dinner or a bed with me, under my own roof. And as even the great apostle did not think the 'having no certain dwelling-place,' associated with his other far greater sufferings, unworthy of mention, so I may feel this also to be some, though I grant not a great evil, to one who has so many kind friends who will be happy to receive him."

Surely of such a man, it is not too much to say, that he had laid up treasures in heaven.

"THE GROUND SWELL."

BY COUL GOFFAGE.

I see dim capes on a smooth rolling sea,
 Robed on their shoulders with low swinging clouds; .
 Between the nearest and my eminence
 Roars a wide plain of breakers, on a strand
 Of smooth wave-moulded sand-slope, all the rest
 Of the deep world seems still, and sleeping and green.
 Something there is upon the ocean and hills
 Like the strange awe born of a conquering dream,
 With terrible scenery looming through a veil
 Of lofty and tyrannous mystery. Many a mile,
 From cape to cape, up from the unbroken sea
 Leaps the broad back o' the surge, bending its strength,
 Supple and dusky, like some panther, wiled
 From the old wilderness, who will not bide
 The stress of a keeper's bond. Lo! how it rears
 And bounds along! Behind another comes
 To bear it company—another yet!—
 And many flee before it. Ha! it springs
 Right upward, frightened at the shore—in vain
 The shoulder of the Atlantic heaves behind!
 It stoops and bursts its bosom. Many a mile,
 From cape to cape tumbling, the yellow sand
 Receives its spoil (a rolling snow-drift heaping
 Its measure on a desolate moor;) a roar,
 Stern and deep-hearted, issues from its death,
 And straight its backward fellow flings itself
 On the same foe, and writhes, and roars, and dies.
 Yet is the air as motionless as death:
 The dry bells on the heath stir not at all:
 And in from the horizon to the capes
 The bosom of the sea suffers no break,
 Save there, where dived the vulture of the depths,
 The ugly cormorant; or with snowy breast,
 Cleaves the green yielding waters, the free gull,
 Beautiful, solitary, full of joy!

SONNETS BY COUL GOPPAGH.

And do I live with nature yet once more ?
 O yet once more ! How sweetly o'er my soul
 A thousand newly-springing memories roll
 In channels dry since childhood. As they pour,
 Waking to life long droop'd and withered feeling,
 There comes, from o'er their flower-girt fountains stealing,
 A breath with power to still loud passion's roar—
 Serenely whispering—redolent of yore,
 Whose tale is of the past. Life's fitful stream
 Renews the murmurs of its infancy,
 And tones within my spirit wake that scene
 Like echoings of far distant melody,
 Or faintest strains that sleep in memory
 Of Elgin minstrels in some fairy dream.

What solemn sounds are nigh, discoursing low,
 Harp-like, a dim mysterious harmony,
 Volum'd and deep, like billows of the sea
 Far off in summer—as the earth might know
 How the archangels chaunt ! What voluble voice
 Doth fill the air with blessed symphony
 Among the reverend pauses ? might it be
 Aught of this world, or spirits that rejoice,
 Voyaging here !

Kind Fancy ! sure I see
 Milton reclined, with Coleridge at his feet,
 And Wordsworth, underneath the greenwood tree ;
 Shakespeare, apart, with pensive brow and sweet,
 Leans while they hymn against the ash-bow green,
 And even as they pause, his voice breaks in between.

Coul Goppagh takes this opportunity of presenting his compliments to a certain learned Theban in the north, who, it seems, objects to his name as "barbarous," and wishes for various explanations. Coul G. begs him to understand that he never answers an ill-mannered question. The only satisfaction he is likely to receive from C. G. in his sad quandary, is in the shape of an advice to sue his schoolmaster for damages. He has evidently been the subject of shameful imposition in that quarter—let him by all means "recover."

LAUDANUM AND RUM :—A VISION OF NEGRO-HEAD AND HAVANNAH.

CHAPTER I.

"As one who long in populous city pent."

John Milton.

"Ho ! for the North, my boy !" sung out the cheerful voice of my mad-cap friend, Frank A——, as he flung into my room, about six o'clock on a fine May evening.

"Hum," responded I to this merry salutation, too much accustomed to his innumerable such interruptions to do more than half turn on my chair, and relapse into my scarce broken reverie.

"To the devil with your 'hum,'" he went on in the same strain ; then placing himself in an attitude like Macready

in *Virginus*, he held forth his clenched hand within an inch of my face, and bursting into heroics, exclaimed—"I adjure thee, by all the crosses in a web of chequer, awake, arise, O, Coul Goppagh ! and gird up thy loins for the North."

The cessation of the winter lectures during the week, in releasing half the medical students in Dublin from the control of college discipline and regularity, had well-nigh also freed them from that of their sober senses. It is

hardly possible for those who have not experienced it, to imagine the change which such an event produces, not only in the feelings, but in the very appearance of those whose dull labours are so tediously protracted through the gloomiest season of the year. Even the old oracular "fourth year men" can afford so far to compromise their dignity, as to be seen in broad day light, maugre all their stateliness at "the Meath," and their grave demonstrations, whirling ever anon down Baggot-street, and whisking the cigar from their lips occasionally, as they civilly entreat jarvey to "drive like —;" for this was in *Anno Domini* 1831, when there was no dream of a railway to Kingstown.

To the younger member of the profession, however, to him whose greener years have never till now made acquaintance with much beyond the school-room and the kindnesses of home; after a long term of irksome hammering of his tender brains over "epiphysies" or "apophyses," among strangers and men of the world, where even in the pursuit of necessary knowledge he is frequently shouldered to the wall, and "gagged," until with a heavy heart he almost despairs of ever threading the mazy wilderness of ugly facts and appalling inferences, which even the simplest department of the medical world presents to his view—to him it is the hour of sweet deliverance. But if his home happen to be far away—if he be a native of the country, how his heart beats as he claims kindred with every awakening bud, while traversing some cheerful square with a lighter step than ever before he thought possible; and the hum of the city drowns down on his ear to the sigh of the woodland, or the voices of the waves.

The reverie from which I was startled by the entrance of my friend as aforesaid, was tinged with that strange melancholy, that farewell feeling which sits so heavily on the young heart, when it begins to awake from the dreams of boyhood, and dimly sees behind the fading glories it must leave, while before it "the wilderness of this world," as good John Bunyan saith, lies cold and barren, farther than it has power to discern. I had been running over in my mind a series of years, few, indeed, but full of change. In my youth and earlier days devotedly attached to external nature—with an affection which, indeed, gave to it so

much of the inward life, as to exalt it to the nature of a passion, involving the idea of reciprocal fondness—I could never think, as others seemed to do, of *inanimate* nature. The hills afar off, to me as surely lived in sunrise, or in the deep quiet of noon, or in the storm, or when the snow slept on their breasts, as really as aught that "lives, or moves, or has its being." The trees spoke, the rivers answered; the wild sea full of omnipotence, that "slumbers not nor sleeps," I could not look on its ever-stirring vastness, and believe that it felt no change! The very grass-blades beneath my feet trembled to influences my heart was bound to recognise by an inward power, silently but deeply evidencing the secret thread of sympathy, woven among all his works by the hand of their Maker.

The transition from this dreamy life, at a very early age, to that of a medical student, pent up in the heart of a large metropolitan city, was strange in the extreme. There is something in the very nature of the peculiar studies and views of human life, which this science presents to the mind, sufficient to produce a great change, even under any circumstances, upon the mind of the least reflective. To me, a mere boy, suddenly left almost alone in the midst of such bewildering scenes—brought day by day in contact with hundreds of men from all parts of the world—placed with a knife in my hand beside the ghastly and hideous inhabitants of the grave, where jests and laughter were ringing around those whose ears were closed for ever, save to the trump of doom—it seemed an unearthly dream; and often have I paused, gazing on the dismembered limbs and mutilated features, to wonder if I were really awake.

These impressions, however strong, gradually wear away, and the mind of the most sensitive soon feels as perfectly at ease as that of the soberest citizen on change, amid circumstances which at first sent the life-blood from his cheek. I had now been busily employed for many years, with little or no interval, in the class-room, in the dissecting-room, and in the hospital. Daily bustling among death, and agony, and disease, and loathsome sights and sounds, I had merged, as it were, into a new world, until at length the very idea of green fields, and the free air, and the healthy workings human hearts, passed from my mind

as if, in very truth, they had no existence; and there was nothing in, or of the earth, save for the purposes of analysis, or the processes of slow decay.

The breaking up of the winter course, the last I was ever to spend in Dublin—in leaving me all at once free to go “to and fro upon the earth,” had opened up the sources of recollection gradually, but fully, and I began to feel most sweetly the fresh flow of feelings that I had thought were either eradicated or totally forgotten. As I sauntered round Merriion-square listlessly, with that consciousness of “nothing to do,” which sits so uneasily for a time on him who has been accustomed to incessant labour and anxiety, I became all at once aware of Spring; and with the green boughs waving in the clear air, the chirrup of birds, and the universal cheerfulness of the sky, I seemed to start back into youth, and feel myself not altogether so old as I had imagined. I walked out to the Park, and for the first time during some years knew that the world was healthy and living still. It was after such a stroll one evening, while sitting in my lodgings, on a second story in Nassau-street, as I gazed out over the College wall, where, as it seemed to me, for the first time I perceived that there were trees, that I fell into a kind of solemn day-dream, and in fancy was revisiting all the scenes of past days, living over again many innocent and happy hours, when I was interrupted by the jolly Frank, with his ludicrous abjuration to flee to the north.

“Come, my old coffin-cutter,” he proceeded, “creep up out of your earth, and see how the grass grows. Be it known unto thee, O most excellent Theophilus, that you are to-morrow morning to be a passenger on the outside of his Majesty’s mail, from the city of Dublin to the good town of Belfast, and that your absurd name even now is booked at the office to that effect. Ask no questions; B——n, S——s, and your humble servitor have done the needful, wherefore, to use a poetical phrase, ‘bundle up your traps.’”

“What herd of swine has given up its devils now?” said I.

“There be some seven devils,” he replied, “of whom you are about the blackest, going that way.”

“Well, Frank,” I said, “but you know this is impossible; I have made no arrangements; I cannot——”

“A fico for the world, and wretchings vile—I speak of Africa and golden joys,” he rattled on. “Why the intense numskull, put thy contemptible tatters in thy portmanteau. B——n and the rest will be here in no time. We will pay a visit to a few of our old haunts with thee, and, finally, having slept off the “old Cork,” we shall drink in my sanctum in South Cumberland-street—‘to-morrow for fresh fields and pastures new.’”

In the middle of this rhapsody B——n and all the other “devils” entered, roaring as their nature prompted. In spite of all and sundry my remonstrances, for I had never contemplated so sudden an evacuation of the premises, I was obliged, *per fas aut nefas*, to agree, and huddling a mass of indescribable incompatibles into my trunks, forth we sallied.

I could not resist a feeling of regret at visiting, probably the last time for many years, scenes with which I had grown so familiar. Sackville-street never had seemed so splendid. I never believed my friendship half so strong for the old College walls and trees, College-green and Dame-street, and the many winding purlieus about the Castle, I looked on with sorrow—little did I dream I should never enter the Arcade or the old “SHADES” again; and, after supper in South Cumberland-street, we all agreed on a bumper to Dublin, and “more power to it,” as if by mutual inclination. I remember after this only “a mass of things, but nothing wherefore,” until early next morning, when I found myself jumbled on a jarvey, among trunks and traps of all descriptions, whirling over Carlisle-bridge toward the coach-office; nor was it until stopping at Ashbourne we all contrived to recollect some indispensable article we had left behind.

I awoke to new life as we whirled along, with as merry a set of “boys” as ever confounded the wisdom of his Majesty’s officers of the highway, or were themselves confounded in return; nor shall I easily forget Frank’s laughable visage in Drogheda, when a rosy cheeked young mendicant, with a couple of “children” on her back, solicited “one poor sixpence, for the love o’ the virgin,” from the honest soul, under the designation of “the purty young gentleman wid the one elbow in his coat.” Amid “gaggery” of this description we rolled on our way through Dundalk, Newry, Banbridge, Hillsborough, and Lisburn, until we

"tumbled down Donegal-place, and found ourselves in 'sweet Belfast.'"

I slept but little that night. My mind was running too vividly over the life I had just abandoned, and endeavouring to reconcile my present self to what I felt, when a few years before I knew nothing of all that had so utterly changed me. I felt an intense desire to go far out into the country, where the breeze might visit my face a little more roughly than I had of late been accustomed to, and renew my acquaintance with hill and dale. After much rumination, I persuaded some of my fellow-students to accompany me to the neighbourhood of Larne, in order that I might visit a spot near which, from ill health in infancy, I had spent the first years of my life, and to which I still clung in spirit with all the fondness of early remembrance. Accordingly one fine morning we deposited our bodies on Magee's coach, and in a few hours were doing ample justice to the "muscular fibres" of certain fat kine, which had been admirably developed on the soil of that delectable region.

"Now my lads," said I, "you will

contrive what mischief you may for this one day. You may go to Glenarm, and on to the Causeway, through the glens, where I shall probably overtake you; but for this one day, I pray you all and sundry, let me see as little of your company as may be convenient. I am for a stroll over to Isle Magee, where there is nothing worth looking at, to see a few honest old friends of mine, whose gossip would be both uninteresting to you, and, in your presence, too constrained for my purpose; wherefore, an' it please you, my masters, I pray you go about your business."

"Oho! I smell a rat," exclaimed Frank, putting his finger to his nose, in what I thought an uncommonly vulgar and disagreeable manner. "You must be alone, must you? there is nothing worth looking at, eh? Come, B——n, I'm for Isle Magee—I don't care for the Causeway—I am extremely fond of gossip."

All this I soon overcame, and, after leaving them to their own inclinations, I departed, and, crossing the ferry, found myself "out of the world, and into Island Magee."

CHAPTER II.

"With juice of cursed henbane in a phial."

Hamlet.

It was, I think, about ten o'clock when my companions rose, and wishing me good night, retired to their own apartments—a circumstance which, I confess, afforded me great satisfaction, though we had spent an exceedingly pleasant evening together. I had that day, after an interval of many years, been treading the very fields that appeared so green and flowery in my recollection of childhood. I had looked on many varied scenes of loveliness since then, but as I believe is the case with all men, the spot where I had passed the earliest and sweetest hours of life, possessed a beauty beyond them all—a holy calm rests over them, which the heart will seek for in vain elsewhere, save only in heaven.

I had taken about three tumblers with my dinner friends, and being a sincere votary of Nicotiana, I know not how many cigars were sacrificed at her shrine. Out of some dozens which garnished the table at first, I could now discern only three or four scattered about among decanters and

empty glasses. When I found the room clear, I began to cast my eyes about, and make arrangements for an hour or two of that quiet, inexpressible enjoyment which, at such a time, and in particular states of feeling, the contemplative smoker alone can comprehend. I gathered up the remaining cigars and threw them in the grate, drew in a huge old sofa from the wall, and desired that the table should be cleared. I told the waiter to bring me two glasses of rum, and as he placed it on the table, I saw a curious, inquisitive glance from his eye when I drew from my pouch a handful of rare negro-head, and, from its case, a pipe of some three inches long, of a dusky hue, acquired in the course of time in places where I had few other friends. When the hearth was duly replenished with bog-wood, I desired "Saucepan" to bring me from the apothecary's, a little of the tincture of cardamon seeds, (as I felt some casiness from, perhaps, partaking freely of fish at dinner,) and as D

Rees used to say, "absconce" till morning.

Having swallowed about a tea-spoonful of the drug, which I thought extremely bitter, I applied a turf to my pipe, and, stretched before the blazing wood on my sofa, began to sip my rum—of course no philosopher would ever dream of water to his rum while smoking. How often in huge cities, secluded from their din, have I thus, in some dim nook with my pipe, travelled back again the whole journey of existence to the pleasant fields of yore, till I heard the "burn" murmuring among the green grass and the starry daisies ; or the low deep sigh of waves up-rolling on the shore, with the seagulls hovering and crying high above the rocks ; how often wiled around me once more the cheerful faces that earth has forgotten, and the voices that are still in the grave, as though they had never been. But now I was close by the scenes of many of those most sacred recollections—this very day I had trodden there, the same, "but ah ! the difference to me !" The old hedge-rows were the same, the houses stood as before, the lark sung as ever in the glad some firmament, welcoming the spring, and the fairy thorn hung with blossoms ; some of my old friends were yet alive, but by far the greater number had gone down into that land "where there is neither knowledge nor device." I called their names, but none replied ; silence insupportable had taken up its habitation where we used to make the meadows ring with laughter. I entered their houses, and every thing seemed the same ; but when I heard a footstep and looked up for the face I knew so well, a stranger stood upon the hearth at home.

Was it for this so long ago I wished to penetrate beyond the horizon that shut in my little world ? was it for this I yearned to return on the wings of memory ? The voice of the brook was like the chaunting of a dirge in my ears—the song of the rejoicing lark, agony and sorrow. I could almost have reproached the sky for shining down so sweetly, as though it had memory like me, and no grief for the days that were gone by.

When I opened the door of the little parlour where, when I stood last, my aged relative sate with a tear in his eye at my departure, it was not in human nature to be calm. The burden of manhood on my shoulders, and

care already busy on my cheek, sitting in the room which contained not that was not consecrated to my earliest memories. There he, evening after evening, the grey patriarch, cheerful as youth, telling tales of a world unknown to me, and other lessons of deep wisdom on the vanity and grief of coming years—heard it with a careless ear, but since he bitterly learned ! Here even by his chair, one of the bitterest hours home, I felt as though, indeed, I lived too long, stumbling over graves at every step, whereon I saw the names of those only who made it worth the having.

Time makes awful changes in the world around us, but greater far in ourselves. I stood in the room and gazed idly around me like one walking in his dream. The old fashioned furniture was disposed in its accustomed order ; the queer old prints still hung on the wall, with every shade of what I had some treasured fancy ; and looking on them all, I felt that indeed the very heart within me was changed. All was the same—every thing but myself. And this is the sorest grief the heart knows—the first great grief of life. Love grows and fades—beautiful as the young blossom, but soon withering away ; friends dear as life drop around us ; worldly carecankers, absence and toil, wear out the spirit ; these are all deep sorrows. But when we approach the scenes of early days, and fondly imagine "here we will be at rest," a sorrow most intolerable and enduring chills us to find *ourselves* the same no more. The innocence of old is gone—gone the untroubled fancy that made a thousand lovely worlds, and believed them true as its own guilelessness—all gone for ever !—dreadfully exchanged for the "perilous stuff that hangs about the heart," even in its gayest beatings.

I drew in a footstool, and placing it, as I did long ago, at the foot of the chair, I sat down. When I sat there last I had no recollections but of sweet summers and merry springs—of green meadows and the joy of infancy. When I sat there now I ran over long years of bitterness and trouble, and the scene was studded with tombs. I looked up, and there was the ghastly empty chair ; the staff leant idly by. I spoke his name in a low entreating voice, but no answer came. I rose in anguish from the seat : I could not be

child again, nor could his ashes answer from the tomb.

By many a well-known path I sauntered over the green hill to the Gobbins. Every one acquainted with the Antrim coast is familiar with the grand line of basalt precipice, forming the eastern boundary of Island Magee. Standing on the ledge, the spectator looks out on the channel, across which, on a moderately clear day, the coast of Scotland is distinctly visible, with the Titan pyramid of Ailsa rising from the waters, in the noble estuary of the Clyde. If he have nerve enough to look down it is beautiful to see, so far below, the swell of the wave running along the base in a line of clear white foam, and to hear the hollow boom as it rolls afar within some of the many enormous and unexplored caverns beneath him. There is scarcely a perch of this fine coast which I have not walked over, from where the Lagau winds down among woody vallies and richest pasture, to the mouth of the Bann, among sand-hills spread over a thousand acres, where the lonely pedestrian might well fancy himself in the wastes of Arabia, seeing nothing but the drifting sand around, and the sky above him. Between these two points there lies as much of soft and winning beauty, of stern and lonely magnificence, as in the same compass, perhaps, the world could equal. Among all these the Gobbins, in extent of line and continued precipitous elevation, certainly rank foremost. There are, doubtless, some isolated spots claiming more strongly the attention of the bamboozled "tourist," who buzzes along amid the clack of guides, and the meandering of his infallible book-full of nonsense. The Causeway, and the tremendous, impending pinnacle of Fair-head, are examples of this. The latter, however, is a solitary cliff; and, take away from the world-inviting Causeway its columns, which are barely noticeable in a sweeping view, and it will not bear comparison, though a scene of great loveliness indeed. Soft headlands running into the clashing waters, with green amphitheatres between, wherein the faries meet at eve, or ought to meet, for beauty smiles upon them with the sun and moon, and speaks within them from the coming wave. But if placed beside the Gobbins—running at a continuous elevation upwards of two miles from the waters of St. George's Channel, here hanging overhead, there retreating into

chasms rent by primal convulsion, scarred by the onslaught of unnumbered tempests, written on by the finger of Time in many a hoary character—the eye would pass them by.

And here I had lingered in my infancy. I chose a lovely green spot over the "Stay step," and sat down among the whin blossoms on a bed of wild thyme, to dream over the dreams of old. Ever the same, the very same, came up upon my ear the sounding of the sea; the bee sung beside me from its pavilion of the stirring blossom. The most still deep stretched away before to those dreamy bills, where I used to think the blest had their abodes, so far they seemed away, so holy in their repose beneath the distant heaven. But there was no peace here, even on this lonely nook had fallen the shadow of the wing of death, and chilled the dreams of old into sadness and sorrow.

There was, long ago, a little lass with deep eyes, who came and sat beside me here. Children were we both of us, albeit she was some summers older than I, and we strung daisies on long bending stalks of grass, making meet wreaths for her brows so fair with youth and innocence. Dear angel of my memory! surely it is no dream that thou wert "beautiful exceedingly," for the old men's eyes smiled among their grey locks when they passed by, and bade God bless thee! Yea, thou wert beautiful as a holy angel, a meet companion for sweet flowers, and thy voice was musical, even when the linnet sang beside us. And she grew up till years calmed and sanctified her beauty, and sadness gathered over her childish glee, and wisdom beyond her years; and she grew paler day by day, until consumption wiled away from the earth one who was fitter for heaven.

One day as we sat here, she was sewing busily at something I did not understand, and when it was finished she gave it to me—a white handkerchief, with moss roses in the corners, and in the stem of one my name was wrought. She showed me one precisely similar, with her own name.

"Now," she said, "we'll keep these for ever so long—we'll see who loses one first."

I saw tears in her eyes when she said this, which were a mystery to me.

"Ellen, what ails you?" I asked her.

"I don't know," she said. "I'm so glad as I used to be, and then

something that hurts me when I laugh, or play, or sing; and I heard them saying I was going to die." She shed tears abundantly. "Oh!" she cried, "must I die, and lie among the nettles and weeds in the grave-yard, and never see the sun and the fields any more!"

Poor Ellen! she did die; and among the fields or any where I could not find her again. They told me she was gone to her "long home," and at last I ceased to look for her returning.

I arose deeply troubled, and wended my way by the fields over the hill. A strong impulse led me involuntarily to the church-yard, where, as I entered, at every step I was greeted by memorials of departed happiness. Here stood a simple stone with the inscription—"Sacred to the memory of Henry Neil. Lost April 20, 18—." One of my oldest and best friends: too many more I saw alike. Here was a little mound, all grown with dock-weed, nettles, and long grass; a little tablet bore the name—"Ellen —, Æt. 11 years." Here was a slab with the name—"William—Ætat. 84." Here beneath the very stone on which I so often sat beside him in the falling day, he was laid at last, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

O Time! thou art mighty to destroy! All this in the very sanctuary where I had never thought to find aught but friendship and the awakening of young affections. I could not remain another day in the Eden which had withered to a wilderness. Taking a boat, I sailed over to Larne, where I rejoined some merry companions of my drive on the day previous, and spent the evening in their society, until they retired as has been said.

Before the blazing fire, in reverie, with these and innumerable recollections, I lay I know not how long. Pipe after pipe was replenished and consumed, and the rum was fast sinking in my glass. Beautiful vapours! I said to myself, musing, as cloud after cloud issued from my lips, and swung around my head, settling into forms that fled with the fleeting fancy into new creations. There is a lovely scene! A slow sailing panorama of low promontories, stretching out into a calm sea, and huge mountains rising up behind—visibly growing, rock on rock, cliff on cliff, into the sky; and see! a vanishing whirl above, like the top of the robe of some departing

seraph! Behold, from off the promontories goes gliding out upon the sea a band of mighty beings; they are moving onward, onward majestically a convoy of leviathans for regions beyond the set o' the sun; and now mountains wave and mingle with sea, and the whole scene sweeps away. Again, there is a waterfall hurtling over a precipice in an even unbroken stream and from below arises a mist of spray—the precipice, the fall, are mingled with the spray—and now it is gone. I see a goodly company of trees nodding in a pleasant meadow, and in the midst a little rill is winding gently on its way; an unseen wind has floated off the trees, and the rill rises and hangs, like Jacob's ladder, between the earth and heaven—even now invisible hands have drawn it into the clouds. Even thus floats over the mist of life, and man finds, when fading into eternity, that it is but a shifting dream.

Ay, thought I, as I puffed and puffed on, let them prate as they will. Let philosophers moil and buzz their brains about the spheres. Let the idle school-master come abroad, and tell us of the glories of knowledge (forsooth!)—as if man should ever compass knowledge. It is all vanity! Knowledge is one thing, Wisdom is another and a better thing; but a contented breast is better than them all. Place me again "fancy free" among the green fields, with the voice of the stream and the far-roaming waters in my ear, and I will fling into happy oblivion all the other memories of life. Experience: it is of sin and misery. Knowledge: it is of treachery and lies. Maturity and strength of intellect: it is to stand and fight with multiplying meanness. Wisdom herself: she tells us to case our bosoms, with all their affections and even semblance of virtues, in four-fold adamant—to "make our foreheads as brass" unto our fellows, and fling back lie for lie. This is the on-going of the great drama. If there be an under-plot of religion, love, or friendship, it must be veiled and hidden, as if humanity were proud only of that whose root and spring is deep in the pit, and ashamed of its fellowship with heaven. Most truly bath the heart of the great poet sung,

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Poor degraded creatures that we are, doomed for sorrow from the very womb, there is yet one holy spot toward which we may look back on our

Journey; way-worn and spent with travel, we can pause on the way, and steal a backward glimpse to that far horizon where the earth meets the calm embrace of the stooping heaven.

Pursuing these and a host of "thick-coming fancies," I filled my pipe once more. I began now to feel myself lighter, and to lie, as it were, independent of the sofa. I do not know if any one has experienced the same sensation, but certainly I have often. At this time, however, it went to an unwonted extent; gradually, most gradually, I felt my specific gravity oozing away, until I rose without any effort and floated slowly up from where I lay. The volumes of smoke from my pipe tumbled, and rolled, and formed themselves in the fashion of a chariot, airy and lighter than the winds. Round and round majestically, with a slow and solemn motion, I sailed complacently like the spirit of the upper air, and felt that I had high dominion given unto me. The merest motion of my will was all I needed to traverse the labyrinth of infinity; there I went mounting and sailing on, still, still and peaceful—no walls were a barrier to my way as I clomb upwards on the beams of the moon, while the clouds far behind looked pale on the face of earth. I thridded among the gleamy stars, and never a sound there came to whisper on the silence of immensity. I glided along among the worlds of worlds on the milky way—the great highway of the visible universe—and came descending like the "dewy eve" back to my natal sphere. I saw its little gleam glowing and widening, until I mingled with its clouds, and melted down over the hill-tops—across the dark vallies, above the sound of their rivers, athwart the gleaming sea, and, with the same stately circling, resumed my sofa, with the pipe still fuming between my lips.

I heard the sound of advancing footsteps, and presently the handle of the door was moved—it opened, and, turning in that direction, I saw a person, closely muffled from head to heel in a huge boat cloak, enter the room, without a word of salutation.

I lay gazing at the figure as it advanced, without stirring from my position, or speaking a word—never doubting but that some one had mistaken his apartment, so that I paid little attention, expecting him every moment to discover his error, and retire. How-

ever, on it came; and, drawing a chair, seated itself close by the fire at my feet, and flung on a huge stick of bogwood, which presently sent a blaze so strong, that I was obliged from the heat to shift a little from my place.

"So," thought I, "some dreaming somnambulist, who has taken it into his head to fancy my fire a kelp-kiln."

Under this impression I determined to watch his proceedings a little longer. I filled my pipe afresh while he was rubbing his large weather-beaten hands over the flame, still enveloped in his cloak. Although in general remarkably irritable at any interruption of my placid reveries at such a time, I saw something so very strange in his manner, that I was by no means disposed to find fault with him, and I lay smoking on for a full half hour, always anticipating some movement on the part of my unknown guest, which would bring his affair to a conclusion. But all in vain. I filled another pipe, puffed, sipped oftener at my rum, and, in spite of myself, began to get fretful and uneasy. I could bear it no longer.

"If you have any business with me, sir," I said, "you will oblige me by mentioning its nature. I have particular reasons for wishing to be alone to-night, and it is now somewhat of the latest for seeing visitors."

"Late or early, it's all the same to me," was his answer, in a manly, strong, but somewhat melancholy voice.

"That may be very true, sir," I replied, shortly, "but with me it happens to be quite the contrary. I insist that you shall either tell me your business, or leave the room."

"The old thing—hard in the head as a noud yet, I see!" was grumbled out in a cool tone.

"If you know me, as I might imagine from that observation," said I, "in the devil's name tell me who you are, and what you want at this hour. I really will not be disturbed in this way, and I am confident you don't know me; therefore be so good as find your way back again, or I shall find means to make you do so."

"I knew you before you could speak plain, and ever since."

"I'll tell you what, my good fellow," said I, "this nonsense won't serve you. What is my name?"

"Coul Goppagh, to be sure," said he; "couldn't I learn that from the servants?"

"You could not, for I left one entirely different."

"How then do I know it?" he asked; and I began to feel a little queerish, for his strange concealment of his person caused me to have odd apprehensions, of what nature I could not distinctly analyse.

"Perhaps you will allow me to see your face," I said. "The room is warm enough to render muffling unnecessary; at all events, it is only fair that I should know to whom I am speaking."

He slowly undid the foldings of his cloak, and, throwing it back, discovered a figure which might have appalled a stout heart. There sat before me the remains of a strong and vigorous man, clad in a sailor's blue jacket and trousers. Long tangled hair hung down from his head, dripping with water; his countenance was ghastly pale, such as I remember often to have seen in drowned persons; while here and there was evidenced the preying of the crab and the eel, by whose inroads each eye was entirely removed from its socket. All his apparel was wet, like that of one who had just emerged from the sea. He stood up fair before me, where I lay looking on with astonishment, saying—

"Are you satisfied?—do you know me now?"

This was a question I found it exceedingly difficult to answer—for the voice seemed not altogether foreign to my ear, and in the form and disfigured features, I had that dim confused sense of recognition which we often experience in strange places, at seeing faces with which we either have, or fancy we have, been long ago familiar.

"To say the truth, I do not. I have some indistinct imaginations about your form and voice; but, if I ever did know you, your features since then have undergone a trifling alteration," was my modest response.

I cannot account for the utter absence of any thing like trepidation, at the presence of so eldritch a semblance of humanity. I felt even an inclination to banter, probably arising from a notion that the whole affair was some ridiculous hoax planned for execution at my particular expense; yet when I looked on that deathly, mangled visage, the wet clothes, the dank hair, I was puzzled beyond measure.

"You ought to know me well, Coul Goppagh," he said, in a mournful tone, almost approaching to a sigh. He then added, "Alas! it is the living!"

the dead—the dead forget not the living!"

"You mean to say, then, that *you are dead?*" I continued, in an incredulous tone, while he sat down, without answering, and again folded the cloak round his ghastly lineaments.

I began in my own mind to fashion various reasons for so singular a visit; I half suspected the whole thing to be some trickish mummery. I thought the waiter had adopted this plan to frighten me away, and obtain possession of my rum and tobacco; next, that some of my dinner friends had got it up for the purpose of having a laugh at breakfast. I invented a thousand such pranks, and still I felt that they were void. The thing began to look strange, and my curiosity was greatly excited to fathom the mystery. There he sat, silent and motionless—who could he be?—how had he discovered my name?—and, above all, what was his business with me alone, of all the people in the world? I was determined to see the end of it.

"Since you will neither tell me your name nor your errand," I abruptly commenced, "the fact is that I must have possession of my room. I shall order more rum; and if there be no other means of ejection, I'll drink you under the table. Draw in your chair—here goes!" and I rose to ring the bell.

"Stop, Coul Goppagh!" he exclaimed; "you shall come with me. I am not of the land, as you may have seen—once we are rocking on the swell of the sea, you will know me better. Many a day you have stood by the fore-sheet when we went spinning through the salt-water, with a tighter breeze than blows just now. Come, the boat is waiting at the Curran!"

My confused recollections now began to wander over many whom I had known in youth; but with none could I identify him. The wild proposal he had just made silenced me at once. I went to the window, and beheld a clear moonlight sky, beneath which a strong northerly gale was roaring, and I could hear the voice of the ocean roaring wildly. I saw him in the door.

"Come, Coul Goppagh," he said, impatiently.

"I have no rum," he said, "no rum."

"I have no rum," he said, "no rum."

and a picked crew—a madman would not do it in an open boat and alone : it would blow us out of the water ! Hush ! do you hear the breakers !”

“I have been on it to-night already,” he replied ; “and it bounces merrily. Is Coul Goppagh afraid of the splashing of a little white water among the stones on the beach ?”

“I know not who you are,” I said ; “but I know the coast well. The Gob-bins have hard sides to clink on, and the sea is running off them to-night like Niagara. The gale is rising, and it is now the first of the flood-tide ; a north wind, too—the best ship in Britain would drive to Muldersey before them. How could you clear the loch-mouth in a cockle-shell ? You would sweep to the moon first ! No, no !—it would be a strong reason to take me off dry land, with one, too, who——” I hesitated.

“I know what you mean,” he answered. “Well, then, you must have a token. Whom were you thinking of to-day as you lay on the rocks over the ‘Stay step ?’ Ha ! have I persuaded you ?”

He saw my involuntary start.

“Singular being,” said I, “who know my very thoughts—whoever you may be, I will not leave you till I am satisfied ; but stay—you merely asked a question which you yourself cannot answer. I will not be trapped so easily. *Tell me my thought !*”

He moved nearer to my side, and whispered—

“The grave of Ellen —— is green long, long ago !”

“Give me but another token,” I exclaimed, “and I will follow you though you were the incarnate fiend.”

He drew forth from his bosom a small white handkerchief, into each corner of which was worked a moss rose in coloured silks ; on the stem of one, in minute letters, was the name “Ellen ——.”

“Have you a match for that ?” he asked, in a low thrilling voice. “Come, the boat is waiting !”

“Lead on !” said I ; “lead where you will.”

I was now roused, and I strode with him out of the door.

CHAPTER III.

“As for my soul what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again—I’ll follow it.”

Hamlet.

BEFORE leaving the room he had lighted a small lantern, which he carried in his hand as we proceeded. Going along the Curran I could see the roadside weeds streaming level with the earth, beneath the rushing element. Huge branches of trees came crashing from their trunks, where they stood moaning and howling, and swept away before the tempest—it was a fearful night !

To the right lay a bight of Larne Loch, one sheet of foam ; and to the left, from the open channel and the harbour over the peninsula on which we were walking, the spindrift lashed around us, heavily as a thunder shower. The voice of the ocean, and the roar of the liberated, an almighty sound, such as I never before ever to forget ; and as I walked beside the shore, without an object, or a purpose, for the hour might

the outlet of the loch. Right into the narrow estuary the gale was sweeping furiously ; sea after sea rolling before it in liquid hills, that broke in millions of fragments on the shore, driving enormous shoals of stones before it like chaff, and clutching them back with a roar, like a discharge of musketry. A small boat was drawn up on the beach, towards which he proceeded in silence. I could scarce repress a scornful smile, as I thought within, “Is this what he imagines is to bear us out of the loch ? once launched, it will never reach shore but in splinters ready for the bearth !” There was a low mast laid along upon the thwarts, with a little canvas furled round it, which I saw him raise and place in the step, securing it by a single stay. He then arranged every thing, so that once afloat, little remained, only to slip the rudder. This being done, he laid his hand upon the gunwale, and as I mechanically took my station opposite, he exclaimed :

“It’s not the first time you lent me

a hand, my boy. In with you now to the fore-sheet!" he shouted, when the boat was within a foot of the surf. I obeyed. With one tremendous heave of his shoulder he sent her far into the water, following us far as the depth permitted, when he leaped in, and, to my amazement, shipped the rudder in an instant among the surges. He then gave a strong pull at the main halyard, raising the reefed canvas half mast high, which bore us in a second or two flying half a mile astern into the loch.

"What are you about—foresail there!" came his thundering voice; and with incredible ease I found it gliding up the stay with my efforts: the sheet was belayed, and we soon had the wind in our sails.

"In with the sheet—dead in!" he shouted, and I obeyed him, while he brought us so near the wind, that the line of the sail on the stay kept wriggling like a serpent. Up, up we rose on the hissing wave, and away like lightning; while every dash of the bow sent a cloud of phosphor-spray whirling to leeward overhead.

On the calmest day in summer the tide runs into the narrow strait, between the Curran and Island-Magee, like a mill-stream. It was now coming billow after billow, driven by the blast as though it would have carried the solid earth before it. For a great height above the surface, the air was one dense mass of drifting brine. In the very rush of the tide, and close upon the wind, we flew towards the open channel. Under ordinary circumstances sails and rigging would have vanished before it like the mesh of the spider; yet there they stood, true to their duty—contending with, and triumphing over the powers of air and ocean. I had scarce time to be seated on the beam, with the slack of the sheet in my hand, when I saw that we had made a long reach from where we started, and the boat was nearly on the shore.

"Fo-re-sail!" came in firm slow accents on my ear. I held the canvas to the wind for a moment, as the bow swung round; and we spun away on the other tack. A few more reaches brought us almost clear of the loch; and as we opened the different rocky points on the northern extremity of Island Magee, I saw acres of foam spouting into the sky, as the momentary wave hurled its accumulation over them.

"Ease away the sheet a little!" he

cried now, setting at the same moment the boat's head to the eastward, fair out on the channel. I did as he commanded, though I could not conceive the motive for such a movement.

"You had better make another stretch to wind'ard," I remonstrated. "We cannot clear Skennaghnan yet—we shall go ashore in Brown's bay and be dasked to pieces!"

"Never fear, Coul Goppagh!" he answered, as we rolled in a long valley of the sea, sheltered for a space from the roar of the wind. "The Coulterneb makes no lee way!"

"The Coulterneb!" I shouted, staring wildly around the boat. "The Coulterneb!"

"Ay to be sure! the Coulterneb," he answered; "many a gurnet you have jerked over her side as she lay swinging here of a summer evening—do you mind the lubberly miss you made at a seal on one o' the rocks there?"

Many years ago, when I was a mere boy, I had a snug little boat, in which, almost every evening, old Harry Neil and I would skim about the shores. I had been greatly attached to him from my very childhood; he used to carry me about the green fields in his arms, and along the lonely beach, where he would sit and tell me many a strange story, both of land and sea. As I grew up, the attachment strengthened on both sides. We made all sorts of peregrinations about the island, and were together almost constantly. We wandered into caves, of which no man knew the ending, and which the wild legends of the coast peopled with awful inhabitants. He taught me to shoot, to steer, to row, to bait a hook. How well I remember his healthy, hearty countenance, when he sat at night on an old arm-chair, and I beside him; while every now and then he took the pipe from his mouth to laugh, till the roof rung, at some strange question of mine about seamanship, which he swore "would puzzle an admiral." It was one fine evening, when we slowly dropped in my new boat along shore with the gun, that an anxious debate took place between us, as to what we should "christen" her. Many a name was proposed and rejected reciprocally. There chanced to be a flock of puffins sailing in among the rocks, at which I blazed away, and as he was about to give me a lesson in the art of

coulter of a plough. As I stood dangling the bird in my hand, with the pride of a young marksman over his quarry, "I think," said Harry, "you might give her a worse name than 'The Coulterneb'—look what a brave furrow she has turned up behind her!" "Bravo!" I cried, flinging the bird into the stern sheets, "we'll have it stuffed for a figure-head!"

Poor Harry! many a happy hour we spent together—one in the quiet of declining age, the other in the cheerful sunrise of life—such hours are indeed, "blossoms gathered for the tomb."

One evening, shortly after the little incident related above, he had taken the boat and sailed her over to Larnoe alone, leaving her hauled up on the Curran beach, till his return from the town. I believe he had been taking a little whiskey; but it was stormy and dark when he returned to the boat; and in his excitement he had been induced to lay a foolish wager, that he would sail her to Carrickfergus himself. Off he went on his mad expedition; the wind increased rapidly after his departure; but he, nor any vestige of "The Coulterneb," was never seen again! After so long a time's absence in the hurly-burly of the world, when all these scenes had melted into the mild halo that glows around the memories of early youth, it was no wonder if I started when, whirling in an open boat before a midnight tempest, I heard the voice:

"Never fear, Coul Goppagh! the Coulterneb makes no lee way!"

A host of wildly mingled visions poured in upon my imagination. "The Coulterneb!" I gazed anxiously around me, recollecting how singularly familiar I had been since coming aboard with every thing, though long unaccustomed to the sea. I saw all the same as I had known in my snug little boat of old—but she was now the forgotten prey of the wrecker—I was bewildered.

"Who nailed that horse-shoe on the beam below the mast?" asked my companion, as he observed my scrutiny. I looked, and there was the very horse-shoe I had merrily nailed down "for luck," in accordance with a common practice of seamen; and in the centre there was fastened the head and bill of the Coulterneb, also the work of my own hands.

"Living or dead," said I solemnly, "I know you now—there is but one ^{eat}ed who could search me thus—me, Harry Neill!"

"I knew the heave of the sea would freshen your memory," he answered, at the same time throwing the glare of the lantern full upon his face; there were the eyes gleaming, and the well known features as they last met my glance, nearly a score of twelve months before.

"Ah! Coul Goppagh, you have seen somewhat of the world you used to ask so much about since last we sailed round these shores, and in learning to shave your beard, you have been learning to forget old friends; but I never forgot you—I knew we would have a drive on the salt water once more."

"Forgive me, Harry," said I, "I never forgot you—never did the lonely hour fall around me yet, that was not peopled with old times; and many a tear, that the world never dreamed of, was shed over the remembrance of the innocent heart and the days I spent with Harry Neill; but how could I recognise in——"

"Say no more, my boy," he replied, interrupting me, "I know what you mean. But I know you're the right sort o' stuff yet, or you never would have stuck by that foresheet on such a night as this for the sake of Ellen——. Why you were but a child when she died, and she was little older than yourself."

"Harry, Harry, you will break my heart," said I; "we were only children—infants when she died—but I was so happy then! and the sward beneath us bloomed like Paradise—how different is it now! but Ellen knows not of the desecration of Time—she feels not the green leaves of early feeling dropping one by one, seared and withered, on the heart within. Oh! Harry, when I think of *then* and *now*, I almost feel myself a demon."

"That's just the way you used to talk long ago," sighed Harry; "only you weren't so melancholy. I loved to hear you, when you didn't think it, for you made my old heart young again. Ay! ay! to be sure we must have winter; but it wouldn't seem so dreary if we had not seen the spring."

By the alteration in the boat's position, immediately preceding this conversation, being thrown considerably off the wind, she was going with a velocity nearly doubled; and the lee gunwale was level with the water; save when in the trough of the enormous seas she gave a momentary roll

to windward. We had now the grinning promontory of Skernaghan within stone-throw under our lee ; and as we passed it, it looked like the head of some gigantic being of the deep, rushing on its path, snorting the element into the air, and furious for its prey. On we swept, opening the bay of Portmuck, which lay around us, like a huge valley of the drifting snow—on we went, dashing through the choking spray that tingled as it struck the cheek like a charge of shot, till Muck Island appeared to the right.

"Slack away the foresheet—out with it !" he shouted, sheering us right away before the gale. He now grasped the halyard, and ordered me to shake out every reef—up went the sail to the block. "Ha ! she feels it now," he continued, as he did the same by the mainsail ; and added, "you had better come aft a bit, or she'll run her *neb* under water." I did so ; and with every inch of sail spread, we flew like the rack of Heaven above us—a huge white furrow of foam mounting on each side of her snoring stem, and dividing to meet far behind, where her wake was lost in the convulsion of the waters.

It was now, and strange as it may seem, never till now, that the idea crossed my mind, "what is to be the end of this ? where is this wild voyage to terminate ?" Hitherto, even under circumstances so awful, I had followed, by blind impulse, without the remotest apprehension of personal danger. The shrilling of the blast over the sea, and through the wailing cordage—the eternal thrashing of the bow—the universal roar, and the driving of the spindrift, added to the attention due from my post, had quelled every other emotion. But now, as we drove before the wind, with accelerated and unimaginable speed, there was a comparative lull ; I even fancied there was complete silence when we glided down into deep vallies—a terrific and a dismal silence, lulled in the bosom of the sleeping whirlwind !

"Harry," I said, "you have brought me here to-night by tokens deep as the springs of my being. How have you found those tokens, and whither are you going ?"

"As for the tokens," he replied, "you will know all that soon enough ; where should I be going but to Carrickfergus, or I'll lose my wager ?"

A horrible anticipation shook my soul,

"Harry !" I shrieked, "what day of the month is it ?"

"The twentieth of April," he answered, calmly ; while I felt the bones growing cold in my flesh ; and I sank on the beam with a despairing groan. In a moment it was with me as if the scroll of Destiny had been unrolled before my eyes, and my name written thereon in blackest characters. On the twentieth of April, and on such a night, fifteen years ago, had Harry Neill left the very spot from which we embarked for Carrickfergus, and was seen again no more !

We were now abreast of Muck Island, which stands out of the water one circle of precipices. Braving the elemental fury, like some huge cauldron it seemed in the dens of Hell—white boiling torrents streaming down its sides, while ever and ay I could see the obstinate rocks darkly glistening between.

"FIEND !" I yelled, starting up and glaring upon him ; but I could speak no more ; for well I woen there was that in his eye whereon mortal man might not look without freezing into silence.

On we whirled in our mirksome way—and the still moon came out from her cloud, and looked down at us from the troubled Heaven.

Up we speeled like the eagle to the liquid mountain top, and down into the midnight valley that gaped for us beyond.

"To Carrickfergus !" I shrieked, tossing my arms about in my terrible agony. "To Carrickfergus ! Harry ! Demon ! Where—WHERE are we driving to ?"

I saw the iron Goblins as we wheeled by, in torment among the black up-leaping billows, and adown their rifted sides the tumbling of a thousand cata-racts.

"Where, oh ! where are we driving ? thou deceiver of my soul !" and I heard his voice murmuring solemnly in my ear :

"From a stormy and troubled ocean to a vaster and a wider deep, where there is peace for ever !"

"WHERE are we driving ?" I yet uttered in my madness ; and I heard his voice as he answered :

"To ETERNITY !"

Yoked to the steeds of the Tempest Angel, on we sped ; and on the brows of the billows I saw the fire flashing from their triumphant hooves.

"Destroyer!" I said, "Hell will scourge thee for this!"

"Be still," said his deep voice, "even now the wind is in our sails that wafts us home."

And now, as we hung on the summit of a mighty wave, a fearful calmness overshadowed me. Down in the great gulph beneath us stood a rock laid bare; jagged and wrinkled and scarred, where it had battled with the storms of centuries. The deep around was black as a thunder-cloud at midnight, save where it was grimly starred with the phosphor-fire. And there, in

what appeared that everlasting instant, the recollection of the past, and its inhabitants—anticipations of the future—hopes and fears—loves and hatreds—friends and kindred—the blue skies—green hills, and the healthy joy of existence, were crowded: in the next, the boat was swung by the Omnipotent arm of Ocean to ten thousand shivers on the rock; and I saw the sights and heard the sounds that living man knows not of but once—when he whirls in the unstable waters like a worthless bubble—the prey of Tempest and Shipwreck.

CHARTER IV.

"Ay, marry! now my soul hath elbow-room."

King John.

I was alone with the Ocean. Surrounded by the fury of the storm; I distinctly recollected how insignificant then seemed the ruin that flung the boat around like a crushed shell; and swept me on, even as a little feather from the sea-bird's breast.

When Hope expires, Fear dies with it; and, compared with the tremendous moment when I saw the rock beneath our descending bow, I was now in a state of indifference; had even the forlorn possibility of personal exertion been left, I might still have struggled and lingered in dismay. But though all my life a lusty swimmer, here I never stretched an arm; reflection, even for an instant, being unnecessary to convince me of its folly, in a scene which seemed as if all the mountains of the earth had been loosed from their foundations, to tumble destruction over the universe—"sweeping, vehemently sweeping" with all their snow, and tossing from their summits the unsettled thunder.

I felt myself spun round and round in hissing eddies; floating with inconceivable speed down what appeared miles of smoothest hill-slope; rising, swiftly rising, while a low sound, as of the dooming voice of Destiny, possessed my ears—in thunder and confusion sunk, hopelessly, beyond imagination sunk, with a world's weight above me into the dungeons of annihilation, while I felt an insane joy, like a demon glorying in perdition. How long this may have continued, I can form no idea; it seemed for many years of mad rejoicing. I felt that I had wedded with Destruction, and was going in

triumph with my bride. Suddenly I felt my temple struck against a sharp rock, which must have deprived me of sense for a time. On again regaining my faculties I knew from the winding around my limbs and body of the long, snaky, sea-growths, that I must be near the shore; and from the top of a bursting surge I saw directly before me the entrance to the Black Cave.

This cave, to my imagination, had always been the very haunt and habitation of mystery. It stands on the shore almost beneath the eastern brow of Muldersley-hill. Nothing is remarkable at its entrance, except a sort of arching recess in the rock, before which are some remains of masonry, with a gun-port or two; and at the farther side, a small hole nearly choked with fragments of stone. On creeping through this, there is a large apartment perfectly dark, or very imperfectly lit from the aperture already mentioned, strewn with stones, and damp with the rock-drip. A similar aperture appears again beyond, somewhat narrower, and leads into another apartment. Thus far I had myself often penetrated; but the gloom and the silence, combined with the effect on my mind of awful legends, restrained my farther progress. Indeed, even without these, I know few men who would venture on in such a place. With the danger of pitfalls and secondary passages, in which he might lose his way and perish in the bowels of the earth, the adventurer's heart grows faint. I have known many who came to the mouth of the cave, quail in the darkness, and then I laughed at their fears, and went in, and found my-

self appalled—no man can face unseen and uncertain foes. I knew some old sailors, who had cheered with Nelson amid death and bloodshed in Trafalgar bay, who shrunk from the Black Cave.

Some of the traditions connected with it are ludicrous enough ; but far from me, as I hung on the surge in that midnight, were such thoughts as these. Legends of foul inhabitants possessed my mind : Red Murder with his burning eye, fresh from the furnaces of Hell—shapes of pale, shuddering fear—low-groaning torture, unheard and ever-during wrongs in Spirit-tyranny were there ; and over the irrevocable portals hung the frown of mystery.

From the recession of the coast, the sea at high-water mark is a perch or two removed from the mouth of this cave ; and consequently never enters it under ordinary circumstances, as it does a great many others along the line of the Gobbins. I saw, nevertheless, that now every billow was rushing in with a loud concussion ; and I knew, from my position, that I was driving directly towards it. This was the only moment when the idea of a struggle crossed my mind. To be driven by the dark sea, and swung along through dreary abysses of central rock, among grisly beings—to brood with them in their vileness !—to be a spirit lost from the universe !—in hideous desperation I struck the surges idly with my clenched hands. It was only for a moment, and I was passive again. If I gained an inch, it was but one buffet of the deep, and I spun before it, mingled with its spindrift.

On I went with fatal certainty. There was now but one wave intervening between me and the dismal cavern—in it rolled, and I hung on the summit of the next, listening to the inward echoes as they grumbled for their prey. Hope and Fear were again utterly departed ; my doom was fixed ; and I felt a resignation deeper than despair. The wave swung—it broke—and shot me into my murky sepulchre—with foam and tangles, and up-gathered stones. I thought there was exultation in the appalling growl of the rocky echoes ; and I heard, or my mind shaped into a voice, the sentence from Shelley's lines, in the Vale of Chamonix :

" This is the scene
Where the old Earthquake-Demon taught
her young
win !"

and forth from the depths came a hollow sound : and from their lonely hearts the rocks sighed, " Ruin !"

Any one who has ever entered in a boat far into some considerable cavern to which the sea has access, will easily comprehend the nature of my bodily sensations for a little time. The water now had lost the form of waves ; and the peculiar swelling of its smooth current lifted me gently for many yards, and as gently sank, like the breathing bosom of a thing possessed of life ; and in this way I glided on for a long time, in the most inconceivable and almost solid darkness. I would now gladly have given every hope of my soul to exchange that most utter silence—silence possessed by a spirit that seemed the eternal echo of some mighty sigh—for the howl of the tempest, and the thunder-jubilee among the billows. In vain I listened for a sound : nothing was there like sound, save the vast sigh that filled those hopeless regions. On and on I went ; farther and farther every moment was carrying me from light and life into conscious destruction in hellish loneliness—hellish even in thought. Again the idea of exertion occurred to me ; and I turned to what I imagined the direction of the entrance, and swam with all my strength, determined to find death at least among strife of seas—motion—sound—uproar—*any thing* to escape from this accursed and intolerable agony of silence and gloom. For whole days, unmarked by any change, save the strokes of my own despair, I swam : where was the entrance ? I swam on, and on ; still the same endless, sluggish water, and the everlasting sigh—on and on—water—water before and around. I could swim no longer ; I was sinking ; I was dying. I stretched out my arms ; water, water for ever ! I made a desperate plunge, and found something solid. I reached out, and grasped at it—in vain ! It felt like a solid pillar of girth, just wide enough to prevent my embrace ; smooth and sheer-hewn as high as I could reach, and down beneath the surface. I dug at it with my fingers ; I opened my arms to cling to it ; but it was too wide ; and I fell back with an eldritch yell, into the Cimmerian depths ; vainly seeking to imprint my death vengeance with my teeth on the obdurate adamant.

" And now," thought I, " my time is come ; I shall at last be in peace !"

I gave myself up, without effort or motion, to the death that was at hand.

How great was my dismay to find that still blanker horrors awaited me—I *could not sink!* There I lay on the water, as smooth as a summer lake. Until now, all seemed as mirth and sunshine. I made a monstrous effort to plunge and die. My limbs were paralysed as stiff as stone; for all the creation I could not have stirred one finger. The water swelled no longer. I had swam away into the unvisited solitudes of a subterranean ocean. “AND HERE,” said I, “IS HELL!” To float on this unmoving sea, motionless, for ever; with the breath of Tophit in that everlasting sigh; in darkness that might mock the sun, if he could look on it, and swallow up his beams as it swallowed the glory of the damned Archangel, and has swallowed me.

Then, in anticipation of my torture, I began to plot eternities. I added weeks, and months, and years, and knew that they should find me there. I put period to period, and felt myself still there: century after century, ages after ages floated like bubbles through the infinite same of my destiny; and when imagination had wearied its power, I multiplied the accumulation by the measure of His existence, who is “the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;” and there I floated in unvaried misery, and I said, “THIS IS HELL!”

Let no man talk of suffering until he has known the weight of solitude, silence, and Tartarian darkness; chained by unrelaxing impotence to one spot, for all the cycles of eternity; and knowing that, save One, every living thing is ignorant of his being and his dungeon. I recollected all I had read or heard of hell; and it seemed to my doom but as old wives’ fables. “Would that there were fiends even to torture me! Torture itself were relief from this unending life-in-death; passionless, hopeless, the same! Groans of anguish! Would that they might lift this load of silence, that I might hear companions in despair! But the walls of my prison are foundation deep in darkness; and builded round with si-

lence impenetrable. ‘Lost, lost, lost, irrecoverably lost!’”

As I lay in this stony thralldom, I became conscious of an appearance above me, as if a huge chasm had been hewn upward to an immeasurable height through the darkness. Its boundary was defined, and distinctly appreciable. It was not light, but simply an opening in the gloom. Gradually there stole across its disk, a swarthy glare, like the sky at night over some great and distant conflagration; and, as if growing out of the lurid soil, there became slowly visible the lineaments of a gigantic human countenance. As it became more and more perfect it seemed to approach solemnly and steadily towards mine. It was intensely dark in all its features, save the partially open mouth, which seemed internally to nourish fire; though over all, the dun glare threw a hideous plainness. There was neither joy, nor grief, nor anger, nor any mortal passion there. Utterly void of any meaning, it seemed the frightful symbol and emanation of Eternity and Desolation! It was from that mouth came the unceasing sigh. On and on most steadily, from its measureless distance, *grew* towards me, this monstrous Hell-birth. Whole generations might have been born and gone to the grave, in my notion of passing time, while still plainer, and nearer, and huger it came and sighed, and altered not its look. I could not shut my eyes, nor move; although I had known it moving so long, it looked still as far off as ever; still coming and sighing; it tyrannised over my soul.

Thus it went on approaching for a period of incalculable years. Ten thousand years and more, and it had grown to a magnitude that filled the whole circumference of vision. It was close upon me now; and I saw its features knitting into a savage scowl. I felt as though I were about to be identified with it; and there was nothing in all existence but an Omnipotent Fiend, grinning over a soul whose will was powerless. I must have become senseless, for I recollect it no more.

CHAPTER V.

“In the name of truth
Are ye fantastical? or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show?”

Macbeth.

LIKE one awakening from a long and deep sleep, I heard chanting in my ears, as if from a great distance, what seemed more like the faint lingering

on the air of solemn psalmody, after the organ that inspired it had ceased to breathe, than any definite sound, it was so full of life, so thin and spirit-like. At first it hovered in a lonely melody, far away, as though there were no sense but sound alone; as if all the attributes of life were merged into the existence of one being, whose intense and only consciousness was of sound. I seemed the inhabitant of a world, whose dim horizon was that undying strain, within whose ample sweep it rolled for ever; making its day-spring and its twilight of the exulting swell, and the volumed cadence of everlasting harmonies. For, ever as it seemed to die away, a stealing note would join with its expiring, and lead the spirit on after its ever-fading, ever-renewing holiness. And still, as it mingled into new harmonies, it was sad as the parting of young lovers; pensive and sweet as their first-born sighs; tender as the spring of the tears that eke their happiness. It was solemn as the dreams of affection over the graves of mothers; playful as the eyes of childhood, lonely and inconsolable as eternal farewells.

The nightmare spell, of which I was still conscious, held me as I listened, until, before a mightier spell, a gush of tears, with unspeakable luxury, flowed from my eyes. From my very inmost soul I could feel them coming over the dry channels of life; while Hope and Feeling grew to green leaves and blossoms around their way.

As the music faded from my ear I looked up, and beheld what appeared like cloudy moonlight on a calm sea, whereon a dim mist rested at a little distance. I was lying on the basement of a long colonnade of ashlar pillars, springing from a dark whinstone terrace, themselves of the material from which they seemed to grow. A broad flight of steps descended into the dusky waters. The columns were of enormous girth; and their heads were lost in a rolling drapery of clouds. The range extended on either side, beyond the sphere of vision, gradually diminishing in the stupendous perspective, until they blended with the misty horizon. The intervals between the pillars disclosed a lofty succession of arches, stretching backward from the water, as far as the eye could reach, into the gloom that overhung them; and a little within the space of that beneath which I lay, I saw Harry Neill, standing with his arms folded, in a thoughtful attitude, gazing intently on me.

My first feelings were those of horrible detestation. With the fierce delight of extremest vengeance, I sprung to my feet without a word, and rushed to seize his throat. He seemed to perceive my attention, and calmly stepping aside, with a most solemn gesture placed his finger on his lips; pointing with the other hand into the clouds above, and then inward, under the murky arches. I never saw him look so grave and solemn before; there was something awful in his countenance as he sighed.

"Speak low and quietly," he said; "for you must follow me; and my time is nearly come."

"I followed you once already," I replied, in the low, smothered voice of deep passion; "and—but where am I?"

"You forget, then, how you came;" was his answer.

"Forget!" I exclaimed, in shuddering at the thought. "Man or—I know not what you are; and yet I seem to know you; I do not easily forget that; but years, ages have passed since then."

"You do forget then," he said, "for here there are neither years nor ages; did I not tell you we were sweeping to——"

"Where?" I interrupted him, fearfully.

"TO ETERNITY!"

I trembled, and was dumb; while arch from arch took up the syllables; and column to column away into infinity; and darkness, and the deeply thrilling air murmured "ETERNITY!"

"It is the work of Destiny then," I said, "and you are but its minister; but what is the meaning of all I see around me?"

"This," said he, "is the kingdom of the dominion of the Past. Through this you must pass to the Present and the Future. The hidden things of your soul shall pass before your eyes; your deeds and your thoughts long gone, are not dead nor slumbering; they live here for ever. Come!" and he motioned me forward, into the jaws of the dark arch-way.

"I cannot go," said I; "I dare not; I am afraid;" for my heart shook at the prospect of the terrible revelation.

"Are you afraid to meet what you have made?" he replied, "what you have met before and courted; are you afraid of yourself?"

"I am. I am more than afraid. I am lost. Dismay gathers round me

like a thunder-cloud filled with consuming vengeance. I will not go!"

"You cannot choose. I and all the world before you have gone there. There must all the generations of the earth be gathered before the end. You shall know if there be any hiding or deceitfulness there. Follow! the way clears before you."

The darkness appeared to recede as I advanced, and closed again behind us. We were surrounded by it like a curtain, which, gradually withdrawing, revealed arch on arch, and pillar on pillar; all as black as the grave. At last I saw emerging before me, the likeness of a huge dome, pillared round about, with an open entrance, through which I was led. There was within, neither pillar nor any show of workmanship. The walks rose in an unbroken bend, into the vast vault above. One half was filled with a dull resemblance of light, abruptly terminating in a wall of darkness, which descended from the pinnacle to the floor.

"Here," said my companion, "is the place where are registered the acts and thoughts of every son of Adam. Yon darkness holds them for ever in its bosom, while the deluded soul dreams they are forgotten, adding sin to folly, and blasphemy to sin, where the roar of life peals out security; and the cunning serpent whispers 'Peace.' Know you where you are?"

"I think I do," I replied; for a secret voice told it to my heart. "But tell me."

"This is **THE KEEP OF CONSCIENCE**. Dream not that any tittle has passed into the world of oblivion; this is but the grave whence you shall behold a faithful resurrection."

As I heard these words my very soul quailed within me for horror; and I gasped out, "Do you too remain?"

"I do," he said; "but my time is over; and no eye, save your own, may see it. As in a mirror, the inward man shall appear; while the outward act is visible. Hush! prepare!"

A deep pervading sound, like that of a death-bell, shook the vault, and swung, dying in awful echoes. I saw the darkness stir, and open into a vista, terminated by the appearance of a mirror, shadowed by a cloud. There were faint beginnings to appear; and, as they swelled into distinctness, the cloud parted from the mirror, and I saw that what I saw shall never be repeated.

and a condemning

revelation. Peel after peel of the dismal knelling sounded; and there went on before me the re-enactment of my whole existence, in the form of one whom I felt to be fatally identified with myself. It commenced with the latest doings of life, and went back retracing time to the confines of infancy; while every deed had its thought and motive, or the actual mental life, imaged in the mirror, to whose truth an intense power of memory bore testimony. There I was body and soul, with every act of will sternly pictured by the accusing shade.

In a matter so intimately connected with individual identity, of course no power of description could avail; besides there is no one of the human race who would deliberately pen down the details of such a history, where he himself was the hero. The accompanying *mind* of every outward deed, as seen in the mirror, so accurately vivified, symbolised with such searching minuteness, by forms and motions which I felt identical with my personal consciousness, in by far the greater number of instances, words would only render obscure and inappreciable. The great argument of the panorama spoke, "only evil, and that continually;" and, while the outward man folded the garment of integrity around it, it appeared in the mirror stripped of its lying vesture; branding itself face to face with the foulest hypocrisy. There was no deed, however secret; no thought, however subtle or transient; no momentary fancy; no dim reverie, however trivial; nothing of all the moments of life that did not rise before me there. Amid all this, there was necessarily much of a character, that could hardly be called either criminal or otherwise; but among the throngs of that grim array of guilty scenery, how trifling did it seem! From those of the latter description, I shall select a few of the backward-going series, fixing on those of a comparatively insignificant nature, though of course the whole must lose its intimately connected character in the mutilation.

* * * * *

* * * * * This faded away. Again the bell swung, and the vista grew into the form of a room, with several tables; over which were scattered confusedly a heap of books, letters, and surgical instruments. There was a bright fire of pine, sitting opposite to which, I recognised myself in the slight figure, with bushy, entangled

hair, from beneath whose shadow the sleepy looking eye gazed into the wavering flame. The candles were dim and untrimmed, and their long wicks hung like hearse plumes in the dun light. I at once recognised my own room at P—. The fingers of the right hand buried among the hair, supported the half stooping head ; and the elbow rested on the pages of an open book on the table.

The very time and season was present to my memory. The book was a volume of Jeremy Taylor's Sermons ; and was open at that fine illustration of the progress of the pardon of sin, in the discourse "on Godly Fear ;" after reading which, I had left off for a moment, struck with its freshness and sincere beauty ; "it is a grace that the most holy persons beg of God with mighty passion, and labour for with a great diligence, and expect with trembling fears, and concerning it many times suffer sadness with uncertain souls, and receive it by degrees, and it enters on them by little portions, and it is broken as their sighs and sleeps.

"But so have I seen the returning sea enter on the strand ; and the waters, rolling toward the shore, throw up little portions of the tide, and retire, as if Nature meant to play, and not to change the abode of the waters ; but still the flood crept by little steppings, and invaded more by his progression than he lost by his retreat ; and having told the number of its steps, it possesses its new portion, till the angel calls it back, that it may leave its unfaithful dwelling of the sound. So is the pardon of our sins—"

Surely the man would say, who looked in on his solitude at that moment, in the eloquent words of the rich and glorious intellect, whose treasures are at his hand : yonder being is wrapt in contemplations of "spiritual blessings, which are seeds of immortality, and of infinite felicities ; they swell up to the comprehensions of Eternity :—" his "faith converses with the angels, and ante-dates the hymns of glory." Behold the mirror !

Might we dream of aught like that in Heaven ? What a glorious midnight ! the keen lustre of the full moon—the dreamy glimmerings of the stars—the intense blue of the sky—the strong light and sharp clear shadow on the overhanging rocks—the dark green sheen of the open sea, whose waves glitter like crystal in the moon, ere they fall into long, rolling breakers,

white as the driven snow—beautiful ! Under the rocks, and partly emerging from the shadow, stand three figures, eagerly gazing on the moon. He in the middle has his face partially turned away, and is the same as *he who sits* at the table. If it be that this is a fancy of Heaven, sure those are angels between whom he hath made his paradise ! One to the left leans her cheek on his breast, while her clasped hands rest on his shoulder ; her hair, confined simply at each temple by a slight ribbon, streams over his arm. One to the right hangs on his arm, with her head leaning on his shoulder ; and as they all gaze earnestly into the sky, a darkness begins to dim the lustre of the moon. Gradually it creeps over her disk, while the affrighted stars shrink, and seem to hide themselves in the firmament ; still they stand unmoving beneath the judgment-like orb, whose rays are hidden as if in blood. They seem to feel the influence of the hour, as he gathers them closer with his arms, till, in the increasing darkness, they all seem one. When the eclipse passes away, he appears standing alone beside the sea. There is a sadness on his countenance, as if he wondered how such an hour could come and pass away, and leave all the world around the same except himself.

Whether the good old bishop would have tolerated such a representation of the heaven, to whose confines he has pointed the way ; or whether it ever appeared under such an aspect to his imagination, it is impossible to know ; but, verily, such was the scene in the mirror, while that man sat with his arm resting on those divine pages, whose piety and deep holiness, and cheerful breathing of benevolence are of themselves enough to civilize a world.

Still he sits motionless at the table, gazing into the fire. Suddenly he starts, and turns towards the opening door. A servant, booted and spurred, appears, covered to the knees with mud ; he delivers a note. It is lazily unfolded ; and while reading he rapidly rises from his chair ; hurried questionings succeed ; and, seizing the whip from the servant's hand, he leaves the room, while an indescribable throng of confused images sweeps over the mirror.

* * * * * The same moonlight scene again, with the same inhabitants, occupied the vista itself. The figures were now more distinct. Ever

and anon, as they crept closer together, his head sank down to catch soft whisperings, and answer to them soft and low, as they were uttered.

Why hung the cloud, unshifted, on the mirror whereon appear no images? Those only can answer who have been actors in such scenes. The heart could not afford to stray from such companionship, even with Fancy for a guide, whose brightest illusions were but lifeless and wearisome compared with such reality. * * *

* * * Another solemn knell, and these things dissolved away. The interior of a church slowly grew out of the darkness. Instead of a Gothic window in the aisle, appeared the surface of the mirror. It was the period of divine service, and all the congregation were kneeling in prayer. There was the same figure again, kneeling too and as the priest uttered the words of pleading, you might hear the "Amen" from his lips.

Lo! in the mirror the likeness of a room, where many well-known figures are ranged round a table covered with goblets, and all the apparatus of debauchery. He is seated at the further end, apparently in merry discourse, for all the besotted countenances are agape with laughter. Again from the church you may hear his devout "Amen," while in the mirror he springs to his feet with all the rest, waving his glass over his head, and gulping down the draught that soon shall leave him senseless. Alas! how well I remembered there the invited guests of that abominable banquet, for which, even in the attitude of prayer in the house of God, I was devising jests and cunning circumstances of revelry; forgetful, or worse than forgetful, willingly heedless of the truth that sounded in my ears: "Be not deceived, God is not mocked—that which a man soweth he shall also reap." * * *

* * * There now appeared a long room, occupied down the centre, from end to end, with a range of narrow, coarsely painted deal tables. It was lit by a line of windows on one side, but principally from the roof. On some tables lay corpses not long dead, flung carelessly in attitudes ludicrously appalling to an eye which has only been accustomed to contemplate the appearance of Death, in the rigid limbs and nicely arranged garniture within the coffin, gilt and tinselled for the rats and the ugly vermin of the grave. Others were strewn with nameless sections of

humanity, green and mouldy with the damps of corruption. Here lay a head, the upper half of the skull scalped and sawn away, with the brain removed, showing the glistening cavity dotted with white and bloody points; the sections of the nervous origins and of the blood vessels. The upturned face, which so often has arrogated to itself the epithet "divine," showed where the assiduous student had removed the eyes, and left two deep unsightly caverns, where once, mayhap, kindled the beam of genius, or trembled the tear-drop of love. One side of the face denuded of the skin, exposing the glands and muscles, while the cavity of the mouth, tensely stuffed with grass to render the dissection more practicable, stretching the hewn lips over the protrusive teeth, made a hideous spectacle. Stooping, as he sat before the table, with his face closely approached to this ghastly object, the same figure appeared. His right hand, grasping a scalpel, carelessly hung by his side, as he leaned with his left on the table, over the object of his solicitude; but his wandering eyes seemed more intent on the wavering of the boughs in the College-park, than on the mysteries of anatomy. Beside him stood one over a headless trunk, which lay, bent backwards, over a block, carefully exposing the ruddy surface of the big, manly "pectorals." Here stood another, a string of "vertebræ" in one hand, and a book in the other, ever poring over the page, and glancing at the bones as he turned them about, with a countenance indicating more plainly than words, that he was "perplexed in the extreme." Before the fire stood a third over a most "impossible" fraction of osteology, laid on the mantel-piece, and on his open page might be seen the words "Os Sphenoides." Numbers hurried to and fro laughing, smoking, and apparently seeking amusement more than occult lore. Any one might know the man who is determined to die rich in that "black-a-vis'd," firm-set personage, who, with wise, imperturbable face, intersected with anxious lines, sits in a corner apart from all, over his minute dissection of the "internal carotid." But, returning to him who sits a-dream over his study, all this bustle disturbs him not; still he remains gazing forth on the swinging trees.

One of the windows contained the mirror. There was the shore of a quiet lake—I know the very spot. A little

clump of ash-trees, yellowing in the autumn, intercepted the faint gleam of the crescent moon. The waters seemed to sleep among the far winding bays and promontories. I could see the stirring of the reeds and flags, that appeared to live, in their communing motion, on the beach. (How his breast at the table swelled, to a long, melancholy sigh!) Beneath the boughs of the ash-trees he was there, but he looked much younger, and his eye was brighter than before. He was sitting on the massy roots; and who was she beside him, who hid her face in his bosom, while her hair fell over his shoulder and his encircling arm? He seemed to speak in exulting sentences, as he looked over the waters, and up into the starry sky; and the argument rose with the sweep of his free arm over the happy scene, and it too fell on her neck, as he leaned his cheek on her drooping head.

* * * * *

There seemed a college class-room. At the extremity of one of the benches sat the same figure, apparently in profound attention to the prelections of the professor, who was busied among a heap of troughs, retorts, lamps, and paraphernalia of chemistry; now trimming a charcoal chafing pan; now peering into a simmering crucible; and again pointing with a long wand to numerous lists of atomic weights and specific gravities; or dipping his delicately tinted test-papers into various tall glasses, and pointing to their changes of colour, as he withdrew them; while his profound countenance seemed to indicate that he was about to comprehend and elucidate the "cosmogony, or creation of the world which has puzzled philosophers of every age."

A large window again seemed to be formed of the mirror, wherein I saw a stately procession moving on carrying flowers—a bridal party, bravely dressed :—

" Nodding their heads before them goes
The merry minstrelsy."

On they swept; and as the last three glided along, behold! a man of Eld, with troubled countenance, and shining eye under his hoary fore-lock, seized one of them, who, though afraid, and anxious to proceed, was constrained to listen to his tale. This grew dim; and when I saw a lofty ship leaving the

shore, with a gentle breeze in her sunny sails :—

— " Merrily did she drop
Beneath the kirk, beneath the hill,
Beneath the light-house top."

Away she swung; and as she went, the horizon seemed to approach so as to bring before me the wide ocean, with the gallant ship before a pleasant wind. And then I recognised upon her deck the "Ancient Mariner," and became again identified with him among that lonely crew. We sailed on and came upon the land of ice and snow :—

" And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald."

We came upon strange and fearful regions. Impending Alps of solid ice met our advancing prow :—

" The ice did split, with a thunder-st—
The helmsman steered her through."

The Albatross—the lovely cloud sleeper—hovered about our heads as if to guide our voyage in the desolate place, and "we hail'd it in God's name"—and all was peaceful and well around us until, in an evil hour, "with my cross-bow I shot the Albatross." Still we sailed on, and, to use those words which seem enchanted, which are music and melody :—

" The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea!"

But unslumbering vengeance dogged our wake; and the curse of the rotting calm came on; "yea, slimy things did crawl with legs upon the slimy sea." And the Hell-ship with her skeleton ribs appeared afar off, floating towards us, against the setting sun; and she neared, and neared; and I saw the "Night-mare Life-in-Death, who thickens man's blood with cold," dicing for our souls with her fiendish crew; and she won mine. And there I lay under the burden of that infernal spell, until "some kind saint took pity on me," as I watched "within the shadow of the ship," the rich attire of the twining water-snakes; "and I blessed them un-awares," and I awoke from my consuming thirst in my dewy garments. A faint hymning breathed into my ear as from primal Paradise :—

" And now 'twas like all instruments;
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute."

There sat the attentive class-fellows,
and my figure among them, apparently
as attentive as any ; but instead of the
grave analysis of the learned lecturer,
I heard

" A noise as of a hidden brook,
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

And I exulted in the joy of the accursed
bondage departing, and felt my
blood beat with new life returning to
the well-known shores. My very being
was interfused with that of the mariner,
and surrounded with the heavenly halo
that dreams around these holy words,
steeped in the glories of sunrise :—

" But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made ;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple, nor in shade :

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring.
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too ;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze,
On me alone it blew.

Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed,
The light-house top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countrie ?"

How very vividly I recollected then
all the phantasmal and tremendous
dream-scenery of the ancient mariner,
into whose being I entered in suffering
and deliverance.

The lecturer bowed, and closed his
book ; the students rose, and rising
along with them, my figure departed,
and the cloud darkened over the mir-
ror as Fancy was recalled from her
wanderings.

* * * * *
There appeared a
room filled with youthful revellers. I
yet shudder to think of looking calmly
under such horrible circumstances on
such a scene. Around the table sat
many youths, some barely emerged
from boyhood, their faces flushed, and
those lips, which should only rejoice to
glow in breathing the free air of dale
and mountain, hanging in the stupefac-
tion of drink. Others, whose well
shaven chins betokened greater matu-
rity of age, threw mocking looks at
their younger companions, as they gra-
dually yielded to the fiery tempter,
and rolled from their chairs. They
were of all ages from adolescence to

manhood. At one end of the board
the same slight figure pointed in dumb
instructions to a servant, seemingly in
reverie, for his eye had but a vacant
reply to the uplifted glasses, as he
pledged his guests.

The mirror discloses a chamber,
where a sobbing group bends grief-like
and tearful over a bed. One apart, a
woman of sober aspect, leans on her
hand "refusing to be comforted." One
is closing the eyes of a young corpse,
and composing the thin pallid features
whereon, even in death, lingers a beauty
that must only yield to corruption.

See how he gnaws his lip amid its
smiles, while the table dances to the
beating of that merry company ! How
he twists his hand among his hair, as
they shout forth their lunatic fancies !
Not one among them all even dreams
of the bitter tears that dim the eye of
him whom they appeal to as the arbi-
ter of their folly.

* * * * *
I easily recognised
the interior of Roslin Chapel—that
beautiful remnant of the olden time—
old, but not a ruin. The sun was shin-
ing in on the pillars, throwing broad
streams of light between them, and
their reverend shadows fell dark and
slanting. I saw myself standing with
my old friend S—, beside an elderly
man, who pointed with a long wand to
the "prentice pillar." There was a par-
tial smile on our faces, apparently at
his pompous rigmarole.

In the mirror was displayed the same
scene, but with different inhabitants.
The chapel had lost the solemn air of
antiquity ; the walls were new, and the
carving on every point exquisitely
finished. The pillars were as if fresh
from the hand of the carver ; but the
"prentice pillar" seemed especially
beautiful. A thoughtful looking youth,
of a most serene and intelligent counte-
nance, walked to and fro beneath the
choir. Beside the pillar stood a man
of maturer years ; and as he scanned
its proportions, there gathered some-
thing fiendish in his dark eye. After
a little they both moved off. The
youth went first, and just as his foot
touched the threshold, the elder lifted
an axe from a heap of huddled tools,
and with all his force drove its broad
back down on his companion's skull.
He then replaced the instrument of
murder, and bore the supple body to-
ward the river.

The scene changed in the mirror,
It was moonlight, and, on the bank of

the lovely stream, a young girl muffled in her plaid paced backward and forward under the overhanging boughs. She stopped and gazed anxiously among the trees upward toward the chapel ; then fixed her eye steadfastly on the turrets of the castle, as though she expected a signal. After some time, apparently disappointed, she took her way through the trees, when she stumbled over a heap of withered leaves ; and on regaining her feet, behold ! the body of the youth who was struck down in the chapel, with his bloody features and his disfigured head ! She appeared to remain senseless for a time, until returning recollection brought the fearful sight before her eyes ; when, pale and bewildered, with hands clasped above her head, she flew toward the heights.

Again the chapel. It was solemn mass. The congregation were all wrapt in the awe of the sacrificial mystery. A stir pervaded the mass of worshippers, when the door opened, and in glided a female, thin and pallid as a spectre. Her eye was that of a maniac ; and they attempted to soothe her into departure ; but she pressed on, and pointing to the 'prentice pillar with a melancholy smile, fell to the ground with a strong convulsion, and the whole scene vanished away.*

* * * * *
 * * * I saw my own figure standing in a beautiful, clear, midnight, on a sloping height ; part of a great city—it was Edinburgh—appeared in the valley ; and the grey mass of Holyrood convenient. Above were the ruins of St. Anthony's chapel ; and I was placed with two others on the brink of a little stream, that bubbled from underneath a large stone—St. Anthony's well. The three were silent, and musing each his own sad or merry meditation.

A great gap in the walls of the ruin contained the mirror. A green field in summertime was there, and through it ran just such another stream, with a hedge of old gray thorn-trees nigh. One figure, of a girl, was forming tiny ships from the flag-leaves, and a laughing child, tumbling on the grass, gazed after them as they floated down, and laughed at their inevitable shipwreck.

How true the picture ! for on that very spot, one lovely night, returning from a stroll to Arthur's seat and the Craigs, we had wandered along the hill to the old chapel, and on our homeward way, the bubbling of the water seemed to me a voice from the departed world of infancy, and I stopped on its brink, while tears that would not flow oppressed my heart, as the visions of by-gone days came thronging to the tinkle of the stream.

* * * * *
 * * * An old fashioned room, with a little circle gathered near the fire about an aged, white-haired man, who was reading from a large book. I knew my own features in those of the little urchin, who sat on the low stool opposite to him. Its eyes were fixed and dreamy, and its whole attitude that of the profoundest attention.

In the mirror the earth lay as if affrighted under the lurid firmament. Suddenly the sky opened, and an angel appeared sounding a trumpet. And there rode out a pale horse, and he that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed after him. And a sword was given unto him, wherewith he should smite the nations ; and he went forth conquering and to conquer. And I saw the inhabitants of the Earth grow pale as he waived his sword. And he trampled kingdoms down beneath the hooves of his ghastly steed ; while his horrible follower glared over his prey, and champed his gloomy jaws, from which ascended up the smoke of their burning. And the mirror changed with the changing of his sublime vision, who on Patmos's isle had his lips touched with a fervour from unearthly fingers, "to speak the Apocalypse of Heaven !"

* * * * *
 A lovely sea beach, beside a white house, on a green knoll. On an old mossy stone the same child was leaning, gazing out on the sea, whose calm surface formed the mirror.

It showed the entrance to a dark valley, most like a dungeon for condemned spirits. Black clouds swept over it continually, and barren hills girded it in. A man, clad on his front with armour, and having a sword girded on his thigh, appeared wending his

* Those who have ever visited Roslin Chapel, with the very dignified Cicerone, who "did inhabit there," will recognise in the affair of the axe, a portion of his parrotted story about the pillar. The other circumstances I had framed in my imagination, while hearing of the fate of its architect, who certainly was no common 'prentice, "if all tales be true."

way through it. He walked cautiously, looking keenly round as one who expected an enemy. And, lo! advancing towards him, came on the footstep of the Fiend, whose form, as they met and parlied, swelled with rage, and his countenance was "hideous to behold." With that he straddled quite over the whole of the way, saying—

"I am Apollyon, and I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no farther; here will I spill thy soul!"

And he cast grievous fiery darts, which stuck fast some, and some were warded off. At last Christian (for it was he) seemed overcome, and his sword flew from his hand as he fell. But just as his everlasting ruin was well nigh compassed, he stretched it forth, and grasped his sword, and gave a deadly thrust to his enemy. And with that Apollyon uttered a loud shriek, "and spread out his dragon wings, and sped him away, and Christian saw him no more."

This scene from the *Pilgrim's Progress* had made a deep impression on my mind in childhood, and was continually present with a too vivid fancy, sometimes even to oppression. I saw many others of the same origin, among which I recollect the unutterable beauty of that where I saw Christian standing with the shepherds on the Delectable Mountains, as they stretched out their arms pointing him to the gates of the Celestial City.

I must pass over hundreds of scenes which lived before me there—remembered, alas! too well: too that they were as easily forgotten as told. In multitudes they arose, and passed with damning faithfulness, tearing up by the foul roots every goodly plant that showed so fair a leaf and blossom on the scene of life. Their history would fill a lifetime; and it were a history in the main, which a son of perdition might well syllable in hell to the ears of gladdened demons.

* * * *

The vista and the mirror now began to be thronged with imperfect and half-seen forms, without distinguishable shape, dreamier and dreamier like the creatures of a swoon. My head swam,

and I remember the vault or its phantoms no more.

"My time is come," said a voice beside me; and I found myself standing once more with Harry Neil, on the steps of the colonnade. A small boat swam close beside us, into which he entered, and directed me by signs to follow.

A gentle current carried us on, "without the aid of sail or oar," toward the haze, into which we soon entered. When after a little I looked up, I saw what seemed the western shore of Island Magee, which is laved by the waters of Larne Loch. There was holy, beautiful light upon it, like that of sunset; and backward over the Sallagh Braes, I saw the descending globe in the midst of a long sea of golden light, which bathed their summits and ebbed into a pearly azure, stretching away beyond the lofty head of Agnew's Hill. A highway of chastened fire lay upon the still waters in our receding track; the heights of Magheramourne, on the opposite side of the loch, were of an intense blue, and they fell sheer sloping down into its bosom; and every tree looked glad, and every bird sang sweet in the summer eve.

Our little skiff came lightly ashore in the northern bay of Barney's point. I stepped out on the beach, and I knew every old stone around me as I walked upward into the fields; turning for an instant I saw that my companion had not left the boat, and was pushing her from the beach. He saw my inquiring look, and pointing with his arm toward the church at a little distance, floated away. I felt my heart growing young again as I approached the old white cottage among the elder trees, where Ellen — used to live—there it was, the very same as ever; and I thought the leaves spoke to me as I passed along. I looked out before the door to a sloping field, covered with daisies, and there, sitting on a little knoll, knotting the wild flowers, the little maid Ellen — herself! I went round the field so as to approach her from behind. I heard her voice as I came near, singing an old ballad, to which I used to listen as I lay beside her on the grass:—

"It's up the hills, an' down the braes,
An' ower the heather green,
It's lang sin' ye were here before,
It's langsome ye hae been—
There's mony a house, and mony a ha',
And mony a lass between."

" Oh ! Mary, wipe awa the tears,
They're happin' frae your een,
For mony a house, and mony a ha'
Sin' Beltane I hae seen,
But no ae lass by the hearth-stane,
Sae bonny sits between."

" Oh ! Willy, tak' me to your brest,
An' let me greet my fill ;
Ye're gaun awa again, Willy—
The sun blinks on the hill—
An' I maun bide the lee lang year
Sae sair again' my will."

" Oh ! let me kiss you, my wee Mary,
For I maun gang my lane ;
But will ye keep the tryst, Mary,
When May flowers spring again ?"

• • • • •

" Oh ! weary are the lang, lang nights,
An' driesch the lanely hours,
Until the May comes back again,
Wi' a' her bonny flowers."

" It's up the hills, an' down the braes,
An' ower the heather green,
It's lang sin' I was here before,
It's langesome I hae been—
An' mony a hill, an' mony a dale,
An' mony a mile between."

" Weel hae ye kept yer tryst, Willy—
The red is in your cheek,
An' glancin' are your een, Willy,
An' pleasant words ye speak ;
An' ye hae come frae the leevin' world
Your ain true love to seek."

" What gars ye look sae pale, Mary ?]
What gars ye look sae wan ?
Ye hae a smell o' the kirk-yard bane,
Among the rotten san' ;
Your een are like the dead woman's,
And I a leevin' man."

" Come up wi' me to the kirk-yard,
Ye promised me to wed ;
I sleep a' nicht in a deep, damp grave,
Wi' moul's sae newly spread ;
An' lay ye down wi' me, Willy,
Upon our marriage bed."

When she had finished, I stole gently
up to her, and said in a low voice—
" Ellen."

She looked up into my face with a
melancholy smile, and answered—

" Ha, Còul Goppagh, have you
come at last ?"

So I lay down beside her.

" I have come," said I ; " but oh !
Ellen, what have you been doing since
I saw you last—so many long years ?"

" Hush !" she answered ; " stringing

daisies and singing songs—I am very
happy ; but what have you been
doing ?"

I shook my head and made no
answer. What a tale to tell on that
green sod where I had rolled so many
happy days—and to Ellen.

" Had you a pleasant journey from
far away ?" she asked ; " and what
brings you here alone ? I sent Ha-
Neill for you—give me my tok-

"What," said I, "the handkerchief? Harry has it with him."

"Where is he?"

"He is gone up to the church-yard," I said, "and I think he will be here soon."

"Nay," she said, "you have lost my token; I must go and seek it from himself."

She rose suddenly, and glided away from my sight toward the church which was at hand.

I rose bewildered, and followed in the same direction. When I entered the enclosure, I saw the stones as I had known them before. One bore the inscription—"Harry Neill, lost 20th April, 18—;" and the grave below it was open, with Harry sitting on the brink. Another, "Ellen —, Æt. 11," open too, and beside it sat Ellen, with the handkerchief in her hands, into the corner of which she was look-

ing earnestly. I stopped beside the tomb of my old relative: the sun was just departing, and a great glory beamed over the dreamy hills and the sleeping waters. As I gazed around me, I saw him sink below the mountains—the green leaves yellowed on the trees, and withered, and fell—trunks and branches grew grey and blasted—the hills became old and pale—the gleam departed from the troubling waters—a breath of decay passed over the fields—the church wasted away, and I saw the grass shrivelling like dust beneath my feet. I looked at the forms beside me, and saw two skeletons falling piecemeal into the open graves. I felt the flesh drying and crumbling from my bones; and in the midst of a roar "as of many waters, of chariots and horsemen rushing to battle," I sunk in the universal wreck among the ruined tombs.

CHAPTER VI.

"There's no such thing."

Macbeth.

"How is he now, Doctor?" said an anxious, whispering voice close beside me.

"Better—much better," was answered in a tone which I thought I knew. "His breathing is becoming quite natural, and his pulse is slow and full. I am released from a great load of agony when I can tell you that I am almost sure of his recovery. Thank God—be silent."

"There are a great many people anxious to see you, sir," said the other voice. "Perhaps —"

"Do, James, like a good fellow," answered he who was addressed, "go and see Mr. — for me, and Mr. —; tell them I'll soon be with them; and, d'ye hear? if any person wishes particularly to see me, request him to walk down here—I'll see them in the next room. I will not leave this house for any earthly consideration, until I am certain of the result. Oh, my God! if —. Run, James, run, you'll do as well as me."

I began to be conscious of a slight throbbing at my left temple, and opening my eyes, I found myself lying in bed with white curtains. I was sitting my old and trusted Dr. Condyle, with an air of dreadful anxiety on his face, which he supported with his

his elbow leaned on the bedside, while with the fingers of the other he pressed my wrist. I had considerable difficulty for some moments to command my sensations, or reduce them to my own comprehension. When I opened my eyes he started up, and a great change came over his features.

"God be praised," he exclaimed, clasping his hands together.

"Why, Doctor," said I, in the greatest bewilderment, "what is this?—where am I?—how does it come?—?"

"My dear fellow," he said most entreatingly, "my dear fellow, be quiet; I'll tell you all soon—sleep, sleep, sleep, for a little while."

A vague notion of actual life began to steal over me—a joy, an unutterable delight; such as I would suppose Adam to have felt when he opened his eyes in paradise and knew that he was a living thing.

"Sleep, sleep," I murmured in intense ecstasy. "Do you know, Doctor, it strikes me just now that I have been sleeping long enough for one hand. I think it's nearly time for me to turn over now. Tell me—I have had fever, when did it happen?—I feel my head tingling ill?—I'm sure I have been talking a deal of nonsense. Condyle, where am I?—on the curtains?"

I saw on the white hangings a series of sprinklings, as if blood had been jerked frequently from a small syringe over my head. "And I see a stomach pump there on the table—surely you haven't been clearing out after that style, eh?"

"My dear fellow, if you have patience for a little, I'll tell you all."

"But, Condyle, I'll not have patience. I can't have had fever surely, for I feel strong, only my head is a little confused; what has been the matter?" I put my hand accidentally to my head, and found it bandaged with a pad over the left temple. "Oh ho!" said I, "you've been practising arteriotomy on my proper and peculiar arteria temporalis—now tell me what it's all about?"

"I shall leave the room," said he, "till five o'clock," looking at his watch, "since you are so foolish, and lock the door. Good morning!" and he walked away.

"Condyle," said I calling him, "I'll tell you what I'll do."

"What?" said he.

"I'll thrash you like a spaniel when I get up."

He went out and turned the key behind him.

"So then," thought I to myself, "I am not alive after all. I am not awake, nor have I been dreaming. Here I must lie in some other imprisonment till five o'clock. When may that be, I wonder; according to my experience of time, I suppose some trifling matter of a thousand years or two."

The worthy Doctor, however, was wiser than I, for I fell into a sound sleep, from which I awoke in the evening still weak, but cheerful and refreshed. In order to satisfy my mystified brain, finding me so much better, he told me that on the evening two days previous he had been sent for in great haste, to see a young gentleman at the hotel, who, he was told, was behaving in a very extraordinary manner, and evidently out of his senses. On arriving, he was surprised to find me walking solemnly round the room, as if following some invisible guide, with dilated pupils, and apparently quite unconscious of my real situation. On inquiry, he heard from the waiter of my having sent for something from his place, and when the phial was shown him, found it containing a large quantity of laudanum. His assistant was sent for, who said such was the article asked for, most likely by some

blunder of the messenger. He likewise said that it was emptier by upwards of a drachm than when it left his hands. The whole affair was now plain. I had got laudanum by mistake, and unthinkingly swallowed four or five doses at a single draught, which, with the unusual quantity of other stimulants, sufficiently accounted for all. I had fallen into a still more profound stupor, from which it required the most active measures to bring about consciousness, and he had for a long time despaired of my life. Such was his tale; but to me, who seemed to have passed innumerable years in the world to come, there still remained much mystery. As I grew stronger, however, the sombre and awful impressions wore away, and I gradually became convinced that I was "of the earth, earthy."

It was some time afterwards, when my fellow-travellers had returned from their trip round the coast, much marvelling why I had not joined them, as we drew in our chairs to the fire after dinner in Condyle's, that I for the first time related, amid many ludicrous interruptions from Frank, my weird pilgrimage in the other world.

When I spoke of following my conductor through the storm to the Curran—

"Ay," quoth Frank, "that was when Condyle here found you pacing round the room like a blind horse in a bark-mill."

"Confound your blind horse," said I, "and hear my story."

But when I spoke of the mad voyage and the furious gale, with its choking spray.

"Exactly," cried he; "so much for the six buckets of water he soused over your pate."

I told them of the terror I experienced on anticipating destruction, when the boat heaved over the rock; and after whirling so long in the ocean, how my temple struck on a crag, and I became senseless—

"All this fuss," said he, "about the jag of a lancet in your temporal artery."

I described as vividly as my strong recollection would allow, how in desperation I fought with the waves, and struggled with the pillar I could not grasp in the solitude of the Black Cave, and my lapse into helplessness.

"Just so," he said, "that is the secret of your tearing poor Jemmy Stewart's blankets to tatters, when

you had to be tied hand and foot with napkins."

I mentioned the wild seraphic music I had heard on awaking from my death-trance, beneath the columns, in the kingdom of the Past.

"Ha! ha!" he shouted, "can I live to hear this? Just then you were singing 'Gramachree my cruiskeen,' and Condyle found your pulse getting more reasonable."

It was impossible to get on seriously; for at the close of all, when I was relating the visible decay of the world in the churchyard, and my falling into the tomb, he exclaimed—

"Condyle, that was when he crawled with his feet and hands tied, out of the bed, and nearly broke your cupping glasses to pieces in his fall!"

"Come now," said he, when I had finished, "it's all a fine cock and bull story, and a very merry one too; but the best of it is it's all over now, so here's the devil's luck to all such 'gossipers,'

eh? who leave their friends to the tender mercies of 'mashlin' cakes on Fox Head, and the superintendence of 'Alick M'Cock' at the Causeway."

"I assure you it's every word true."
Oh! oh! oh!"

"Well," said I, "you may think as you please; but if any man will smoke fifteen cigars, and twelve pipes of negrohead, with three glasses of Bushmills, and two of unqualified rum, within five hours, and then quaff a drachm and half of laudanum, by way of a composer, and after that say he will not believe me, let him be 'anathema maranatha,' and I will confess that a greater lie never was told."

"And in the meantime," resumed this insatiable worrier, "I hear music in the next room; what will the ladies say to this tale of a tub? Eh, Condyle? were there six or seven of them?" and away he went flourishing his arms and warbling, "O, Pescator!"

AN INCIDENT AT KILLARNEY.

[HAVING visited the Lakes of Killarney during the last summer, I employed the first week of my residence amidst their charming scenery in following the route appointed by the guides. However, wishing to explore, in the hope of finding some spots which might probably afford new charms, I directed the cockswain of the boats to row me any where in either of the lakes, where the generality of visitors were not accustomed to go. Accordingly they rowed along the Upper Lake until they arrived at a large rock which appeared above the surface of the water, when suddenly the crew raised their oars, and their countenances (so generally indicative of their light hearts) became dejected. I immediately inquired the cause of this sudden transition; when one answered—"Sure, sir, we would not ruffle the grave of Tim Carty." I related the anecdote to a friend, and she has clothed it in the poetic garb.]

Fleetly they row'd my lightsome boat,
Four sturdy men, o'er the lake's fair bosom;
'Twixt lovelier banks no bark could float,
Nor in air more balmy from wildwood blossom.
Freely they all had sung and said,
With Erin's wit, and Erin's feeling;
Now—raised was each oar, declin'd each head.
A quiet awe their looks revealing.

"Say, whence this sudden change?" cried I,
"What spell binds lads so blythe and hearty?"
One only answered, with solemn eye,
"Sir, we'd not ruffle the grave of Tim Carty!"

Mutely I bow'd, for the homely phrase
Sunk in my heart, despite my reason;
Could youth resist nature's simplest ways,
In such a scene, and in such a season?
I thought on many a trophied grave,
Unmarked with no garland dresses;
And o'er the pure calm wave,
Where true friendship blesses,
The soul above;
To meet, or part—
To love
Tim Carty!

ISABEL HILL.

HISTORY OF TEXAS.*

THE dismemberment of an extensive and fertile province from a powerful state, by the efforts of a band of outlaws, is an event unparalleled in the annals of piracy, since the capture of Porto Bello by the Buccaneers. The transactions in the Texas to which we allude, have attracted but little interest in this country; and as the criminals have had the advantage of giving their own version of the events, the object of this attack upon the territories of Mexico, is but little known, and its consequences very imperfectly appreciated. Unfortunately it is very difficult to give any thing like a correct and impartial relation of the revolution of Texas, for the American accounts are mostly written in the spirit of partizanship, and with but little regard to truth or justice; while we have not the advantage of the Mexican statements to enable us to reduce the exaggerations of their opponents. It is, however, easy for us to be impartial, who have scarcely any national interest in the affair, and the real nature of the contest is so very obvious, that no sophistry in argument, or even misstatement of secondary details, can for a moment blind us to the real object of the insurgents and their abettors.

The district of Texas was comprehended in the intendency of San Luis Potosi, and formed the most easterly of the Mexican provinces. Its boundaries are the Rio Grande, which separates it from the province of Coahuila, on the one side, while on the other the Sabine river divides it from the United States. The sea coast of Texas extends between the mouths of the Rio Grande and Sabine, and many streams of less importance enter the Gulph of Mexico in the intermediate coast. The shores of Texas consist of low, damp, alluvial soil, which, if somewhat unhealthy, is well adapted for the cultivation of sugar-cane, and cotton, and consequently for slave labour. The interior parts are more healthy, consisting of beautiful prairie land, capable of supporting vast herds of cattle, but are at present tenanted by wild horses and Indians. The upland parts of the country are very imperfectly known.

On account of its fine climate, extensive line of coast along the Gulph of Mexico, and proximity to Louisiana, the province of Texas has always been regarded with a longing eye by the citizens and government of the United States. After the acquisition of Louisiana under the presidency of Jefferson, the cabinet of Washington was not slow in advancing its claim to the country between the Rio Grande and the Sabine (Texas), which it was contended had always constituted a dependency of the former province. The futile nature of this claim is sufficiently obvious to any one who will be at the pains to make the proper investigations; for it is well known that the province of Texas had been occupied from a very early period by colonists from the interior of Mexico, and the only Frenchmen who had attempted to settle in the country, found it already possessed by the Spaniards. It is obvious, therefore, that the acquisition of Louisiana gave the United States no right whatever to the territory of Texas. Even as early as 1812-13, the very suspicious conduct of the United States with respect to Mexico (while yet a Spanish colony), showed that it was ready to avail itself of any troubles which might occur, to obtain a pretext for seizing the much-coveted province. In the year 1812 one Bernardo Guattierrez, who had been engaged in the conspiracy of Hidalgo to revolutionize Mexico, and had been obliged to take refuge in the United States, resolved to make another attempt to raise the standard of independence in his native country. The expedition was organized in the United States; and what is deserving of especial notice, one Magee, at the time commander of the United States' fort of Natchitoches, on the frontiers of Mexico, assumed the command of the revolutionary army. The campaign was so far successful as to conquer the province of Texas, and to capture its capital, San Antonio de Bexar. As if to encourage the insurgents, a person of the name of William Shaler joined them, under the character of agent from the United States, to the revolu-

* History of the Revolution in Texas. By the Rev. Chester Newel!!! New-York: Wiley and Putnam. 1838.

tionary authorities of New Spain. The insurrection however, was finally quelled, and Texas restored to its rightful owners. When we remember that the governor of a garrison belonging to the United States assumed the command of the insurgents, and that Shaler was rewarded with the not inappropriate appointment of consul-general to Algiers, there can be little doubt respecting the treacherous conduct of the American government.

After these discreditable transactions, we hear no more of Texas until 1819, when the United States obtained Florida from the Spaniards, and at the same time resigned in favour of Spain all the claims which they had formerly urged for the possession of the country between the Sabine and the Rio Grande. Within a few years after this, in 1822, Mexico was finally dis severed from all political connexion with the mother country; and this change, although followed by many evils, brought along with it the advantage of a local government, and the interests of the different provinces were more carefully attended to. Shortly after Mexico had obtained her independence, her government was guilty of the enormous folly of permitting colonists from the United States to settle and acquire lands in Texas; and the consequence, which every one must have foreseen, soon ensued in the loss of the province. Although this rash and fatal step was taken, still the government, as if from a prescience of the evils that were to follow, took every precaution for the permanency of the connexion of the province with the rest of their republic.* The province of Texas was united to that of Coahuila, in which latter the Spanish population was comparatively numerous. The terms on which the colonists were admitted, were extremely liberal and humane, and at the same time judicious. The number of families was to be limited, and to be Catholics, or in other words,

of French or Spanish origin, and were to instruct their children in the Spanish language. In all this the avowed object of the Mexican government was the complete amalgamation of the Texan settlers with the rest of the nation. For the further encouragement of the settlers, they were exempted from all taxation until 1828, and the privilege of emigrating was to be continued till 1840, but with this reservation, if imperious circumstances should demand, the prohibition of emigration of individuals of a particular country. The plan of colonizing was extremely simple and liberal. The person to whom a grant of land was made, was termed the *empresario*, who had no right whatever to any land included in his grant, until he had settled a given number of families, and each family received a league square of land, on condition of occupation and cultivation. It was also understood, that all right and title to the grant was forfeited, if the *empresario* should quit the country, or sell the land, before he had brought it under cultivation. It is of importance for the reader to bear in mind these regulations, for it will be found in the sequel that their violation was the immediate cause of the insurrections which happened a few years later.

"For several years," to use the words of Newel, "the work of colonization went on well, interrupted only by occasional difficulties with the Indians. There was a good understanding between the general and States governments. General Austen was highly esteemed wherever known in Mexico, and able to obtain almost any redress or privilege in the power of the government to bestow. All who applied, obtained lands equal to their most sanguine expectations. They were exempt from taxes and imposts of every kind, and were relieved from all the onerous duties imposed on the rest of the people of Mexico; and in this state affairs continued down to the year 1827."

While the Mexican colonization laws

* The object of the Mexicans in permitting colonists from the United States to settle in Texas, appears to have been to protect their frontiers against the Indians, who had overrun the province, which had been almost depopulated during the rebellion of Guantierrez in 1813. The following is the admission of a respectable American publication:—"The scanty population of this beautiful province, after the counter revolution of 1813, remained for many years subject to the constant depredations of the Cunauche Indians, encouraged by traders from Natchitoches, who furnished them with arms and ammunition, and who took in exchange horses, mules, and in some instances, captive Mexicans, plundered from the defenceless inhabitants."—*North American Review*, No. xcii. In plain language, a slave trade was carried on in natives of Mexico within the territory of the United States.

were strictly observed, affairs went on prosperously, and the utmost harmony prevailed between the settlers and the government; but unfortunately the province became the resort of outlaws from the United States, and discord and anarchy was the result. As soon as the settlers had acquired sufficient strength, they proposed to the Mexican government the propriety of separating Texas from the province of Coahuila, and this upon the very modest assurance that the Texans were a minority in the state legislature. Accordingly in 1833, one Austen, who has been already mentioned, was despatched to Mexico to obtain, if possible, a separate government for Texas. On arriving at the capital, he had the audacity to propose the alternative of separation or rebellion, and he assured the government, that if the "evils which threatened the country were not remedied, the people of Texas would remedy them themselves." This modest personage, who, by the admission of the bigotted advocate of the Texans, had been loaded with favours by the Mexican government, not only threatened treason, but what is more, practised it, and actually wrote to the Texans, advising them "to form a state of themselves." This letter was intercepted, and its author was thrown into prison, from which he was liberated in a few months; and yet notwithstanding the mildness of the punishment, the apprehension of Austen has always been considered as one of the wrongs of Texas. In the meanwhile the *bona fide* settlers, who cultivated the soil, and had a permanent interest in the welfare of the country, were averse to all violent measures, or to any proposal of separating from Mexico. They were contented and prosperous—it was the fraudulent debtors, land-jobbers, dishonest attorneys, and other off-scourings of society, who had made Texas their resort, who were the cause of all the evils which ensued.

While the Mexican government refused to sanction the separation of Texas from Coahuila, another cause of disturbance occurred, which well illustrates the character of its population. The country had been exempt from all taxation until the year 1828, but no sooner had the government attempted to establish a line of custom-houses, than the outlaws of Texas flew to arms—this was a flagrant violation of "their" rights. In the words of the Rev. C. Newel, "they took forcible

redress of grievances with relation to the customs." Such is the language in which this clergyman alludes to a most criminal and disgraceful transaction. Along with the attempt to establish custom-houses, another source of discord arose. The legislature of Coahuila and Texas sold 400 square leagues of the latter country, for the very moderate sum of twenty thousand dollars—the details of this transaction have never been cleared up, but it is certain that the Texans were the principal purchasers. The sale was annulled by the Mexican government, and the discontented parties flew to arms; but the exertions of the *bona fide* colonists were successful in deferring hostilities for some time. About this time Austen was released from prison, and on his return to Texas, his first act of gratitude for the clemency of the government, was to urge the Texans to assume to themselves a state government at all hazards, and in spite of the general government of the country.

The revolutionary war now commenced in earnest, and it must be confessed that it was carried on with singular energy and sagacity by the insurgents. The first campaign was commenced in the autumn of 1835; and before the end of the year, all the Mexican garrisons were expelled from Texas; and San Antonio de Bexar, the capital of the province, was captured, after an obstinate resistance. Time was now gained to concert ulterior measures—deputies were sent to New Orleans to procure money—and leisure was afforded to gather together the idle and profligate from every quarter of the union—and volunteers were obtained from New York, Georgia, and New Orleans. A loan of 200,000 dollars was contracted in New Orleans, and piratical vessels were fitted out from that port, with no opposition from the government of the United States, and an assault was made by them on Tampico; and in another expedition a Mexican schooner was captured. The insurgents met with the most flattering encouragement in every part of the United States. Subscriptions were entered into in many towns, senators and other legislators made themselves conspicuous in cheering on their lawless countrymen; and we shall see anon the one-sided neutrality of the government of the United States.

During the winter the Mexican go-

vernment was not idle; and early in 1836, Santa Anna led a numerous and well-appointed army for the reduction of the Texans. At first the operations of the Mexicans were successful, and Goliad and Bexar, the two most important fortresses in Texas, were retaken. On the approach of Santa Anna, the Texan troops abandoned the town of Bexar, and retired to the citadel called the Alamo, which, after an obstinate defence, and great loss on the part of the Mexicans, was taken by assault, and the garrison put to the sword. The garrison of Goliad, amounting to about 400 men, was compelled to surrender; but the prisoners were subsequently shot by the order of Santa Anna. Such is the American statement of this very cruel affair; but in all the details of the Texan revolution, we have only the American accounts, which are seldom to be relied on. In this case, we may rest assured that the palliating circumstances have been suppressed. We are the more convinced that there has been some important information withheld, for it is admitted by the Rev. C. Newel, that the prisoners meditated the recapture of the Fort, and consequently exposed themselves to all the consequences of the miscarriage of their plot. It is also to be remembered that they were men of the most profligate character.

The triumphs of the Mexicans were destined to be of short duration, as the battle of San Jacinto decided the fate of Texas. Into the history of this battle we need not enter; it is sufficient to state that the Mexican army was destroyed, and that Santa Anna and all his staff were made prisoners. We shall, however, indulge our readers in the following eloquent description of the battle of San Jacinto, from the pen of the Rev. C. Newel:

"Then the word charge was given, accompanied by the soul-stirring tune of Yankee Doodle. The effect was electrical; language cannot describe its exhilarating power; new ardour seized the souls of the Texans; their country, her victories, and her power, came to their minds; they felt that they were invinci-

ble; Yankee Doodle was heard above the roar of arms; and with the shout of the Alamo they rushed upon their foe, and victory rewarded their valour, and vengeance atoned for their wrongs. Seven hundred Mexicans lay a sacrifice to the shades of departed heroes, slaughtered at the Alamo and Goliad."

To return to the language of sober prose—the engagement only lasted twenty minutes; and yet upwards of one thousand Mexicans were killed and wounded; consequently the pursuit must have been a wanton butchery: this, we suppose, is what the Rev. C. Newel denominates a "sacrifice to the shades of departed heroes."*

Although the province of Texas is now irretrievably lost to Mexico, it is still a matter of interest to investigate a little more minutely the causes of the revolution, and the consequences to which it may lead. If we investigate the causes which led to the revolution, we shall find that they are of two kinds—the avowed or false ones, put forward to deceive the public—and the private or unexpressed ones, which were the real motives of the insurgents. One of the avowed reasons put forth by the Texans to justify their conduct, was, that Santa Anna, the Mexican chief, had abolished the federal constitution, and established a central government. Under no circumstances could this argument be of avail to justify an insurrection, for the vast majority of the Mexican people had acquiesced in the abolition of the federal constitution; and the Mexican government assuredly never guaranteed its countenance to the colonists of Texas. But the utter profligacy of this statement is apparent when the reader is informed that these very Texans had actually assisted Santa Anna in abolishing the federal, and establishing a central government.

Another cause of revolution is stated to be the want of free toleration of the Protestant religion. This assertion put us in mind of an anecdote which we once heard, respecting a pious officer of the navy, who had divine service on board his vessel every Sunday; his lieutenant, who was a Roman Catho-

* In the 92nd Number of the North American Review, published in 1836, it is stated as having obtained currency in the newspapers, "that all of six or seven hundred Mexicans, who had not fallen during the twenty minutes that the battle lasted, were victims of a mere butchery afterwards." This is not denied by the Rev. C. Newell, the partisan of the Texans, who wrote in 1838. Houston, who commanded the Texans, is also silent on the subject in his account of the battle, although we may gather from his despatch that the pursuit was a bloody one.

lic, chose to absent himself, and on being asked the reason for his absence, and what part of the service he particularly objected to, replied that as a Roman Catholic he objected to the Athanasian creed. The Texan conscience was similar to that of the individual we have alluded to; for by the laws of Mexico none but Roman Catholics were permitted to settle in Texas; and, also, as the Texans were destitute of every kind of religion, it is plain that they could not be Protestants. Not to pass over the matter in so summary a manner, the colonists of Texas were expected not only to profess the Catholic faith, but also to contribute to the support of schools and chapels; and as no one was compelled to settle in the country, it is obvious that every one who became a landholder in the Texas, became, *ipso facto*, a Roman Catholic, as truly as if he had gone to mass. Any one who is at all acquainted with the character of the outlaw population which infested Texas, will very much doubt if they were susceptible of any conscientious scruples, either on the score of religion or morality. The Rev. C. Newel, the zealous apologist of the Texans, admits that in many places society has been "decidedly bad." It seems they are determined to amend—to acquire a character for honesty.

"It is worthy of special remark, as an earnest of the future execution of the laws in Texas, that a judge of one of the higher courts has lately, in his entire circuit, beginning at the city of Houston, *condemned all criminals presented for trial*, and that in his decided and rigid course of the administration of justice, he has not only been sustained but applauded. So far then, justice in Texas has had free course, run and been glorified."

So much for the morals of the Texans—we now quote Mr. Newel with respect to their want of religion.

"Though on the one hand, the people of Texas, with few exceptions may be apparently little anxious for the establishment among them of the institutions of Christianity; yet on the other hand they are far from being generally *Atheists and scoffers at religion*. Having been perhaps generally raised in those parts of the United States where religious institutions were comparatively little known and valued, and having lived a considerable time in Texas, with scarcely any religious privileges at all, many of the Texans value

churches and ministers of religion *itself* less than otherwise they would."

Such are the people who took up arms for liberty of conscience. It is to be remembered that in 1838, two years after they had gained their independence, there was no Protestant place of worship in the province, although freedom of religion was one of the causes for which they took up arms.

Passing over several other complaints of an equally futile and dishonest nature, with the two preceding ones we shall give some account of the real motives of the pirates of Texas. The first cause we shall mention, although of a temporary nature, must be considered as the exciting cause of the revolution. We have already given an account of the Mexican colonisation laws, under which alone land could be held in Texas; and it was stated the *empresorio* or head colonist was obliged to establish a given number of colonists, and each of them had to occupy and cultivate a certain amount of land, otherwise the conditions of the grant were violated. These grants were, in numberless instances, shamefully abused; and the *empresorio*, instead of colonising his land, made out scrip which was circulated very widely throughout the United States. Not only was the Mexican government deceived by fraudulent *empresorios*, but fictitious grants were manufactured in the United States, and circulated to an immense extent. While these frauds were in progress, a number of land-jobbers obtained, as we have already stated, a grant of four hundred square leagues of land; but this audacious fraud opened the eyes of the central government, and the grant was annulled; and the disappointed knaves kindled the flame of rebellion in Texas. These circumstances rendered the war extremely popular in the United States; and it is stated on very good authority, that had the rebellion been unsuccessful, several millions of dollars expended on Texan scrip would have been irrevocably lost. We trust we now have assigned a *vera causa* for the revolution in Texas—one which is more satisfactory than the evidences of Texan honesty and religion. These facts also explain several curious circumstances in the history of the contest; for we find that the ~~total~~ settlers were averse to

were dragged into the war by the outlaws who swarmed in the country ; and this is strikingly illustrated by the fact, that out of about 800 men, who fought at San Jacinto, not fifty were Texans—the great majority were citizens of the United States.

When we consider that several millions of dollars had been sunk by American citizens in land speculations in Texas, it is not surprising that the insurgents should be encouraged throughout the union, and also that the conduct of the government should be very ambiguous. In New York a splendid entertainment was given by the friends of Texas ; they found strenuous supporters in the senate of the United States ; and armaments were fitted out from New Orleans to act against Mexico.

The following sentences, from the Rev. Mr. Newel, will show in what light the Texans viewed the neutrality of the United States. "The government," says he, "of the United States did not look on the Texan war with indifference ; it sent an army upon the Texan frontier, to keep in check the savages of the North." He also informs us (p. 103) that it was the "opinion of many that there was some understanding between the officer then in command of the United States' forces on the Texan frontier and General Houston, which influenced the movements of the latter."

The land speculations no doubt accelerated the separation of Texas from Mexico by several years, although there were potent causes at work which would have brought about the revolution at no remote period, even if the frauds in land-jobbing had never occurred. Mexico is honourably distinguished from the United States by the humanity which has pervaded its policy, with regard to the coloured races ; not only has the importation of slaves been prohibited, but slavery in every form has been abolished throughout the Mexican dominions. In the United States the case is the reverse of all this ; for there the curse of slavery is increasing every hour, and the interests connected with its continuation, are so extensive and complicated, that American citizens will contend more zealously for its perpetuity than for any article of constitutional liberty, or even for freedom of discussion and liberty of the press. It would be as safe for a newspaper in Warsaw to advocate the rights of

Poland, as for an American editor to plead for the emancipation of the negroes. American colonists were first permitted to settle in Texas about the year 1821, on the condition of submitting to the laws of the country ; and one of these laws promulgated on the 15th July, 1824, prohibited the importation of slaves into Mexico. The colonists of Texas, however, were most unwisely indulged with permission to bring in slaves until the year 1827 ; but with this very merciful condition imposed by the government, that all slaves born in Texas should be free when they attained the age of fourteen years. It is interesting to observe the feelings with which an American and a minister of religion regards an attempt to ameliorate the lot of the coloured races. According to the Rev. C. Newel, one of the first acts of oppression towards Texas, which the Mexican government exhibited, was the decree of the president Guerro, declaring all slaves throughout Mexico to be free. "This decree," continues Mr. Newel, "as the reader will readily perceive, was in violation of the vested constitutional rights of the colonists, and was evidently an act of high handed oppression." This decree was resisted by the Texans, who obtained from the government its repeal, in as far as regarded their province ; but this was a very small matter, as all importation of slaves had been illegal since 1827 ; and all slaves born in Texas were to be free on arriving at their fourteenth year. It was, this earnest wish on the part of the Mexican government to abolish slavery, which caused a settled discontent among the colonists, and also ensured for them the sympathy and aid of the people of the United States, to whom the spectacle of a free coloured population extending along their frontiers could not but be in the highest degree offensive. Only a few years before the revolution of Texas, the United States had obtained the Floridas from Spain, chiefly for the purpose of recovering their run away slaves, and thus to deprive the negro population of all hope of ever escaping from their oppressors. Had Texas remained subject to Mexico the consequences must have been fearful—an extensive frontier affording the slaves of Louisiana a facility of escaping, which no vigilance would prevent, and an example of freedom which would keep the slaves of the southern states in continual discontent. Such

were the evils which menaced the union. On the contrary, if Mexico should be deprived of Texas, manifold advantages were to be expected; the coloured race would be deprived of all hope, with the entire continent for their prison, and only the distant frontiers of Canada to afford the very few which might reach it an asylum. On the other hand, a fine country admirably adapted for slave labour would be opened up to the slave-holding, and slave-breeding states; and also the future incorporation of the new state of Texas would strengthen the slave-holding interest in the senate and legislature of the United States. With such prospects before them, it is not surprising that the struggle in Texas should be viewed with such intense interest. The history of this most disgraceful transaction is one of the many facts which convince us, that at least, in the southern and western states of the American Union, the morals of the people are retrograding, and are now at a lower ebb than at the period of the separation from England. These evils which ought to be viewed with far other feelings than those of exultation, may be traced to two sources—the vast increase of slavery on the one hand, which every where deteriorates both public and domestic morality—wherein, in the free states, the great extent of unoccupied land tends to scatter the population over a wide

surface, thus depriving the children of the benefits of education or religious instruction, and sending them into the world with no other fixed principle of conduct than an energetic regard for individual interest. The following picture of the state of society in Kentucky, not by a flippant English traveller, but by a sober and respectable American writer, will show what a slave state is, and what the Texas has become.

“Mothers encourage their children to fight with their companions, and praise their spirit when they display passion or anger. The death of those children, stabbed or shot in some wild fray, is often the terrible result of such early lessons. Young ladies lavish their favour and approbation on the chivalric, and give their smiles to the lawless reprobate, who glories in the murders he has committed on the field of honour. Grey-haired men, counsellors, judges, and statesmen, to whom the country naturally looks for examples, are known to spend days and nights at the gaming tables.”

We conclude with these remarks, which we quote with the more pleasure from the excellent spirit which they display—a spirit very different from that of the Rev. C. Newel, whose work, if it contains much information respecting Texas, is written in the spirit of a thorough partisan, and can be of but little authority in any disputed matter.

* North American Review.

THE THIRTY FLASKS.—PART II.

Επιιδαν ἅπας ἀκούσω, ἰκεῖνα, καὶ μὴ προτιροὶ πελαγῶσαν.

Demosthenes.

“Marry, this gallant fulfils the old saw notably: give him an inch, and without more ado he hauls you off a whole ell.”—*A Mad World, my Masters.*

CHAPTER I.

“——— Dreams are toys,
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
Thou shalt be squared by this.”

Winter's Tale. Act III. Scene 3.

ENCOURAGING as the issue of the interview on the previous day had been, Basil could not entirely master a few unpleasant sensations as he once more applied his fingers to the knocker of the Nabob's house-door. His proud and scrupulous nature made him feel ashamed and humbled to think that he could be tempted by any, even the most imperative circumstances, to accept of, nay to solicit, money from the hands

of another without tendering or at least proposing an equivalent in some guise or other. It is accounted a proceeding so shabby to avail yourself of the simplicity and munificence of a benevolent enthusiast to the amplest extent to which he will permit you to go! One of a truly noble mode of thinking would shrink from bearing the burden of an irrepayable favour, when bestowed by such a person. He

would say to himself, Here is a philanthropist who lavishes wealth upon his fellow-beings. But he does this in the conviction that he is assisting the excellent and meritorious. Let him discover that the objects of his bounty are little better than swindlers, and he draws his purse-strings together on the instant. If I grasp at that which is proffered me and seem gratified at getting it, my rapacity furnishes my benefactor with an unanswerable argument for checking the stream of his liberality towards others. Therefore I will not. So good a creature must not be led to harbour a degrading opinion of human nature through any dereliction of mine. No. I will shew him that individual aggrandisement is the remotest thing from my thoughts; that if he is generous enough to offer, I am disinterested enough to refuse. Thus I shall at once rescue my own percepts too fastidious pride harmless, and be the means of accomplishing for those who may really stand in need of his help the best service within the sphere of my ability to render them.

Though these thoughts did not flow consecutively through Basil's mind as he walked into the parlour, he was conscious of such a feeling as might arise from the conclusion to which they conducted. He felt uneasy and qualmish, and half disposed to retrace his steps. It was consequently with no inconsiderable satisfaction that he saw the eyes of the Nabob, as he hastily rose up from a sofa, emitting sparkles of pleasure at his approach and salutation. The look of animation and gladness that greeted him was a sufficient justification of the purpose of his visit. It gave evidence that the Nabob considered himself as the obliged, not the obliging, party. In a moment every scruple that Basil had begun to cherish was dissipated, and he felt restored to his former position in his own appreciation of himself and his motives.

"Welcome, brother!" exclaimed the Nabob, as he warmly pressed his visitor's hand. "You are come to relieve me of another flask?"

"I am indeed here again to abuse your generosity," returned Basil.

"To praise it rather perhaps?" said the Nabob.

Basil smiled. "You will appreciate my delicacy in a case like this," said he; "and if you will have the patience to hear a sketch of my circumstances, perhaps I might shew you——"

"I know them already," interrupted

the Nabob; so there is no necessity. Come in: I have no time to lose, for in half an hour I must be in the Green Suburb."

So speaking, he led the way into the flask-room, followed by Basil. The apartment presented the same appearance that had characterised it the day before, except that in the interval an arm-chair had been placed opposite the table.

"Are you fond of sight-seeing?" demanded the Nabob, as he decanted the elixir.

"Not very," Basil replied.

"Well, then, would you have any objection to be mystified for a few minutes?"

"Mystified?"

"Ay, mystified. Doubtless you have a high opinion of the fidelity and extent of your own perceptive powers, your judgment, understanding, and so forth; and you laugh at every body not endowed with a sufficiency of reason to counterpoise and curb the vagaries of his imagination?"

"Why, I flatter myself"—began Basil.

"Of course," interrupted the Nabob.

"Tell me news when you next speak to me. Here, drink, and take note (not notes) of what passes before you."

Basil obeyed the behest. Apparently flask the second was as strong as flask the first had been, but the effect it produced on Basil was unique and novel. For the tithe of an instant it stupified him: then a haze clouded his view, similar to that which envelopes objects about us, when after we have stooped earthwards a long while and then risen, the blood retreats from the brain like a descending cataract. He staggered. If he had not caught hold of the arm-chair probably he would have fallen.

"Walk this way, my man," said a voice. It was that of the Nabob. He was not standing where he had been, but at the end of the room, close by a window *à la chinois*.

Basil looked up. He stared around. The wax-lights were extinct; but the blue beams of an Autumnal moon came ghastly glancing into the chamber. He rubbed his eyes; he again cast them round; there was no change.

Slowly and with faltering steps he approached the Nabob. Bewilderment and awe seemed wholly to possess him. At first he could articulate nothing; and it was by an exertion that he finally

exclaimed, pointing to the window—"This—was—not here *then*."

"Well; it is now," said the Nabob calmly. "But do you observe nothing stranger than the sudden appearance of the window?"

At the question Basil looked round once more, and then, as if making an effort at recollection, he said in the low, perplexed voice of a baffled self-communer, "There was light here and there is darkness, but whence the light came I do not remember, and whence the darkness is I do not know."

"Well, as you do not know whence the darkness proceeds I will tell you," said the Nabob, drily. "The darkness proceeds from the absence of the light. Keep that a secret. But, look up at the moon. Did you ever see that planet beaming more lustreously, or floating along a sky of purer blue?"

"In all my life, never!" cried Basil. "She is in truth beautiful to contemplate;" and he gazed at the moon with all the absorbing wonder of an infant.

"Yet there should be no moon up at this hour," said the Nabob. "It is mid-day. Recollect that, and recollect also that you did not recollect it before. How do you propose accounting for the double phenomenon?"

The query appeared to plunge Basil into deep meditation, but after a short pause he answered: "Spare me! spare me!"—"Oh!" he added, lifting his hand to his brow, "I have lost my senses: I try in vain to make the present harmonise with the past: my ideas are dislocated; chaos reigns in my mind. This is your doing, juggler!"

"Mine?" cried the Nabob. "Ha! ha!—excuse me if I laugh. What, pray, do you accuse me of?"

"Of bereaving me of reason by your spells!" exclaimed Basil. "I am no longer myself!"

"Well, at least, you are some one," remarked the East-Indian; "and that is more than I can say for myself—I am a nonentity."

"This is horrible!," cried Basil. "Man or demon, or whatever you be, restore to me the exercise of my faculties, and let me quit this accursed house for ever!"

"I am sorry to be obliged to tell you, my dear friend," said the Nabob, quietly, "that I am as powerless to aid you as your shadow on the wall can be. If you wish for help you should apply to somebody or other: I am not in existence at all."

"Not in existence!" Basil exclaimed.

"Upon my honor," said the Nabob, "I speak the unequivocal truth."

"How am I to interpret your meaning?" demanded Basil.

"In the obvious sense," replied the Nabob, "and without for a moment supposing that I shelter it behind any metaphysical subterfuge. I repeat it, I have no existence whatever: I am the mere creature of your imagination, or rather of your volition, which has unconsciously operated to endow a thought with speech and appearance. Need I add after this that you are now asleep and dreaming?"

"Ah!—dreaming!" exclaimed Basil. "Yes—yes—it must be so; I see it! I feel it! Truly, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy—or philosophised of in our dreams either. But if I dream," he added, his features assuming an intensely puzzled expression; "how is it that instead of intuitively discovering the fact from my own sensations, I should only be able to learn it from you, who are, as you yourself admit, no more than the phantom of my brain?"

The Nabob laughed in derision. "Heaven mend your silly babble!" he said. "What signifies the How? Do you not perceive that in any case the knowledge must emanate from yourself? You may find it out, or I may acquaint you with it: does it not all amount to the one thing, when your own mind is the sole primary machine that works, the sole casuist that reasons not only for yourself but for me?"

"This is marvellous, and past my capacity!" cried Basil. "But why am I subjected to a delusion so inexplicable?"

"That you may think with more reverence of the Invisible and Unexplored," replied the Nabob. "You will, perhaps, now that you have seen by what a rapid and simple process a man may lose the memory of his very identity, feel less disposed to doubt that he may lose so small a matter as a part of his stature. This has been a gratuitous and supererogatory proceeding on my part; for I might leave you in your error much longer. But I take an interest in you, and I will even exert myself to undeceive you. Remember then—and let it be your first thought as you awake—that *two of your inches are already lost*."

It seemed as though an echo—the word *lost*, and repeated through the long air

ment; for the loudness of the sound was such as to awaken Basil. He started from the chair into which he had sunk after swallowing the elixir. He saw the Nabob's eyes fixed on his own.

"So!"—said Basil—"I *have* been mystified, mein Herr! After all, then, it was but a dream, a fancy?"

"No more; but you know that at first you mistook it for reality. So may you fall into the opposite error, and mistake reality for fancy. The dream you have just had was not without a purpose. I am desirous of shewing you that our compact of yesterday is the very reverse of the joke you imagine it. The hoaxing of greenhorns is not my forte; I repudiate it. Nature ordained me to enact a melancholy and mysterious part on the stage of life. I neither sympathise with nor understand the nature or tendency of humbuggery. I am aware that you think otherwise, and my conscience would reproach me if I longer suffered you to suppose our agreement a bottle of moonshine. No, Sir. It must be fulfilled to the letter. I now again tell you that you have lost two inches of your height. To convince you, if you please, I will measure you on the spot."

"O, no necessity, my dear Sir," said Basil, smiling; "if you insist upon it I yield—I will say *Credo—Credo quia impossibile*. But if I have lost two inches, I will swear that you have gained two; you look considerably improved since yesterday."

"Precisely what I apprised you would happen," said the East-Indian. "But I see you are still sceptical. Yet, believe me, there is nothing so unworthy credence in the theory, setting the fact altogether aside."

"What!" said Basil; "nothing incredible in the theory that a man may dwindle down from six feet to three and a half?"

"Nothing that I can perceive," returned the other. "Men fall away in bulk: why not allow them to decrease in altitude?"

"Ha! ha! Seriously, now, my dear Sir, *can* you expect me to reply to you? Or can you—as from your gravity I would almost conclude—really fancy that you or any man on earth can rob me of an inch of stature? Do you indeed indulge a notion so preposterous? Surely it is not possible that
eteenth century a man can
o arrogates to himself su-
ers?"

"Before you decide that I arrogate to myself supernatural powers," said the Nabob, "you should first satisfy yourself what the precise extent is beyond which mere human powers are incapable of rivalling supernatural. Who shall determine the legitimate limits of the mind's especial territory? That there have been from time to time human beings in existence who have exercised an incomprehensible control over some of the abstruser operations of nature is not to be rationally questioned. Natural events are established results from arbitrary causes. But these results are not uniform. Evidence exists to shew that in every age diverse results have occasionally followed. Miracles have been wrought in all parts of the earth. The practice of necromancy is matter of notoriety in the east. I myself studied it for ten years. I know many others who have studied it like me. You are not to conclude, because such men are unknown and untalked of, that they have no existence. It is the characteristic of genius of a higher order to seclude itself; to shun communion with a world unworthy of it: while straws and leaves float upon the surface of the ocean the pearl disdains to ascend from its native abyss. If even I chose I could amaze and overwhelm you. But I have reasons of my own for not treating you to any private sample of my art. Let the dream you have had, however, serve you as material for reflection. Meantime be assured that the compact betwixt us is not of a nature to be trifled with. You have already transferred two inches of your stature to me. It is easy for you to test the truth of my assertion. All that you have to do is to measure yourself when you reach home. I confess I wish you would do so, that we might understand one another perfectly."

Basil shook his head and took up his bat. "The difficulties in the way of a mutual understanding between us," said he, "I am afraid will rather increase than diminish. But I cannot depart without again tendering you my warm acknowledgments for your generosity. The ducats I presume——"

"Will be at home before you," interrupted the other. "Well, I wish you a good morning. When we meet again you will be wiser."

"Amen!" said Basil. "And happier?"

"Alas!" sighed the Nabob.

"Good day," said Basil. And they separated.

CHAPTER II.

I will begin at thy heel and tell what thou art by inches.

Troilus and Cressida, Act II. Sc. 2

THE besetting sin of Basil was a certain self-sufficiency. Until he found himself exploring with laudable but unavailing assiduity the recesses of an empty purse, it never struck him that he could lose his money. He had three or four times met and conversed with Aurelia before he dreamt that he could lose his heart. And now in the same spirit of scorn for experience when balanced against inference he laughed at the notion that he could by possibility lose his inches. His was one of those uncatholic minds which immediately reject what they cannot immediately understand, and obstinately barricade the door of conviction against any theory that menaces the destruction of their contemptible prejudices. Still, as Godwin finely remarks, it is in any event "better to be a human being than a stock or a stone;" and Basil von Rosenwald was after all not one who could long persist in withholding faith from every tittle of a testimony no one tittle of which he could by any conceivable exercise of ingenuity disprove or dispute. He is our particular friend, and we have therefore every desire to exaggerate his faults in the eye of the world; but we are forced to confess that his incredulity, if not overthrown, had sustained a sensible shock from the interview between himself and the Nabob. It is singular how forcibly arguments and protestations that move us but little as they issue from the lips of others will sometimes recur to us when they and we are asunder. That which at the time it was uttered was only the gabble of a gander, passing in at one ear and out at the other, and exciting no feeling beyond that of a languid longing to tweak the beak of the gabbler, appeals to our hearts when we are alone with a thrilling eloquence similar to that of the oracles of old. Truth would seem to demand time and solitude for her growth, as the seed must lie buried a season before the plant can blossom. Basil, on reflection, and as he walked along the Blumenstrasse, could not deny that the Nabob had spoken like a man who firmly believes what he propounds. What motive in fact could there have been for deception and bamboozling? Then he remembered the sudden sleep and the

strange dream. Were these natural, or had the East-Indian any participation in the work of producing them? He thought and thought, but the longer he thought the darker the mystery grew. He felt stranded on the *Ultima Thule* of Judgment's islands. Lame as his logic was, however, it was still stout enough to jump to one conclusion. "This affair," said he, "may be like the middle cut of a salmon, and a body may not be able to make head or tail of it. Well: what then? That which is crystal-clear is, that when anything is, it is. Pyrrho himself could not have contested that. I will measure myself and see how the matter really stands and how I stand with it. If I am still six feet, well and good: old Hunchback is either a ninnyhammer or an unfathomable wag, and I, while I pocket his ducats, laugh at his waggery or ninnyhammerism, as the case may be. But if I am but five feet ten, as he says, why then—then—all that is to be said is, that I must be content to requote against myself the passage from Hamlet that occurred to me to-day while I slept, and have myself written down a jackass for the residue of my days by the impertinent scribbler who shall hereafter undertake to biographise my fortunes or misfortunes."

Just as Basil arrived at this part of his undelivered soliloquy it was his destiny to obtain a glimpse of a pair of sandalled feet, petty and pretty enough to have awakened the envy of Cinderella, even with both her glass slippers on. They passed him rather twinklingly, and with a lightness that would have guaranteed the perfect safety of any one of the myriad virgin violets that about twenty years before might have been seen luxuriating in the fair suburban localities around. He turned about, but so rapidly had the damsel, whoever she was, glided by him, that she was already hidden from his eyes by the other passengers; and he never, never, saw her, then or afterwards.

He could therefore form no idea of her beauty, if indeed she were beautiful; could not tell whether she were blonde or dark, tall or short; and had no token by which memory could assist him in recognising her again, except her feet and sandals. As a natural

consequence he ceased to indulge in any conjectures about herself. But he could not so readily divest himself of the associations linked with her sandals. The mind is at seasons in a very errant and erratic humour, and only requires a fillip to dispatch it careering forwards through all countries and backwards through all centuries. Basil's thoughts on this occasion extravagued abroad in a style that would have left Mr. Ex-Sheriff Raphael's right to the title of "the most incomprehensible of all imaginable vagabonds" exceedingly problematical. Something like the following was their orderless order: Sandals—feet—dances—Bigottini—the opera—ballets—balls—Brussels—Waterloo—Childe Harolde—Byron—lame feet (not in poetry). Sandals again—the old Romans—Heliogabalus—Nero—his fiddle—dances again—silk stockings—pumps. A third time sandals—sandal-wood—ises of spice—Serendib—Sindbad—merchants—grocers—tradesmen—sandal-makers—boot-makers—his (Basil's) own boot-maker's exorbitant bill.

His bootmaker's bill was an unwelcome reminiscence, not so much for itself as because it reminded him of other bills; but he now bethought himself that he had intended to order a new pair of boots the day before, though other matters had intervened to prevent him. As the recollection occurred to him it chanced that he raised his eyes, and lo! on a showy blue board over a shop-door at the corner of an adjoining strass, he saw in gilded text letters the words, *Hartmann, Schuh-und-Stiefelmacher*. Instantly the notion suggested itself that, involved as he was, it would be as well for him to procure the boots from a stranger, who would make them without inquiry and either take payment or a promise to pay as might suit the purchaser's convenience. This man also, it struck him at the same time, could measure his stature, and if it were found wanting he could supply the deficiency by elevating the boot-heels in the required proportion, while Basil would be spared the awkward necessity of entering into any of those explanatory details which in case he were to go home and send for his own bootmaker would be in a manner unavoidable.

Accordingly he walked into the shop. An undersized man, advanced in years, bald, rather fat, and wearing an apron, was giving some directions to his workmen within the parallelogram

where they sat; but upon Basil's entrance he intermitted speaking, came forward and made a respectful obeisance.

"You are Stiefelmacher Hartmann?" said Basil.

"Ya, mein Herr, at your service."

"Well, I want a pair of boots from you," said Basil.

"Ready-made, Sir?" inquired the obsequious shopman.

"No, no; listen to me; don't be in such a hurry. I wish to bespeak a pair of boots the heels of which must be either one inch or three inches high—do you mark?"

"Will you give yourself the trouble to walk this way, Sir?"

Basil followed the speaker into an inner room, out of the hearing of the workmen.

"Please to sit down, Sir?"

Basil seated himself. "I want a pair of boots of the best quality," said he, "and mind me: they must be either an inch or three inches high in the heels—I see you don't understand me, but I will explain as soon as I am measured:—for a particular reason it is essential that I should have myself measured before hand."

"Oh! of course, mein Herr; we always measure gentlemen first," said the shoemaker, who already began to consider his customer an extraordinary oddity.

"The devil you do?" cried Basil. "Don't let your impertinence run before your judgment, if you please. But is it with that paltry little implement in your hand that you intend to do the mensuration?"

"Certainly, mein Herr," said the bootmaker, surprised: "it is a very excellent rule this."

"Excellent as the rule may be, my good friend," said Basil, "I beg to take an exception to it. It is not the thing. You must get a measure of at least a yard."

"A yard, mein Herr?" cried the other, opening his eyes to a width somewhat less than the measure he had named.

"Ay, a yard: have you such a measure in the house?"

Surely this man is crazed, thought the single-minded maker of double soles. But no matter: I will humour his fancies: his cash is as good as the Lord Kanzler's. "In the house, mein Herr?" he replied; "No; but if you wish I can borrow one from the draper next door. I say Peter! step out to neigh-

bour Sparlingatragg and ask him for a loan of his yard-wand for a minute."

The boy went out.

"Now, Sir, if you please, we will take off this boot;" and by dint of some tugging the right boot was got off.

"Pull off the left now," said Basil.

"One will do, Sir."

"One will not do, Sir. Pull off the other, I say, and be hanged to you!" The bootmaker obeyed without any further remonstrance.

The boy now came in with the yard-wand, and up stood Basil.

"Please to sit down again, Sir," said the bootmaker.

"Why, is it sitting you propose to measure me?" asked Basil. "Perhaps you had better roll me up into a ball at once, and take the solid contents of me?"

"Your foot will be steadier sitting, Sir," said the shop-keeper, more than ever confirmed in his conviction of Basil's insanity.

"O, I beg pardon; I perceive what you mean," said Basil; "but you misconceive me; I must first be measured from top to toe."

"What, mein Herr?—measured from top to toe for a pair of boots?"

"Ah, damn your nonsense, Sir!" cried Basil, petulantly, [We are ashamed of him] "who ever hinted at such an absurdity? You are the stupidest tradesman I ever saw! I tell you I want to have myself measured from head to foot because,—because—I—" He paused, unwilling to state his reasons, or possibly not able to communicate them at the instant with sufficient lucidness. "But no matter why," he added; "just do as I bid you, and pass no remarks. Come, try my height,—and mind,—let there be no mistake." And he stood up erect against the wall.

The puzzled bootmaker had no resource but to yield obedience. In silence, and with a hand not altogether free from tremors, he went through his task to its completion.

"Well?" interrogated Basil.

"Just five feet ten inches, mein Herr."

Basil stared his measurer in the face for a minute without speaking. "What do you say?" he fiercely demanded at length. "Impossible! Try again."

Again the same trial was gone through, and with an identical result. Basil snatched the yard-wand from the bootmaker's hand.

"Are not these inches infernally false?" he exclaimed. "Answer me. Acknowledge the truth. Is not the measure an inch too short—I mean too long?"

"Not the hundreth part of an inch, mein Herr," said the bootmaker, who was quite astounded at all this emotion and vehemence for no apparent reason.

Basil was stupified. His feelings on thus finding himself compelled to admit the reality of that which hitherto he had treated with the ridicule due to a chimera, may, to use a form of phrase that was original when Adam was a young man, be better conceived than described. He gazed about him: he looked to the right and left; he scrutinised alternately the pattern of the carpet and the architecture of the ceiling. "Help me, Heaven!" he exclaimed, lifting his hand to his forehead, "is my brain wandering? Am I dreaming for the second time to-day? Hark'ye, honest friend! have you such a thing as a pitcher of water at hand? If you have, will you for the love of St. Crispin, empty it against my face? Because," he almost shouted, as he grasped the arm of the now terrified shop-keeper, "because I want to know whether I am awake or asleep, whether I am mad or drunk, whether I stand on my head or my heels. Is then the constitution of nature really at the mercy of human caprice? Are science and philosophy but twin humbugs—the most lying of all the finger-posts that pretend to point the way to the goal of truth? Is it in short come to this, that the whole world must go to school again, and be content to acquire the first rudiments of knowledge from Egyptian jugglers and Bengal Nabobs?"

"Sir—mein Herr—Euer Gnaden—" stammered forth the alarmed tradesman—"I—I—protest I don't understand this!"

"Egad," said Basil, advancing his face close to that of the bootmaker, and lowering his voice almost to a whisper—"Egad, nor I neither, my good fellow. But, come," he continued, flinging himself into the chair,—"this is idle:—do your business. Come—" and he laughed a short bitter laugh, "you at least are no conjuror. Come, what are you about, Sir? Do you mean to take root where you are standing—a species of human dwarf elder, I suppose—or what the deuce?"

"No, no;—I don't indeed, mein

Herr," returned the bewildered shoemaker, with an unconscious but deprecating simplicity; as, bestirring his limbs, he repossessed himself of his rule, and proceeded to apply it to the sole use for which it was intended.

"Now, Sir," said Basil, as soon as the dimensions of his foot had been ascertained, "remember that the heels must be full three inches high: my ordinary heels have hitherto been but one inch—but as between five feet ten and six feet there is a difference of two inches, you must supply the deficiency by adding other two to that one; an additional two to the one that exists—otherwise, you perceive, the discrepancy between what I was and what I am will be observable, and I shall be a laughing-stock for all Alberstadt. Why do you gape at me in that way?"

"I—I do not gape indeed, Sir,"

"Well, do you understand me?"

"Really, mein Herr, I—I—"

"Are you able to comprehend the common rules of arithmetic, Sir?" Basil vociferated.

"Upon my word, mein Herr——"

"Do you know how much two and one make, Sir?" roared Basil. "Curse me if ever I met your fellow for thick-headedness!"

"Yes, Sir; three, Sir."

"Well, Sir, if two and one make three, Sir," said Basil, with an angry emphasis on every second word, "then, Sir, let me have heels of three inches, Sir! Will you do that, Sir?"

"Three-inch heels, Sir, will throw you very much forward."

"Devil may care, Sir; it is a young man's business to get forward in the world. Here, help me to thrust my legs into these boots again!"

"Are those to your fancy, Sir?" asked the shop-keeper, in allusion to the boots that Basil wore.

"What is that to you?" said Basil. "Take care that your own shall be, and that's enough for you."

"Well, Sir, when do you want them?"

"I want them now," returned Basil, "but I presume I shan't have them until to-morrow or the next day. Send them to me as soon as possible—or before that. There is my address;" and so saying he laid a card on the table.

"Eight—ten—six and a half round instep"—muttered the shoemaker, as

he transferred his observations to his tablets—"I'll have them set about immediately, Sir."

"Do so," said Basil, and putting on his hat, he strode out at the door, followed by the wondering stare of the shopmen, who, though they had overheard little or nothing of the colloquy in the parlour, knew that Peter had been sent for a cloth-yard wand to measure the stranger for a pair of boots, and now grinned in unison as their master, glancing towards them and tapping his left forefinger against his forehead, pronounced in a low key the word, "Touched!"

Basil had scarcely journeyed a dozen paces from the door when he espied, lounging up the pavement towards him, with a great meerschaum in hand, a foppishly dressed, effeminate looking young man, whom he remembered to have occasionally seen at the Spielhaus where he had been accustomed to indulge his gambling propensities at the economical rate of one florin and a half per night. Now, either there are some eyes which will detect the identity of an individual in spite of any alteration in his person, or else the loss of two inches had not so metamorphosed Basil as he seemed apprehensive of, for on the approach of the smoker he was immediately greeted with a salutation of recognition.

"Aw, Bawsil, my dear vellow, appy to obtain a transient view of you! Ow goes it? Ow is every inch of you?"

"Every inch?" returned Basil, vouchsafing him one look and then dashing past him; "Go and ask the devil's cousin-german; he is in town, and he may tell you!"

"Put that in your pipe and smoke it, young man!" said a cadger's boy, who had overheard both the query and the response, as he slowly waddled by under the load of a cradle-sized basket of hams, sausages, tripe and cowheel, collared eels, cod-sounds, pig's cheeks, and sheeps' trotters, all of which excellent things he was on his way to dispense among divers of his master's anti-Pythagorean customers.

"Well,—bless my sens-i-bilities!" drawled out the fop—"no-ticeably odd that! I vow by the most ponderous of Jew-Peter's thunderbolts that were it any other than Bawsil I should follow him and inflict cawndign cawstigation!"

CHAPTER III.

"Say that such deeds are chronicled in heli" (s.)

King Richard II., Act V., Scene 5.

As we have already intimated, there was nothing of the idealist about Basil. His anxieties and sympathies were all "of the earth, earthly;" his speculations never gave themselves the trouble to travel beyond the boundaries that girdle "this visible diurnal sphere. He could boast of being young and handsome; his appearance was fashionable, his *abond* prepossessing; he was quick-thoughted and, for his years, well-informed; he could be excruciatingly agreeable when he so willed; what more did the world want of him? Nothing: certainly not that he should set up for a metaphysician; neither was he the man to do so. He suspected that he had been born and expected that he should die; but his acquaintance with all the ins and outs of existence besides was confined to a consciousness that he was in love, in debt, out at elbows—and—for the present—out of prison. While at college, it is true, he had perused with some diligence certain abstruse treatises *Ueber die Natur des Geistes*; but being completely satisfied with the great proficiency which these works had enabled him to make in the knowledge of nothing at all on the subject, he had thought it better to devote himself thenceforth exclusively to studies of a more practical description. There were in fact in his nature but few of the elements that go to the composition of a philosophical character. The penetrating reader accordingly will at once divine that after the first flutter and agitation of his surprise had subsided, the sorcery to the influence of which he had been subjected did not act in any extraordinary degree as a stimulus to his curiosity. He felt somewhat astounded and still more annoyed. But his interest or enthusiasm was not awakened. His spirit did not burn with any newborn ardour of longing to plunge into the mysteries of the magical world, or throw open the portals that barrier the awful storehouse of the Unknown. The whole thing was in his eyes entirely too much of a poser to be anything better than a bore. When therefore, in the course of the evening his friend Heinrich Flemming again dropped in upon him it was rather to solicit his counsel than to bespeak his wonder that he detailed all that had happened him since their meet-

ing in the forenoon. "Neither you nor I," pursued he in conclusion, "could ever have calculated on the possibility of this issue to our visit of yesterday. But since the thing is, why, we must only make the best of it. The question for me simply is, Whether I shall load a brace of pistols, take to the highway and plunder some poltroon of a thousand ducats in addition to the thousand I have, and thus regain my inches and prospects of pulling the devil by the tail—or—proceed with the compact to its completion and see the upshot of it,—enjoying in the meanwhile the satisfaction of shaking myself loose from the gripe of those hounds of bailiffs, and re-establishing myself in society in some *shape* or other, however shy and sneaking as contrasted with my former. I acknowledge that I do not fancy either mode of disposing of the question. But what can be done? I have no alternative. One of the two I must choose. As both are evils, I should of course wish to choose the lesser. But which the lesser is, I may not be so competent to determine. I can hardly reconcile myself to the resolve of relinquishing the golden hopes that within these two days have been strewing my pathway with stars. Yet *de l'autre côté*, I shall be guilty of a species of semi-suicide in parting with my stature. The change will be productive of a thousand inconveniences. Nobody will recognize me—not even Aurelia. Every blackguard about town can snub me with impunity. I may be kicked out of my own house by my own servants. Worst of all, that whining old scoundrel will jump into my shoes and crow over my degradation. I confess I am at my wits' end. I never in my most fanciful moments contemplated being stuck in the centre of such a perplexity. The whole series of events appear to me 'like a phantasma or a hideous dream.' They combine all the horrors of the Raw-head and Bloody-bones' school of romance with the ludicrous fantasies of Mother Bunch. What shall I do, Heinrich? What would you advise? An imposing *personnel* and a pound of black prison bread *per diem*, or three and a half feet of humanity and the purse of Fortunatus! Do let me hear what you have to suggest; for upon my soul I feel

myself at this moment somewhat like the schoolmen's ass betwixt the two stacks of hay."

"My dear friend," replied Heinrick with deep solemnity, "your predicament is truly an extraordinary one; but it appears to me that you have but one course to pursue. You have entered into an agreement and, come what may, you should abide by it. Your honor is at stake; and what are your inches when measured against your honor? No: you have crossed the Rubicon; and you cannot now draw back. You must go the whole hog. Let your motto be, 'In for a groshen, in for a guilder.' I do not anticipate from your fulfilment of the terms of the bond the evils you apprehend. There will be at first a little surprise, a slight sensation, among your acquaintance; the transaction will be talked of by twaddlers over their beer-mugs; but in a short time all this will pass and circumstances will reassume their former aspect. Therefore I say, Go on and prosper. You have already advanced too far to recede with dignity; nor is there any necessity for receding. You have broken the ice and so made conquest of the worst difficulty. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.* Besides, you have a resource, though such a resource, I admit, as I feel averse from counselling you to employ. It is one that the tyranny of extreme exigency might, I think, justify a man in availing himself of; but still I shrink from the responsibility of recommending it to you."

"To be candid with you," observed Basil, "I am not inclined to be over fastidious just now. What may it be that you would not advise? To hocus the Nabob and pillage his treasury?"

"Nothing of the sort," said Flemming. "The resource I allude to is—start not!—the gambling-table. If I dared speak my mind, I would say, Gamble again, and this time confidently! Hitherto you have been unlucky; but Fortune's wheel is for ever turning. You will have money enough to risk: if you lose you will scarce feel the loss; if you gain, and go on gaining—and why should you not?—you triumph at once over your fate and your enemies. A few nights' success may place you in a position not only to reinstate yourself in your inches but to dazzle Aurelia's father and drive the Silesian Prince out of the field. And surely to achieve such a consummation as this last you would not greatly boggle at the trouble

of shaking your elbow for half an hour at a spell over a green cloth table?"

"By the powers of brandy!" cried Basil, starting up, "the suggestion is magnificent! I will—I will do what you say. The Spielhaus is the spot! Only, as to shaking my elbow, Heinrick, I must decline—dice are the devil—no, no!—nothing but *Rouge et Noir* for me!—but at that I'll try my hand again,—and, as you observe, what is there to hinder me from winning? Well then, my lot is chalked out:—I adhere to the compact between me and Old Scratch: by hazarding a few thousands I may—at least I must—gain as much as will extricate me from all obligations and embarrassments. So far so capital. And now, Heinrick, touching my mother's jewels. Will you, like an honest youth, go and treat with the Jew Lubeck for the recovery of them? I suppose he will let me have them back for what they cost him and a bonus over—tell him I will down with twelve hundred for them. I am anxious, you observe, to secure them immediately because the fellow is such an incessant trafficker that if I don't look sharp after his whereabouts, he will dispose of them before I can say Trapstick!"

"Set your mind at ease as to them," said Flemming; "I'll make it my business to take them all up to-morrow to the last trinket. But what do you purpose doing with yourself to-night?"

"I don't know," returned Basil; "I feel lazy and nervous and *je ne sais quoi*-ish: I think I'll go to bed."

"Suppose you come down to the Spielhaus?"

"Now?"

"Ay:—just put a handful or two of ducats into your pocket, and we'll go together. We'll see how you'll get on."

"Here goes for the nonce," said Basil, donning a huge outside coat, into the capacious pockets of which he stowed away as many rouleaus of ducats as he could conveniently carry about with him.

Arm in arm the associates sallied forth. It was now past five o'clock and the dusk was deepening, but the streets were not yet lighted; and Basil and Heinrick passed along unrecognised by any until they arrived in the Kaiserstrasse.

The entrance to the Spielhaus of Trigg, Bubbell and Grabb was by a long and vaulted subterranean approach, terminating in a flagged court-

yard. A solitary lamp above a high, narrow door alone indicated by night the site of the building to the stranger. The principal rooms themselves could only be reached after sundry zig-zag passages, well guarded by doors and sentinels had been traversed; for the determination of the authorities of Albestadt to suppress all gambling monopolies not instituted by themselves had been published; and secrecy and passwords were therefore indispensable.

Basil, as soon as he had exchanged his coin for notes,—for no more than twenty gold pieces were permitted as a single stake on any table—made his way into the *Rouge et Noir* room, whither Heinrich, quitting his arm, had sauntered in before him; and both for some minutes amused or at least occupied themselves in noting the transitions of the game, and marking the varying effects that these produced upon the countenances of the players.

"Well, Heinrich, what say you?" enquired Basil. "Suppose I venture? Do you play yourself?"

"I may stake a dollar by and by," replied Flemming, carelessly. "How much have you got?"

"Three hundred."

"Ducats?"

"Yes."

"Put down fifty," said Heinrich.

"*Thut euer Spiel, meine Herrn, die Farbe ist schwarz,*" cried the krooper; *

"Make your game, gentlemen; the color is black."

"Only look at Grabb," said Heinrich, in a whisper. "How the rascal grins! By the way, did you hear that Schmidt had slit his windpipe?"

"Poor devil!—I did," said Basil. "Fifty ducats on the red."

The cards were distributed to the alternate sides.

"I am glad you took the red," said Heinrich.

"Why?" demanded Basil.

"Seven—four; red wins," cried the krooper.

"Be that my answer," said Flemming.

"A promising commencement," remarked Basil.

"Make your game, gentlemen, the color is red."

"Take the black now," whispered Heinrich.

"A hundred ducats black," said Basil.

"Five—three; red loses."

"To be sure it does; send the rags this way, Ludwig," said Heinrich, leaning forward. "This augurs well, Basil. Stick to the plan of staking alternately on red and black: it is the only safe one, after all that has been prated about calculations and systems."

Basil continued to play, and for a while with a success that even surpassed his expectations, sanguine as they had been. At length occurred the first breaking in upon his luck: he lost five stakes in succession. He turned round to be consoled with by Heinrich; but Heinrich was no longer by his side. He looked for him up and down the room, without, however, leaving his place; but could not discover him any where.

Still, said he to himself, I am a winner, and again he played, and again he won, and his spirits mounted; but alas! he lost the next three coups, each for a hundred ducats. He now began to grow restless and fretful; and, disregarding the injunction of Heinrich, he pertinaciously persisted in staking upon black during the whole of an unlooked for run upon the red; so that in about three quarters of an hour he had not only forfeited all his previous winnings, but lost a hundred and fifty ducats of his own in addition.

He felt prodigiously annoyed; and as coup after coup still told for the red, he at length lost all patience. "Sir!" he exclaimed, addressing Trigg, who, in his capacity of banker sat upon a high stool overlooking the game—"Sir, I say this is monstrous!—no man ever witnessed such barefaced rooking! The cards must have been packed, Sir!—here has been a run upon the red eleven times one after another!"

"You had better mind what you say, Sir, when you talk of packed runs," answered Trigg with the tranquil manner of a man accustomed to those attacks: "there were at least a dozen gentlemen here when the bank opened. As to a run eleven times that's nothing—nothing at all—is it, Grabb?"

"No," returned Grabb, grinning.

"So you may say, Sir," exclaimed Basil, vehemently, "but a player, Sir, judges differently, let me tell you."

"Why, there was a run on the red seventeen times last night," said Trigg; "the thing is as common as deuce-ace at hazard."

A strange nondescript looking ani-

mal in a bearskin coat, with terrifying whiskers and moustaches, and an immense mass besides of woolly hair surmounted by a small, conical, comical hat, which looked like a candle-extinguisher stuck on the top of an enormous head of cabbage, now came to the rescue—"I protowst," he struck in, in the drowsiest and most guttural tones that ever issued from human throat—"I have mysowlf sown a rown on the bleck twoutny fower times in suscousion. I believe you remumber the night, Grebb?"

"I believe I do," said Grabb in his quiet way, and with his devilishly innocent smile.

"Baz,—Baz, be discreet," said the voice of Heinrick; "if you lose both your cash and temper you have no chance."

Basil turned round. "I thought you had taken yourself off," said he sullenly.

"Not I," replied Heinrick, "I have been lounging away an hour in the coffee-room."

"Well, did you ever see such plundering elsewhere?" Basil asked.

"Don't be a child, Basil," said Heinrick, reprovingly—"you know as well as I that *here*, with so many lynx-eyes about and a character to be maintained, the bank *must* act on the square. When a flat *is* to be landed, it is always made a private affair of. But why did you forget my instructions? Had you minded them no run could have injured you: if you gained nothing, at least you could not lose."

"I had lost five coups previously by your plan," said Basil.

"You would have won five times five had you only persevered. But never mind; don't suffer a trifle like this to discompose you; try again. I am going as far as the Brunnengasse with young Lichtenmark for about an hour, to see if his sister has come back

from her uncle's yet;—meanwhile keep up your spirits and play away boldly. Have a good account of your goings on and pickings up to render me by the time I return."

There he goes again, thought Basil; and I don't know how it is, but I feel as if my evil star were once more in the ascendant. He, however, resumed playing; but whether his exasperation of mind had deprived him of the power of calculating the chances of the game with sufficient precision, or whether Fortune was determined to persecute him, choose what color he might, the longer he played the more he lost. There was no further run on either black or red; so that all pretext for a charge or even a suspicion of foul play was precluded; and our hero, as he saw debt accumulating on debt, was compelled to gnaw his lip in silence or vent his wrath in half stifled oaths, or fruitless execrations of his own folly. When things are at the worst they do not always mend: just as Basil had lost the largest coup he had hitherto played for, a bell tolled thrice; the porter pronounced the words "the bank is shut for the night;" and the krooper gathered together the rakes, swept the cards down into the drawers and proceeded to fold the tables.

"You have sped ill, I see, Basil," said Heinrick Flemming, who again stood by his side.

"Miserable wretch that I am!" cried Basil—"What is to become of me?"

"How much have you lost?" Heinrick inquired.

"I owe the bank five thousand ducats!"

Heinrick seemed for a moment petrified by this intelligence; but recovering himself as by an effort, "Come away," said he in a low tone; "they are putting out the lamps: it is twelve o'clock."

CHAPTER IV.

"I am as mad as he, if sad and merry madness be equal."

Twelfth Night, Act III., Sc. 4.

BASIL spoke not, but took the offered arm of Heinrick. In silence they left the house and entered upon the streets. The night was gusty and starless; the shops had for some time been closed; and at intervals only was the distant footfall of a solitary passenger audible.

A profound dejection had taken possession of Basil; and Heinrick was evidently absorbed in some engrossing contemplation to which he did not like to give utterance. At length, as both drew near the Silberplatz, the square in which Basil dwelt, Heinrick suddenly

stopped, and arresting the progress of his companion by placing a hand on his shoulder he said, in an abrupt and startling way,—

"Basil! let me bespeak your attention for a brief space."

A gleam from a house-lamp fell at this moment athwart the features of Heinrick, and disclosed a countenance the expression of which spoke of deep thoughtfulness and a share of perplexity, blended with pity. He seemed deliberating some momentous matter: his eyes were full of doubt and indecision; he stood rivetted to the spot; and his entire air and attitude were those of a man whose mind is the arena of a painful struggle, the nature of which he would fain reveal, but which he is deterred from alluding to by some constraining consideration.

The chill blast blew along the deserted streets, making the melancholy spirit more melancholy still. Its dreary tones and the hollow voice of the night-watch, gloomily proclaiming the hour from his sepulchral turret, alone broke the reigning stillness. The time, the silence, the dismal nature of the scene, the consciousness of his ruined fortunes and blighted hopes, all combined to depress Basil's mind and prostrate his energies. Tears almost flowed into his eyes as he yielded to the sense of his utter desolateness. A load lay upon his heart. He drew his breath with an effort, and felt as if the atmosphere that encompassed him were impregnated with some deadly mephitic odour.

Meanwhile he stood passive. He evinced no symptom of anxiety or impatience. With folded arms and deponding looks he awaited in silence the communication of his companion. It was obvious that the dejection which had mastered him was of too absorbing and exclusive a nature to permit the co-existence of any conflicting passion or feeling within his breast.

At length Heinrick spoke. "Basil," he said, "I sympathise with you deeper than I can express: were there a window in this bosom you would behold how my heart is rent and bleeding for you. Hear me. You have some right to reproach me with being the creator of your misfortunes. True, I was innocent of the design to injure; but I am he who first led you into a Spielhaus; and I cannot wholly acquit myself of imprudence in doing so. Had you never met with me you would have prospered and been happy. It is a

debt I owe myself and you to remedy the wrong I have wrought. I am bound to do all in my power to repair the evil I have been the unconscious instrument of inflicting on you. Suffer me, therefore, I implore you, to be henceforth your guide: place yourself in my hands. You are so situated that you cannot depend upon your unassisted judgment for the safety of your future movements. Trust then to me, and enable me at once to still the accusations of my conscience, and to render your liberation from the toils in which you have unhappily become entangled, all but a matter of certainty."

"You ought to know, Heinrick, that I have always confided in you," answered Basil. "Believe me I am now more disposed to trust you than ever. My reliance on myself begins to be dreadfully shaken. Any plan you may suggest I am ready to adopt. Say what you would have me to do."

"In the first place to come straight with me to the Dornensteg," said Heinrick, "and have an interview with the Nabob."

"It will be in vain, Heinrick;—the man has not human feelings," said Basil; "any appeal to his mercy would be thrown away. But, at all events, you do not mean to-night?—now?"

"Basil, my friend," observed Heinrick, with some hesitation—"you—you cannot remain in your own house longer. Of course you propose paying Grabb to-morrow. But five thousand ducats will require the drinking of five flasks; and recollect that those will leave you but five feet five inches."

Basil groaned.

"So transformed you would not be known by your own servant, unless you were to place him *au fait* of the mystery; and that, I presume, you have no desire to do."

"I understand you," said Basil, with a deep sigh. "But to-night—it is so late —."

"O, as to the hour, that is nothing," said Heinrick, "I know that the Nabob seldom sleeps at all, and never retires to bed before two in the morning. *Au reste*, believe me you will find him more accommodating than you anticipate. Come—we will set out for his dwelling at once;—this short cut across the fields behind the Bildstrasse will lead us to it. To morrow-morning I will tell your servant that business requires your absence from town for a time, and any letters that may arrive at your house I will take care to have

transmitted to you, wherever you may be, either in the Halbmond or elsewhere."

"I yield, my friend, I yield," said Basil, "I place myself entirely at your disposal."

The friends, accordingly, making the best of their way over the fields, soon found themselves in the straggling avenue that conducted to the Dornensteg. Little conversation was exchanged between them until they reached the house. A servant answered to the knock of Heinrick, and in reply to his inquiry informed him that his master was at supper in the small parlour.

"Then we had better wait in the large one," said Basil.

"Not at all," returned Heinrick, "the old boy and I, it is time to tell you, treat one another with very little ceremony. You shall see. Follow me." And, lifting the latch, to the surprise of Basil, he stalked into the supper-room without even heralding his intrusion by a tap at the door.

Basil would have lingered outside, but hearing the voice of the Nabob himself inviting him to step in, he conquered his scruples and entered.

"Sit down, gentlemen," said the Nabob. "I have just had my supper taken out of the frying pan. I shall be at your service in a minute. Sit down."

"You are surprised, Sir, of course," began Basil, in a sullen tone of apology, "that we should intrude upon you at such an hour; but ———"

"Not at all," interposed the Nabob; "I make it a point never to be surprised at anything during meals: all unusual emotion interferes with digestion. Have the goodness to stretch yourself upon that sofa, Mr. Rosenwald. Perhaps you would choose to pick a bit? Mr. Flemming, what say you to a mouthful?"

"What have you got to tempt us withal?" demanded Heinrick.

"Gripes and grumblings—bacon and eggs," was the reply. "Have you a mind to go snacks with me in the mess? Mr. Rosenwald, will you take a slice of bacon?"—And sticking his fork in a rasher, he extended it towards Basil, apparently quite unconscious of committing any violation of table etiquette in the proffer he made.

"Thank you, Sir," said Basil, who, notwithstanding his depression, had some struggle to keep his countenance, "but I never sup."

"Will you have it?" asked the Nabob, offering it to Heinrick.

"My gastronomy, Sir, takes no cognizance of garbage," answered Heinrick, "and I usually eat like a human being."

"You to the devil, you spooney!" said the Nabob, transferring the morsel to his own mouth.

Basil looked at Heinrick, as if to inquire the meaning of all this; but Heinrick's eyes were turned away.

"And so you never bolt bacon?" said the Nabob. "Now, I eat nothing else,—except eggs. You see me supping on eggs and bacon, but had you been here earlier you might have seen me dining on them; and had you been here still earlier, you might have seen me breakfasting on them. I find an exhaustless variety in those two dishes. When I am weary of bacon I recruit myself with eggs; and when eggs grow insipid I fall back on bacon. This diet, it is true, has a tendency to generate drouthiness; but I keep a barrel of glorious double stout below stairs, and here stands a can of it, full and foaming. As you refuse to eat, Mr. Rosenwald, perhaps you will drink;—if so, you are very welcome after me;" and lifting the tankard to his lips, he indulged in a protracted draught of the eulogised beverage. "There is still a good half pint left," added he, looking into the vessel as he spoke: "here, my friend!"—and he held it out towards Basil.

"I am not thirsty, Sir," said Basil, coldly.

"You are rather dry, though," retorted the Nabob. He rang the bell. The servant appeared.

"Take away the crockery and pewter, and bring in wine and glasses," said the Nabob. "Well, gentlemen, here we are. You see me in a pleasant mood to-night; and yet I have just made a discovery of a rather unpleasant nature. It emancipates me, however, from the necessity of dissembling,—of supporting a character to which I have no claim. But all this is Sanscrit to you, Mr. Rosenwald; so let us to business; and then I'll explain. I think, Mr. Rosenwald, you have acted judiciously in coming to my house, and I would recommend you to stop in it. To-morrow, if you pay this evening's scores, sees you fallen to five feet five, and of course a dignified seclusion under such circumstances is much preferable to an appearance in public life, among sneerers and starers."

"How then!" exclaimed Basil—"You know the events of this evening?"

"Ay, my good Sir, and of to-morrow evening also,—that is, if you again visit the Spielhaus. I cast your horoscope not two hours back; and I found that if you gamble in the Spielhaus it is written that you shall lose all, to the last stake you hazard."

"Then I am ruined," cried Basil, clasping his hands.

"How so?"

"My only hope lay in gambling—in winning enough to enable me to recover my inches!" said Basil.

"Well, you can gamble still," said the Nabob.

"Did you not say that I was destined to lose?"

"Only at the Spielhaus," said the Nabob. "You can play with others."

"Alas! with whom?" demanded Basil.

"You can play with *me*," said the Nabob.

"Play with *you*?" cried Basil in astonishment.

"I am your man—at Blind Hookey, Scaramouch, Killdevil, or Hop-the-Twig," said the Nabob.

"I do not know any of the games you have mentioned," observed Basil.

"Well then, say Pitch and Toss," said the Nabob. "You know that."

"You are sporting with my wretchedness, Sir," said Basil.

"Ask your friend whether I am," said the Nabob.

"He is not, Basil," said Heinrick, with an emphasis of manner that at once assured the young man.

"And if I play against you?" said Basil.

"It is prefigured by the horoscope that I am to be defeated," answered the Nabob, "and that you are to become a great and a wealthy man."

"Then, my dear Sir," cried Basil, starting up, "let us begin at once—I am all impatience."

"Fairly and softly, my friend," returned the other, "men are not in such a hurry to be beaten as you seem to take for granted. The hour is rather late: to-morrow, if you please, we will commence."

"Heinrick, my excellent friend!"

cried Basil, "I owe this to you—Trust me, you shall not find me ungrateful—O, believe me—I shall——"

"Come, come, Baz; no heroics; you know I never could away with them," said Heinrick, as he rose. "Hereafter we will talk of these matters. Well, Nabob, I suppose I am to consider myself now as *de trop* here?"

"You may make yourself scarce as soon as you please," was the unceremonious reply.

"Many thanks, my Chesterfield. Good night, Basil."

"What, Heinrick!—Are you off? Surely his Excellency will have no objection to lodge you. For my part, I——"

"It is *he* who objects, Sir, to a bed in a coal-hole, said the Nabob, in an offended tone.

"In a coal-hole!" cried Basil. "Surely——"

"Psha, Nabob," said Heinrick, "you aspire to be a wag, and you are ignorant of the first principles of waggery. Close your egg-trap, do. Good night, Basil."

"Good night, my friend, since you are determined on going. Will you be good enough to direct Grabb hither to-morrow?"

"Fear not: all shall be settled to your satisfaction," replied Heinrick.

"As to the boots," said Basil in a whisper—"you need not trouble yourself, Heinrick."

"No, they can be of no use now," returned the other. "Farewell, *auf Wiedersehn*."

"Will you take any wine, Mr. Rosenwald?" asked the Nabob, as soon as Heinrick was gone.

"If you please I would prefer retiring to rest," said Basil, "as you are good enough to accommodate me."

The Nabob rang the bell.

"Shew this gentleman to his bed-chamber, Klaus," said he.

"This way, Sir, if you please," said the servant to Basil.

"And I'll toddle off to my library," said the Nabob. "Good night, Mr. Rosenwald."

"Good night, mein Herr."

CHAPTER V.

Pr'ythee, friend

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together.

Ant. and Cleop. Act. II. Sc. 5.

Basil's sensations on awaking the following morning were exquisitely delightful. His temperament was sanguine, as we have already noticed: he usually required therefore but a slender foundation upon which to rear a sky-high pyramid of hopes. His heart bounded as he recalled the declaration made by the Nabob; he saw before him the enchanting prospect of wealth, honors, and happy love, stretching out endlessly into futurity. Imagination had woven for him overnight a new triumphal banner, of a texture brighter than the sunbeams, and displaying the cheering device, *Tu vainqueras*. What wonder, therefore, if about mid-day he met the Nabob,—who always spent the forenoon alone, and chiefly in his library,—with an elastic step and a brow beaming with exulting anticipation? In the fulness of his heart he was about re-plunging into the topic of the previous night without preface or ceremony. His ardour, however, was somewhat chilled when the Nabob, after returning his hurried greeting with an air of magisterial coldness said—

"Mr. Rosenwald, I come to inform you that Mr. Grabb is below stairs, and refuses to go away without being paid his demand on you."

"Confound the fellow," said Basil: "but what shall I do?—there is no getting rid of Grabb without paying him. I may hope, my dear Sir, you will have no objection to advance the money?"

"On the specific terms,—none," returned the Nabob. "Here are five flasks of the elixir, my friend," and one by one, he took the number he spoke of from his pockets;—"and here"—fetching down a large glass from a shelf,—"*is a bell-glass that will hold the contents of all five!*"

"It must be, I suppose," said Basil, with a sigh; "pour out; and let me have it over me. But one stipulation I would make:—there must be no shock, no mystifying in this instance; it could answer no purpose, except to bewilder and enfeeble me."

"Have no apprehensions," replied the Nabob; "I have drugged these

flasks with some of my cephalic snuff. You will forfeit your inches; that's all.

"Quite enough, in all conscience," retorted Basil. "But so deep a draught as this—will it not at least intoxicate?"

"Not in the slightest degree, said the magician; "it is too well prepared: I have mixed a good quarter of a pound of snuff with it."

"In that case it must be a dose for the devil," observed Basil. "But I presume I must not be too nice—here goes!"

Just as he had emptied the glass a loud knocking was heard at the street-door.

"Who can this be?" said the Nabob. "Sit down, my friend, while I step out and try. How do you feel? A little languid, I dare say. Here, draw your chair to the fire; you will be yourself again, bating the odd inches, in the twinkling of a bed-post."

Going out, the Nabob encountered his faithful henchman, Klaus.

"The Herr Elsberg, your Excellency," announced the servitor in a stentorian voice, "to see Mr. Basil Rosenwald; I have shewn him into the antechamber." A wink passed between master and man; and then—

"Beg him to wait a minute there, and I shall attend him," replied the Nabob, in the same key. He then went into the parlour.

"You have an acknowledgment, Mr. Grabb?"

"Yes," said Grabb, producing it.

"Give it me; good:—now take yourself and these out of my house together;" and so saying, he brought five bags, marked each a thousand ducats out of the flask room, and deposited them on the table. "But how d'ye mean to bear off the booty? Have you a packass, or a jackass, at the door? Come, man; never stand staring at me so, as if I had got a pair of horns since you last clapped eyes on me. Answer me."

"I have a car," said Grabb.

"I wish it were about to take you to the gallows," said the Nabob. "Come, stir your stumps. Here, Klaus—come hither; and help to carry out this

heavy luggage, and stow it in Mr. Grabb's waggon. I must go and see what Herr Elsberg wants."

He passed into the ante-chamber.

"Your servant, Mr. Elsberg," said he briefly,

"Herr von Rosenwald, I have the honour to be your most obedient servant," said Elsberg, slowly. "I have called to see a relative of your's, who, I understand, is here at present, Mr. Rosenwald."

"He is not very well, said the Nabob; "he slept here last night; but he has had a headache the whole morning. I will let him know, however, that you are here, if you think proper."

"If you think that I should not disturb him too much, I should certainly be glad to speak with him," said Elsberg.

"May I request you to excuse me then, while I go and apprise him?" said the Nabob.

In another moment he was in Basil's room. "How do you feel now, my friend?" he asked.

"Pretty well, I thank you," said Basil.

"Mr. Elsberg is below, and wishes to speak with you," said the Nabob. "I have told him you are unwell."

"Elsberg!" echoed Basil, "is it possible? Have him shewn up, by all means, my dear Sir!—But stay, I must curtain these windows, and tumble into bed: what *would* he think if he saw me as reduced in size as I am in circumstances? There! that will do: now my dear sir, let him come up. Elsberg! bless me! what can the object of his visit be?"

The Nabob disappeared, and immediately afterwards a creaking pair of shoes was heard on the stairs.

"This room, Mr. Elsberg," said the Nabob, ushering him in.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Rosenwald, for this intrusion," said Elsberg; "I was not aware you were confined to your bed. I hope your headache is not very severe."

"Not very, thank you, Sir," answered Basil.

"Illnesses are very rife at this season," pursued Elsberg; "I met your old friend Major Welshuck yesterday, and he complained very much of his chest."

"Of the emptiness of it, perhaps?" said Basil.

"No," replied Elsberg, who was the most literal matter-of-fact man breathing, "he did not say that he felt any sensation of emptiness or hollowness,

but merely remarked in general terms that his chest was touched; upon which I took the liberty of recommending an immediate application of the stethoscope by a skilful physician, regularly licensed, and having sufficient practice to furnish *prima facie* evidence of his competency to examine and prescribe—hem!"

"I see," said Basil, who felt very much inclined to yawn; and then added, for want of knowing what else to say—"The Major was once a stout man."

"He was, Sir," observed Elsberg, "but I have known some of the stoutest men, Sir, to die by inches."

"Ah!" said Basil.

"But, Mr. Rosenwald," said Elsberg, "it is time for me to acquaint you with the object of my visit. You were a little hasty, you will acknowledge, in quitting my house as you did the other night."

"I was justified, Sir, by the manner of treatment I experienced," returned Basil.

"Well, well," said Elsberg; "perhaps I was not altogether free from blame, any more than you. Let the matter rest. I wish to tell you, Mr. Rosenwald, that I do not want to press you for the fifteen thousand florins you owe me. I am aware of the state of your circumstances, and I believe you to be a young gentleman of integrity and principle; and so believing, I am willing to postpone the day of payment to any period you name within five years."

"Well, Sir," said Basil, "I shall only say that I thank you deeply, and from my heart, for your generosity. Suffer me then to request another twelve-month's time—I will not accept of more."

"You shall have it," replied Elsberg. "Mr. Rosenwald—a—a—are you acquainted with the Prince von Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach, may I ask?"

"I am not acquainted with him, Sir," said Basil, coldly.

"A rather—a—a—curious circumstance took place at my house, in reference to him, on the evening of the ball," said Elsberg. "My wife happened to mention your name before him, and to say that you were expected at the house; and while she spoke, he grew pale as death, and shortly afterwards pleading a sudden illness, he took his leave. I sent to his hotel yesterday, to ascertain if he was better; but to my surprise, the messenger

brought me back intelligence that the Prince had—shall I say—decamped ; that he had left Alberstadt at an early hour in the morning, and was not expected to return !”

“ Whew ! ” whistled Basil, “ a light breaks in upon me : I fancy I know your Prince. Is he a long-legged, short-necked, square-shouldered, round-armed, oval-faced, angular-waisted manner of man ? Has he a hawk’s eyes, an eagle’s beak, the brains of a goose, and the strut of a turkey-cock ? ”

“ You paint him to the life,” cried Elsberg—“ dark moustaches and very white teeth——”

“ Ay, ay,” said Basil : “ I know the rubbish—he is a tailor, Sir.”

“ A tailor ! ” exclaimed Elsberg, in astonishment. “ The Prince of Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach a tailor ! ”

Ay, and a capital one, Sir, too : he made clothes for me in Berlin, the neatest I ever wore. But he chose to shut his shop and turn Pomeranian baron one morning, and when detected he fled from the city as he has fled now from this—and I should mention to you that he made a very handsome dress lace-coat of mine bear him company. What else he took from others I cannot say ; but the fellow is a swindler ; that is his designation, Sir.”

“ Well, really, I am so amazed,” cried Elsberg. “ What a lucky escape Aurelia has had ! ”

“ What ! Did you intend, Mr. Elsberg,” asked Basil, “ to have given your daughter to that scoundrel ? ”

“ I am ashamed to acknowledge that I did meditate such an act,” replied Elsberg.

“ Knowing that she loved me ? ” said Basil.

Elsberg rose from his chair, and after he had taken a turn about the room in silence, “ Mr. Rosenwald,” said he, “ I cannot enter upon this topic now ; and I know that you are averse from speaking upon any other with me. Permit me to wish you good-morning.”

“ Stay—one word, Mr. Elsberg,” said Basil, “ before you go. Have you any *personal* objection to me as a son-in-law ? ”

“ None whatever, upon my honour,” replied Elsberg.

“ Then, I am to understand that, if my circumstances were sufficiently affluent, you would have no objection to countenance my suit ? ”

“ On the contrary, I should be most happy to forward it.”

“ It is enough, Sir ; I thank you : I shall detain you no longer.”

“ Good morning, then, Mr. Rosenwald.”

“ Good morning, Sir.”

And so terminated this, by no means the least important interview recorded in our history.

CHAPTER VI.

“ I’ll devil-porter it no further.”

Macbeth, Act II Sc. 3.

* * * * *

“ Miscreant ! ” cried Basil, “ is it thus you keep your promise ? ”

“ Jackass ! ” retorted the Nabob ; “ it is even thus. What right have you to complain ? You have had in all twenty-nine bags of ducats and twenty-nine flasks. Being five feet five inches in height, you commenced brandy-drinking and pitch-and-toss playing with me. We played in all fifty-four games, of which you it is true won but sixteen, while I gained thirty-eight, making twenty-two in my favour. Yet what right, I repeat, have you to complain ? You have not been choused out of a single rap. The twenty-two thousand ducats which were yours by virtue of the flasks, have been fairly

won from you. I have gone on the square from the beginning. I am now five feet eleven, but I have not risen to my present eminence by means of any dirty shuffling or hookemsnivewing. I appealed to fortune ; I have been successful ; I have beaten you by chalks ; and more power to my elbow, say I ! You are but three feet seven, but you voluntarily chose, with your eyes and mouth open, to drink away one of the noblest gifts with which Providence had endowed you—your stature. And after all, notwithstanding the howl and hubbub and hulla-balloo you have been raising these two hours, you are still as safe and sound as a trout in a water-barrel. Until you have lost the last, the *thirtieth* inch, your identity remains in *statu quo*. Retain that inch, and you are still you

and I am still I. I do not solicit you to part with it. If you wish to do so I shall open another bottle. But I do not coerce you. At the same time I own I see no other mode by which you have any chance of retrieving yourself. You have gambled your last ducat. If you choose to have another thousand I am ready to stand Sam; and I pledge you my honor that I will play you as fairly as ever. I can assure you, for all your suspicions of my blacklegism, that fifteen years have elapsed since I skied a copper before."

"Infamous deceiver!" vociferated Basil; "did you not tell me that I should ultimately defeat you?"

"It is written that you shall," said the Nabob, "but *how*, I know not. There is the puzzle. Perhaps you are to blow me up with gunpowder, or tumble me headlong from some garret-window. I cannot tell. My powers of diving into futurity are limited to a certain point."

Basil made no reply. He could not attempt any. His heart was swelling, even to bursting. In despair and madness he rushed from the house. A hurricane roared through the forests of his brain, tearing up his faculties by the roots. It was a bleak night; the winds were out and howling; and two-thirds of the moon were invisible. Not a single wanderer but himself was abroad in the Dornensteg. He hurried onward until his breath nearly forsook him, and he was compelled to pause for rest. But he did not pause long. Again he dashed forward with the speed of a wild animal. Up the Brunhugel—down the Grunthal—pell-mell through the Bloody Fields—headlong into the Wildgasse—helter-skelter over the Round-mounds—hurrah! who but he? "Faint and wearily the wayworn traveller" at length might be seen wending his way into the Silberplatz. Panting and exhausted, like a broken-winded draught-horse during an uphill ascent, he now nears his own house.

"I tell you, Sir," said a voice which Basil recognised as that of his own servant, "that Mr. Rosenwald is not in town, and I don't know when he will come back."

"In that case," said the party addressed, a big, burly-looking man, in a seal-skin cap and a dreadnought, "I must just call some other time. I am sorry you cannot tell me where even a letter could reach him, for my business

with him is most important." And he turned away.

"Who asks for me? Who inquires for such a wretch as I am?" demanded Basil, coming up just in time to have the door slapped in his face.

"I have been inquiring for Mr. Rosenwald," said the stranger. "Can you, Sir, direct me where to find him?"

"I am he," said Basil.

"What! You!" cried the stranger.

"I am the wreck of him who was Basil Rosenwald," replied our metamorphosed hero.

"Let me take a survey of you, my mannikin," said the stranger. "Good heavens!" he cried, as he surveyed Basil by a street-lamp, "surely I have seen this figure and face before!—Yet no!—it is not possible—you cannot be he. I apprehend rather some diabolical jugglery in this business. Am I right in conjecturing that you are one of those unfortunates whom the monster I allude to has swindled out of their inches?"

"I am—I am!—Then you know him?—you know the whole story? You have seen him elsewhere—and I am not his first victim?" cried Basil, gasping. "O, stranger, whatsoever you are, if you have any power over the villain, exercise it, I implore you, in forcing him to restore me to that of which he has robbed me!"

"You made a compact with him, did you not?" asked the stranger, "so many inches for so many bags of gold?"

"Yes—yes—I perceive you know all," answered Basil. "The vagabond!"

"Do you know who he is?"

"No," said Basil; "I know not:—probably Satan himself?"

"No, not Satan."

"Puck?"

The stranger looked as if he did not understand.

"Belphegor then?" said Basil.

The stranger nodded dissent.

"Perhaps Mephistopheles?"

The stranger shook his head.

"Rubezahl—that is, Number Nip?"

"No, no, no; none of these."

"Who can he be then?" asked Basil.

"Did you ever hear of *Maugraby*?"

"What!—the magician of the eight and forty-gated Domdaniel?"

"Yes. This is he. The blackguard

* The great College of Magic at Tunis, once so celebrated over Barbary, but destroyed by the Arabs when they achieved the conquest of Mauritania.

is well known in the east. I remember him, and *he remembers me*. He has diddled many as he has nearly diddled you. I presume you were introduced to him by one of his tools?"

"No: by a friend of my own, one Heinrick Flemming."

"Bah! I know the fellow,—a former victim and present accomplice. But you have not disposed of *all* the inches yet, I hope?"

"No; there is one left," said Basil.

"Lucky for you," said the stranger.

"Had that one—had the last inch passed from you to him, nothing could have saved you. Your soul would then have become his property beyond redemption. Courage! you are safe; you shall now triumph over him. Come along to my lodgings, and I will tell you a piece of good news you little dream of."

Both accordingly adjourned to the stranger's domicile, which was in the next street; and here the stranger, whose name was Slickwitz, in a few words unfolded his business.

"You had an uncle," said he, "who spent a great part of his life in the east?"

"Yes," returned Basil—"my paternal uncle, Adelbert."

"The same:—this man, Sir, has lately died in Aleppo, and has left you heir to all his immense property. I am his executor. The ready money alone amounts to a sum of three hundred thousand ducats, the whole of which in gold and notes I am ready to deliver into your hands immediately."

We need not dwell upon Basil's surprise and rapture. After his first transports were over, he caught hold of the arm of Slickwitz. "My friend!—my preserver!" he eagerly demanded, "have you much of this sum *here*—in the house?"

"I have in this house a hundred bags of a thousand ducats each," replied Slickwitz.

"Then we will call a vehicle—thrust twenty-nine of these bags into it—for this flesh-and-blood robber has twenty-nine of my inches—drive off to his dwelling,—and compel him to refund! What say you?"

"With all my heart—I like the idea," said Slickwitz.

Accordingly in about a quarter of an hour from the time of this conversation a thundering knock at the door of Maugraby's house astounded the old fellow as he sat masticating his

of bacon and eggs. "Klaus!" he cried—"Klaus!—go and see who that is!"

No sooner was the door opened than Slickwitz and Basil rushed into the chamber together.

"Villain! ghoul! demi-devil!" cried Basil, springing at the magician's throat—"restore me my inches this moment, or die the death of a dog!"

The magician disembarassed himself from the grasp of Basil with the ease with which a giant might put aside the embrace of an infant, and advancing on Slickwitz demanded—

"Who are you, Sir?"

"I am *Rubadubb Snooksnacker Slickwitz*," said the stranger calmly—after a pause.

At the sound of that name the magician writhed—he grew pale—in vain he attempted to conceal his emotion; for some moments he shook like a bog during an earthquake. "And you," added the stranger, "are MAUGRABY!"

"O, by thunder and brimstone!" cried a voice on the outside of the door, "all the fat is in the fire now, and the snuff will soon follow! I must cut and run, for one, before the grand flare-up!" And forthwith the legs of the eavesdropper, in whose tones Basil had at once recognised those of the magician's attendant, Klaus, were heard marshalling him the way he should go, along the passage and out of the house.

"Damnation!" cried the baffled sorcerer in a rage—"is it then come to this—is the game up? Humph!—I smoke!—I see how the cat jumps," he fiercely exclaimed, stalking up to Basil; "you are come to fork out the blunt!—And you," he added, again turning to Slickwitz—"you expect to drag me hence to the gallows—to see me inaking my exit from life night-capped, snaffled, handcuffed, hoodwinked, humbugged? But curse me if I gratify either of you. I will see the whole neighbourhood blown to blazes first, and the pair of you along with it!"

So saying, and with a furious look, he snatched up his snuff-box, which had been lying on the table, and shook its contents into the fire. The effect of this apparently insignificant act was tremendously terrible and German. An explosion instantly followed, louder than the roar of ten parks of artillery together, *à qui mieux mieux*. The whole range of deserted buildings along one side of the Dornensteg, a short time before valued by the Commissioners of Wild Streets, were for a moment enveloped

in one wide sheet of livid flame, and in the next blown into a million atoms,—the sorcerer's own house and all the wealth it contained perishing amid the common ruin. As soon as the smoke had cleared away Basil and Slickwitz were able to see themselves safe upon their legs at a distance of about twenty yards from the scene of this appalling but sublime catastrophe. Basil stood once more six feet one in his boots.

"*Fuit Ilium*," said Slickwitz, quietly, as he gazed around. "After that, I think *we* may go home and take our gruel."

"I think so," answered Basil.

And thus was the necromancer defeated, even as he had himself predicted. He has never shewn himself in Germany since. He sailed shortly afterwards for Egypt, and is now in Alexandria*, where he occupies himself in mystifying, in a small way, such travellers as visit the country. His chum, Heinrich Flemming, disappeared from Saxony about the same period with himself, but of the subsequent whereabouts of this promising young man no intelligence has ever reached us.

As for Basil and Aurelia they have been now for some years married; and their union has been blessed with a large family of small children, who bid fair, upon springing up to the inches of gaffers and gafferesses, to inherit all the singular beauty and plural virtues of their estimable parents. We paid

* *Vide* the Quarterly Review, No. CXVII., which is our authority for the statement.

the happy pair a visit last summer; upon which occasion Basil, after his third bottle of Rhenish, related to us the story we have taken the pains to chronicle in our Magazine. Towards the close of his tale his utterance became somewhat thick and misty; but he dwelt with rapture upon the amiable character of his beloved Aurelia, swearing that she as far transcended every other individual of her sex as a rose transcends a daisy, a peach a potato, or a shilling a farthing. We could see the object of this eulogy colour even beyond the circle of her rouge at the enthusiasm of his language. She is really a pretty woman; her shining red hair, slightly intermixed with yellow, admirably harmonizes with her fair and freckled complexion; and her neck is singularly long, golden, and beautiful. As she sat at the piano, encircled by her blooming family of seven girls and two boys, we could not help recalling to mind the couplet of the greatest of modern poets—

"A lady, with her daughters or her nieces,
Shines like a guinea and seven shilling pieces."

Their dwelling, we should not omit mentioning, is a romantic chateau in the Konigsmark suburb of the town, the rear of which is beautified by rich orchards and pleasure-grounds à la *Polonais*, while the front commands a fine view of the Old Buttermarket and other interesting localities.

AN OUT-AND-OUTER.

BY-WAYS OF IRISH HISTORY.

CHAPTER XXI.—ROMANISM—HER INSTRUCTORS—BURGH'S "HIBERNIA DOMINICANA."

WHILE hired and volunteer advocates of Romanism laboured industriously, and too successfully, to represent that religion as altered and improved, the confidential servants of the papacy in Ireland were equally careful that the principles of their church and creed should remain unmitigated. The evidences, however, of their labors could not well be so distinct and so numerous as those by which the advocates manifested their assiduity and zeal. One party was mining and building in the unseen depths of society: the other was rearing up a fabric designed for no

other purpose than that of show. The priests, in their labors, were protected within the profound secrecy of the confessional: to render the services of the advocates available, they must be committed to the publicity of the press. It follows, therefore, that lasting and intelligible monuments remain to attest the nature and amount of these public services; while it is only by occasional departures from their habitual and professional caution, we are enabled to ascertain the character of those labors in which the ecclesiastical champions of Romanism found an

ployment. Their best services were rendered in secret; and, unless where they have overstepped the limits of their peculiar province, we cannot expect to learn how they have been occupied.

Indeed, it is probable that the mystery of the confessional (except against the baneful light which the crimes and miseries of an abused people cast upon it) might have been long preserved, if necessities, stronger than a superficial view of the circumstances would serve to indicate, had not compelled some impolitic disclosures. Beside the British Protestants and the Irish Papists, there was a third party to which the priests owed deference and duty. That party was the court of Rome. A fair picture, which was not a likeness, of Romanism, was exhibited to Protestants; but the Pope and the propaganda must be satisfied that this was not the image which Irish Papists were instructed to worship. Thence those impolitic, and, but for the necessity, indiscreet, advertisements of the spirit and character of Popery, by which we are assisted in tracing the secret labours of its ministers through the obscurity of the past century.

The first work of consequence which occasioned alarm to the Irish Protestants, after the accession of George III. was a production to which we have already alluded, the *Hibernia Dominicana*. It was printed in the town of Kilkenny, where its author, Dr. Burgh, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory, resided, but appeared with a title-page, falsely pretending that it had been printed at Cologne. The character and tendency of this work may be understood from the fact, that it has been thought prudent and necessary to mutilate it, by extracting some offensive pages, and that thus, in consequence, few perfect copies are now to be found. Its politics were favorable to the exiled house of Stuart. In its religious principles it was ultramontane. It asserted distinctly the right of the Stuart family to the throne; and it countenanced the extreme doctrines of perfidy and intolerance,

wherever falsehood and cruelty could be rendered beneficial to the church.

We have already noticed the conduct of certain Roman Catholic Bishops, when the iniquity of this dangerous book had been exposed by Dr. Woodward, Bishop of Cloyne.* Here we shall enter into detail so far as may be necessary to render their conduct intelligible.

It was proposed in the year 1768 that an oath of allegiance should be framed, so as that Roman Catholics could conscientiously take it, and such as should afford satisfaction to Protestants and to the government. The oath was to contain a clause to the following effect:—

“I do also swear, that I do abhor, detest, and abjure, from the bottom of my heart, that pernicious and abominable doctrine, that no faith or promise is to be kept with heretics or princes excommunicated, or that princes deprived by the Pope may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or by any person whatsoever.”

This, or like it, is the clause which has, in more recent times, furnished the situation for some of those striking starts of passion and scorn with which Roman Catholics, lay and clerical, have endeavoured to electrify an audience. The idea of its being thought barely possible that they could countenance doctrines so foul and flagitious, shocked their generous sensibility. Well informed Protestants knew that in all such displays there was much good indignation wasted. Well-informed Roman Catholics knew that the passion could not be acted except by a performer who was profoundly ignorant, or who possessed consummate effrontery. Both knew that the church of Rome had never authoritatively condemned these doctrines, and had often acted on them. Both knew, therefore, that the requiring disclaimers, so far from being matter of affront, should be accounted rather as affording an opportunity which an honorable man would desire, to liberate himself, if not his church, from suspicion.† But the

* See *By-Ways*, &c. c. iv. September, 1837.

† “The first gleam of legislative favor which they” (Roman Catholics) “experienced, was by the passing of the act in 1774, whereby they were admitted to certify their allegiance to the king.

“That act is said to have originated from the following occurrence:—The celebrated Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry, whilst at dinner one day with the Professors in one” (Toulouse) “of the Irish Colleges in France, feelingly lamented the necessity which his learned and amiable countrymen were under, of spending in

well-informed on such subjects, among Protestants at least, were few; and, accordingly, the strut and swagger in which boastful ignorance dilated itself, and treachery sought to disguise its vile knowledge or purpose, were not rebuked with the castigation they most justly merited.

The doctrines which Roman Catholics have pretended in recent times that they held it an affront to abjure, because they were so evidently abominable that it was insulting to doubt or question their abhorrence of them, are the same which, half a century before, the organ of their unchangeable church forbade them sternly to repudiate or condemn—*forbade them, not because it was unnecessary and degrading to renounce the abominable dogmas, but because it was an offence against the church to declare or think them abominable.* No sooner had it become known that such an oath was framed and offered to Roman Catholics, than their ecclesiastical ruler took care to prohibit it. The dignity to whom, at that time, the ecclesiastical concerns of Irish Romanism were entrusted, was Thomas Maria Ghillini, Archbishop of Rhodes, and Papal Legate at Brussels. He was faithful to the court and church which imbibes its morals and religion from such teachers as the councils of Lateran and Constance, and, in the exercise of his

orthodox discretion, he prohibited his Irish subjects from taking the offensive oath, and assigned his reasons for so doing—

“This new oath is reprehensible upon many accounts, and unworthy of Catholic prelates; but it is absolutely *intolerable*, if we consider the declaration *thereto annexed*, namely, that of abominating and detesting from the heart the doctrine which is there declared abominable and pernicious. To your erudition it must be known that this doctrine, *which is asserted to be detestable in the oath, is defended and maintained by most Catholic nations, and has been often followed in practice by the Apostolic See.* IT CANNOT, THEREFORE, UPON ANY ACCOUNT, BE DECLARED DETESTABLE AND ABOMINABLE BY A CATHOLIC, WITHOUT INCURRING BY SUCH DECLARATION THE IMPUTATION OF A PROPOSITION RASH, FALSE, SCANDALOUS, AND INJURIOUS TO THE HOLY SEE.”—*Letter of Ghillini to the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. Sup. to Hib Dom.*

Such is the judgment which Rome, infallible, unchanging Rome, has pronounced, through her accredited organ, on that declaration which we have cited above, and which, notwithstanding the missive in which it was prohibited, some Roman Catholics were not withheld from making. In one particular, Rome and her Irish subjects

foreign countries the most valuable portion of their lives; ‘still he could not see,’ he added, ‘why they refused to their native sovereign that allegiance and fidelity which distinguished their conduct towards the continental monarchs, in whose dominions the Irish Colleges were situated. For his part, he wished the Catholics to enjoy freedom of conscience; but until they were found to renounce the opinions generally entertained by them—opinions which militated against the lives of those whom they termed heretics, the safety of the throne, and the obligation of an oath—he could not so far forget what he owed to the peace and security of the country, as to show them any countenance there. This declaration gave rise to a conversation of some length; in the course of which the noble guest learned the willingness of the Catholics, as stated to him, to afford every proof of temporal allegiance that could be required from subjects; and moreover, their hearty abhorrence of the opinions imputed to them of *holding no faith with heretics*, and of being prepared, *at every intimation* from their religious superiors, to trample under foot the obligation of an oath. These statements were, on his return home, circulated by his lordship among his political friends; and, as the Catholics were daily growing in the good-will of some members of the administration, the subject was very generally and freely canvassed. The late venerable Lord Taaffe, Charles O’Connor, (a man whose name will ever be dear to Ireland), Dr. Curry, Mr. Wyse of Waterford, Mr. R. M’Dermott, and some other gentlemen who acted as a committee for the Catholic body, after consulting with the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, drew up the form of an oath which they professed their willingness and anxiety to take, as an evidence of their loyalty, and of the undivided temporal allegiance which they acknowledge to be due to the monarch. After some consideration on the subject, leave was given in the House of Commons, on the 5th of March, 1774, to bring in the heads of a bill, to enable his majesty’s subjects, of whatever persuasion, to testify their allegiance to him; and it was at the same time resolved, that Mr. Robert French and Sir Lucius O’Brien prepare the same.”—*England’s Life of O’Leary*, p. 55.

in modern times are agreed, namely, in complaining against the declaration in the oath. Reverend and unreverend agitators of this our day have murmured against it, as well as the Nuncio Ghillini. But there is this difference—the moderns object, “because,” they say, “it is insulting to suppose that we do not think it abominable to recommend or tolerate perfidy and intolerance;” their predecessors objected and complained, “because,” they said, “it is scandalous and abominable to say that perfidy and intolerance may not be righteously employed to promote the interests of the church.” Such is one difference. A second is, that moderns have taken the oath which, in the last century, their highest ecclesiastical authority prohibited, and which, indeed, recent occurrences remind us, as we had been taught by Maynooth Professors, the Pope has never approved.

Another passage from the Nuncio's letter will make this matter more intelligible. It thus instructs the Romish Archbishop of Dublin in his duty:—

“You should, from regard to your respectable ministry, forthwith apply with all possible efficacy and prudence, the speediest and fullest remedies for stopping the further progress of so pernicious and scandalous a misregulation; and for recalling those who have already taken such oath to their proper duty, that they may in the meantime repair the scandal they have given, BECAUSE THAT, AS IN OTHER RESPECTS THE OATH IS IN ITS WHOLE EXTENT UNLAWFUL, SO IS IT IN ITS NATURE INVALID, NULL, AND OF NO EFFECT, INASMUCH THAT IT CAN BY NO MEANS BIND AND OBLIGE CONSCIENCES.”

Such is the judgment of Rome, pro-

nounced through her proper official. The oath of allegiance taken by Roman Catholics in Ireland, was in its nature “invalid, null, and of no effect”—it could “by no means bind consciences.” This doctrine of the church, and the consequent duties, Romish Bishops in Ireland were enjoined to teach, during the latter half of the last century. It is thoroughly discreditable to British statesmen, indeed we might borrow from the Roman vocabulary, and pronounce it “scandalous and abominable,” that they have, by their neglect of a warning so significant and so grave, encouraged some of the least honorable of the human race to make a false parade of sentiment, and to affect unconsciousness of those flagitious principles of their church, which, but for a reliance on the indifference or the profound and culpable ignorance of their hearers, they never could have dared to counterfeit.

The letter of Ghillini was, we may believe, not designed for publication, but the secret of it was not preserved. Dr. Burgh, who had proved himself in his writings a fast friend of the Stuart family, and an unflinching partizan of Rome, entertained, on the subject of the oath, opinions conformable to those expressed by the Nuncio, and had maintained them in debate against various ecclesiastics of his church. In his day, as at the present, the Romanism of Ireland wore two faces, and was “double-tongued,” having a voice to soothe the British Government, as well as the voice which exasperates ignorant multitudes, and comforts the court of Rome. There were some ready to satisfy Protestants by an oath,* and there were some who taught, with Ghillini, that that oath

* A few years since, Dillon, the Archbishop of Narbonne, originally of this country, interested himself in behalf of the Papists of Ireland. He endeavoured to engage in their service the leading members of both houses of parliament; and to prepare the way, he prevailed on the Titular Primate to convene a council of the bishops, to devise some mode of giving government the most convincing test of their loyalty.

“An oath of allegiance was agreed to unanimously. But an express abjuration of the Pope's supremacy in temporals being insisted on by the Narbonne party, it was rejected by a third part of the members.

“What makes the decision the more remarkable is, the bishops who voted for a renunciation of the authority of the Pope in temporals, had been all elected out of the secular clergy; whereas those who were against it had been originally regulars, the Pope's body-guards, &c.”—*Campbell's Phil. Surv.* p. 256.

It would seem that the exertions of this papal regiment were not without effect. We are informed by England in his *Life of O'Leary*, “that, after the act of 1774 had passed, “to the friends of toleration it appeared unaccountable, that tardiness and hesitation in taking the oath marked the conduct of many Catholics, who, before the passing of the act of parliament, were apparently sanguine in their support of the measure. Those among the Catholics who kept back from taking the test, stated

ought not to be taken, and if taken, ought not to be observed. The letter of the Nuncio was a matter of too much consequence to be overlooked in the emergencies of such a dispute; and Dr. Burgh, to strengthen his cause, gave it to the public. His *Hibernia Dominicana* had appeared in 1762. He published a supplement ten years after, and in this latter portion of his work, gave insertion to the letter, upon which he lavished most extravagant encomiums. Burgh is, further, said to have been so imprudently candid, as to have sent copies of his work to some of the clergy and bishops in the Established Church, and thus to have challenged attention, as it were, to the doctrine held by Rome on the conflicting obligations which her subjects had incurred when they had sworn allegiance to the house of Brunswick. In this dilemma what were the Roman Catholic bishops and priests to do? Should they suffer their cause to be wrecked by Burgh's unaccommodating temper? Should they, by open censure of him, sacrifice their own estimation at Rome? They adopted a middle course. Notwithstanding the indiscretion and the zeal of Burgh, his works did not cause much alarm to the party in power. It was little regarded or read by Protestants; the Romish prelates would not commend it to their notice. They, or some few of them, agreed upon a *private censure* of the book—a censure which could not prejudice its circulation among Roman Catholics—so long as they only were acquainted with its contents; and which, if Protestants ever acquired a knowledge of its character, and complained of it, could be produced as a sufficient reply to their accusations.

This is not our unauthorised conjecture. We shall quote the evidence

by which it has been suggested. It is the passage in which Bishop Butler, by whom the useful protestation had been framed, explains his purpose in preparing it. The following is from a letter addressed by the most reverend divine to a nobleman of high and well-merited reputation, Lord Viscount Kenmare:—

“But that nothing might be wanting in our power to consign the letter of the Nuncio to eternal oblivion, and that no one of our people might ever be affected by it, we (I mean the Roman Catholic prelates of Munster) in a meeting we held in Thurles, soon after the one near Cork in 1775, passed our decided censure on the *Hibernia Dominicana* and its supplement; which censure we, indeed, at first signified only to our clergy, not thinking it prudent to make known to the people a work of the stamp of the *Hibernia Dominicana*, which, from its being written in Latin, and bearing a title which was not likely to attract the attention even of those who understood that language, would, as I said before, in all probability have remained for ever unknown to them. The original, subscribed by the bishops, I *providentially* kept by me, not knowing but the time might come when some one or other, would, through ignorance, or false zeal, profit of a discovery of the Nuncio's letter, and make use of it as a proper weapon to give what he might think the deadly blow to all our fond hopes of protection and confidence from our fellow subjects. My apprehension of such an event, your lordship sees by Dr. Woodward's letter, was not groundless.”

This was, in all its parts, a characteristic and an instructive transaction. Roman Catholic bishops subscribe to Bishop Burgh's dangerous work—they subscribe also to the disclaimer and condemnation of it. Their subscription to the work is made public—the

as their reason for so doing, certain theological objections against clauses in the oath, which had been pointed out to them *by some respectable friars*, and the public condemnation of a former oath of exactly a like nature, by the Right Rev. Dr. Burke, in his book entitled ‘*Hibernia Dominicana*.’”—*Life of O'Leary*, p. 59.

To overcome the reluctance thus exhibited by Roman Catholics, seven bishops of the province of Munster signed a declaration approving of the oath. For this act of prudence or boldness they were, it would seem, denounced to the Pope, and put upon their defence. They endeavoured to justify themselves by affirming that the dogmas they condemned were not doctrines of faith, but opinions which, although they might be maintained elsewhere, could not be upheld with impunity in England; and by insisting on the difficulty of the circumstances in which they were placed, in consequence of the Whiteboy disturbances, and the suspicions awakened against their religion. We have not a full and satisfactory account of the correspondence in which they made their defence, but it appears certain that the oath they recommended never had the Pope's approbation.

censure and their subscription to it are kept, it would appear, carefully secret. The work which they condemned in secret was approved at Rome. At Rome their names appear in the list of its patrons. In process of time the book thus favored and recommended provokes the severe and just judgment of Protestants in Ireland. Out comes immediately the long charged condemnation, and, as it explodes, the provident prelates cry out to the laggard and unsuspicious Protestants, as if they were to say, "see how far we have gone before you."

But there is deeper wisdom in this procedure. The object which the bishops had at heart in subscribing the condemnation of their brother Burgh's book, was really to neutralise the effect of the Nuncio Ghillini's letter. "To consign" that document "to eternal oblivion," to prevent any "of their people from ever being affected by it," they condemn the *Hibernia Dominicana*; and, lest their condemnation might "make known to the people a work of such a stamp," they prudently censure in profound secrecy, and lock up the paper in which they have recorded their condemnation, so as that no indiscretion shall betray it. In truth, they would charm away the Nuncio's letter, as if it were a wart upon their system. The antidote is carefully hidden, through whose secret operation the offence is to disappear—by what means, the bishops have not thought it necessary to state; but the contrivance they adopted was simply this:—A letter from the Nuncio Archbishop Ghillini appears in print, and causes much uneasiness. Certain Roman Catholic bishops meet in secret, express their opinion of the letter in secret, and take prudent care that the people shall not know what they have done; and through the inexplicable influence of this secret spell, they pretend to quiet the perturbation of the people, and "to consign" a very pernicious published document "to eternal oblivion."

This spell was wrought in secret, because, (the wary prelates intimate through their organ in his letter to Lord Kenmare,) if the people knew of it, the effect would be the opposite of that which it was desirable to produce. The book against which they desired to protect the people, was one with which they were not likely to become

acquainted. The book to be "consigned to eternal oblivion," was already in the dark; and the censure which was to reach and smite it in its obscurity, must be so directed as to escape public notice; because if the people were aware that their prelates had sent it forth, the effect would be that the branded volume would be disinterested as it were from the sepulchre of the dead language, in which it had been still-born, and recommended to the favour of orthodox Roman Catholics by the stamp of episcopal disapprobation. The reasonings which conducted the prelates to this inference and to the conduct it suggested are, no doubt, correct and conclusive; there is nothing erroneous except the statement of fact on which they are founded. The book which they censured because it was bad, but censured secretly and silently because it was written in a language which the people did not understand, was not written in such a language. It was written in Latin, a language better known, perhaps, than English* to the Roman Catholics of Ireland in the middle of the last century. Had the prelates been aware of this fact, their proceedings should have been precisely the opposite of what they were; they should have been direct and open. It is not for us to surmise how they could have been ignorant of a fact so notorious.

But the censure was not altogether a mystery. It was made known to the Roman Catholic clergy, or to some of them. Such a disclosure was proper and necessary, inasmuch as the list of subscribers to the censured volume was composed principally of clerical names. The bishops, therefore, as the book was known to the clergy, made known to them also their censure of it. This was as it should be. It remains only to inquire, if the confidence thus reposed in the priests, was of a nature by which they were likely to profit; if the prelates were as intelligible as they were communicative; if they not only made it plain to the priests that they condemned the *Hibernia Dominicana*, but also taught them to understand the precise nature of the trespass for which the book was censured.

It is clear that the prelates were themselves under no manner of doubt as to the grounds of their condemnation. In censuring Burgh, their desire was to pronounce against Ghillini.

* See By-Ways, c. xi. note p. 92, in our January Number.

This is the avowal of Dr. Butler in his letter to Lord Kenmare. This, accordingly, should be found to be the express object of the condemnation. In the *Hibernia Dominicana* many works of good reputation, many documents of acknowledged authority, had been alluded to and quoted. The censure of Burgh, it is evident, could not involve a censure upon the many orthodox testimonies which he had cited. Least of all, we should suppose, could it be thought to imply a censure upon or a protest against the letter of a Papal Nuncio, to whom the ecclesiastical concerns of Romanism in Ireland were especially entrusted. And, inasmuch as it was to counteract the influence of such a letter, and to put the clergy on their guard against it, that the condemnation of the *Hibernia Dominicana* was designed; it should follow, we think, inevitably, that the bishops would be careful to make their meaning plain, and the object of their censure unequivocal. This is what we should be justified in expecting. Let us see what was done. Here follows the censure :

"Declaration on account of the *Hibernia Dominicana*. A Book, under the title of *Hibernia Dominicana*, having been printed, as appears from its title-page, in the year 1762, and a supplement thereto published in the year 1772, as appears from the title-page thereof, the general uneasiness and alarm which the said book and supplement occasion amongst our people, have put us under the necessity of attentively examining them. We have attentively examined them, and we think it incumbent upon us to express, in the most decisive manner, and with all sincerity, our entire disapprobation of them; because they tend to weaken and subvert that allegiance, fidelity, and submission which we acknowledge ourselves to owe, from duty and from gratitude, to his Majesty King George the Third; because they are likely to disturb the public peace and tranquillity, by raising unnecessary scruples in the minds of our people, and sowing the seeds of dissensions amongst them, in points in which they ought, both from their religion and their interest, to be firmly united. And because they manifestly give a handle to those who differ in religious principles from us, to impute to us maxims that we utterly reject, and that are by no means founded on the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church. For these reasons we consider it as our indispensable duty, not only to manifest, as we hereby do, our own sentiments, but also to inculcate the same, as far as in our power, to those

under our care, but particularly to our clergy, to whom we most earnestly recommend that they be careful and zealous upon all occasions to instruct their flocks in those unfeigned principles of allegiance, fidelity, and attachment to the person and government of our gracious Sovereign, his Majesty King George the Third, which we, conforming ourselves to the doctrine of our holy church, and to the repeated instructions of the supreme pastors thereof, have heretofore constantly enforced, and will always, with God's blessing, continue to enforce by our words and example.

"Given under our hands, in *Thurles*, this 28th day of July, 1775.

JAMES BUTLER,

JAMES KEOGH,

(Titular Bishop of Kildare, then casually at *Thurles*.)

WILLIAM EGAN,

F. MOYLAN,

DANIEL O'KEARNEY,

JOHN BUTLER,

MATHEW M'KENNA."

"A Justification, &c. by Dr. Butler, page 66."

Such is the document from which it was pretended the Roman Catholic priests in Ireland were to learn, that the letter of Archbishop Ghillini contained unsound doctrine. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that it neither conveyed nor suggested any such instruction. The protest intimated that the political sentiments of Burgh were objectionable, and his representations of doctrine exaggerated; but it did not express, and therefore could not reasonably be thought to imply, a censure of any acknowledged authority, to which Burgh had referred in support of his arguments or speculations. Its vagueness, however, had advantages of which Romish controversialists have had no scruple to avail themselves. Inasmuch as the letter of Ghillini was not named, they have argued, when occasion required, not merely that it was not exempt from censure, but that it was the object against which the censure was directly aimed. For the same reason the censure has been held especially applicable, at the convenient season, to the sentiments of Burgh himself. And thus, a censure, which, for its want of distinctness or specification should be accounted inapplicable to any statement or principle, or conclusion maintained or cited by Bishop Burgh, has been held, by reason of that very want, capable of being applied to every passage in the censured work, of which the policy of

the times may require a disclaimer or condemnation. In 1784, Dr. Woodward, Bishop of Cloyne, complained of Ghillini's letter,—the protestation against Burgh, in which the name of that letter, or its writer, was not once mentioned, was alleged as a disclaimer of it. In 1826 the Commissioners of Education Inquiry cited some treasonable passages, of which Burgh himself was the author—the protestation was produced as proof that Romish bishops had condemned them. Again in 1835 the letter of Ghillini was given in evidence before the Orange Committee; and Mr. O'Connell, prudently waiting for the moment when the labours of the Committee were about to close, and when he was safe from detection or reply, produced in defence of his church, the all-accommodating declaration.

It is, perhaps, of little service to offer any comments on the form or expressions of this well used protection. It appears to have served its purpose; and in constructing it, the framers and subscribers were governed, apparently, by the inability of Protestants to detect their sleights of language, as well as by the conviction that they must afford satisfaction to their well-instructed rulers at Rome. The fact, that the censure of the condemned work was not drawn up until thirteen years after the book was published, until three after the supplement, containing Ghillini's letter, was added to a second edition—that when drawn up and signed, it was kept secret from the Roman Catholics of Ireland, and it would seem from Rome, for twelve years longer,—should be held sufficient to denote the purposes for which the long deferred, and long absconding declaration had been constructed; that when forced into light, it should have served its purpose; and, instead of betraying the duplicity of those who employed it, should have turned suspicion from them and reflected a charge of bigotry and intolerance upon their accusers; argues a capacity for belief, and an openness to deception on the part of the Protestants, not altogether consistent with that enterprising hardihood of character in which they are distinguished among the most daring inquirers into truths of reason and revelation. Three several times at least has the craft of disclaimers and protestation been played off; three times it has been played off by the adoption of almost the same artifice; and the credulity of Protes-

tants has not yet been exhausted. Three times, too, the game has been played, or at least commenced, by, we may observe, the same society. A Dominican published the *Hibernia Dominicana*—a Dominican published the *Rheimish Testament*—the book in which, as the *Dublin Review* has instructed us, the text of Scripture was explained with a set purpose to make it preach treachery, and treason, and murder—a Dominican, Dr. Murray, set up as a standard the complete *Theology of Dens*. When Bishop Woodward exposed Burgh, the censure, dormant for twelve years, was summoned to awake. When the British Critic exposed the blasphemous glosses of Dr. Troy's Bible, the precedent of the former censure was, so far as could be, followed, and the publication was disclaimed. And when Robert M'Ghee flashed a light on the enormities of Dens, the practice of the old times was tried again; and although it has not had all the success of former days, it has been successful enough to prove, that the disposition to respect the fallacious and the foulest subterfuges of Romanism, is more prevailing than the willingness to investigate evidence patiently, and deliver an honest verdict.

To return to our proper subject. The Appendix to the Eighth Report of the Commissioners of Irish Education Inquiry contains some information, which afforded, as it has been, by one of the Maynooth professors, or rather produced during his examination, we feel it necessary to lay before our readers.

“Rev. N. Slevin. October, 28, 1826.

“With regard to the work called ‘*Hibernia Dominicana*’ you have stated, that the copy now before the Commissioners is the only perfect copy in the library? I stated that there were two perfect, and two imperfect copies of it in the library.

“The Commissioners have before them a catalogue of Mr. Peel's select Irish library, and there is this statement in it, with respect to the *Hibernia Dominicana*, ‘It is difficult to be proved, as that part of it containing the reign of James II. has been carefully cancelled in most copies;’ are the two copies in the library which you have stated to be imperfect, made so by that part being cancelled relating to the reign of James II.?—Just so.

“Can you tell at what time that cancellation took place?—I do not know when or how that happened; but the copies to be met with are generally imper-

fect, that is, the offensive part of the work, which no doubt was cancelled on that account.

"Is the part of the work that is wanting, that part relating to the reign of James II. ?—Exactly so." App. p. 210.

"Will you be so good as to look at the title-page, and say where the Hibernia Dominicana appears to have been printed?—It appears to have been printed at Cologne in Germany.

"Do you believe it to have been really printed at Cologne?—I heard it was not, but I cannot positively say where it was printed.

"Will you look at the list of subscribers, the Commissioners believe you will find them to be pretty nearly the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland of the day, who were of course resident in Ireland?—The subscribers appear to have been generally Roman Catholic clergymen.

"Where, if not at Cologne, may you have heard, as a matter of conversation, that that book was really printed?—There is some impression on my mind, that I heard it was printed at Kilkenny. I am, in reality, little acquainted with the work.

"To what cause should you attribute it, that a book, really printed at Kilkenny, should assume in the title-page to be printed at Cologne?—I know no other reason, but that the contents might perhaps be offensive to the English government.

"Who was the writer of the book?—The writer, I believe, was the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kilkenny.

"What was his name?—De Burgh.

"At what period did he die?—I do not know his history, further than that I recollect to have heard he was a father of the order of St. Dominick, who studied in Rome, and was, in the presentation of the *Stuart family*, promoted by the Pope to the See of Ossory. It appears that family, even after their deposition, were allowed that privilege by the Holy See.

"Will you look at the supplement to the book, and that will perhaps inform you of the time at which he must have been alive, (*the book was handed to the witness*) upon looking at that supplement have you any difficulty in naming the year at which the writer of it was alive?—This edition might have been given after his death.

"What is the date of it?—1772.

"Does not the author say, in his preface to the supplement, that he had published it originally in 1762, and that he had gone to Rome in 1769?—He does.

"Have you any doubt, after reading at preface, that he was the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory so late as 1769,

or perhaps at a later period?—I have not.

"How does he designate himself in the title-page to the supplement?—By the title of *Episcopum Ossoriensem*, omitting the vowels. E-p-s-a-c-m O-ss-r-n-s-m.

"For what reason do you conceive the vowels omitted?—Perhaps he was afraid at that time to assume that title openly.

"Will you look at page 143 of that work, and mention by what epithets he describes the repeal of the Act of Settlement, and the passing of the Act of Attainder of the Protestants, by the parliament of James?—In the passage referred to, he calls the decrees issued by that parliament 'salubria decreta,' which are thirty-five in number; the eleventh section now before me runs thus, 'Salubria eo in parlamento facta sunt decreta numero triginta quinque quorum principiorum notatu magis digna sunt sequentia.'

"How many does he go on to particularise?—Nine, &c. App. p. 202.

"Is not the sixth of those nine decrees the repeal of the Act of Settlement, and is not the last of them the Act of Attainder of those who had taken the contrary part to King James II. in Ireland?—With regard to the sixth there can be no doubt at all that it is so; with regard to the ninth I believe it is what the question supposes it to be.

"Are not those two statutes, as well as the seven others with which they are connected, termed by the author of that work 'salubria decreta,' and 'notatu magis digna'? They are.

"Does it not appear that the expression 'salubria decreta' would apply to the whole thirty-five acts of parliament; and the expression 'notatu magis digna' to those nine that include two specified in the question?—Just so. The expression seems to apply to all the acts passed in King James's parliament.

"Will you translate the paragraph which immediately follows the enumeration of those nine acts?—These, and twenty-six other decrees, which will be too long to insert, were issued in that assembly of the nation, concerning which, though very just in themselves, while Protestants murmured, the orthodox might oppose the following words of the first book of Macabees, chapter 15, verses 33rd and 34th, videlicet:—"Neither have we taken the land of another, nor do we seize the property of another; but the inheritance of our fathers, which was unjustly possessed for a time by our enemies; but we, having an opportunity, claimed the inheritance of our fathers."—The writer clearly alludes to those Catholics who lived in the time the acts were passed in the year 1687.

"Will you turn to the page 167 of the book, and be so good as to translate the commencement of the seventeenth section, as expressive of the author's opinion of the infallibility of the Pope?—That part of the seventeenth section runs thus: 'And truly, if the Roman Pontiff, who is the head of the church, were not infallible in deciding on questions of faith, the condition of the synagogue would have been better than that of the church; for in the former there was one high priest, who infallibly terminated all controversies that arose concerning the law; consequently a better provision would have been made for the synagogue than for the church, the spouse—better for the shadow than for the body—better for the figure than the thing represented, and the consummation of all the figures—than which nothing can be more absurd. The Pope's infallibility also appears clearer than the noon-day light, from the ancient practice of the church.' This was the private opinion of the writer, *which, of course, he was at liberty to maintain*, but had no right to support as a doctrine of the church." App. p. 203.

From this description of the *Hibernica Dominicana*, a reasonable fair opinion may be formed respecting its

character and purpose. The author appointed to his Bishoprick, by a pretender to the British crown, exerted himself for the advantage of the party, to whom he owed his promotion. In his judgment the king of England was an usurper, who had no just title to the allegiance of the Roman Catholic people, and to whom, resistance, so far as it could prudently be hazarded, was a duty. The book in which these principles of sedition and treason were embodied appeared in the same year in which the loyalty and good faith of Roman Catholics were asserted in the publication of their retained advocate, Mr. Brooke. This "binary constellation" of 1762, one star shining to guide Protestants into a belief that Roman Catholics were loyal, the other sending down its malign influence on Roman Catholics, to confirm them in treason, is no unapt type of the influences by which Ireland has ever since been misgoverned. And by such influences it will continue to be misgoverned, until British Protestants take pains to examine contradictory statements, and to ascertain truth; or until treason has had its final success in the dismemberment of the British empire.

HOURS OF SOLITUDE.—BY WARBECK.

THE VISION.

There is a form, though all unknown, that haunts me through the day,
And in the passing dreams of night, shines brighter far than they;
A witching face that smiles on me, when all around is dark,
A voice, whose tones are sweeter than the carol of the lark.

I marvel whence that vision comes, and why it follows me,
With look so bright and beautiful, like moon-light on the sea;
And step all graceful as a fawn, and noiseless as the wave,
When nothing but the summer breeze is roaming from its cave.

Thou spirit of a living form, why dost thou shine so bright?
Why dost thou come to torture me with dreams of vain delight?
Oh! rather take all joy away, and leave me dark and lone,
Than fill me with such blissful hopes, and mock me when they're flown.

I cannot quench a hidden fire, nor curb my stronger will,
That vision, vain as it may be, is shining round me still;
Here still the eye, as once it beamed, by Mary's holy shrine,
And that fair hand, for which I would give worlds to clasp in mine.

But that, alas! can never be—another claims her hand—
And I—I have no castle-hall, nor vassals to command;
My harp—my tuneless harp—alone is all that's left me here,
Whose chords, that sighing as they ring, are washed by many a tear.

Oh! vision dearest to my heart, and brightest to my eye,
Awake, and ~~show~~ the beauties forth, for love shall never die;
And ~~as~~ ^{ows} with thee, hath mouldered into clay,
Thine, thou shalt not pass away.

NIGHT.

'Tis night—but not the night that hangs
 Around the drooping soul,
 When bent beneath a thousand pangs,
 It seeks its native goal :
 'Tis night—old Nature's loveliest night—
 Where'er mine eye I turn,
 The splendid heavens hail my sight,
 The stars in glory burn.

Bright orbs that shine the skies along,
 For ever undecay'd,
 The sparkling gems of sacred song,
 For earth's Creator made,
 Man cannot find a light like these,
 Imagine what he may.
 Those little twinkling purities,
 Are one eternal ray.

Oh ! soothing 'tis to gaze upon
 Those beauties of the sky,
 And deem ourselves a part of one,
 And that we could not die,
 And dream o'er many a blissful scene,
 And many a precious hour,
 Whose spirit in the past hath been
 As sweet as any flower.

And when the lonely heart is full
 Of such sweet thoughts as those,
 Then comes the feeling beautiful,
 The charmer of repose,
 And thrills the bosom with delight,
 So holy, and so dear,
 That should the stars become less bright,
 They're seen but through a tear.

In such a blessed hour as this,
 Even music's voice were weak,
 To breathe the fullness of its bliss,
 Our tears can only speak ;
 Music may breathe a mighty spell,
 Language like lightning dart,
 But tears—sweet tears—can only tell
 The feelings of the heart.

DESPAIR.

Why slumber now, ye billows ? why so still,
 Ye vengeful tempests ? when this darksome will
 Would have ye sink in earth, or whirl in air
 The form wherein it dwells, through space however drear :
 Here is the bosom, dark and cold,
 Cold as the mountain stream or desert snow ;
 Here is the sorrow it must ne'er unfold,
 The nameless grief, the agony of woe ;
 Here is the worm that gnaws all silently,
 And harrows up reflection ; here the sting
 Of blasted hopes, once shone so brilliantly ;
 And all that passion, all that love can bring,
 Here in this withered heart have found an home ;
 And vainly mortal power may try
 To match with that which dwells on I

And cool the madness of my grief,
 And bring my soul one glad relief :
 These—these are with me still where'er I roam.
 Oh ! 'twas not thus in by-gone years :
 All innocent and gay,
 I nothing knew of doubts and fears,
 To cloud my rising day ;
 The star that led me on to madness
 Had not arisen then,
 My young eye told of nought but gladness,
 Of peace, I'll never feel again :
 Alas ! that star hath risen, and sank,
 And deep my wounded spirit drank
 Of its false rays, till life became
 Absorbed in its misguiding flame ;
 Yet 'twas not evil—no, 'twas pure
 And brilliant—but it faded soon ;
 It shone like glory to allure,
 And when 'twas deemed the most secure,
 It vanished like a fairy boon ;
 And thus I'm left all comfortless,
 All hopeless, all forlorn ;
 I sigh for long-lost happiness,
 And vainly may I sigh and mourn,
 From love, from peace, from rapture torn ;
 From all estranged,
 My very heart is changed,
 And longs all wildly to be borne
 Far on the tempest's wing, or mountain wave,
 That cheer the gloomy soul, but cannot save.

TO MY WIFE.

Soul of my dreams, I gaze on thee,
 And feel the spirit of my mother,
 When o'er my helpless infancy
 She watched with fond fidelity,
 And restless care, that nought could smother.

Joy of the past—the hope—the light
 Of future days of joy or sorrow,
 Of sweets to-day or cares to-morrow :
 Oh ! how my spirit blends with thine,
 As tendrils round the oak entwine ;
 And pure, delicious thoughts of thee,
 Rush from the shrine of inmost feeling,
 The passion of my soul revealing,
 Wakening the full tide of extacy,
 And showing my young heart's emotion,
 Like the wild billow of the ocean,
 As it heaveth to and fro,
 In curls that burst, and brighten as they flow.

Peace to thy happy, smiling face,
 Where heaven has left its brightest grace,
 And planted on thy glowing cheeks—
 The blush of innocence and truth,
 The charm of virtue and of youth,
 Whose native language virtue speaks.

I love to gaze on thee,
 Thy soul's idolatry,
 To part a part of me,
 And be closer to my heart,

And bear thee in my soul's devotion,
 And feel that we shall never part,
 Till my soul hath lost its light—my heart its motion :
 Shine upon my soul for ever,
 Till the hand of death shall sever
 Those sweet bonds of changeless love,
 That the world's power could sunder never,
 And o'er the ruins of the earth we move
 To fairer bowers—to higher joys above.

THE WHITE LADY.

In a garden near the village of Blessington, in the County of Wicklow, there flourishes a large thorn tree, under the shade of which, it is said, a beautiful lady robed in white is seen to stand in the moonlight.

Lady with the pale white brow,
 Against the haunted tree reclining,
 Thy robes are in the moonlight shining.
 Spirit or shadow, what art thou ?
 Tell me, spirit, tell me where
 Dost thou dwell, on earth or in air ?
 Did the moonbeams give thee birth—
 For thou seemest not of earth ?
 That brow so pale, and that robe so white,
 Is hidden by day, but revealed at night.
 Is the sun too bright for thee,
 That its rising makes thee flee ?
 What's yon tree to thee or thine,
 That thine arms so fondly twine
 Round its trunk, as round a lover
 Earthly maid would fondly hover ?
 Sure some object lingers there,
 That thus claims thy tenderest care ;
 That could bring thee from the tomb,
 Thus to watch where flowerets bloom ;
 Sure some ghostly lover's sighs
 Waken all thy sympathies—
 As thy bloodless cheek caressing,
 And thy long white fingers pressing,
 Cheek, and lip, and heart, and eye,
 They are cold, but still reply—
 For such love can never die.

Beautiful thou art, I ween,
 Far too bright for mortal een—
 As the moonbeams round enfold thee,
 How I tremble to behold thee.
 Oh ! that robe of dazzling whiteness,
 Robs my heart of all its brightness—
 For thou art not kindred earth,
 But a spirit without birth ;
 And my pulses wildly flutter
 Lest some spell thy voice should utter,
 That might freeze my throbbing heart—
 Ha ! I leave thee with a start.

TO MY SON.

Oh ! welcome to this glowing breast, my first, my darling boy—
 The sunshine of thy mother's heart—thy father's pride and joy ;
 Oh ! welcome to this world of strife, thou rainbow of our sky,
 That turns to heaven's own joyous smile the tear that dims the eye.

Pure as an angel's kiss of love—without a stain you come,
To be the glory of our name—the comfort of our home ;
Wrapt in thy infant innocence, thy smile can peer through all
The clouds of stern adversity—the big tears as they fall.

Oh ! welcome to thy father's heart—what, what would welcome be,
If, o'er the troubles of this world, he could not welcome thee,
And clasp thee to a parent's heart, with all of nature's feeling,
That in this barren world of care would be of worth revealing ?

Star of my hopes, whose twinkling beam can light me on to dare
And triumph over tyranny, and toil, and grief, and care ;
How abject would my fortune be, though friends around should droop,
If I could not proudly turn to thee, and glory in that hope ?

And thou art part and portion of man's image, when it shone
Before its all-creating Lord, transcendant and alone ;
And thy young spirit is as pure as when the world was young,
And o'er the mountain and the vale celestial music rung.

And like the patriarch of old, whose blessing fell like rain
Upon the parched and withered land, until it smiled again,
So would I bless thee, even thee, if blessing could bring down
One starlit gem to light thy path from heaven's eternal crown.

Star of my hopes ! thine eyes are bright, thy cheeks unwet with tears,
The world to thee is all unknown, its cares, its griefs, its fears ;
Untainted is thy infant heart with earth's deluding guile ;
There's nought but sunshine on thy brow, and beauty in thy smile.

And to the God who gave thee, whose image thou dost bear,
I dedicate thee heart and soul that image still to wear—
To shine through this dark vale of tears, a light, around, above,
The willing servant of thy God—the object of his love.

OLIVER TWIST.*

THE works of Mr. Dickens may be truly said to mark a distinct era in the light literature of the present age. Whatever opinions may be entertained regarding their intrinsic worth, and no doubt these are very various, still the single fact of the disposal of 37,000 copies of each monthly part of *Nicholas Nickleby*, coupled with the favourable reception of the author's other productions, all in the same peculiar style, furnishes an irrefragable proof, that he has succeeded in laying hold of the public mind, and guiding its taste into new and hitherto untried channels of gratification. Thus "*Boz*" has become the popular author of the day, and has, of course, led upon the stage a numerous host of imitators. What may be the duration of his own tenure of sovereignty, or of that of his

dynasty, is, however, another affair. That the latter will be more than ordinarily brief we have little doubt ; and we are obliged to confess our serious fears for the permanency of the former, should Mr. Dickens tempt fate by too frequent demands upon the public favour.

Our reasons for these opinions will probably appear in the course of our remarks upon the most recent production of this gentleman's prolific pen—the work whose title we have prefixed to the present article.

To judge of *Oliver Twist* upon the ordinary rules of criticism, would be in some respects unfair. It has come before the public in a disjointed form, appearing from time to time in a periodical miscellany, and, as might be expected, bears upon its front all the

* *Oliver Twist*; or, the Parish Boy's Progress, by "Boz," in 3 vols. London : R. Bentley, 1838.

faults almost inseparable from such an origin and bringing up. It is, in fact, a jumble of striking scenes, many of them highly graphic, and some containing exquisite touches of nature, but carelessly thrown together, and obviously framed with little regard to mutual dependence or sequence, one upon the other. The plot, if it can be so called, is singularly unskilful, the incidents mostly improbable, and the catastrophe forced and unnatural in the highest degree. Yet, with all these defects, *Oliver Twist* is a work which probably could not come from any other pen than that of Mr. Dickens, and possesses strong and available claims for public support. It shows that its author is endowed in a high degree with that first of qualifications for a writer of fiction—the power of making a faithful transcript upon paper of his own close and accurate observations of nature. The mere power of acutely observing, though indispensable, is of no avail to the novel writer, unless he can re-produce his own impressions upon the mind of his reader, and many totally fail in effecting this object, who can, without difficulty, give in spoken words a lively representation of past occurrences. This constitutes the difference between the story-teller and the tale-writer, and in his possession of this faculty Mr. Dickens, in our opinion, excels—*longo intervallo*—most of his contemporaries.

Our author also displays to a remarkable extent the power of looking beyond the mere surface of character, of which he has in the present volumes, as in all his other works, given proofs, in the extraordinary skill with which he occasionally elicits from the thick darkness of the deepest human baseness and degradation faint sparklings of a better spirit—enough to show that an application to the vilest uses cannot altogether obliterate the originally glorious fabric of our moral nature. But we are not going to weary our readers with an essay upon the genius of "Boz," but rather to make them a little acquainted with its most recent product. We shall allow our author to introduce his hero in his own words :—

" Among other public buildings in a certain town, which for many reasons it will be prudent to refrain from mentioning, and to which I will assign no fictitious name, it boasts of one which is common to most towns, great or small, a workhouse ; and in this work-

house was born, on a day and date which I need not take upon myself to repeat, inasmuch as it can be of no possible consequence to the reader, in this stage of the business at all events, the item of mortality whose name is prefixed to the head of this chapter. For a long time after he was ushered into this world of sorrow and trouble, by the parish surgeon, it remained a matter of considerable doubt whether the child would survive to bear any name at all ; in which case it is somewhat more than probable that these memoirs would never have appeared, or, if they had, being comprised within a couple of pages, that they would have possessed the inestimable merit of being the most concise and faithful specimen of biography extant in the literature of any age or country. Although I am not disposed to maintain that the being born in a workhouse is in itself the most fortunate and enviable circumstance that can possibly befall a human being, I do mean to say that in this particular instance it was the best thing for *Oliver Twist* that could by possibility have occurred. The fact is, that there was considerable difficulty in inducing Oliver to take upon himself the office of respiration,—a troublesome practice, but one which custom has rendered necessary to our easy existence,—and for some time he lay gasping on a little flock mattress, rather unequally poised between this world and the next, the balance being decidedly in favour of the latter. Now, if during this brief period, Oliver had been surrounded by careful grandmothers, anxious aunts, experienced nurses, and doctors of profound wisdom, he would most inevitably and indubitably have been killed in no time. There being nobody by, however, but a pauper old woman, who was rendered rather misty by an unwonted allowance of beer, and a parish surgeon who did such matters by contract, Oliver and nature fought out the point between them. The result was, that after a few struggles, Oliver breathed, sneezed, and proceeded to advertise to the inmates of the workhouse the fact of a new burden having been imposed upon the parish, by setting up as loud a cry as could reasonably have been expected from a male infant who had not been possessed of that very useful appendage, a voice, for a much longer space of time than three minutes and a quarter.

" As Oliver gave this first proof of the free and proper action of his lungs, the patchwork coverlet which was carelessly flung over the iron bedstead, rustled ; the pale face of a young female was raised feebly from the pillow ; and a faint voice imperfectly articulated the words,

" ' Let me see the child and die.'

" The surgeon had been sitting with his face turned towards the fire, giving the palms of his hands a warm and a rub alternately; but as the young woman spoke, he rose, and advancing to the bed's head, said with more kindness than might have been expected of him—

" ' Oh, you must not talk about dying yet.'

" ' Lor bless her dear heart, no!' interposed the nurse, hastily depositing in her pocket a green glass bottle, the contents of which she had been tasting in a corner with evident satisfaction. ' Lor bless her dear heart, when she has lived as long as I have, sir, and had thirteen children of her own, and all on 'em dead except two, and them in the wurkus with me, she'll know better than to take on in that way, bless her dear heart! Think what it is to be a mother, there's a dear young lamb, do.'

" Apparently this consolatory perspective of a mother's prospects failed in producing its due effect. The patient shook her head, and stretched out her hand towards the child.

" The surgeon deposited it in her arms. She imprinted her cold white lips passionately on its forehead, passed her hands over her face, gazed wildly round, shuddered, fell back—and died. They chafed her breast, hands, and temples; but the blood had frozen for ever. They talked of hope and comfort. They had been strangers too long.

" ' It's all over, Mrs. Thingummy,' said the surgeon at last.

" ' Ah, poor dear, so it is!' said the nurse, picking up the cork of the green bottle which had fallen out on the pillow as she stooped to take up the child. ' Poor dear!'

" ' You needn't mind sending up to me, if the child cries, nurse,' said the surgeon, putting on his gloves with great deliberation. ' It's very likely it *will* be troublesome. Give it a little gruel if it is.' He put his hat on, and, pausing by the bed-side on his way to the door, added, ' She was a good-looking girl, too; where did she come from?'

" ' She was brought here last night,' replied the old woman, ' by the overseer's order. She was found lying in the street;—she had walked some distance, for her shoes were worn to pieces; but where she came from, or where she was going to, nobody knows.'

" The surgeon leant over the body, and raised the left hand. ' The old story,' he said, shaking his head: ' no wedding-ring, I see. Ah! good night!'

" The medical gentleman walked away to dinner; and the nurse, having once

more applied herself to the green bottle, sat down on a low chair before the fire, and proceeded to dress the infant.

" And what an excellent example of the power of dress young Oliver Twist was! Wrapped in the blanket which had hitherto formed his only covering, he might have been the child of a nobleman or a beggar;—it would have been hard for the haughtiest stranger to have fixed his station in society. But now that he was enveloped in the old calico robes, which had grown yellow in the same service, he was badged and ticketed, and fell into his place at once—a parish child—the orphan of a workhouse—the humble half-starved drudge—to be cuffed and buffeted through the world, despised by all, and pitied by none.

" Oliver cried lustily. If he could have known that he was an orphan, left to the tender mercies of churchwardens and overseers, perhaps he would have cried the louder."

This chapter brings us acquainted at once with Oliver, and with one of the main objects of his history, which obviously is to furnish an opportunity for satirising the operations of the Poor Law Amendment Act. In pursuance of this design we are shortly introduced to two important parish functionaries, Mr. Bumble, "the parochial beadle," and Mrs. Mann, the farmer of the parish children. The lucubrations and proceedings of these functionaries, as revealed to us by "Boz," will, we have little doubt, be found most serviceable, not only to those of our readers to whose ambition our own New Poor Law is about to open the new and honourable career of guardians to the poor, but also to all professors of political economy and others, (whether male or female,) who may be troubled with anticipations of evil from the contingency of an overgrown population. In due course of time Oliver arrives at his ninth year, when he is removed from "the farm" to the workhouse, and being introduced to the board, receives the following information:—

" ' Well, you have come here to be educated, and taught a useful trade,' said the red-faced gentleman in the high chair.

" ' So you'll begin to pick oakum to-morrow morning at six o'clock,' added the surly one in the white waistcoat.

" For the combination of both these blessings in the one simple process of picking oakum, Oliver bowed low by the direction of the beadle, and was then hurried away to a large ward, where, or

a rough hard bed, he sobbed himself to sleep. What a noble illustration of the tender laws of this favoured country!—they let the paupers go to sleep!

"Poor Oliver! He little thought, as he lay sleeping in happy unconsciousness of all around him, that the board had that very day arrived at a decision which would exercise the most material influence over all his future fortunes. But they had. And this was it:—

"The members of this board were very sage, deep, philosophical men; and when they came to turn their attention to the workhouse, they found out at once, what ordinary folks would never have discovered, the poor people liked it! It was a regular place of public entertainment for the poorer classes,—a tavern where there was nothing to pay,—a public breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper all the year round, a brick and mortar elysium, where it was all play and no work. 'Oho!' said the board, looking very knowing; 'we are the fellows to set this to rights; we'll stop it all in no time.' So they established the rule, that all poor people should have the alternative (for they would compel nobody, not they,) of being starved by a gradual process in the house, or by a quick one out of it. With this view, they contracted with the water-works to lay on an unlimited supply of water, and with a corn-factor to supply periodically small quantities of oat-meal; and issued three meals of thin gruel a-day, with an onion twice a week, and half a roll on Sundays. They made a great many other wise and humane regulations having reference to the ladies, which it is not necessary to repeat; kindly undertook to divorce poor married people, in consequence of the great expense of a suit in Doctors' Commons; and, instead of compelling a man to support his family as they had theretofore done, took his family away from him, and made him a bachelor! There is no telling how many applicants for relief under these last two heads would not have started up in all classes of society, if it had not been coupled with the workhouse. But they were long-headed men, and they had provided for this difficulty. The relief was inseparable from the workhouse and the gruel, and that frightened people.

"For the first six months after Oliver Twist was removed, the system was in full operation. It was rather expensive at first, in consequence of the increase of the undertaker's bill, and the necessity of taking in the clothes of all the paupers, which fluttered loosely on their wasted, shrunken forms, after a week or two's gruel. But the number of workhouse inmates got thin as well as the paupers, and the board were in ecstasies."

We must pass over Oliver's various sufferings and misfortunes in the workhouse, and his narrow escape from being bound apprentice to Mr. Gamfield, for the purpose of learning "a light pleasant trade, in a good 'spectable chimney sweepin' business." At length, after Mr. Bumble has arrived at the conclusion, in concurrence with several members of the board, that Oliver will certainly be hanged, we find him introduced into public life, under the auspices of Mr. Sowerberry, the parish undertaker:—

"'By the by,' said Mr. Bumble, 'you don't know any body who wants a boy, do you—a parochial 'prentis, who is at present a dead-weight—a mill-stone, as I may say—round the parochial throat? Liberal terms, Mr. Sowerberry—liberal terms;'—and, as Mr. Bumble spoke, he raised his cane to the bill above him, and gave three distinct raps upon the words 'five pounds,' which were printed thereon in Roman capitals of gigantic size.

"'Gadso!' said the undertaker, taking Mr. Bumble by the gilt-edged lapel of his official coat; 'that's just the very thing I wanted to speak to you about. You know—dear me, what a very elegant button this is, Mr. Bumble; I never noticed it before.'

"'Yes, I think it is rather pretty,' said the beadle, glancing proudly downwards at the large brass buttons which embellished his coat. 'The die is the same as the parochial seal—the good Samaritan healing the sick and bruised man. The board presented it to me on New-year's morning, Mr. Sowerberry. I put it on, I remember, for the first time, to attend the inquest on that reduced tradesman who died in a door-way at midnight.'

"'I recollect,' said the undertaker. 'The jury brought in, died from exposure to the cold, and want of the common necessities of life—didn't they?'

"Mr. Bumble nodded.

"'And they made it a special verdict, I think,' said the undertaker, 'by adding some words to the effect, that if the relieving officer had —'

"'Tush—foolery!' interposed the beadle angrily. 'If the board attended to all the nonsense that ignorant jurymen talk, they'd have enough to do.'

"'Very true,' said the undertaker; 'they would indeed.'

"'Juries,' said Mr. Bumble, grasping his cane tightly, as was his wont when working into a passion—'juries is inadmitted, vulgar, grovelling wretches.'

"'So they are,' says the undertaker.

"'They haven't no more philosophy nor political economy about 'em than that,' said the beadle, snapping his fingers contemptuously.

"'No more they have,' acquiesced the undertaker.

"'I despise 'em,' said the beadle, growing very red in the face.

"'So do I,' rejoined the undertaker.

"'And I only wish we'd a jury of the independent sort in the house for a week or two,' said the beadle; 'the rules and regulations of the board would soon bring their spirit down for them.'

"'Let 'em alone for that,' replied the undertaker. So saying, he smiled approvingly to calm the rising wrath of the indignant parish officer.

"'Mr. Bumble lifted off his cocked hat, took a handkerchief from the inside of the crown, wiped from his forehead the perspiration which his rage had engendered, fixed the cocked hat on again; and, turning to the undertaker, said in a calmer voice,

"'Well; what about the boy?'

"'Oh!' replied the undertaker; 'why, you know, Mr. Bumble, I pay a good deal towards the poor's rates.'

"'Hem!' said Mr. Bumble. 'Well?'

"'Well,' replied the undertaker, 'I was thinking that if I pay so much towards 'em, I've a right to get as much out of 'em as I can, Mr. Bumble; and so—and so—I think I'll take the boy myself.'"

At Mr. Sowerberry's Oliver becomes acquainted with Mr. Noah Claypole, his fellow apprentice:

"'Noah was a charity-boy, but not a work-house orphan. No chance-child was he, for he could trace his genealogy all the way back to his parents, who lived hard by; his mother being a washer-woman, and his father a drunken soldier, discharged with a wooden leg and a diurnal pension of twopence-halfpenny and an unstateable fraction. The shop-boys in the neighbourhood had long been in the habit of branding Noah in the public streets with the ignominious epithets of 'leathers,' 'charity,' and the like; and Noah had borne them without reply. But now that fortune had cast in his way a nameless orphan, at whom even the meanest could point the finger of scorn, he retorted on him with interest. This affords charming food for contemplation. It shows us what a beautiful thing human nature sometimes is, and how impartially the same amiable qualities are developed in the finest lord and the dirtiest charity-boy."

After some time Oliver is promoted to the rank of mute for "children's practice," and makes his debut upon the occasion of a parochial funeral, the details of which, frightfully true to nature as they are, abundantly show that our

author's capacity for observation has not been exercised merely upon what is ludicrous in humanity. The persecutions of the charity boy at length rouse Oliver into action; and after threshing his coadjutor, and getting himself in turn drubbed by Mr. Sowerberry, he finally adopts the *ultima ratio* of parish apprentices and runs away. His destination is, of course, London, where he arrives upon the seventh evening of his flight, under the patronage of Mr. John Dawkins, *alias* "the artful Dodger," whose description we must permit our author to give in his own words:

"The boy who addressed this inquiry to the young wayfarer was about his own age, but one of the queerest-looking boys that Oliver had ever seen. He was a snub-nosed, flat-browed, common-faced boy enough, and as dirty a juvenile as one would wish to see; but he had about him all the airs and manners of a man. He was short of his age, with rather bow legs, and little sharp ugly eyes. His hat was stuck on the top of his head so slightly that it threatened to fall off every moment, and would have done so very often if the wearer had not had a knack of every now and then giving his head a twitch, which brought it back to its old place again. He wore a man's coat, which reached nearly to his heels. He had turned the cuffs back halfway up his arm to get his hands out of the sleeves, apparently with the ultimate view of thrusting them into the pockets of his corduroy trousers, for there he kept them. He was altogether as roystering and swagging a young gentleman as ever stood four feet six, or something less, in his bluchers."

By this respectable young gentleman Oliver is introduced to Fagin, a sort of Jew Jonathan Wild, in whose gang he is forthwith enrolled, and placed under a system of education in the noble art of pocket-picking. He is, in due course, taken out by his friend the Dodger for practical instruction, being all the time ignorant of the exact nature of the career of industry upon which he is about to enter. He is, however, not suffered to remain long in ignorance. His companion picks an old gentleman's pocket: Oliver, in the extremity of his terror and astonishment runs away, is knocked down, taken, and brought to the police office. He is acquitted of the charge of pocket-picking and compassionately taken by Mr. Brownlow (the old gentleman who had been robbed) to his house, where

he is laid up with fever, and is carefully nursed until he recovers. We must make room for the following long extract, as giving an account of the manner in which his misfortune was thought of at his late residence, and also as introducing the reader to several of the *dramatis personæ* of the story :

" 'Why, how's this?' muttered the Jew, changing countenance; 'only two of 'em! Where's the third? They can't have got into trouble. Hark!'

"The footsteps approached nearer; they reached the landing, the door was slowly opened, and the Dodger and Charley Bates entered and closed it behind them.

" 'Where's Oliver?' said the furious Jew, rising with a menacing look: 'where's the boy?'

"The young thieves eyed their preceptor as if they were alarmed at his violence, and looked uneasily at each other, but made no reply.

" 'What's become of the boy?' said the Jew, seizing the Dodger tightly by the collar, and threatening him with horrid imprecations. 'Speak out, or I'll throttle you!'

"Mr. Fagin looked so very much in earnest, that Charley Bates, who deemed it prudent in all cases to be on the safe side, and conceived it by no means improbable that it might be his turn to be throttled second, dropped upon his knees, and raised a loud, well-sustained, and continuous roar, something between an insane bull and a speaking-trumpet.

" 'Will you speak?' thundered the Jew, shaking the Dodger so much that his keeping in the big coat at all seemed perfectly miraculous.

" 'Why, the traps have got him, and that's all about it,' said the Dodger sullenly. 'Come, let go o' me, will you!' and, swinging himself at one jerk clean out of the big coat, which he left in the Jew's hands, the Dodger snatched up the toasting-fork and made a pass at the merry old gentleman's waistcoat, which, if it had taken effect, would have let a little more merriment out than could have been easily replaced in a month or two.

"The Jew stepped back in this emergency with more agility than could have been anticipated in a man of his apparent decrepitude, and, seizing up the pot, prepared to hurl it at his assailant's head. But Charley Bates at this moment calling his attention by a perfectly terrific howl, he suddenly altered its destination, and flung it full at that young gentleman.

" 'Why, what the blazes is in the wind now!' growled a deep voice. 'Who

pitched that 'ere at me? It's well it's the beer, and not the pot, as hit me, or I'd have settled somebody. I might have know'd, as nobody but an infernal, rich, plundering, thundering old Jew could afford to throw away any drink but water, and not that, unless he done the River company every quarter. Wot's it all about, Fagin? D—me, if my neck-anker he an't lined with beer. Come in, you sneaking warmint; wot are you stopping outside for, as if you was ashamed of your master. Come in!'

"The man who growled out these words was a stoutly-built fellow of about five-and-thirty, in a black velvet coat, very soiled drab breeches, lace-up half-boots, and grey cotton stockings, which enclosed a very bulky pair of legs, with large swelling calves,—the kind of legs which in such costume always look in an unfinished and incomplete state without a set of fetters to garnish them. He had a brown hat on his head, and a dirty belcher handkerchief round his neck, with the long frayed ends of which he smeared the beer from his face as he spoke: disclosing, when he had done so, a broad heavy countenance with a beard of three days' growth, and two scowling eyes, one of which displayed various parti-coloured symptoms of having been recently damaged by a blow.

" 'Come in, d'ye hear?' growled this engaging-looking ruffian. A white shaggy dog, with his face scratched and torn in twenty different places, skulked into the room.

" 'Why didn't you come in afore?' said the man. 'You're getting too proud to own me afore company, are you? Lie down!'

"This command was accompanied with a kick which sent the animal to the other end of the room. He appeared well used to it, however; for he coiled himself up in a corner very quietly, without uttering a sound, and, winking his very ill-looking eyes about twenty times in a minute, appeared to occupy himself in taking a survey of the apartment.

" 'What are you up to? Ill-treating the boys, you covetous, avaricious in-satiable old fence?' said the man, seating himself deliberately. 'I wonder they don't murder you; I would if I was them. If I'd been your 'prentice, I'd have done it long ago; and—no, I couldn't have sold you afterwards, though; for you're fit for nothing but keeping as a curiosity of ugliness in a glass bottle, and I suppose they don't blow them large enough.'

" 'Hush! hush! Mr. Sikes,' said the Jew, trembling; 'don't speak so loud.'

" 'None of your mistering,' replied the

ruffian; 'you always mean mischief when you come that. You know my name: out with it. I shan't disgrace it when the time comes.'

"Well, well, then—Bill Sikes,' said the Jew with abject humility. 'You seem out of humour, Bill.'

"Perhaps I am," replied Sikes. 'I should think you were rather out of sorts too, unless you mean as little harm when you throw pewter pots about, as you do when you blab and ——'

"Are you mad?" said the Jew, catching the man by the sleeve, and pointing towards the boys.

"Mr. Sikes contented himself with tying an imaginary knot under his left ear, and jerking his head over on the right shoulder; a piece of dumb show which the Jew appeared to understand perfectly. He then in cant terms, with which his whole conversation was plentifully besprinkled, but which would be quite unintelligible if they were recorded here, demanded a glass of liquor.

"And mind you don't poison it," said Mr. Sikes, laying his hat upon the table.

"This was said in jest; but if the speaker could have seen the evil leer with which the Jew bit his pale lip as he turned round to the cupboard, he might have thought the caution not wholly unnecessary, or the wish (at all events,) to improve upon the distiller's ingenuity not very far from the old gentleman's merry heart.

"After swallowing two or three glassfuls of spirits, Mr. Sikes condescended to take some notice of the young gentlemen; which gracious act led to a conversation in which the cause and manner of Oliver's capture were circumstantially detailed, with such alterations and improvements on the truth as to the Dodger appeared most advisable under the circumstances.

"I'm afraid," said the Jew, 'that he may say something which will get us into trouble.'

"That's very likely," returned Sikes with a malicious grin. 'You're blowed upon, Fagin.'

"And I'm afraid, you see," added the Jew, speaking as if he had not noticed the interruption, and regarding the other closely as he did so,—'I'm afraid that, if the game was up with us, it might be up with a good many more; and that it would come out rather worse for you than it would for me, my dear.'

"The man started, and turned fiercely round upon the Jew; but the old gentleman's shoulders were shrugged up to his ears, and his eyes were vacantly staring on the opposite wall.

"There was a long pause. Every

member of the respectable coterie appeared plunged in his own reflections, not excepting the dog, who by a certain malicious licking of his lips seemed to be meditating an attack upon the legs of the first gentleman or lady he might encounter in the streets when he went out.

"Somebody must find out what's been done at the office," said Mr. Sikes in a much lower tone than he had taken since he came in.

"The Jew nodded assent.

"If he hasn't peached, and is committed, there's no fear till he comes out again," said Mr. Sikes, 'and then he must be taken care on. You must get hold of him, somehow.'

"Again the Jew nodded.

"The prudence of this line of action, indeed, was obvious, but unfortunately there was one very strong objection to its being adopted; and this was, that the Dodger, and Charley Bates, and Fagin, and Mr. William Sikes, happened one and all to entertain a most violent and deeply-rooted antipathy to going near a police-office on any ground or pretext whatever.

"How long they might have sat and looked at each other in a state of uncertainty not the most pleasant of its kind, it is difficult to say. It is not necessary to make any guesses on the subject, however; for the sudden entrance of the two young ladies whom Oliver had seen on a former occasion caused the conversation to flow afresh.

"The very thing!" said the Jew. 'Bet will go; won't you, my dear?'

"Where?" inquired the young lady.

"Only just up to the office, my dear," said the Jew coaxingly.

"It is due to the young lady to say that she did not positively affirm that she would not, but that she merely expressed an emphatic and earnest desire to be 'blessed' if she would; a polite and delicate evasion of the request, which shows the young lady to have been possessed of that natural good-breeding which cannot bear to inflict upon a fellow-creature the pain of a direct and pointed refusal.

"The Jew's countenance fell, and he turned from this young lady, who was gaily, not to say gorgeously attired, in a red gown, green boots, and yellow curl-papers, to the other female.

"Nancy, my dear," said the Jew in a soothing manner, 'what do you say?'

"That it won't do; so it's no use a-trying it on, Fagin," replied Nancy.

"What do you mean by that?" said Mr. Sikes, looking up in a surly manner.

"What I say, Bill," replied the lady collectedly.

"Why, you're just the very person for it," reasoned Mr. Sikes: "nobody about here knows any thing of you."

"And as I don't want 'em to, neither," replied Nancy in the same composed manner, "it's rather more no than yes with me, Bill."

"She'll go, Fagin," said Sikes.

"No, she won't, Fagin," bawled Nancy.

"Yes, she will, Fagin," said Sikes.

"And Mr. Sikes was right. By dint of alternate threats, promises, and bribes, the female in question was ultimately prevailed upon to undertake the commission. She was not indeed withheld by the same considerations as her agreeable friend, for having very recently removed into the neighbourhood of Field-lane from the remote but genteel suburb of Radcliffe, she was not under the same apprehension of being recognised by any of her numerous acquaintance.

"Accordingly, with a clean white apron tied over her gown, and her curl papers tucked up under a straw bonnet,—both articles of dress being provided from the Jew's inexhaustible stock,—Miss Nancy prepared to issue forth on her errand.

"Stop a minute, my dear," said the Jew, producing a little covered basket. "Carry that in one hand; it looks more respectable, my dear."

"Give her a door-key to carry in her t'other one, Fagin," said Sikes; "it looks real and genivine like."

"Yes, yes, my dear, so it does," said the Jew, hanging a large street-door key on the fore-finger of the young lady's right hand. "There; very good,—very good indeed, my dear," said the Jew, rubbing his hands.

"Oh, my brother! my poor, dear, sweet, innocent little brother!" exclaimed Nancy, bursting into tears, and wringing the little basket and the street-door key in an agony of distress. "What has become of him!—where have they taken him to! Oh, do have pity, and tell me what's been done with the dear boy, gentlemen; do, gentlemen, if you please, gentlemen."

"Having uttered these words in a most lamentable and heart-broken tone, to the immeasurable delight of her hearers, Miss Nancy paused, winked to the company, nodded smilingly round, and disappeared.

"Ah! she's a clever girl, my dears," said the Jew, turning round to his young friends, and shaking his head gravely, as if in mute admonition to them to follow the bright example they had just beheld.

"She's an honour to her sex," said Mr. Sikes, filling his glass, and smiting the table with his enormous fist. "Here's

her health, and wishing they was all like her!"

Of course Nancy succeeds in entrapping Oliver, and bringing him back to the Jew's; a service of which, however, she repents, when she finds that he is likely to receive a rough reception. It is upon this point (the revival of a long forgotten natural feeling in the girl,) that the whole interest of the plot turns. The whole scene is admirable, and fully justifies all that was said of Mr. Dickens' talent:—

"Keep back the dog, Bill!" cried Nancy, springing before the door, and closing it as the Jew and his two pupils darted out in pursuit; "keep back the dog; he'll tear the boy to pieces."

"Serve him right!" cried Sikes, struggling to disengage himself from the girl's grasp. "Stand off from me, or I'll split your skull against the wall."

"I don't care for that, Bill; I don't care for that," screamed the girl, struggling violently with the man; "the child shan't be torn down by the dog, unless you kill me first."

"Shan't he!" said Sikes, setting his teeth fiercely. "I'll soon do that, if you don't keep off."

"The house-breaker flung the girl from him to the further end of the room, just as the Jew and the two boys returned, dragging Oliver among them.

"What's the matter here?" said the Jew, looking round.

"The girl's gone mad, I think," replied Sikes, savagely.

"No, she hasn't," said Nancy, pale and breathless from the scuffle; "no, she hasn't, Fagin: don't think it."

"Then keep quiet, will you?" said the Jew, with a threatening look.

"No, I won't do that, neither," replied Nancy, speaking very loud. "Come, what do you think of that?"

"Mr. Fagin was sufficiently well acquainted with the manners and customs of that particular species of humanity to which Nancy belonged, to feel tolerably certain that it would be rather unsafe to prolong any conversation with her at present. With the view of diverting the attention of the company, he turned to Oliver.

"So you wanted to get away, my dear, did you?" said the Jew, taking up a jagged and knotted club which lay in a corner of the fire-place; "eh?"

Oliver made no reply, but he watched the Jew's motions and breathed quickly.

"Wanted to get assistance—called for the police, did you?" sneered the Jew, catching the boy by the arm. "We'll cure you of that, my young master."

"The Jew inflicted a smart blow on Oliver's shoulders with the club, and was raising it for a second, when the girl, rushing forward, wrested it from his hand, and flung it into the fire with a force that brought some of the glowing coals whirling out into the room.

"I won't stand by and see it done, Fagin," cried the girl. "You've got the boy, and what more would you have? Let him be—let him be, or I shall put that mark on some of you, that will bring me to the gallows before my time."

"The girl stamped her foot violently on the floor as she vented this threat; and with her lips compressed, and her hands clenched, looked alternately at the Jew and the other robber—her face quite colourless from the passion and rage into which she had gradually worked herself.

"Why, Nancy," said the Jew in a soothing tone, after a pause, during which he and Mr. Sikes had stared at one another in a disconcerted manner, "you—you're more clever than ever to-night. Ha! ha! my dear, you are acting beautifully."

"Am I?" said the girl. "Take care I don't overdo it: you will be the worse for it, Fagin, if I do; and so I tell you in good time to keep clear of me."

"There is something about a roused woman, especially if she add to all her other strong passions the fierce impulses of recklessness and despair, which few men like to provoke. The Jew saw that it would be hopeless to affect any further mistake regarding the reality of Miss Nancy's rage; and, shrinking involuntarily back a few paces, cast a glance, half-imploping and half-cowardly, at Sikes, as if to hint that he was the fittest person to pursue the dialogue.

"Mr. Sikes thus mutely appealed to, and possibly feeling his personal pride and influence interested in the immediate reduction of Miss Nancy to reason, gave utterance to about a couple of score of curses and threats, the rapid production of which reflected great credit on the fertility of his invention. As they produced no visible effect on the object against whom they were discharged, however, he resorted to more tangible arguments.

"What do you mean by this?" said Sikes, backing the inquiry with a very common imprecation concerning the most beautiful of human features, which, if it were heard above, only once out of every fifty thousand times it is uttered below, would render blindness as common a disorder as measles; "what do you mean by it? Burn my body!—do you know who you are, and what you are?"

"Oh, yes, I know all about it," replied the girl, laughing hysterically, and shaking

her head from side to side with a poor assumption of indifference.

"Well, then, keep quiet," rejoined Sikes with a growl like that he was accustomed to use when addressing his dog, "or I'll quiet you for good long time to come."

"The girl laughed again, even less composedly than before, and, darting a hasty look at Sikes, turned her face aside, and bit her lip till the blood came.

"You're a nice one," added Sikes, as he surveyed her with a contemptuous air, "to take up the humane and genteel side! A pretty subject for the child, as you call him, to make a friend of!"

"God Almighty help me, I am!" cried the girl passionately; "and I wish I had been struck dead in the street, or changed places with them we passed so near to-night, before I had lent a hand in bringing him here. He's a thief, a liar, a devil, all that's bad from this night forth. Isn't that enough for the old wretch without blows?"

"Come, come, Sikes," said the Jew appealing to him in a remonstratory tone, and motioning towards the boys, who were eagerly attentive to all that passed; "we must have civil words,—civil words, Bill."

"Civil words," cried the girl, whose passion was frightful to see. "Civil words, you villain! Yes; you deserve 'em from me. I thieved for you when I was a child not half as old as this (pointing to Oliver). I have been in the same trade, and in the same service, for twelve years since. Don't you know it? Speak out!—don't you know it?"

"Well, well," replied the Jew, with an attempt at pacification; "and, if you have, it's your living!"

"Aye, it is!" returned the girl: not speaking, but pouring out the words in one continuous and vehement scream. "It is my living, and the cold, wet, dirty streets are my home; and you're the wretch that drove me to them long ago, and that'll keep me there day and night, day and night, till I die!"

"I shall do you a mischief!" interposed the Jew, goaded by these reproaches; "a mischief worse than that, if you say much more!"

"The girl said nothing more; but tearing her hair and dress in a transport of phrenzy, made such a rush at the Jew as would probably have left signal marks of her revenge upon him, had not her wrists been seized by Sykes at the right moment, upon which she made a few ineffectual struggles, and fainted.

"She's all right now," said Sikes, laying her down in a corner. "She's uncon-

mon strong in the arms when she's up in this way.'

"The Jew wiped his forehead, and smiled, as if it were a relief to have the disturbance over; but neither he nor Sikes, nor the dog, nor the boys, seemed to consider it in any other light than a common occurrence incidental to business."

" 'It's the worst of having to do with women,' said the Jew, replacing the club; 'but they're clever, and we can't get on in our line without 'em.—Charley, show Oliver to bed.' "

Oliver remains in durance at the Jew's, until his services are required by Sikes and flash Toby Crackit, in order to aid them in robbing a house at Chertsey. He is again, for a time, entrusted to the care of Nancy, who is an *amie* of Sikes', and again excites her compassion. She can not, however, help him, and he is brought upon the house-breaking expedition; put through a window pane; wounded by a pistol-shot, and taken. Luckily for him, he falls into the hands of an amiable old lady, Mrs. Maylie, and her still more amiable niece, Rose, who, without further ceremony, take into their confidence the housebreaker's boy, the confessed comrade of thieves and pick-pockets; admit him to their table, and even persuade their domestics to call him *Master Oliver*. Is not this rather an overstepping of the legitimate licence of novel-writers, Mr. Dickens? But this is not all. The workhouse orphan takes to be a gentleman with equal precipitancy, and, in a few days, is found enacting the part with marvellous propriety. In the early part of the narrative, we were disposed to admire a little at the philosophic temper, and precocious spirit of the boy of ten years' old, but we remembered the saying, (we believe of Charles Lamb,) that the offspring of the poor are never children, and we reconciled ourselves to Oliver's extraordinary wisdom by the unquestionable correctness of that acute remark. Misery and privation are, no doubt, excellent teachers; but it is rather too much to expect that they can, of themselves, wipe out the marks of the workhouse and the kennel.

But we have made up our minds not to be severe upon Mr. Dickens, and while Oliver remains with his kind friends we shall return with our author to scenes in which he is always amusing and always true to nature. Mrs.

Corney, the matron of the parish workhouse, *loquitur*.

" 'Oh, come in with you!' said Mrs. Corney, sharply. 'Some of the old women dying, I suppose;—they always die when I'm at meals. Don't stand there, letting the cold air in, don't. What's amiss now, eh?' "

" 'Nothing, ma'am, nothing,' replied a man's voice.

" 'Dear me!' exclaimed the matron in a much sweeter tone, "is that Mr. Bumble?"

" 'At your service, ma'am,' said Mr. Bumble, who had been stopping outside to rub his shoes clean, and shake the snow off his coat, and who now made his appearance, bearing the cocked-hat in one hand and a bundle in the other. 'Shall I shut the door ma'am?' "

"The lady modestly hesitated to reply, lest there should be any impropriety in holding an interview with Mr. Bumble with closed doors. Mr. Bumble, taking advantage of the hesitation, and being very cold himself, shut it without further permission.

" 'Hard weather, Mr. Bumble,' said the matron.

" 'Hard, indeed, ma'am,' replied the beadle. 'Anti-porochial weather this, ma'am. We have given away, Mrs. Corney,—we have given away a matter of twenty quartern loaves and a cheese and a half, this very blessed afternoon; and yet them paupers are not contented.' "

" 'Of course not. When would they be, Mr. Bumble?' said the matron, sipping her tea.

" 'When, indeed, ma'am,' rejoined Mr. Bumble. 'Why, here's one man that, in consideration of his wife and large family, has a quartern loaf and a good pound of cheese, full weight. Is he grateful, ma'am,—is he grateful? Not a copper farthing's worth of it! What does he do, ma'am, but ask for a few coals, if it's only a pocket-handkerchief full, he says! Coals!—what would he do with coals?—Toast his cheese with 'em, and then come back for more. That's the way with these people, ma'am;—give 'em a apron full of coals to-day, and they'll come back for another the day after to-morrow, as brazen as alabaster.' "

"The matron expressed her entire concurrence in this intelligible simile, and the beadle went on.

" 'I never,' said Mr. Bumble, 'see any thing like the pitch it's got to. The day afore yesterday, a man—you have been a married woman, ma'am, and I may mention it to you—a man, with hardly a rag upon his back (here Mrs. Corney looked at the floor), goes to our over-

seer's door when he has got company coming to dinner, and says he must be relieved, Mrs. Corney. As he wouldn't go away, and shocked the company very much, our overseer sent him out a pound of potatoes and half a pint of oatmeal. 'My God!' says the ungrateful villain, 'What's the use of this to me? You might as well give me a pair of iron spectacles'—'very good,' says our overseer, taking 'em away again, 'you won't get any thing else here.'—'Then I'll die in the streets!' says the vagrant.—'Oh no, you won't,' says our overseer.

"Ha! ha!—that was very good!—so like Mr. Grannet, wasn't it?" interposed the matron. 'Well, Mr. Bumble?'

"Well, ma'am," rejoined the beadle, 'he went away and *did* die in the streets. There's a obstinate pauper for you!'

"It beats any thing I could have believed," observed the matron emphatically. 'But don't you thing out-of-door relief a very bad thing any way, Mr. Bumble? You're a gentleman of experience, and ought to know. Come.'

"Mrs. Corney," said the beadle, smiling as men smile who are conscious of superior information, 'out-of-door relief, properly managed,—properly managed, ma'am,—is the parochial safeguard. The great principle of out-of-door relief is to give the paupers exactly what they don't want, and then they get tired of coming.'

"Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Corney. 'Well, that is a good one, too!'

"Yea. Betwixt you and me, ma'am," returned Mr. Bumble, 'that's the great principle; and that's the reason why, if you look at any cases that get into them odacious newspapers, you'll always observe that sick families have been relieved with slices of cheese. That's the rule now, Mrs. Corney, all over the country.—But, however,' said the beadle, stooping to unpack his bundle, 'these are official secrets ma'am; not to be spoken of except, as I may say, among the parochial officers such as ourselves. This is the port wine, ma'am, that the board ordered for the infirmary,—real fresh genuine port wine, only out of the cask this afternoon,—clear as a bell, and no sediment.'

"Having held the first bottle up to the light, and shaken it well to test its excellence, Mr. Bumble placed them both on the top of a chest of drawers, 'folded the handkerchief in which they had been wrapped, put it carefully in his pocket, and took up his hat as if to go.

"You'll have a very cold walk, Mr. Bumble," said the matron.

"It blows ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble, turning up his coat-collar, 'enough to cut one's ears off.'

"The matron looked from the little kettle to the beadle who was moving towards the door, and as the beadle coughed, preparatory to bidding her good night, bashfully inquired whether—whether he wouldn't take a cup of tea?

"Mr. Bumble instantaneously turned back his collar again, laid his hat and stick upon a chair, and drew another chair up to the table. As he slowly seated himself, he looked at the lady. She fixed her eyes upon the little tea pot. Mr. Bumble coughed again, and slightly smiled.

"Mrs. Corney rose to get another cup and saucer from the closet. As she sat down, her eyes once again encountered those of the gallant beadle; she coloured, and applied herself to the task of making his tea. Again Mr. Bumble coughed,—louder this time than he had coughed yet.

"Sweet? Mr. Bumble," inquired the matron, taking up the sugar-basin.

"Very sweet, indeed, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble. He fixed his eyes on Mrs. Corney as he said this; and, if ever a beadle looked tender, Mr. Bumble was that beadle at that moment.

"The tea was made, and handed in silence. Mr. Bumble, having spread a handkerchief over his knees to prevent the crumbs from sullyng the splendour of his shorts, began to eat and drink; varying these amusements occasionally by fetching a deep sigh, which, however, had no injurious effect upon his appetite, but on the contrary rather seemed to facilitate his operations in the tea and toast department.

"You have a cat, ma'am, I see," said Mr. Bumble, glancing at one, who in the centre of her family was basking before the fire, 'and kittens too, I declare!'

"I am so fond of them, Mr. Bumble, you can't think," replied the matron. 'They're so happy, so frolicksome, and so cheerful, that they are quite companions for me.'

"Very nice animals, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble approvingly; 'so very domestic.'

"Oh, yes!" rejoined the matron with enthusiasm; 'so fond of their home too, that it's quite a pleasure, I'm sure.'

"Mrs. Corney, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble slowly, and marking the time with his tea-spoon, 'I mean to say this, ma'am, that any cat or kitten that could live with you, ma'am, and *not* be fond of it's home, must be a ass, ma'am.'

"Oh, Mr. Bumble!" remonstrated Mrs. Corney.

"It's no use disguising facts, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, slowly flourishing the teaspoon with a kind of amorous dignity

that made him doubly impressive; 'I would drown it myself with pleasure.'

"Then you're a cruel man," said the matron vivaciously, as she held out her hand for the beadle's cup, 'and a very hard-hearted man besides.'

"Hard-hearted, ma'am!" said Mr. Bumble, 'hard!' Mr. Bumble resigned his cup without another word, squeezed Mrs. Corney's little finger as she took it, and inflicting two open-handed slaps upon his laced waistcoat gave a mighty sigh, and hitched his chair a very little morsel farther from the fire.

"It was a round table; and as Mrs. Corney and Mr. Bumble had been sitting opposite each other, with no great space between them, and fronting the fire, it will be seen that Mr. Bumble, in receding from the fire, and still keeping at the table, increased the distance between himself and Mrs. Corney; which proceeding some prudent readers will doubtless be disposed to admire, and to consider an act of great heroism on Mr. Bumble's part, he being in some sort tempted by time, place, and opportunity to give utterance to certain soft nothings, which, however well they may become the lips of the light and thoughtless, do seem immeasurably beneath the dignity of judges of the land, members of parliament, ministers of state, lord-mayors, and other great public functionaries, but more particularly beneath the stateliness and gravity of a beadle, who (as is well known) should be the sternest and most inflexible among them all.

"Whatever were Mr. Bumble's intentions, however,—and no doubt they were of the best,—whatever they were, it unfortunately happened, as has been twice before remarked, that the table was a round one; consequently Mr. Bumble, moving his chair by little and little, soon began to diminish the distance between himself and the matron, and, continuing to travel round the outer edge of the circle, brought his chair in time close to that in which the matron was seated. Indeed, the two chairs touched; and when they did so, Mr. Bumble stopped.

"Now, if the matron had moved her chair to the right, she would have been scorched by the fire, and if to the left she must have fallen into Mr. Bumble's arms; so (being a discreet matron and no doubt foreseeing these consequences at a glance) she remained where she was, and handed Mr. Bumble another cup of tea.

"Hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?" said Mr. Bumble, stirring his tea, and looking up into the matron's face, 'are you hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?'

"Dear me!" exclaimed the matron,

'what a very curious question from a single man. What can you want to know for, Mr. Bumble?'

"The beadle drank his tea to the last drop, finished a piece of toast, whisked the crumbs off his knees, wiped his lips, and deliberately kissed the matron.

"Mr. Bumble," cried that discreet lady in a whisper, for the fright was so great that she had quite lost her voice, 'Mr. Bumble, I shall scream.' Mr. Bumble made no reply, but in a slow and dignified manner put his arm round the matron's waist.

"As the lady had stated her intention of screaming, of course she would have screamed at this additional boldness, but that the exertion was rendered unnecessary by a hasty knocking at the door, which was no sooner heard than Mr. Bumble darted with much agility to the wine-bottles, and began dusting them with great violence, while the matron sharply demanded who was there. It is worthy of remark as a curious physical instance of the efficacy of a sudden surprise in counteracting the effects of extreme fear, that her voice had quite recovered all its official asperity.

"If you please mistress," said a withered old female pauper, hideously ugly, putting her head in at the door, 'Old Sally is a-going fast.'

"Well, what's that to me?" angrily demanded the matron. 'I can't keep her alive, can I?'

"No, no, mistress," replied the old woman, 'nobody can; she's far beyond the reach of help. I've seen a many people die, little babes and great strong men, and I know when death's a-coming well enough. But she's troubled in her mind; and when the fits are not on her,—and that's not often, for she is dying very hard,—she says she has got something to tell which you must hear. She'll never die quiet till you come, mistress.'

"At this intelligence the worthy Mrs. Corney muttered a variety of invectives against old women who couldn't even die without purposely annoying their betters; and, muffling herself in a thick shawl which she hastily caught up, briefly requested Mr. Bumble to stop till she came back lest any thing particular should occur, and bidding the messenger walk fast, and not be all night hobbling up the stairs, followed her from the room with a very ill grace, scolding all the way."

If Mr. Nicholls has not read Oliver Twist, he will assuredly read the University Magazine, and it is for his especial behoof we have introduced Mr. Bumble's admirable remarks upon door relief." They cannot

add to the knowledge of that most vigilant and sharp-sighted of tourists, but are they not ready cut and dry to be printed as manuals for the guidance of those 80 re-impersonations of the renowned Signor Manual Ordonnez, to whom the imprisonment and starvation of the poor of Ireland is about to be entrusted?

So far as story goes, we have now nearly finished the history of *Oliver Twist*, but our author has only reached the middle of his 2d volume, and there is consequently a volume and a half yet to be made up. This is done by a few more work-house, and a few more London scenes, most of which, in both departments, are well worthy of perusal. There is also a little episode in the shape of a love affair, between Miss Rose Maylie and Mr. Harry Maylie, which at the end of the 3rd volume will be found to terminate just as such affairs usually do, and, no doubt, always ought to terminate. By the way, it turns out in the end, that Miss Rose is not the old lady's niece at all, but only an orphan taken up by her, (she appearing to have a particular fancy for undertaking the charge of such individuals. Amongst other interesting details contained in this latter half of a tale, we cannot pass over the following account of the catastrophe of the "Artful Dodger:"

"It was indeed Mr. Dawkins, who, shuffling into the office with the big coat sleeves tucked up as usual, his left hand in his pocket, and his hat in his right, preceded the jailer with a rolling gait altogether indescribable, and taking his place in the dock requested in an audible voice to know what he was placed in that 'ere disgraceful situation for.

"Hold your tongue, will you?" said the jailer.

"I'm an Englishman, an't I?" rejoined the Dodger. "Where are my priwiledges?"

"You'll get your privileges soon enough," retorted the jailer, "and pepper with 'em."

"We'll see wot the Secretary of State for the Home Affairs has got to say to the beaks, if I don't," replied Mr. Dawkins. "Now then, wot is this here business? I shall thank the madgistrates to dispose of this here little affair, and not to keep me while they read the paper, for I've got an appointment with a genelman in the city, and as I'm a man of my word, and wery punctual in business matters, he'll go away if I ain't there to my time, and then praps there won't be an action

for damage against those as kept me away. Oh no, certainly not!"

"At this point the Dodger, with a show of being very particular with a view to proceedings to be had thereafter, desired the jailer to communicate 'the names of them two old files as was on the bench,' which so tickled the spectators that they laughed almost as heartily as Master Bates could have done if he had heard the request.

"Silence there!" cried the jailer.

"What is this?" inquired one of the magistrates.

"A pick-pocketing case, your worship."

"Has that boy ever been here before?"

"He ought to have been a many times," replied the jailer. "He has been pretty well everywhere else. I know him well, your worship."

"Oh! you know me, do you?" cried the Artful, making a note of the statement. "Wery good. That's a case of deformation of character, any way."

"Here there was another laugh, and another cry of silence.

"Now then, where are the witnesses?" said the clerk.

"Ah! that's right," added the Dodger.

"Where are they? I should like to see 'em."

"This wish was immediately gratified, for a policeman stepped forward who had seen the prisoner attempt the pocket of an unknown gentleman in a crowd, and indeed take a handkerchief therefrom, which being a very old one, he deliberately put back again, after trying it on his own countenance. For this reason he took the Dodger into custody as soon as he could get near him, and the said Dodger being searched had upon his person a silver snuff-box with the owner's name engraved upon the lid. This gentleman had been discovered on reference to the Court Guide, and being then and there present, swore that the snuff-box was his, and that he had missed it on the previous day, the moment he had disengaged himself from the crowd before referred to. He had also remarked a young gentleman in the throng particularly active in making his way about, and that young gentleman was the prisoner before him.

"Have you any thing to ask this witness, boy?" said the Magistrate.

"I wouldn't abase myself by descending to hold any conversation with him," replied the Dodger.

"Have you any thing to say at all?"

"Do you hear his worship ask if you've any thing to say?" inquired the jailer, nudging the silent Dodger with his elbow.

"'I beg your pardon,' said the Dodger, looking up with an air of abstraction. 'Did you address yourself to me, my man?'"

"'I never see such an out-and-out young wagabond, your worship,' observed the officer with a grin. 'Do you mean to say any thing, you young shaver?'"

"'No,' replied the Dodger, 'not here, for this ain't the shop of justice; besides which my attorney is a-breakfasting this morning with the Vice President of the House of Commons; but I shall have something to say elsewhere, and so will he, and so will a wery numerous and respectable circle of acquaintance as 'll make them beaks wish they'd never been born, or that they'd got their footman to hang 'em up to their own hat-pots, 'afore they let 'em come out this morning to try it upon me. I'll ——'"

"'There, he's fully committed!' interposed the clerk. 'Take him away.'"

"'Come on,' said the jailer."

"'Oh ah! I'll come on,' replied the Dodger, brushing his hat with the palm of his hand. 'Ah! (to the bench) it's no use your looking frightened; I won't show you no mercy, not a ha'porth of it. You'll pay for this, my fine fellers; I wouldn't be you for something. I wouldn't go free now if you was to fall down on your knees and ask me. Here, carry me off to prison. Take me away.'"

"With these last words the Dodger suffered himself to be led off by the collar, threatening till he got into the yard to make a parliamentary business of it; and then grinning in the officer's face with great glee and self-approval."

The only advance made during this period in the History of the "Parish Boy's Progress," is the introduction upon the stage of a man calling himself Monks, but who turns out to be Oliver's elder and legitimate brother. This worthy, for reasons best known to himself, entertains a most unextinguishable hatred against our hero, whose relationship to him he discovers by some means, not very clearly explained. For the purpose of gratifying his hatred, he employs the Jew, Fagin, to make a thief of Oliver, and great is their consternation when they find he has been removed from their toils, by the result of the attempted burglary. New plots are constructed for his re-capture, which, being overheard by Nancy, are, by her, reported to Rose Maylie, who immediately takes up Oliver's cause in a most chivalrous manner, and is aided and abetted vigorously by Mr. Brownlow, who just then most opportunely returns

from the West Indies, where he had been upon a wild-goose chase. A meeting is arranged between Nancy, Miss Rose, (who, it is to be remembered, is just seventeen years old,) and Mr. Brownlow, and it accordingly takes place upon London Bridge, at twelve o'clock at night. The conversation is overheard by an agent of the Jew's, and being reported to him, produces the fatal consequences, so graphically told in the following most powerful passages:—

"It was nearly two hours before day-break—that time which in the autumn of the year may be truly called the dead of night, when the streets are silent and deserted, when even sound appears to slumber, and profligacy and riot have staggered home to dream—it was at this still and silent hour that the Jew sat watching in his old hair, with face so distorted and pale, and eyes so red and bloodshot, that he looked less like a man than like some hideous phantom, moist from the grave, and worried by an evil spirit."

"He sat crouching over a cold hearth, wrapped in an old torn coverlet, with his face turned towards a wasting candle that stood upon a table by his side. His right hand was raised to his lips, and as, absorbed in thought, he bit his long black nails, he disclosed among his toothless gums a few such fangs as should have been a dog's or rat's."

"Stretched upon a mattress on the floor lay Noah Claypole, fast asleep. Towards him the old man sometimes directed his eyes for an instant, then brought them back again to the candle, which, with long-burnt wick drooping almost double, and hot grease falling down in clots upon the table, plainly showed that his thoughts were busy elsewhere."

"Indeed they were. Mortification at the overthrow of his notable scheme, hatred of the girl who had dared to palter with strangers, an utter distrust of the sincerity of her refusal to yield him up, bitter disappointment at the loss of his revenge on Sikes, the fear of detection and ruin and death, and a fierce and deadly rage kindled by all,—these were the passionate considerations that following close upon each other with rapid and ceaseless whirl shot through the brain of Fagin, as every evil thought and blackest purpose lay working at his heart."

"He sat without changing his attitude in the least, or appearing to take the smallest heed of time, until his quick ear seemed to be attracted by a footstep in the street."

"'At last,' muttered the Jew, wiping his dry and fevered mouth. 'At last!'"

"The bell rang gently as he spoke. He crept up stairs to the door, and presently returned accompanied by a man muffled to the chin, who carried a bundle under one arm. Sitting down and throwing back his outer coat, the man displayed the burly frame of Sikes.

"'There,' he said, laying the bundle on the table. 'Take care of that, and do the most you can with it. It's been trouble enough to get; I thought I should have been here three hours ago.'

"Fagin laid his hand upon the bundle, and locking it in the cupboard, sat down again without speaking. But he did not take his eyes off the robber for an instant during this action, and now that they sat over against each other face to face, he looked fixedly at him, with his lips quivering so violently, and his face so altered by the emotions which had mastered him, that the housebreaker involuntarily drew back his chair, and surveyed him with a look of real affright.

"'Wot now?' cried Sikes. 'Wot do you look at a man so for?—Speak, will you?'

"The Jew raised his right hand, and shook his trembling forefinger in the air, but his passion was so great, that the power of speech was for the moment gone.

"'Damme!' said Sikes, feeling in his breast with a look of alarm. 'He's gone mad. I must look to myself here.'

"'No, no,' rejoined Fagin, finding his voice. 'It's not—you're not the person, Bill. I've no—no fault to find with you.'

"'Oh, you haven't, haven't you?' said Sikes, looking sternly at him, and ostentatiously passing a pistol into a more convenient pocket. 'That's lucky—for one of us. Which one that is, don't matter.'

"'I've got that to tell you, Bill,' said the Jew, drawing his chair nearer, 'will make you worse than me.'

"'Aye?' returned the robber with an incredulous air. 'Tell away. Look sharp, or Nance will think I'm lost.'

"'Lost!' cried Fagin. 'She has pretty well settled that in her own mind already.'

"Sikes looked with an aspect of great perplexity into the Jew's face, and reading no satisfactory explanation of the riddle there, clenched his coat collar in his huge hand, and shook him soundly.

"'Speak, will you!' he said; 'or if you don't, it shall be for want of breath. Open your mouth and say wot you've got to say in plain words. Out with it, you thundering old cur, out with it.'

"'Suppose that lad that's lying there—' Fagin began.

"Sikes turned round to where Noah

was sleeping, as if he had not previously observed him. 'Well,' he said, resuming his former position.

"'Suppose that lad, pursued the Jew, 'was to peach—blow upon us all—first seeking out the right folks for the purpose, and then having a meeting with 'em in the street to paint our likenesses, describe every mark that they might know us by, and the crib where we might be most easily taken. Suppose he was to do all this, and besides to blow upon a plant we've all been in, more or less—of his own fancy; not grabbed, trapped, tried; earwigged by the parson and brought to it on bread and water,—but of his own fancy; to please his own taste; stealing out at night to find those most interested against us, and peaching to them. Do you hear me?' cried the Jew, his eyes flashing with rage. 'Suppose he did all this, what then?'

"'What then?' replied Sikes with a tremendous oath. 'If he was left alive till I came, I'd grind his skull under the iron heel of my boot into as many grains as there are hairs upon his head.'

"'What if I did it!' cried the Jew almost in a yell. 'I, that know so much, and could hang so many besides myself?'

"'I don't know,' replied Sikes, clenching his teeth and turning white at the mere suggestion. 'I'd do something in the jail that 'ud get me put in irons; and if I was tried along with you, I'd fall upon you with them in the open court, and beat your brains out afore the people. I should have such strength,' muttered the robber, poising his brawny arm, 'that I could smash your head as if a loaded waggon had gone over it.'

"'You would.'

"'Would I!' said the housebreaker. 'Try me.'

"'If it was Charley, or the Dodger or Bet, or—'

"'I don't care who,' replied Sikes impatiently. 'Whoever it was, I'd serve them the same.'

"Fagin again looked hard at the robber, and motioning him to be silent, stooped over the bed upon the floor, and shook the sleeper to rouse him. Sikes leant forward in his chair, looking on with his hands upon his knees as if wondering much what all this questioning and preparation was to end in.

"'Bolter, Bolter. Poor lad!' said Fagin, looking up with an expression of devilish anticipation, and speaking slowly and with marked emphasis. 'He's tired—tired with watching for *her* so long,—watching for *her*, Bill.'

"'Wot d'ye mean?' asked Sikes, drawing back.

"The Jew made no answer, but bend-

ing over the sleeper again, hauled him into a sitting posture. When his assumed name had been repeated several times, Noah rubbed his eyes, and giving a heavy yawn, looked sleepily about him.

"Tell me that again—once again, just for him to hear," said the Jew, pointing to Sikes as he spoke.

"Tell yer what?" asked the sleepy Noah, shaking himself pettishly.

"That about—NANCY," said the Jew, clutching Sikes by the wrist, as if to prevent his leaving the house before he had heard enough. "You followed her?"

"Yes."

"To London Bridge?"

"Yes."

"Where she met two people?"

"So she did."

"A gentleman, and a lady that she had gone to of her own accord before, who asked her to give up all her pals, and Monks first, which she did—and to describe him, which she did—and to tell her what house it was that we meet at and go to, which she did—and where it could be best watched from, which she did—and what time the people went there, which she did. She did all this. She told it all, every word without a threat, without a murmur—she did—didn't she?" cried the Jew, half mad with fury.

"All right," replied Noah, scratching his head. "That's just what it was!"

"What did they say about last Sunday?" demanded the Jew.

"About last Sunday!" replied Noah, considering. "Why, I told yer that before."

"Again. Tell it again!" cried Fagin, tightening his grasp on Sikes, and brandishing his other hand aloft as the foam flew from his lips.

"They asked her," said Noah, who, as he grew more wakeful, seemed to have a dawning perception who Sikes was, "they asked her why she didn't come last Sunday, as she promised. She said she couldn't—"

"Why—why?" interrupted the Jew, triumphantly. "Tell him that."

"Because she was forcibly kept at home by Bill, the man she had told them of before," replied Noah.

"What more of him?" cried the Jew. "What more of the man she had told them of before? Tell him that, tell him that."

"Why, that she couldn't very easily get out of doors unless he knew where she was going to," said Noah; "and so the first time she went to see the lady, she—ha! ha! ha! it made me laugh when she said it, that it did—she gave him a drink of laudanum."

"Hell's fire!" cried Sikes, breaking fiercely from the Jew. "Let me go!"

"Flinging the old man from him, he rushed from the room, and darted wildly and furiously up the stairs.

"Bill, Bill!" cried the Jew, following him hastily. "A word. Only a word."

"The word would not have been exchanged, but that the housebreaker was unable to open the door, on which he was expending fruitless oaths and violence when the Jew came panting up.

"Let me out," said Sikes. "Don't speak to me—it's not safe. Let me out, I say."

"Hear me speak a word," rejoined the Jew, laying his hand upon the lock. "You won't be—"

"Well," replied the other.

"You won't be—too—violent, Bill?" whined the Jew.

"The day was breaking, and there was light enough for the men to see each other's faces. They exchanged one brief glance; there was a fire in the eyes of both which could not be mistaken.

"I mean," said Fagin, showing that he felt all disguise was now useless—"not too violent for safety. Be crafty, Bill, and not too bold."

"Sikes made no reply, but pulling open the door of which the Jew had turned the lock, dashed into the silent streets.

"Without one pause or moment's consideration—without once turning his head to the right or left, or raising his eyes to the sky, or lowering them to the ground, but looking straight before him with savage resolution, his teeth so tightly compressed that the strained jaw seemed starting through his skin, the robber held on his headlong course, nor muttered a word, nor relaxed a muscle until he reached his own door. He opened it softly with a key, strode lightly up the stairs, and entering his own room, double-locked the door, and lifting a heavy table against it, drew back the curtain of the bed.

The girl was lying half-dressed upon it. He had roused her from her sleep, for she raised herself with a hurried and startled look.

"Get up," said the man.

"It is you, Bill!" said the girl, with an expression of pleasure at his return.

"It is," was the reply. "Get up."

"There was a candle burning, but the man hastily drew it from the candlestick and hurled it under the grate. Seeing the faint light of early day without, the girl rose to undraw the curtain.

"Let it be," said Sikes, thrusting his hand before her. "There's light enough for wot I've got to do."

"Bill," said the girl, in the low voice of alarm, "why do you look like that at me?"

"The robber sat regarding her for a few seconds with dilated nostrils and heaving

breast, and then grasping her by the head and throat dragged her into the middle of the room, and looking once towards the door, placed his heavy hand upon her mouth.

"'Bill, Bill—' gasped the girl, wrestling with the strength of mortal fear—'I won't scream or cry—not once—hear me—speak to me—tell me what I have done.'

"'You know, you she devil!' returned the robber, suppressing his breath. 'You were watched to-night; every word you said was heard.'

"'Then spare my life for the love of heaven as I spared yours,' rejoined the girl, clinging to him. 'Bill, dear Bill, you you cannot have the heart to kill me. Oh I think of all I have given up only this one night for you. You *shall* have time to think, and save yourself this crime; I will not loose my hold, you cannot throw me off. Bill, Bill, for dear God's sake, for your own, for mine, stop before you spill my blood. I have been true to you, upon my guilty soul I have.'

"The man struggled violently to release his arms, but those of the girl were clasped round his, and tear her as he would he could not tear them away.

"'Bill,' cried the girl, striving to lay her head upon his breast, 'the gentleman and that dear lady told me to-night of a home in some foreign country where I could end my days in solitude and peace. Let me see them again, and beg them on my knees to show the same mercy and goodness to you, and let us both leave this dreadful place, and far apart lead better lives, and forget how we have lived except in prayers, and never see each other more. It is never too late to repent. They told me so—I feel it now—but we must have time—a little, little time!'

"The house-breaker freed one arm, and grasped his pistol. The certainty of immediate detection if he fired flashed across his mind even in the midst of his fury, and he beat it twice with all the force he could summon, upon the upturned face that almost touched his own.

"She staggered and fell, nearly blinded with the blood that rained down from a deep gash in her forehead, but raising herself with difficulty on her knees drew from her bosom a white handkerchief—Rose Maylie's own—and holding it up in her folded hands as high towards heaven as her feeble strength would let her, breathed one prayer for mercy to her Maker.

"It was a ghastly figure to look upon. The murderer staggering backward to the wall, and shutting out the sight with his hand, seized a heavy club and struck her down.

"Of all bad deeds that under cover of the darkness had been committed within

wide London's bounds since night hung over it, that was the worst. Of all the horrors that rose with an ill scent upon the morning air, that was the foulest and most cruel.

"The sun—the bright sun that brings back not light alone but new life and hope and freshness to man—burst upon the crowded city in clear and radiant glory. Through costly-coloured glass and paper-mended window—through cathedral dome and rotten crevice, it shed its equal ray. It lighted up the room where the murdered woman lay. It did. He tried to shut it out, but it would stream in. If the sight had been a ghastly one in the dull morning, what was it now in all that brilliant light?

"He had not moved: he had been afraid to stir. There had been a moan and motion of the hand; and with terror added to heat he had struck and struck again. Once he threw a rug over it; but it was worse to fancy the eyes, and imagine them moving towards him, than to see them glaring upwards as if watching the reflection of the pool of gore that quivered and danced in the sunlight on the ceiling. He had plucked it off again. And there was the body—mere flesh and blood, no more—but *such* flesh, and *such* blood!

"He struck a light, kindled a fire, and thrust the club into it. There was human hair upon the end which blazed and shrunk into a light cinder, and, caught by the air, whirled up the chimney. Even that frightened him, sturdy as he was, but he held the weapon till it broke, and then piled it on the coals to burn away, and smoulder into ashes. He washed himself and rubbed his clothes; there were spots that would not be removed, but he cut the pieces out and burned them. How those stains were dispersed about the room! The very feet of the dog were bloody.

"All this time he had never once turned his back upon the corpse; no, not for a moment. Such preparations completed, he moved backwards towards the door, dragging the dog with him, lest he should carry out new evidences of the crime into the streets. He shut the door softly, locked it, took the key, and left the house.

"He crossed over, and glanced up at the window, to be sure that nothing was visible from the outside. There was the curtain still drawn, which she would have opened to admit the light she never saw again. It lay nearly under there. He knew that. God, how the sun poured down upon the very spot!

"The glance was instantaneous. It was a relief to have got free of the room. He whistled on the dog, and walked rapidly away.

"He went through Islington; strode

up the hill at Highgate on which stands the stone in honour of Whittington; turned down to Highgate Hill, unsteady of purpose, and uncertain where to go; struck off to the right again almost as soon as he began to descend it, and taking the foot path across the fields, skirted Caen Wood, and so came out on Hampstead Heath. Traversing the hollow by the Vale of Health, he mounted the opposite bank, and crossing the road which joins the villages of Hampstead and Highgate, made along the remaining portion of the heath to the fields at North End, in one of which he laid himself down under a hedge and slept.

"Soon he was up again, and away,—not far into the country, but back towards London by the high-road—then back again—then over another part of the same ground as he had already traversed—then wandering up and down in fields and lying on ditches' brinks to rest, and starting up to make for some other spot and do the same, and ramble on again.

"Where could he go to, that was near and not too public, to get some meat and drink? Hendon. That was a good place, not far off, and out of most people's way. Thither he directed his steps,—running sometimes, and sometimes, with a strange perversity, loitering at a snail's pace, or stopping altogether and idly breaking the hedges with his stick. But when he got there, all the people he met—the very children at the doors—seemed to view him with suspicion. Back he turned again, without the courage to purchase bit or drop, though he had tasted no food for many hours; and once more he lingered on the Heath, uncertain where to go.

"He wandered over miles and miles of ground and still came back to the old place; morning and noon had passed, and the day was on the wane, and still he rambled to and fro, and up and down, and round and round, and still fingered about the same spot. At last he got away, and shaped his course for Hatfield.

"It was nine o'clock at night when the man quite tired out, and the dog limping and lame from the unaccustomed exercise, turned down the hill by the church of the quiet village, and plodding along the little street, crept into a small public-house, whose scanty light had guided them to the spot. There was a fire in the tap-room, and some country-labourers were drinking before it. They made room for the stranger, but he sat down in the furthest corner, and ate and drank alone, or rather with his dog, to whom he cast a morsel of food from time to time.

"The conversation of the men assembled there turned upon the neighbouring land and farmers, and when those topics

were exhausted, upon the age of some old man who had been buried on the previous Sunday; the young men present considering him very old, and the old men present declaring him to have been quite young—not older, one white-haired grandfather said, than he was—with ten or fifteen years of life in him at least—if he had taken care; if he had taken care.

"There was nothing to attract attention or excite alarm in this. The robber still paying his reckoning, sat silent and unnoticed in his corner, and had almost dropped asleep, when he was half awakened by the noisy entrance of a new comer.

"This was an antic fellow, half pedlar and half mountebank, who travelled about the country on foot to vend homes, strops, razors, washballs, harness paste, medicines for dogs and horses, cheap perfumery, cosmetics, and such-like wares, which he carried in a case slung to his back. His entrance was the signal for various homely jokes with the countrymen, which slackened not until he had made his supper, and opened his box of treasures, when he ingeniously contrived to unite business with amusement.

"And what be that stoof—good to eat, Harry?" asked a grinning countryman, pointing to some composition-cakes in one corner.

"This," said the fellow producing one, 'this is the infallible and invaluable composition for removing all sorts of stain, rust, dirt, mildew, spick, speck, spot, or spatter, from silk, satin, linen, cambric, cloth, crape, stuff, carpet, merino, muslin, bombaseen, or woollen stuff. Wine stains, fruit stains, beer stains, water stains, paint stains, pitch stains, any stains—all come out at one rub with the infallible and invaluable composition. If a lady stains her honour, she has only need to swallow one cake and she's cured at once—for it's poison. If a gentleman wants to prove his, he has only need to bolt one little square, and he has put it beyond question—for it's quite as satisfactory as a pistol-bullet, and a great deal nastier in the flavour, consequently the more credit in taking it. One penny a square. With all these virtues, one penny a square.'

"There were two buyers directly, and more of the listeners plainly hesitated. The vender observing this, increased in loquacity.

"It's all bought up as fast as it can be made," said the fellow. 'There are fourteen water-mills, six steam-engines, and a galvanic battery always a-working upon it, and they can't make it fast enough, though the men work so hard that they die off, the widows is pensioned down twenty pound a-year for e dren, and a premium of

One penny a square—two halfpence is all the same, and four farthings is received with joy. One penny a square. Wine-stains, fruit-stains, beer-stains, water-stains, paint-stains, pitch-stains, mud-stains, blood-stains—here is a stain upon the hat of a gentleman in company that I'll take clean out before he can order me a pint of ale."

"Hah!" cried Sikes starting up. "Give that back."

"I'll take it clean out, Sir," replied the man, winking to the company, "before you can come across the room to get it. Gentlemen all, observe the dark stain upon this gentleman's hat, no wider than a shilling, but thicker than a half-crown. Whether it is a wide-stain, fruit-stain, beer-stain, water-stain, paint-stain, pitch-stain, mud-stain, or blood-stain—"

"The man got no farther, for Sikes with a hideous imprecation overthrew the table, and tearing the hat from him, burst out of the house."

"With the same perversity of feeling and irresolution that had fastened upon him, despite himself, all day, the murderer, finding that he was not followed, and that they most probably considered him some drunken sullen fellow, turned back up the town, and getting out of the glare of the lamps of a stage-coach that was standing in the street, was walking past, when he recognized the mail from London, and saw that it was standing at the little post-office. He almost knew what was to come, but he crossed over and listened."

"The guard was standing at the door waiting for the letter-bag. A man dressed like a gamekeeper came up at the moment, and he handed him a basket which lay ready on the pavement."

"That's for your people," said the guard. "Now, look alive in there, will you."

"Damn that 'ere bag, it warn't ready night afore last: this won't do, you know."

"Anything new up in town, Ben?" asked the gamekeeper, drawing back to the window-shutters, the better to admire the horses."

"No, nothing that I knows on," replied the man, pulling on his gloves. "Corn's up a little. I heard talk of a murder, too, down Spitalfields way, but I don't reckon much upon it."

"Oh, that's quite true," said a gentleman inside, who was looking out of the window. "And a very dreadful murder it was."

"Was it, Sir?" rejoined the guard, touching his hat. "Man or woman, pray, sir?"

"A woman," replied the gentleman. "It is supposed—"

"Ben," cried the coachman im-

"Damn that 'ere bag," said the guard; "are you gone to sleep in there?"

"Coming," cried the office-keeper, running out.

"Coming," growled the guard. "Ah, so 's the young 'ooman of property that's going to take a fancy to me, but I don't know when. Hear, give hold. All ri—ight!"

"The horn sounded a few cheerful notes, and the coach was gone."

"Sikes remained standing in the street, apparently unmoved by what he had just heard, and agitated by no stronger feeling than a doubt where to go. At length he went back again, and took the road which leads from Hatfield to St. Albans."

"He went on doggedly; but as he left the town behind him, and plunged further and further into the solitude and darkness of the road, he felt a dread and awe creeping upon him which shook him to the core. Every object before him, substance or shadow, still or moving, took the semblance of some fearful thing; but these fears were nothing compared to the sense that haunted him of that morning's ghastly figure following at his heels. He could trace its shadow in the gloom, supply the smallest item of the outline, and note how stiff and solemn it seemed to stalk along. He could hear its garments rustling in the leaves, and every breath of wind came laden with that last low cry. If he stopped, it did the same. If he ran, it followed—not running too, that would have been a relief, but like a corpse endowed with the mere machinery of life, and borne upon one slow melancholy wind that never rose or fell."

"At times he turned with desperate determination, resolved to beat this phantom off, though it should look him dead; but the hair rose from his head, and his blood stood still; for it had turned with him and was behind him then. He had kept it before him that morning, but it was behind him now—always. He leant his back against a bank, and felt that it stood above him, visibly out against the cold night-sky. He threw himself upon the road—on his back upon the road. At his head it stood, silent, erect, and still—a living grave-stone with its epitaph in blood."

"Let no man talk of murderers escaping justice, and hint that Providence must sleep. There were twenty score of violent deaths in one long minute of that agony of fear."

"There was a shed in a field he passed that offered shelter for the night. Before the door were three tall poplar trees, which made it very dark within, and the wind moaned through them with a dismal wail. He could not walk on till daylight came

again, and here he stretched himself close to the wall—to undergo new torture.

"For now a vision came before him, as constant and more terrible than that from which he had escaped. Those widely staring eyes, so lustreless and so glassy, that he had better borne to see than think upon, appeared in the midst of the darkness; light in themselves, but giving light to nothing. There were but two, but they were everywhere. If he shut out the sight, there came the room with every well-known object—some, indeed, that he would have forgotten if he had gone over its contents from memory—each in its accustomed place. The body was in its place, and its eyes were as he saw them when he stole away. He got up and rushed into the field without. The figure was behind him. He re-entered the shed and shrunk down once more. The eyes were there before he had lain himself along.

"And here he remained in such terror as none but he can know, trembling in every limb, and the cold sweat starting from every pore, when suddenly there arose upon the night-wind the noise of distant shouting, and the roar of voices mingled in alarm and wonder. Any sound of men in that lonely place, even though it conveyed a real cause of alarm, was something to him. He regained his strength and energy at the prospect of personal danger, and springing to his feet rushed into the open air.

"The broad sky seemed on fire. Rising into the air with showers of sparks, and rolling one above the other, were sheets of flame, lighting the atmosphere for miles round, and driving clouds of smoke in the direction where he stood. The shouts grew louder as new voices swelled the roar, and he could hear the cry of Fire mingled with the ringing of an alarm-bell, the fall of heavy bodies, and the crackling of flames as they twined round some new obstacle, and shot aloft as though refreshed by food. The noise increased as he looked. There were people there—men and women—light, bustle. It was like new life to him. He darted onward—straight, headlong—dashing through brier and brake, and leaping gate and fence, as madly as the dog who careered with loud and sounding bark before him.

"He came upon the spot. There were half-dressed figures tearing to and fro, some endeavouring to drag the frightened horses from the stables, others driving the cattle from the yard and out-houses, and others coming laden from the burning pile amidst a shower of falling sparks, and the tumbling down of red-hot beams. The apertures where doors and windows stood an hour ago, disclosed a mass of raging fire; walls cracked and crumbled into the burning

well: the molten lead and iron poured down, white hot, upon the ground. Women and children shrieked, and men encouraged each other with noisy shouts and cheers. The clanking of the engine-pumps and the spirting and hissing of the water as it fell upon the blazing wood, added to the tremendous roar. He shouted too, till he was hoarse; and flying from memory and himself plunged into the thickest of the throng.

"Hither and thither he dived that night—now working at the pumps, and now hurrying through the smoke and flame, but never ceasing to engage himself wherever noise and men were thickest. Up and down the ladders, upon the roofs of buildings, over floors that quaked and trembled with his weight, under the lee of falling bricks and stones,—in every part of that great fire was he, but he bore a charmed life, and had neither scratch nor bruise, nor weariness nor thought, till morning dawned again and only smoke and blackened ruins remained.

"This mad excitement over, there returned with tenfold force the dreadful consciousness of his crime. He looked suspiciously about him, for the men were conversing in groups, and he feared to be the subject of their talk. The dog obeyed the significant beck of his finger, and they drew off stealthily together. He passed near an engine where some men were seated, and they called to him to share in their refreshment. He took some bread and meat; and as he drank a draught of beer, heard the firemen, who were from London, talking about the murder. 'He has gone to Birmingham, they say,' said one: 'but they'll have him yet, for the scouts are out, and by to-morrow night there'll be a cry all through the country.'

"He hurried off and walked till he almost dropped upon the ground; then lay down in a lane, and had a long, but broken and uneasy sleep. He wandered on again, irresolute and undecided, and oppressed with the fear of another solitary night.

"Suddenly he took the desperate resolution of going back to London.

"'There's somebody to speak to there, at all events,' he thought. 'A good hiding-place, too. They'll never expect to nab me there after this country scent. Why can't I lay by for a week or so, and forcing blunt from Fagin, get abroad to France! Damme, I'll risk it.'

"He acted upon this impulse without delay, and choosing the least frequented roads, began his journey back, resolved to lie concealed within a short distance of metropolis, and entering it at a circuitous route, to proceed to that of it which he had fixed on for destination.

"The dog, though,—if any descriptions of him were out, it would not be forgotten that the dog was missing and had probably gone with him. This might lead to his apprehension as he passed along the streets. He resolved to drown him, and walked on looking about for a pond; picking up a heavy stone and tying it to his handkerchief as he went.

"The animal looked up into his master's face while these preparations were making—and, whether his instinct apprehended something of their purpose, or the robber's sidelong look at him was sterner than ordinary—skulked a little further in the rear than usual, and cowered as he came more slowly along. When his master halted at the brink of a pool and looked round to call him, he stopped outright.

"Do you hear me call, come here?" cried Sikes whistling.

"The animal came up from the very force of habit; but as Sikes stooped to attach the handkerchief to his throat, he uttered a low growl and started back.

"Come back," said the robber, stamping on the ground. The dog wagged his tail, but moved not. Here Sikes made a running noose and called him again.

"The dog advanced, retreated, paused an instant, turned and scoured away at his hardest speed.

"The man whistled again and again, and sat down and waited in the expectation that he would return. But no dog appeared, and he resumed his journey."

The tale is now rapidly hurried to a close. Sikes, in endeavouring to escape from his pursuers, throws himself from the roof of a house, and is strangled by a rope, which gets accidentally round his neck. This clumsy termination of the murderer's career being, even to the engraved frontispiece representing it, a bungling imitation of the catastrophe of the arch-deacon in Victor Hugo's *Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

Oliver, Rose and her husband, Mrs. Maylie, Mr. Brownlow and his friend Mr. Grimwig, &c. &c., are all, of course, made superlatively happy; the subordinate characters are also satisfactorily disposed of; but the fate of the Jew Fagin requires a more detailed history, and with it we shall close our notice of *Oliver Twist*. We need not say that the chapter we are about to quote contains ample evidence of the author's talent for minute and

the workings
which we have
 Dickens.

—The

court was paved from floor to roof with human faces. Inquisitive and eager eyes peered from every inch of space; from the rail before the dock, away into the sharpest angle of the smallest angle in the galleries, all looks were fixed upon one man—the Jew. Before him and behind, above, below, on the right and on the left—he seemed to stand surrounded by a firmament all bright with beaming eyes.

"He stood there, in all this glare of living light, with one hand resting on the wooden slab before him, and the other held to his ear, and his head thrust forward to enable him to catch with greater distinctness every word that fell from the presiding judge, who was delivering his charge to the jury. At times he turned his eyes sharply upon them to observe the effect of the slightest feather-weight in his favour; and when the points against him were stated with terrible distinctness, looked towards his counsel in mute appeal that he would even then urge something in his behalf. Beyond these manifestations of anxiety, he stirred not hand or foot. He had scarcely moved since the trial began; and now that the judge ceased to speak, he still remained in the same strained attitude of close attention, with his gaze bent on him as though he listened still.

"A slight bustle in the court recalled him to himself, and looking round he saw that the jurymen had turned together to consider of their verdict. As his eyes wandered to the gallery, he could see the people rising above each other to see his face: some hastily applying their glasses to their eyes, and others whispering their neighbours with looks expressive of abhorrence. A few there were who seemed unmindful of him, and looked only to the jury in impatient wonder how they could delay, but in no one face—not even among the women, of whom there were many there—could he read the faintest sympathy with him, or any feeling but one of all-absorbing interest that he should be condemned."

"As he saw all this in one bewildered glance, the death-like stillness came again, and looking back, he saw that the jurymen had turned towards the judge. Hush!

"They only sought permission to retire.

"He looked wistfully into their faces, one by one, when they passed out, as though to see which way the greater number leant; but that was fruitless. The jailer touched him on the shoulder. He followed mechanically to the end of the dock, and sat down on a chair. The

man pointed it out, or he should not have seen it.

"He looked up into the gallery again. Some of the people were eating, and some fanning themselves with handkerchiefs, for the crowded place was very hot. There was one young man sketching his face in a little note-book. He wondered whether it was like, and looked on when the artist broke his pencil-point and made another with his knife, as any idle spectator might have done.

"In the same way, when he turned his eyes towards the judge, his mind began to busy itself with the fashion of his dress, and what it cost, and how he put it on. There was an old fat gentleman on the bench, too, who had gone out some half an hour before, and now came back. He wondered within himself whether this man had been to get his dinner, what he had had, and where he had had it, and pursued this train of careless thought until some new object caught his eye and roused another.

"Not that all this time his mind was for an instant free from one oppressive overwhelming sense of the grave that opened at his feet; it was ever present to him, but in a vague and general way, and he could not fix his thoughts upon it. Thus, even while he trembled and turned, burning hot at the idea of speedy death, he fell to counting the iron spikes before him, and wondering how the head of one had been broken off, and whether they would mend it or leave it as it was. Then he thought of all the horrors of the gallows and the scaffold, and stopped to watch a man sprinkling the floor to cool it, and then went on to think again.

"At length there was a cry of silence, and a breathless look from all towards the door. The jury returned and passed him close. He could glean nothing from their faces; they might as well have been of stone. Perfect stillness ensued—not a rustle—not a breath—Guilty.

"The building rang with a tremendous shout, and another, and another, and then it echoed deep loud groans that gathered strength as they swelled out, like angry thunder. It was a peal of joy from the populace outside, greeting the news that he would die on Monday.

"The noise subsided, and he was asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. He had resumed his listening attitude, and looked intently at his questioner while the demand was made, but it was twice repeated before he seemed to hear it, and then he only muttered that he was an old man—an old man—an old man—and so dropping into a whisper was silent again.

"The judge assumed the black cap, and the prisoner still stood with the same air and gesture. A woman in the gallery uttered some exclamation, called forth by this dread solemnity; he looked hastily up, as if angry at the interruption, and bent forward yet more attentively. The address was solemn and impressive, the sentence fearful to hear: but he stood like a marble figure, without the motion of a nerve. His haggard face was still thrust forward, his under jaw hanging down, and his eyes staring out before him, when the jailer put his hand upon his arm, and beckoned him away. He gazed stupidly about him for an instant, and obeyed.

"They led him through a paved room under the court, where some prisoners were waiting till their turns came, and others were talking to their friends who crowded round a grate which looked into the open yard. There was nobody there to speak to him, but as he passed, the prisoners fell back to render him more visible to the people who were clinging to the bars, and they assailed him with opprobrious names, and screeched and hissed. He shook his fist, and would have spat upon them, but his conductors hurried him on through a gloomy passage, lighted by a few dim lamps, into the interior of the prison.

"Here he was searched, that he might not have about him the means of anticipating the law; this ceremony performed, they led him to one of the condemned cells, and left him there—alone.

"He sat down on a stone bench opposite the door, which served for seat and bedstead, and casting his bloodshot eyes upon the ground, tried to collect his thoughts. After a while he began to remember a few disjointed fragments of what the judge had said, though it had seemed to him at the time that he could not hear a word. These gradually fell into their proper places, and by degrees suggested more, so that in a little time he had the whole almost as it was delivered. To be hanged by the neck till he was dead—that was the end. To be hanged by the neck till he was dead.

"As it came on very dark, he began to think of all the men he had known who had died upon the scaffold—some of them through his means. They rose up in such quick succession that he could hardly count them. He had seen some of them die,—and joked too, because they died with prayers upon their lips. With what a rattling noise the drop went down; and how suddenly they changed from strong and vigorous men to dangling heaps of clothes!

"Some of them might have ink

that very cell—and upon that very spot. It was very dark; why didn't they bring a light? The cell had been built for many years—scores of men must have passed their last hours there—it was like sitting in a vault strewn with dead bodies—the cap, the noose, the pinioned arms—the faces that he knew even beneath that hideous veil—Light! light!

"At length when his hands were raw with beating against the heavy door and walls, two men appeared, one bearing a candle, which he thrust into an iron candlestick fixed against the wall, and the other dragging in a mattress on which to pass the night, for the prisoner was to be left alone no more.

"Then came night—dark, dismal, silent night. Other watchers are glad to hear the church clocks strike, for they tell of life and coming day. To the Jew they brought despair. The boom of every iron bell came laden with the one deep hollow sound—Death. What availed the noise and bustle of cheerful morning, which penetrated even there, to him? It was another form of knell, with mockery added to the warning.

"The day passed off—day, there was no day; it was gone as soon as come—and night came on again; night so long and yet so short; long in its dreadful silence, and short in its fleeting hours. One time he raved and blasphemed, and at another howled and tore his hair. Venerable men of his own persuasion had come to pray beside him, but he had driven them away with curses. They renewed their charitable efforts, and he beat them off.

"Saturday night; he had only one night more to live. And as he thought of this, the day broke—Sunday.

"It was not until the night of this last awful day that a withering sense of his helpless desperate state came in its full intensity upon his blighted soul; not that he had ever held any defined or positive hopes of mercy, but that he had never been able to consider more than the dim probability of dying so soon. He had spoken little to either of the two men who relieved each other in their attendance upon him, and they, for their parts, made no effort to rouse his attention. He had sat there awake, but dreaming. Now he started up every minute, and with gasping mouth and burning skin hurried to and fro, in such a paroxysm of fear and wrath that even they—used to such sights—recoiled from him with horror. He grew so terrible at last in all the tortures of his evil conscience, that one man could not bear to sit there, eyeing him alone, and ~~they~~ ^{they} together.

upon his stone

bed, and thought of the past. He had been wounded with some missiles from the crowd on the day of his capture, and his head was bandaged with a linen cloth. His red hair hung down upon his bloodless face; his beard was torn and twisted into knots; his eyes shone with a terrible light; his unwashed flesh cracked with the fever that burnt him up. Eight—nine—ten. If it was not a trick to frighten him, and those were the real hours treading on each other's heels, where would he be when they came round again! Eleven. Another struck ere the voice of the hour before had ceased to vibrate. At eight he would be the only mourner in his own funeral train; at eleven—

"Those dreadful walls of Newgate, which have hidden so much misery and such unspeakable anguish, not only from the eyes, but too often and too long from the thoughts of men, never held so dread a spectacle as that. The few who lingered as they passed, and wondered what the man was doing who was to be hung to-morrow, would have slept but ill that night, if they could have seen him then.

"From early in the evening until nearly midnight, little groups of two and three presented themselves at the lodge-gate, and inquired with anxious faces whether any reprieve had been received. These being answered in the negative, communicated the welcome intelligence to clusters in the street, who pointed out to one another the door from which he must come out, and showed where the scaffold would be built, and, walking with unwilling steps away, turned back to conjure up the scene. By degrees they fell off one by one, and for an hour in the dead of night, the street was left to solitude and darkness.

"The space before the prison was cleared, and a few strong barriers, painted black, had been already thrown across the road to break the pressure of the expected crowd, when Mr. Brownlow and Oliver appeared at the wicket, and presented an order of admission to the prisoner, signed by one of the sheriffs. They were immediately admitted into the lodge.

"Is the young gentleman to come too, sir?" said the man whose duty it was to conduct them. 'It's not a sight for children sir.'

"'It is not indeed, my friend,' rejoined Mr. Brownlow, 'but my business with this man is intimately connected with him, and as this child has seen him in the full career of his success and villany, I think it better—even at the cost of some pain and fear—that he should see him now.'

"These few words had been said apart, so as to be inaudible to Oliver. The man touched his hat, and glancing at him with some curiosity, opened another gate opposite to that at which they had entered, and led them on through dark and winding ways, towards the cells.

"This," said the man, stopping in a gloomy passage where a couple of workmen were making some preparations in profound silence,—this is the place he passes through. If you step this way, you can see the door he goes out at."

"He led them into a stone kitchen, fitted with coppers for dressing the prison food, and pointed to a door. There was an open grating above it, through which came the sound of men's voices, mingled with the noise of hammering and the throwing down of boards. They were putting up the scaffold.

"From this place they passed through several strong gates, opened by other turnkeys from the inner side, and having entered an open yard, ascended a flight of narrow steps, and came into a passage with a row of strong doors on the left hand. Motioning them to remain were they were, the turnkey knocked at one of these with his bunch of keys. The two attendants offer a little whispering came out into the passage, stretching themselves as if glad of the temporary relief, and motioned the visitors to follow the jailer into the cell. They did so.

"The condemned criminal was seated on his bed, rocking himself from side to side, with a countenance more like that of a snared beast than the face of a man. His mind was evidently wandering to his old life, for he continued to mutter, without seeming conscious of their presence otherwise than as a part of his vision.

"Good boy, Charley—well done—" he mumbled. "Oliver, too, ha! ha! ha! Oliver, too—quite the gentleman now—quite the—take that boy away to bed."

"The jailer took the disengaged hand of Oliver, and whispering him not to be alarmed, looked on without speaking.

"Take him away to bed—" cried the Jew. "Do you hear me, some of you? He has been the—the—somehow the cause of all this. It's worth the money to bring him up to it—Bolter's throat, Bill; never mind the girl—Bolter's throat as deep as you can cut. Saw his head off."

"Fagin," said the jailer.

"That's me!" cried the Jew, falling instantly into precisely the same attitude of listening that he had assumed upon his trial. "An old man, my Lord; a very old, old man."

"Here," said the turnkey, laying his hand upon his breast to keep him down. "Here's somebody wants to see you, to

ask you some questions, I suppose. Fagin, Fagin. Are you a man?"

"I shan't be one long," replied the Jew, looking up with a face retaining no human expression but rage and terror. "Strike them all dead! what right have they to butcher me?"

As he spoke he caught sight of Oliver and Mr. Brownlow, and shrinking to the furthest corner of the seat, demanded to know what they wanted there.

"Steady," said the turnkey, still holding him down. "Now, sir, tell him what you want—quick, if you please, for he grows worse as the time gets on."

"You have some papers," said Mr. Brownlow advancing, "which were placed in your hands for better security, by a man called Monks."

"It's all a lie together," replied the Jew. "I haven't one—not one."

"For the love of God," said Mr. Brownlow solemnly, "do not say that now, upon the very verge of death; but tell me where they are. You know that Sikes is dead; that Monks has confessed; that there is no hope of any further gain. Where are these papers?"

"Oliver," cried the Jew, beckoning to him. "Here, here. Let me whisper to you."

"I am not afraid," said Oliver in a low voice, as he relinquished Mr. Brownlow's hand.

"The papers," said the Jew, drawing him towards him, "are in a canvass bag, in a hole a little way up the chimney in the top front room. I want to talk to you, my dear—I want to talk to you."

"Yes, yes," returned Oliver. "Let me say a prayer. Do. Let me say one prayer; say only one upon your knees with me, and we will talk till morning."

"Outside, outside," replied the Jew, pushing the boy before him towards the door, and looking vacantly over his head. "Say I've gone to sleep—they'll believe you. You can get me out if you take me so. Now then, now then."

"Oh! God forgive this wretched man!" cried the boy with a burst of tears.

"That's right, that's right," said the Jew. "That'll help us on. This door first; if I shake and tremble as we pass the gallows, don't you mind, but hurry on. Now, now, now."

"Have you nothing else to ask him, sir?" inquired the turnkey.

"No other question," replied Mr. Brownlow. "If I hoped we could recall him to a sense of his position—"

"Nothing will do that, sir," replied the man, shaking his head. "You had better leave him."

"The door of the cell opened, and the attendants returned.

"Press on, press on," cried the Jew.
"Softly, but not so slow. Faster, faster!"

The men laid hands upon him, and disengaging Oliver from his grasp, held him back. He writhed and struggled with the power of desperation, and sent up shriek upon shriek that penetrated even those massive walls, and rang in their ears until they reached the open yard.

It was some time before they left the prison; for Oliver nearly swooned after this frightful scene, and was so weak that for an hour or more he had not the strength to walk.

Day was dawning when they again emerged. A great multitude had already assembled; the windows were filled with people smoking and playing cards to beguile the time; the crowd were pushing, quarrelling, and joking. Every thing told of life and animation, but one dark cluster of objects in the very centre of all—the black stage, the cross beam, the rope, and all the hideous apparatus of death.



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